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"Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?"



GIRL: Spinst—? Oh, now *really*. Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates *these* days! Nobody!

CUPID: Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

GIRL: All right! All right! So I'm *not* popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can I help that?

CUPID: You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—



GIRL: Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't got a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

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

GIRL: The other day I—

CUPID: And you didn't *do* anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?

GIRL: You mean just because I—

CUPID: Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But my *smile*, Cupid. My smile! What about—

CUPID: This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. *And* healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!



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George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"



Neely (Ted Donaldson) and Francis Nolan (Peggy Ann Garner) meet their Aunt Sissy (Joon Blandell) on corners. Her sister, disapproving of lodies forgetting to divorce one husband before remarrying, forbids her in the house.

■ Here is a picturization of a book that will challenge the interest and anticipation of the millions of Americans who love that outstanding novel of two seasons ago: "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn."

This commentator is one of those millions.

In this instance, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" must hit high in its ability to transfer the book's quality to the screen. Otherwise, prepare for prompt wails of outraged anguish from a loyal public.

"A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," as almost everybody knows, is the story of the Nolan family of Brooklyn, set a generation ago in one of its tenement districts known as Williamsburg.

It is the Odyssey of the mother of the family,

Katie Nolan (Dorothy McGuire), her two children, Francie (Peggy Ann Garner) and Neeley (Ted Donaldson), and Johnny Nolan (James Dunn), the father, a singing waiter, chronically out of a job. Out of the trials, vicissitudes and valor of this rather pathetic little family, Betty Smith has woven as tender a story as you will encounter in many a day.

Elia Kazan, who directs the picture, Louis D. Lighton, who produces it, and Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis, who collaborated on the screen version, cannot be accused of infidelity of intention. They have attempted a sincere transition from the printed page to the screen.

It is almost successful. Thought, caution and discretion are apparent throughout. And yet, it remains, (Continued on page 20)

A PICTURE WITH A HEART AS *Big* AS TODAY'S GOLDEN WEST!



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rousing . . . more compelling!



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in Technicolor!

with

RODDY McDOWALL
PRESTON FOSTER RITA JOHNSON

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Directed by LOUIS KING • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Dwight Cummins & Dorothy Yost • Based on the Novel by Mary O'Hara



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT

■ It seems there's this angel with wings and a trumpet and his name is Jack Benny. Or no. To you and me his name is Jack Benny, but to the heavenly hosts he is Athanael. Around celestial parts, Athanael is known as something of a dope. The Chief (Guy Kibbee) considers him a definite bungler, and when his secretary, Elizabeth (Alexis Smith), suggests Athanael for an important mission to Earth, he at first refused to consider it. But Elizabeth, being a beautiful girl as well as an angel, persuades him. She is sure that Athanael can do the job.

After all, it's simple enough. The planet Earth has been causing a lot of trouble lately, and the Chief has decided to dispose of it entirely. All Athanael has to do is go down there and blow his trumpet at midnight. The whole planet will then go up in smoke, and the rest of the universe can get on with its business. There's just one catch. The trumpet must be blown *exactly* on the stroke of midnight.

Athanael arrives in the lobby of the hotel which has been selected for the occasion, at about ten o'clock. (He has left his wings home, of course, and is wearing a business suit—no sense in making one's self conspicuous.) He prepares to kill a couple of hours just waiting around, but being Jack Benny—sorry, I mean Athanael—he gets into trouble. He foils a big jewel robbery without even knowing he's doing it, and of course makes an enemy of the robber, Archie (Reginald Gardner). Archie is an international crook of some importance, and he isn't going to let any stupid character like this mess up his plans. *Something* will be done.

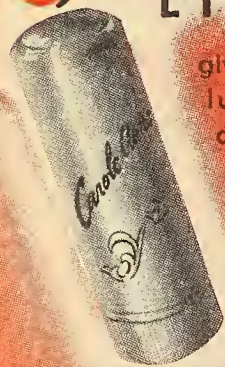
There are a couple of fallen angels in the hotel who were kicked out of heaven several years before. They recognize Athanael immediately, and when they see the trumpet, they know what he's there for. They try to keep him from blowing the horn at midnight, but it's a pretty little (Continued on page 10)



In heaven Athanael (Jack Benny) is considered a dope. But on recommendation of his secretary (Alexis Smith), the Chief (Guy Kibbee) commissions him to destroy the troublesome Earth. All he has to do is go down and blow a horn at midnight, and the planet will pfffft! in smoke.



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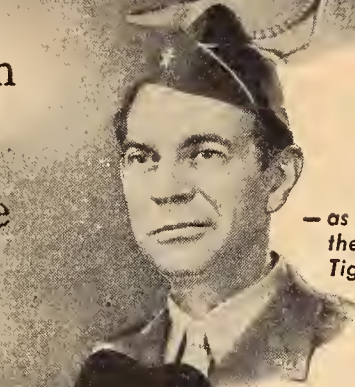
AND THRILL YOU

and make your heart glad!

A man searches the skies
... *and finds faith!* Faith in
a woman's love, and the
laughter of children—in the
steel-spitting guns of a
shark-jawed P-40—in the
Comrade-in-Arms who flew
beside him through fear and
flak into high adventure!



— as Gen. Chennault
the fiercest Flying
Tiger of them all!



You could count on the
Flying Padre for com-
fort—and a laugh!



His hobby was pointing—
Jop flogs on the fuselage!

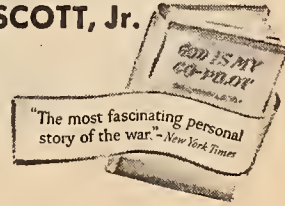


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ANDREA KING · JOHN RIDGELY

Directed by Robert Florey

Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel · Music by Franz Waxman

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer

Produced by
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girl named Fran (Dolores Moran) who is really responsible for his failure.

The next day Elizabeth arrives from heaven to see what on earth's the matter, or vice versa. She finds that Athanael has lost his trumpet, the dope, and it takes the rest of the picture to get it back. By then the Chief has changed his mind about destroying the Earth, so relax, kids, everything's all right.

Jack Benny is at his clowning peak, and that's very funny indeed.—War.

P. S.

First starring picture for Benny since his trip to North Africa and Sicily to visit our fighting forces... To transform Stage Seven at Warners' into a man's idea of Heaven, it was necessary to hang ten thousand yards of cheesecloth from high towers and spread in billowing oceans of foreground. And not one yard of this rationed stuff was new material. Everything was salvaged from wardrobe department... Alexis plays her part as an angel in her living room curtains. No, we're not kidding. There just wasn't enough tulle and satin available for the costume, so Miss S. had to come to the rescue... Warners' technical department was the happiest on the lot while this was in production. The technical department is the studio chin which takes the blow when fans write in complaining that one thing or another was wrong with a picture. The department dares anyone to question the correctness of the heavenly sequences... Most difficult problem faced by the casting office was to find authentic side-show barkers needed for a carnival scene. Old time, Coney Island style side-show barkers no longer exist. Problem was solved by Harry Seymour, dialogue coach at Warners', who has many years of vaudeville and tent show experience to his credit. Seymour deserted his coaching post for a week to enact the role of barker himself and to train twenty others in the intricacies of that fast disappearing art... Dolores Moran wears a dozen lovely gowns in this picture, none of which weigh more than four ounces. It might actually be a fact (as the wags were claiming) that her make-up weighed more than her clothes!

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young have the most difficult roles of their careers in "The Enchanted Cottage." Dorothy plays a girl who has been homely all her life, who knows the biting hurt of having men look at her and look too quickly away. Robert plays a soldier disfigured in the war, so conscious of that disfigurement that it cripples him mentally as well as physically. They make these two people not only believable but a definite inspiration to us all.

Oliver Bradford (Robert Young) returns from the war to a world gone completely awry. His fiancée shows in her first look at him that her love is dead. His family are well meaning enough, but they don't understand his problem or know how to cope with it. So Oliver goes off alone to the little cottage on the New England coast which he had rented for the honeymoon he had expected to have the year before.

The neighbors say the cottage is haunted. But "enchanted" is probably a better word. The English nobleman who built it many years before used to let young married couples live in it as long as they were happy. Some of that happiness seems to have been absorbed by the cottage, and it has a special, almost magic spell. When Oliver comes there, bitter and alone, he finds Laura (Dorothy McGuire) working

there as a maid. Their mutual ugliness draws them together. Thanks to Laura and a blind composer, Hillgrove (Herbert Marshall), who lives nearby, Oliver begins to get back to normal.

Then his parents decide to move to the cottage to look after him. He knows that if they come his nerves will go to pieces again, so he tells them that he is going to be married to Laura. He isn't in love with her yet, but after they are married, they fall deeply in love. And when they do, the magic of the cottage works a miracle. For to each other they are no longer ugly, but beautiful, and life holds everything for them that they could possibly want.

Mildred Natwick, Spring Byington, Hilary Brooke and Richard Gaines all aid in making this a delightful picture.—RKO


P. S.

Was first produced in London in 1922. Following year it was presented on Broadway with Katharine Cornell. In 1924 it was made as a silent picture with Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. Although the story is essentially the same, the time has been moved up from the years of World War I to World War II, and the locale shifted from England to New England... There are no war scenes... The story was written by Pinero at the suggestion of the British government to provide entertainment with a morale lift for England's returned soldiers for the last war... Bob Young, who has been acting in pictures since 1932 ("The Sin of Madelon Claudet" with Helen Hayes), claims this is the most dramatic role of his career. It's totally different from anything he's done before, and he's anxiously waiting news from his fans about the role... Broadway favorite, Mildred Natwick, was signed for Mrs. Minnett in "The Enchanted Cottage" because her portrayal of Madame Arcati in the original stage production of "Blithe Spirit" proved to the "front office" that she was exactly what was needed in this part... This is her first screen role... Alec Englander (Danny Stanton in the picture) is nine years old. He's a veteran of the stage and of radio. Director John Cromwell was impressed with Alec's performance in "The Willow and I" and remembered the boy when he was casting for this picture. Alec was signed for this without benefit of screen test.

BRING ON THE GIRLS

Here, my pets, we really have something. A musical with not only swell music, Technicolor and a flock of gorgeous babes, but a real honest-to-gosh plot that's full of laughs. One good reason for the laughter is Eddie Bracken, playing his usual innocent-guy-in-a-jam. Another is Sonny Tufts. If you've ever had any doubts about Sonny as a comedian, toss them out the window. He's a wow. Wait till you get a load of him playing and singing "Egyptian Ella"! The feminine interest is supplied by two beautiful blondes—Veronica Lake and Marjorie Reynolds.

It all begins with young millionaire Jay Bates (Eddie Bracken) finding his fiancée being kissed by his cousin. This kind of situation has long since lost its novelty for Jay. In fact this is the fifth fiancée whom he has discovered to be interested in him only for his money. Enough is enough, and Jay decides to join the Navy. There nobody will know how much dough he has, or care. But his family insist on providing him with a guardian, Phil (Sonny Tufts), who joins the Navy at the same time, with instructions to keep his eye on the susceptible Jay.



FORGET THAT
LOOK IN
HER EYES ...

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Powell playing a new
kind of role ... in a
murder-mystery that's
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Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

in
"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON • DON DOUGLAS

Another
of the
great



Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton

One evening Jay manages to elude Phil long enough to get to a night club. Also, long enough to fall in love, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The girl sells cigarettes at the night club, her name is Teddy (Veronica Lake),* and she doesn't know he's a millionaire—he thinks! Phil goes to the club the next night to investigate, but is led to believe that Jay's new enchantress is Sue Thomas (Marjorie Reynolds), the club's singing and dancing star. Sue is a nice girl. Phil makes a pass at her to find out, and she has him thrown out. He goes back to camp and wires the family that everything is fine.

When he finds out that Teddy is the girl, Phil is really upset. Not only because he's convinced she's an eighteen-carat gold digger, but because he's in love with her herself. Has been for years. Teddy loves him, too, but she thinks he gave her the runaround, so she's going to be the practical type from now on, and marry money. The tangle that follows is funnier than anything you've seen in years. There's an elegant moment when Jay wants to make a phone call, and hauls hundred dollar bills from all his pockets, muttering petulantly, "I had a nickel here somewhere." That got me!—Par.

P. S.

Sonny Tufts, who spent four years singing for his supper in New York and Palm Beach and has gone vocally untuneful through three previous pictures, debuts as a screen singer in this one. He sings "Egyptian Ella" and another, written for him by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson titled "I'm Gonna Hate Myself In the Morning." Sonny accompanies himself on the piano—describes his playing as "seven chords and a heavy foot." . . . Bracken does his first song solo, too. His is a "pro-

duction love song" called "It Could Happen To Me," which is staged as he strolls along four blocks of a street at night. This scene took two days to film. . . . It's worth the price of tickets for the whole family to see Spike Jones and his City Slickers burlesque "Chloe." They played this for Command Performance one night, and it sounded so swell Paramount asked it be picturized. Spike spent a week making its comedy visual. They spent three days filming it with four changes of scenes and the use of both a camel and a parrot. They also added a midget, Jerry Merenghi, to their orchestra cast. . . . This brings the Golden Gate quartet (remember "Star Spangled Rhythm"?) back to the screen with "The Preacher Went a Huntin'." . . . Veronica Lake returns to the screen after a six-months illness with eight pounds added to her shapeliness. Ronnie weighs 106 pounds!

THUNDERHEAD

The magic of a small boy's love for a horse again weaves a shining pattern in Thunderhead." It is a sequel to "My Friend Flicka," and you'll like it even better. The cast is the same, with Roddy McDowall playing Ken McLaughlin, and Preston Foster, Rita Johnson and Diana Hale in their old parts. The Technicolor scenery is incredibly beautiful.

Ken McLaughlin is a little older now. And Flicka, the wild red-gold filly which galloped the Wyoming hills, has settled down and become a mother. Her colt is a shock to Ken. He had bred Flicka secretly to their neighbor's great race horse, Appalachian, sire of thoroughbreds. But the colt resembles neither dam nor sire. Instead he is pure white and awkward, with wicked eyes and a wicked disposition. "He's a goblin!" Hildy, Ken's playmate,

cries mischievously when she sees him. "He looks like a white goblin!" Ken is furious and declares stoutly that a white colt is as good as any other. But he knows in his heart that Thunderhead is a throw-back to "The Albino," the wild stallion which sired Flicka, and which frequently raids the ranchers' mares. Thunderhead has inherited many of "The Albino's" traits. He drives Ken to tears or rage time and again during his training. Once he runs away in pursuit of "The Albino" who has made one of his periodic descents on the ranch. Thunderhead returns with great wounds on his side, made by the wild stallion. "He's no good," Ken mutters disgustedly, but he knows he really loves the colt in the County Races.

And Thunderhead is fast. He has such tremendous speed that even Ken's father admits he may turn out to be a race horse. Ken builds all his hopes on this. His mother sympathizes, and between them they persuade his father to let Ken enter the colt in the County Races.

That race will thrill you—and almost break your heart as it does Ken's. Thunderhead runs so fast he is only a white streak, but there is more to a race than speed. I won't tell you the outcome or its effect on the happenings at the ranch. It's an absorbing climax to a fine picture, with Roddy McDowall turning in his best performance to date.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Author Mary O'Hara possibly couldn't have written "My Friend Flicka" and this sequel with such a feeling and understanding for horses and little boys if she didn't live the part. She has a horse-breeding ranch and sons of her own who love the animals as does the small hero of her Flicka stories. . . . Without the actors and

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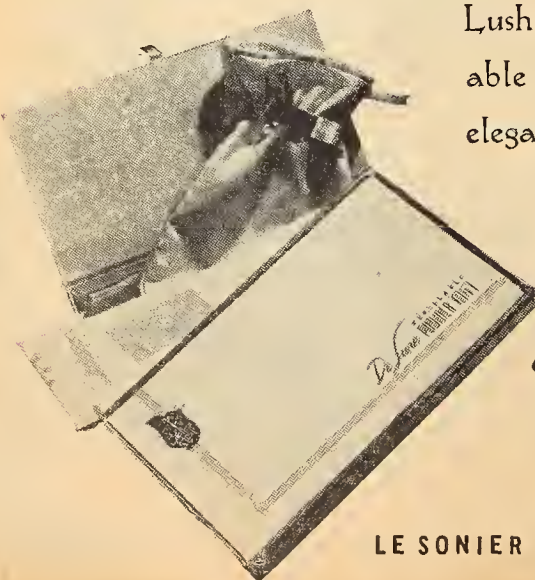
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the action, "Thunderhead" would be a good travelogue. The famed Bridal Veil Falls, the rugged Oregon Gorges, Utah's fabulous Bryce Canyon (seen for the first time on the screen), the impressive grandeur of Zion National Park, the fantastic formations of Red Rock Canyon and Cedar Breaks National Monument are all background for the picture. . . . The picture's first scene was also the first of the production's many problems. Roddy McDowall is shown finding Flicka with a newborn white colt. In order to have one on hand at the proper time, dozens of mares likely to foal such a youngster were put under contract. . . . Master of color photography, Charles Clarke, brings the production to the public recorded on a new medium of film. It's called Monopak. This revolutionary discovery makes distant objects clear and sharply defined, an effect never before possible in color films. The scenes between men and animals were really made effective by having two of the stars train with the horses. Roddy McDowall and Preston Foster put in many hours getting acquainted and rehearsing with them, so when the cameras started rolling they were able to take the animals through the most difficult scenes without a hitch. . . . Dwight Cummins and Dorothy Yost wrote the script from the O'Hara story. Did such an excellent job that Fox studio officials, after reading it, increased the budget far beyond that of the first "Flicka" picture.

WONDER MAN

You know those double talk songs Danny Kaye sings. They don't make sense, but they are wonderful to listen to. Well, this picture doesn't make much sense when you try to tell about it, but it's wonderful to see. Danny is in his own special comedy groove, and no one in the world can do it better.

The complicating factor in the plot is that Danny plays two characters, one of whom gets murdered. The murder victim is Buzzy Bellew, night club entertainer, who is the State's key witness against gangster "Ten Grand Jackson." Buzzy is engaged to his pretty dancing partner, Midge (Vera Ellen), but he doesn't live to marry her. Jackson's hoodlums bump him off, do him up in concrete and drop him in the lake in Prospect Park.

That's when Danny's other role takes over. Edwin Dingle looks exactly like the dead Buzzy, but he's his opposite in temperament and habits. Buzzy was effervescent and slightly mad, Edwin is the serious, student type. He's in love with a librarian named Ellen (Virginia Mayo). So here is Edwin sitting quietly in the library waiting for a good book, when Buzzy's spirit takes possession of him. The results are startling indeed to the sober Edwin. Usually the most law-abiding of citizens, he kicks a cop, and that's only the beginning. He goes over to Buzzy's old night club, and its owner thinks he's Buzzy and puts him on to do his act. Fortunately Buzzy's spirit gets control, and Edwin makes with a lunatic version of "Otchi Tchornia" which lays 'em in the aisles.

But "Ten Grand Jackson" is in the audience, and he is not amused. He gives his henchmen a cold stare and says, "I thought you took care of this guy." They thought so, too, and are having the screaming meemies at the sight of what they think is a ghost. "Get him this time for keeps," Ten Grand commands, and from that moment Edwin is a poor insurance risk.

There are lots of laughs in "Wonder Man." Donald Woods, Otto Kruger, Allen

Jenkins and Edward Brophy are among those who wander through this tall tale.
—RKO

P. S.

The dividing of Danny Kaye into two equal parts, enabling him to walk with himself, talk to himself and employ a different style of acting for each of the two characters is just one of the wonders of "Wonder Man" . . . With either or both of the characters in practically every foot of the film, the picture presented many difficulties of screen magic heretofore considered insurmountable. Never before had a dual role of such magnitude been attempted in Technicolor. The picture was in production almost six months. . . More than fifty sets were used for this one—ranging in size from the interior of a delicatessen refrigerator to a huge exterior covering 40,000 square feet (Brooklyn's Prospect Park). New York's Metropolitan Opera house was duplicated for one sequence, while another called for the building of a swank night club complete to dressing rooms, stage and backstage, bar, checkroom and exterior. Our spies have it that the number done in the Metropolitan Opera House out-Kayes anything he's done so far. . . For the first time on the screen, he does his "Otchi Tchornia" number—a hysterical pantomime of a famous Russian baritone, allergic to flowers, who tries to sing on a stage loaded with floral pieces. . . Mrs. Danny Kaye wrote music and lyrics for the "Otchi Tchornia," Bali boogie and opera number sequences with Ray Heindorf orchestrating and conducting. . . The song, "So In Love," sung by Vera-Ellen and the Goldwyn Girls, was by Leo Robin and David Rose.

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED

There's a little town in Arizona where the sign that greets you says "Salome—Where She Danced." If you raise an inquiring eyebrow, the natives will tell you that until 1866 the town was known as Drinkman's Wells. Then along came Salome—

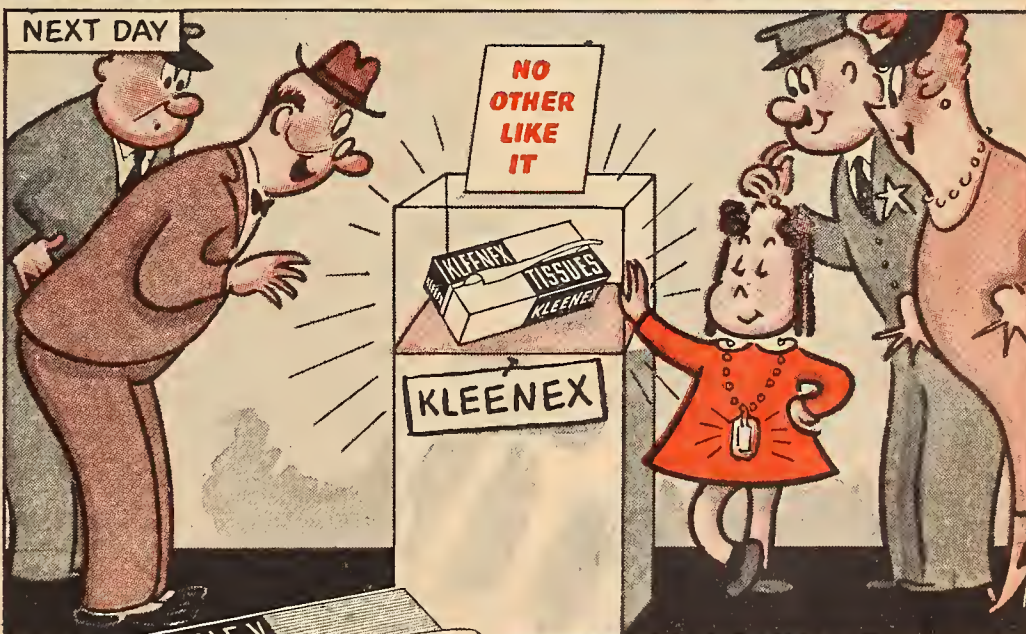
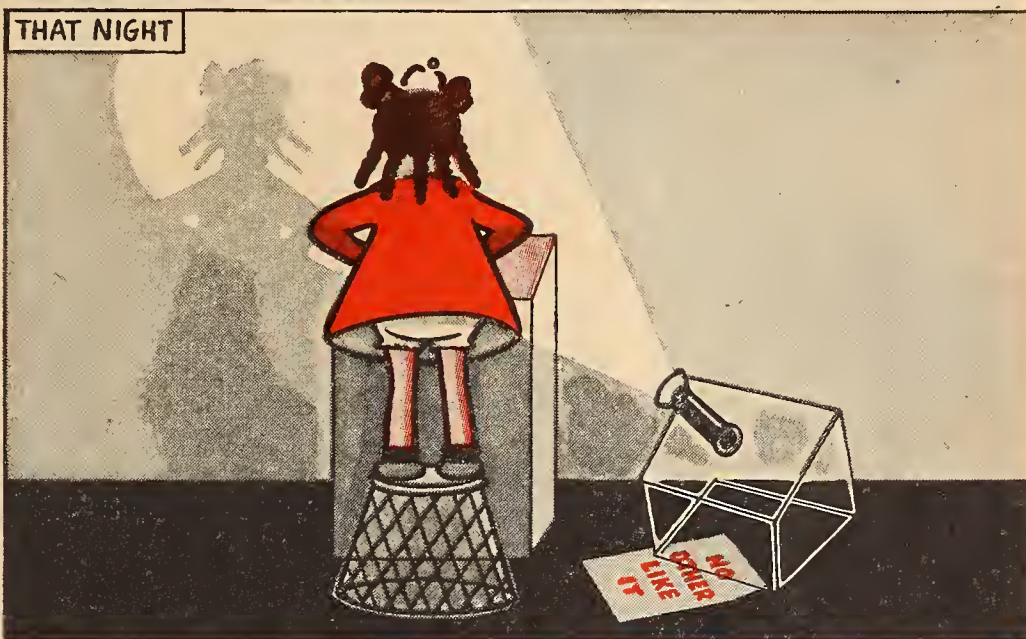
Salome (Yvonne De Carlo) is a femme fatale if ever there was one. Beautiful, devastating, she has broken hearts all over Europe. But her own has been broken, too, for she is madly in love with a prince of the house of Hapsburg, who is forbidden to marry her. When Germany declares war on Austria, Salome is dancing in Berlin. An American newspaperman, Jim Steed (Rod Cameron), persuades her that she should act as a spy to help her lover's country, Austria. She fascinates the Count Von Bohlen (Albert Dekker) into revealing Germany's plans to her, but even while she is succeeding in this, her lover is killed in the war. Von Bohlen finds out he has been tricked, and Berlin suddenly gets too hot to hold Salome. Jim Steed persuades her and her pianist, Professor Max (J. Edward Bromberg), to come to America with him.

"We'll go to San Francisco. There's piles of money there, and with your dancing and my brains we'll make a fortune," he tells her optimistically. Unfortunately their ship lands them in Galveston, and it's a long journey by stagecoach from there to San Francisco. Long—and expensive. By the time they reach the little town of Drinkman's Wells, they are stony broke. Jim decides to put on a show featuring Salome. It's a sensation, and the town re-names itself in her honor.

Meanwhile, Salome has met a stagecoach robber named Cleve (David Bruce), who looks just like her dead Hapsburg prince. He's a dashing, handsome ex-soldier, and

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by Marge



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BY

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WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

the fact that he makes a living by robbing coaches doesn't bother her too much. Cleve joins them on the trip to San Francisco. There another man falls under Salome's spell—the wealthy Russian, Dimitri (Walter Slezak). He builds a theater for her, and the future looks pretty fancy, until who shows up but Count Von Bohlen, just in from Berlin, with murder in his eye. . . .

"Salome—Where She Danced" is a lavish, Technicolor production. The new discovery, Yvonne de Carlo, will probably receive ten thousand requests from service men for pictures of her in the Salome costume.—Univ.

P. S.

Mr. Wanger spent six months searching for the "right girl" for this one. All he required was "exceptional beauty, acting ability, dancing and singing talent"—that's the way it read on the casting request. Everyone at the studio knew it couldn't be done—that there was no such girl. That was before they saw the screen tests of Yvonne DeCarlo, age 20, from Vancouver, British Columbia! . . . Made herself even more unbelievable when she refused a double for the horseback riding scenes. Turned out to be an excellent horse-woman. . . . Yvonne had a near-serious accident on the set when the 1865-period hoop skirted gown she was wearing caught fire from the electric heater in her dressing room. Yvonne, because of the seven petticoats beneath the skirt, was unaware of the heat and walked onto the set with her dress flaming. Was completely surprised when a property man turned the hose on her! . . . Something new in medicine was successfully tried when Miss DeCarlo, suffering from a deeply cut wound on her foot, insisted on doing the dancing called for in the day's shooting schedule. Doctor's "froze" the foot with a new drug. Yvonne was able to do her ballerina dance without pain and without injury to the foot. The amazing fact being that the muscles of her foot were not affected by the "freezing." . . . Although new to Hollywood, there was only one request Miss DeCarlo could not fulfill. A Marine, tougher than tradition, handed her a tattoo needle and said, "Okay, sister make with the autograph on my arm!"

MOLLY AND ME

The acid wit of Monty ("The Beard") Woolley and the warm Yorkshire humor of Gracie Field are teamed again in "Molly And Me." They both have a way of making you feel that you are old friends with the characters they play, and you come out full of a pleasant conviction that all's right with the world.

Gracie, as Molly, is an out-of-work actress who applies for a position as housekeeper of a de luxe London establishment. Her employer is John Graham (Monty Woolley), who is definitely the curmudgeon type. The butler, Peabody (Reginald Gardner), doesn't want to hire Molly, but she finds out he's an ex-actor himself, also a not-too-ex boozier, and she blackmails him into taking her on, by getting him stewed to his supercilious eyebrows and then threatening to tell Graham.

Once Molly has the job, she starts making changes right and left. The servants have been stealing consistently, and when Molly puts a stop to it, they walk out in a body, just when Graham has given orders for a dinner for eight. The dinner is very important to him, for he has been proposed as a member of Parliament and needs the backing of the guest of honor. Molly, undaunted, gets some of her pals from show business to impersonate cook, maid, footman, etc. When the "cook" ruins

AUTOGRAPHS!

"All the good things in life are free . . ." Well, that was a swell idea for a song and an even better one for you swell M.S. readers. 'Cause we've got lots of good things—155, in fact—and being offered practically for free! Yup, send in your quarter and back comes an autographed NAA emblem card, a card signed by any star you choose! P.S. Your 25c plays a double header, gets you your dream boat's signature and helps feed and clothe American seamen and their families! P.S.S. And to really make that "for free" idea hold—send in a dollar and back will come 5 autographs—5 for the price of 4!

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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
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
Tyronne 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
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
John Wayne
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Teresa Wright
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EASIER... Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

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the pressed duck and potato souffle, Molly substitutes duck hash and fried potatoes is Jimmy (Roddy McDowall), Graham's apoplexy when they appear on the table. Fortunately the guest of honor is intrigued. "Nothing like plain, simple English cooking. Very clever of you, Graham," he says, taking an extra helping of hash.

But the major problem in the household is Jimmy (Roddy McDowall), Graham's son. Mrs. Graham ran off with another man when Jimmy was a baby, and his father has seemed to resent the boy ever since. Actually, he's very fond of him but doesn't in the least know how to handle him. Molly is sorry for the lad, and with her usual directness, tells Graham he's messing up Jimmy's life. About this time, the former Mrs. Graham turns up, ready to cause trouble, and it is only Molly's ready wit that saves Jimmy from heart-break and Graham from political ruin.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Gracie Fields, loved the world over for her ability as a comedienne, has only one "secret" for her success. She claims it's her strict adherence to what she terms "kitchen spice" variety, as opposed to what she calls, "bedroom spice." . . . It has been suggested that this is the story of the life of Marie Dressler (some of the plot is similar to Marie's early struggles as an actress), but this is not true. This is neither the story of Marie's life nor of any other known person—living or dead. It's an original novel by Frances Marion, based on the single incident in Marie's life—the time when she was forced to accept a job as a domestic. . . . This is Gracie's second

American picture ("Holy Matrimony" with Monty Woolley was her first). . . . She makes up for her non-singing role in "Holy Matrimony" by doing six numbers, including a duet with Monty titled "Always Eat When You Are Hungry, Always Drink When You Are Dry." . . . Took a full day to film the scene in the London pub in which Miss Fields and friends attempt to get Reginald Gardiner drunk. At the close of the day, Reggie had consumed twenty-two glasses of real beer. The part, needless to say, was played to perfection!

GENTLE ANNIE

Marjorie Main, the whooping, hoarse-voiced character actress, has the title role in this cops-and-robbers drama. Cop number one is Lloyd Richland (James Craig), U. S. Marshal, and the robbers are Gentle Annie's two sons, Violet Goss (Paul Langton) and Cotton Goss (Henry Morgan). The scene is Oklahoma in 1901.

There has been an epidemic of such hold-ups near the town of Pohoka City, and Richland is sent out there to investigate. He disguises himself as a hobo and is thrown off the train almost into the laps of the Goss brothers. They seem like nice guys, and he's a little sorry to learn that they are the prime suspects in the robberies. He's even sorrier when they take him home to their ranch and he meets "Gentle Annie." He likes her rugged humor and her devotion to the boys.

The local "law" is represented by a crooked sheriff named Tatum who hates the Goss brothers. They return his feeling with interest, for they know, but can't prove, that he killed their father years

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mr. Stardust (Gregory Peck) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | They Just Couldn't Say Goodbye (John Payne, Gloria DeHaven) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Spellbound" . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| Alice in Motherland (Alice Faye) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Citizen Crane (Dick Crane) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | By Hedda Hopper |
| Everything's Jake! (Dick Jaeckel) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Arsenic and Old Love . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| June Allyson, Life Story, Part II . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News by Louella Parsons . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Tall, Skinny Papa (Bob Walker) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | Don't Believe It! (Lauren Bacall) . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like **LEAST**?

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

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I am years old.

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ago. Tatum runs a saloon, and when he annoys the pretty waitress, Mary (Donna Reed), she goes out to the Goss ranch for protection. Richland falls in love with her, but he knows how she's going to feel when he has to arrest the brothers who have been so kind to her. Still, what can he do? The evidence is piling up fast.

The boys, who trust Richland in his character as hobo, finally tell him they are the robbers and ask him to take part in their next coup. That does it! Now he's really got to arrest them. But as they ride back to the house together, they hear a shot, and when they find "Gentle Annie" dead on the front porch, the situation changes. Richland is as anxious as they are to find her killer, so they go on a last hunt together. The rest is fireworks.

James Craig makes a nice looking cop. Being arrested by him would be a pleasure. Donna Reed is ornamental, too.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Donna Reed was granted a ten-day leave while this was in production. Donna wanted to spend Thanksgiving with her parents on the family farm in Denison, Iowa. It was the first time she'd been home in four years. Following the ten-day holiday, Donna set out on a two-weeks tour of Army camps and hospitals in Kansas. . . . Jimmy Craig has a firm belief that Western Pictures are definitely good for the morale of the younger generation—therefore, makes it a point to make at least two of them a year. . . . Craig had to be taken out of the shooting for two days when his young son (a too-enthusiastic pupil of the manly art of self defense) landed a right to Jimmy's jaw that made a terrific bruise.

EARL CARROLL VANITIES

A girl wants to do her patriotic duty, but she also wants to have some fun. Like Princess Drina of Turania (Constance Moore). Drina has been educated in America, and she'd love to stay here permanently. But no, she's supposed to go back to the Balkans and marry the Grand Duke Paul (Alan Mowbray). He's at least forty, and he's consumed so much champagne that they classified his last blood donation as Pol Roget '29.

Drina has been taking lessons in hot music from "Tex" Donnelly (Eve Arden), who runs a night club on 52nd Street. "Tex" introduces her to a young composer named Danny Farrell (Dennis O'Keefe). Danny is something of a genius—he can write wonderful lyrics and dash off material for a show at the drop of a hat. He persuades Earl Carroll to use some of his stuff in the new Vanities, and he wants Carroll to use his girl friend, Claire (Stephanie Bachelor), too. But Carroll hears Drina, who has taken over Claire's spot temporarily. "She's the one I want," Carroll says, while Danny practically turns green. How is he ever going to explain this to Claire?

Drina gets a kick out of trying her luck before an audience in the night club, but if the Queen-Mother found out, she would be bundled back to the Balkans. So the Princess leads a double life.

Danny has fallen in love with her, but when he finds out she lives in a big Park Avenue apartment, he jumps to all the wrong conclusions. Then the Queen-Mother discovers where Drina is spending her time and yanks her out of the "Vanities" rehearsals. Things get so completely "snafu" that you don't see how they can ever straighten out.

"Earl Carroll Vanities" has lots of music, gaiety, and enough pulchritude to justify the old boast "through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."—Rep.

*Go back, Mary—
You forgot something!*

Take half a minute more—
or that heavy date
may be a dud!



That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!



Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even after you're dressed. Now you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor to come.



The End of a Perfect Date . . . and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lasts all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. MUM'S SAFE—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. MUM'S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN"

(Continued from page 6)

I must insist, "almost a success."

The folk story of the Nolans of Brooklyn opens in the moiling, toiling din of the slums. The family lives in abject poverty, the mother scrubbing the foul hallways of the lodging house in which the family dwells, to help eke out a living. The father, a neighborhood drunk, is usually delivered home on the horizontal by the local cop, while the children contribute to the family income by way of hard-earned pennies.

The picture never departs from this realm of poverty. It therefore becomes the director's and the adapters' task to keep luminous and alive those overtones of the human spirit which are brighter than poverty is dark.

Johnny Nolan, the father, is an irresistible, beloved vagabond. He has charm, imagination, and rarer than these, he knows the heart of a child! But as husband, bread-winner and responsible parent, he lacks just about everything.

For this difficult role, James Dunn must be set down as a piece of miscasting. He gives his all with sincerity. But it is not enough. Mr. Dunn simply has not got what it takes for this particular role. And what it takes are the mental and spiritual vagaries of a minstrel of the open road, a playboy irresistible, a choir boy who couldn't grow up. And so on the screen, Betty Smith's Johnny Nolan, alas, flies out of the window.

Similarly, Dorothy McGuire's difficult role as the wife of this tragic and irresistible troubadour husband, must be played

with the complete finesse with which the character was originally written by Miss Betty Smith. Otherwise, this harassed, high-thinking and somewhat straight-laced young woman of thirty will actually harden, instead of merely threaten to harden, as she does in the novel.

Miss McGuire hardens! She plays the role grimly, coldly, even austere. She is a ridden, harassed, penny-biting woman of the slums who has been licked by her environment. This is not Betty Smith's Katie Nolan.

This is all the more surprising because Dorothy McGuire's role is predicated on the fact that she is constantly struggling against this hardening. In the novel, you do not ever for a moment feel that ultimate grimness and grayness ever overtake her. But in the motion picture, they gang up on her early in the film. Almost from the beginning, she is a gaunt, bony woman of the slums, more dead than alive.

This invalidates much of Katie's ultimate romance with the neighborhood cop, which follows the death of her husband. One feels almost a spark of pity for the friendly, amiable, well-meaning young policeman, who is eager to help put together the broken lives of Johnny's widow and her children.

This is as good a moment as any to comment upon a slight but felicitous bit of casting. Lloyd Nolan plays the role of McShane, the neighborhood cop who has so frequently brought home poor Johnny flung over one shoulder like a loose sack of meal, with his usual perfection.

It is not easy to have to follow up the life and love story of Katie and Johnny Nolan, who after all were lovers in the deep sense of the word, with a new romantic interest so swiftly following upon Johnnie's death.

Thanks to the simple, endearing quality of McShane as played by Lloyd Nolan, it seems quiet and natural and somehow reassuring that he should so swiftly appear as Katie's second husband, and the hope of her children for a better way of life.

And now we come to the beautiful ebullience, the flower-like simplicity with which a little girl named Peggy Ann Garner dances through the role of Francie. Peggy Ann characterizes the dreamy, practical, thoughtful, and wistful childhood of this youngster of poverty, with a perfection that is almost startling. Her innocence enfolds her like the petals of a flower and the relationship between the child and her father is something that not even the hazard of transferring novel to screen can tarnish.

It is extraordinary the consistency with which this picture seems to be miscast. Grandma Rommely, Francie's maternal grandmother, is a jarring note in both casting and writing. Joan Blondell, who plays the kaleidoscopic part of the loose-moraled aunt, lives up to neither herself nor to the character. This is equally true of most of the minor figures who move about the plot.

It is a tribute to the picture that despite these handicaps, and additional ones of direction that are quite glaring, "A Tree

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

There's lure for him
in the rich smouldering tone of
IRRESISTIBLE FUCHSIA PLUM...
in the velvety s-m-o-o-t-h-n-e-s-s
of your lips kept irresistible with
IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK. WHIP-TEXT
to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer-lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.

the
bride-to-be
wears

Irresistible fuchsia plum *Lipstick*

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

10c-25c
SIZES
NEW SWIVEL
CASE

Grows In Brooklyn" persists, just as the actual tree in the novel, in blossoming through the asphalt of the hard circumstance of production shortcomings and giving forth beauty.

The struggle of the Nolan family against poverty, the exquisite relationship between the little girl and her drunken, beloved-vagabond father who knew his way into her pure heart, the struggle of the disillusioned high-thinking mother, the absurdities and monkeyshines of Sissy, the scatter-brained marrying sister, do come through and hold the interest.

It all goes to show that despite mis-casting and such homespun production as cotton snowstorms, uninspired street scenes, the inner flame of a good and human story does not easily douse.

There are scenes in this motion picture which hold together in a kind of static beauty. One of them, played by Dorothy McGuire and James Dunn, is memorable. Things have come to such a pass in the Nolan household that Katie is finally forced to the decision that Francie must give up her schooling and go to work. The father, who is fundamentally to blame for the shocking circumstances, is stricken to the heart. The moment when these two parents stare at one another across the chasm of years and disappointments, and the woman shrieks at her stricken mate, "Stop looking at me that way!" is top drama. It is following this moment that the singing waiter goes out of the door of his scrub-water tenement, never to return.

There is a memorable moment when, for the first time in her adolescent experience, consciousness of a young boy who is smitten with her flashes into Francie's innocent little face!

And much of the responsibility rests on the bony, adolescent young shoulders of this Francie, age thirteen. Her face is a panorama, her voice inflections subtle, her ability to listen and the rhythm of her dialogue high virtuosity.

With all its faults, you can't very well come away from this picture let down. It captures enough of the authority and the Americana and the flavor and the singing veracity of the novel, to hold the interest. Even to delight.

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A FIVE-DOLLAR SCHOLAR

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

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

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

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN
THE WORLD! THE MOST GLAMOROUS
SHOW ON THE SCREEN!

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EARL CARROLL VANITIES



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LEON BELASCO • BEVERLY
LOYD • EDWARD GARGAN
and **WOODY HERMAN**
and his Orchestra

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

WEAREVER

Zenith

*By America's Largest
Fountain Pen
Manufacturer*



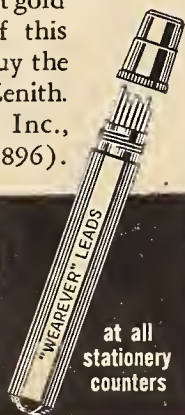
\$1⁹⁵



Pen and pencil
set, illustrated at
left, in rich gift
box \$2⁷⁵

TELESCOPE PRECISION *sets this pen apart!*

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See, try, buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).



WEAREVER

Refill Leads

at all
stationery
counters

By Jean Kinkead



Co-ed

What to do when your beautiful romance

seems terribly far away and long ago . . .

■ Did you read all that gory business in the paper the other day about the vast quantities of guys overseas who each day get word that their wives or sweethearts are tired of waiting for them? Didn't it kill you? Reading it, you probably wanted to string those gals up by their thumbs. Easy does it, chums; it might have been you. A big bright moon, a guy who reminds you of Bill. It takes so little to set you off your course. Just a word or two to help keep you straight.

That ounce of prevention: That lovely, heart-stopping feeling you have (*Continued on page 24*)

For exquisite daintiness



a new safeguard

Now Kotex contains a deodorant

It's locked in . . . so it can't shake out



NOW you get this new protection for your charm, your daintiness—at no extra cost to you.

A deodorant is locked inside each Kotex sanitary napkin to help keep you fresh, lovely, confident. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on!

There are so many important reasons why you should always insist on Kotex:

(1) Patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex mean no bulges, no revealing lines.

(2) You get lasting comfort, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

(3) The special four-ply safety center gives you extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting.

(4) Only Kotex has three sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—for different women, different days.

(5) And now this extra safeguard—the new deodorant in every Kotex napkin.

No wonder most women simply won't be satisfied with any other brand!



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

Glamorous
Ilka Chase

author of several
best selling novels
and star of stage
and screen,
says:

"Arrid takes the place
of anti-perspiration
liquids and at the
same time Arrid takes
the place of creams
that just prevent
underarm odor.

"That's why I use
Arrid and why I
recommend it so
highly."

Ilka Chase

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax

(Also 59¢ size)

At any store which sells toilet goods



ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

when you're with Johnnie may or may not be grounds for marriage, swoon stuff being such a very minor part of deep and lasting love. Before taking it to the chaplain, quiz yourself so: Can you imagine yourself ever being bored with him, ever having to apologize for him, ever being complete without him, ever doubting his ability to set the world on fire? If the answers are all no's, you may be a wishful thinker, but ten to one, it's love. If a couple of yesses sneak in, no orange blossoms, baby. Chances are, two weeks after he left you'd be penning him one of those accursed "Dear-John's." (That's Army-Navy slang for a brush-off letter, or do we have to tell you?)

You forget what he looks like: You have trouble recapturing his smile and his sense of humor, and so you get all dramatic and think you don't love him any more. Don't be nutty. You see, people have a way of "adjusting" to things, and the fact that you've adjusted to your man's absence doesn't indicate any lack of love. Rather it shows that you're a well-balanced person. Before you pen him the news that you no longer care, try this. Turn the lights low and put a couple of "your" songs on the phonograph. "Moon-glow," maybe. Whatever it was that you two used to request at all the dances. Think of a specific date you had. Maybe your first one; maybe your last. Weep a little bit. Now just try and write that letter . . . Corny? Sure. But corn can be awfully beautiful when there's a perfectly dandy marriage at stake.

A bird in the hand: You met another guy at a USO dance or at the office or on a perfectly innocent blind date, and—incredible but true—he is the one. Oh, shame on you. Granted this new man is probably a swell boy, you may even have a king-size crush on him, that's no reason for throwing over the solid, substantial and—yeah!—sentimental stuff you and your soldier had. You're acting like a fourteen-year-old or a skittish gal in her middle 40's. Before you take pen in hand for your "Dear-John," survey the whole business in the bright, honest light of morning, unencumbered by stars and soft music. Think of the months or years you've shared with your Bill, all the hurdles you've taken together. Think of the dreams you had and the promises you made when he went away. Think of him, lonely and weary, counting so desperately on you and your love. Doesn't it mean something? Doesn't it mean a heck of a lot? Okay. Tell that would-be home-wrecker that the moon must have gotten in your eyes for a while, but that it's out now. As far as he's concerned.

Stay off the limb: Somebody said that marriage is a structure that must be rebuilt every day. And that goes double when your lad is away. How do you do it? By keeping close to each other through letters. Write to him daily if you possibly can. Keep on planning things together: Your house, your family. Get him to draw plans for the house. Query him about names for all those super-children. Put warmth and affection in your letters. (Our letters overseas are rarely censored, you know.) Remember his birthday and all your private anniversaries. And don't bog down. It's easy to write volumes in the beginning, but when he's been gone a while, it takes some effort. Stick with it! Maintain your status as a wife or an engaged gal in your community, and in your office. Talk about the guy, wear his insignia. Have his picture in your wallet, on your bureau, all over the place so that he's never really very far away. Concentrate on your reunion rather than on your

parting. Hang on to the knowledge that you belong to a pretty wonderful gent, and let him know that you know. You'll be rebuilding that marriage of yours every day. And we're not awfully worried that you'll go putting yourself out on any limb.

Co-Ed Mailbox:

I'm so shy I die every time I have to give a book report in class. At school parties I can't say boo to a boy. Do people ever get over shyness? How? Nancy L., Ogden, Utah.

Sure, they get over it, Nancy, once they understand what shyness really is. You'll slug us for this, but do you know it's largely selfishness? You are so all-fired important in your own eyes, that you think people are concentrating on your every move, your every syllable. 'Tain't so. Take the matter of book reports, for example. Bet you everyone in the room is worrying far more over what *he's* going to say when it's his turn than over whether or not your slip is showing. At a party, likewise. Most males are infinitely more concerned with not tripping over their own tongues and feet than with whether you do likewise. The moral is, relax. Climb out of yourself. Be interested in other people; their pet tunes, books, ideas. What they think about compulsory military training, politics, Van Johnson. Honest, if you sincerely care about the other guy, you just can't be shy.

Who writes first, a boy or girl? D. D., Forestport, N. Y.

No hard and fast rule here. If a lad gives you his APO number, for Pete's sake, don't wait around for him to write. Dash him off a line. It'll be waiting for him when he gets There, and don't think he won't think you're dandy. If *you* go away, you've got a perfectly elegant excuse for initiating a correspondence. If the guy is sick and incommunicado, likewise. Be brief, casual, friendly, and if he doesn't answer—don't pursue the thing.

I am in a hospital in England. Would some of your readers please write to me? George H., Somewhere-in-England.

Gosh, George, this breaks our heart, but we just can't print your name and address. You see it's like this. If we did it for you, there'd be other boys writing in, and then dozens more. First thing you know we'd be a pen pal column—which is slightly out of our groove. Awful sorry, really.

I was stood up by a boy the other night. How should I act toward him? Betty Horn, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Chilly, chum, chilly. No need to flatter him to the extent of completely ignoring him, but by your manner let him know that you consider what he did pretty unattractive. Maybe your best friend can know that you were stood up, but it's kind of unpolitic to let the word get spread. Never lower yourself to the extent of querying the boy about it. And if he asks you out again, you can't possibly make it.

* * *

Can we help de-dilemma you? You know there's no problem in the world that can't be solved if you get the right head working on it: Us, we're hot on stuff like swain-snagging, letter-writing, party-throwing—most anything you can dream up. Will you try us on your particular headache? Send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and the whole thing will be just between the two of us. If the whole world can know, initial it, and we'll print it in our Mailbox. Here's how to reach us. Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



WHY CANARIES' "PET-APPEAL" IS HIGH WITH YOUNG AMERICA!

Trudy Marshall —vibrant,
young star of "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE,"
a Twentieth-Century Fox Production, says:

**"My perky, little Canary helps start
my day on a cheerful note . . . keeps
me light-hearted and happy!"**

★ ★ ★ ★ A canary is so easy to care for, so radiant with cheer, he's virtually the "perfect pet"—and incidentally, the *only* pet that sings. • Why don't you have a canary for your very own? Keep him at the peak of happiness by feeding the finest—French's Bird Seed and Bird Biscuit.

*The Largest Selling
Bird Seed in the U. S. ▶*

French's is the time-tried canary diet containing 11 proven aids to a canary's health and song. It's an all-over favorite with canary lovers.





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



FOR FANS

SUPER ★ STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) Our new, revised 32-page booklet. Latest pics, births, marriages, heights, weights, number of kids, love life of 500 stars. Where to write to them. New stars, stars in the Service and a complete section on Western stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

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

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Have yourself a time! Join one or more of the 60 fan clubs we've listed and get snaps of your favorite star, club journals, chance for pen pals—and other splendid advantages! Read about the new MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 71 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 12 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.



FOR ROMANCE

PLEASE BEHAVE!—Helpful, practical chart with tips on how to be poised, well liked. Etiquette for dating, engagements, weddings, letter writing—the works. Free, just send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how you can get that cute guy in Algebra class to ask for a date? Or when it's cagey to pull a "hard to get"? Write to our expert, Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. Tell her all, and she'll personally write you a letter answering all those important, impossible problems of the heart. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead. How to be date bait, plus a complete follow-through for when you're out with him. The straight stuff on getting stood up, drinking, smoking, tactics to get and hold your man! FREE, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐



CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis ☐

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE

(10c) Fill in your birthdate: Year.....

Month..... Date..... Time.....

Name.....

Street..... City..... Zone..... State.....

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 16, N.Y.
No self-addressed envelope required. ☐



FOR GLAMOUR

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

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL—For over 18s—a beauty routine, skin and nail care, make-up styled to your needs. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR—Encyclopedia on hair care. Hair-do's styled for you, setting instructions. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT—12-page chart giving you all the safe ways to lose weight. 2 easy-to-follow scientific diets. Exercises for reducing every part of the body, plus scoring chart. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

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

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

FASHIONS FOR STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—by Marjorie Bailey. How to appear thinner or more curvaceous. Lines and styles that slenderize hips, waist, bust, legs and those to cover up that bony look. Free, send a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

"...comin' to my sundae social?"

"There's gonna be four kinds-a sundaes! Step up and take your choice—or try 'em all!"

They're really delicious, 'cause my fav'rite Karo makes 'em smooth and not too sweet. Mom says they're easy to make—and don't get "grainy". They keep well in the refrigerator, so we always have sundae treats when comp'ny drops in.

And don't forget they're good for you 'cause Karo is rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar."

the KARO kid



©C.P.S.Co.



1. Apple-mint

1 c. Red Label Karo Peppermint
2 tbsp. lemon juice flavoring
1½ c. shredded Green color-
apple ing

Combine Karo, lemon juice and apple, which has been peeled and finely shredded. Cook slowly until apple is just transparent, or about 6 to 8 min. Remove from heat. Stir in peppermint flavoring and green coloring. Makes 2 cups.

2. Caramel-nut

½ c. brown sugar, 6 tbsp. water
firmly packed Dash salt
½ c. Blue Label 1 tbsp. butter
Karo ½ c. evaporated
⅛ tsp. soda milk
⅓ c. sliced, toasted almonds

Cook brown sugar, Karo, soda, water, salt and butter over medium heat until a small amount will form a very soft ball when dropped in cold water, (232° F.). Cool to lukewarm. Then beat in milk gradually, and blend 3 to 4 min. Stir in nuts. Makes 1½ cups.

3. Chocolate

½ c. cocoa 1½ c. sugar
⅓ c. Red or ½ tsp. salt
Blue Label 1 c. milk
Karo 3 tbsp. butter
6 tbsp. water ½ tsp. vanilla

Mix, then cook cocoa, Karo and water over low heat, stirring constantly, until well blended. Add sugar, salt and milk; stir well. Cook gently 7 to 8 min. until the mixture thickens, (220° F.). Remove from heat; add butter, and beat until the color starts to change. Stir in vanilla. Makes 2 cups.



4. Marshmallow

2 c. Red Label Karo ⅛ tsp. salt
2 egg whites (¼ ½ tsp.
cup) vanilla

Cook Karo over medium heat until a small amount will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, (234° F.). Whip egg whites, salt and vanilla until stiff, in a large bowl. Add hot syrup in four sections, beating after each addition. As mix becomes stiff, use wooden spoon. Takes about 5 minutes. When ready, mixture will stand in soft peaks when dropped from a spoon. Makes 4 cups. Keeps indefinitely in a covered jar.

For Cake Topping or Filling: Use recipe as given. *For Sundaes (as illus.) or Desserts:* Mix heaping tbsp. Basic Cream with 1½ tbsp. hot water, or fruit juice. Blend vigorously. *For Colored Swirl (as illus.):* Color a small portion; stir gently through white portion with tip of a small knife.

Free A NEW, SPECIAL BOOKLET, containing dozens of tested recipes for appetizing, nutritious treats for growing children. Just write to Corn Products Sales Company, Dept. Z4, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.

Lovable...
 Softer,
 Smoother
 Skin
 with just
One Cake of
 Camay!



Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.
 Her skin is like peach-blaam — exquisitely soft. "Camay is my beauty soap—now and far always," says this lovely bride. "My first cake left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of changing."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So quick, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer!



...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave *proof* of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin.

"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "*it cleansed without irritation.*"

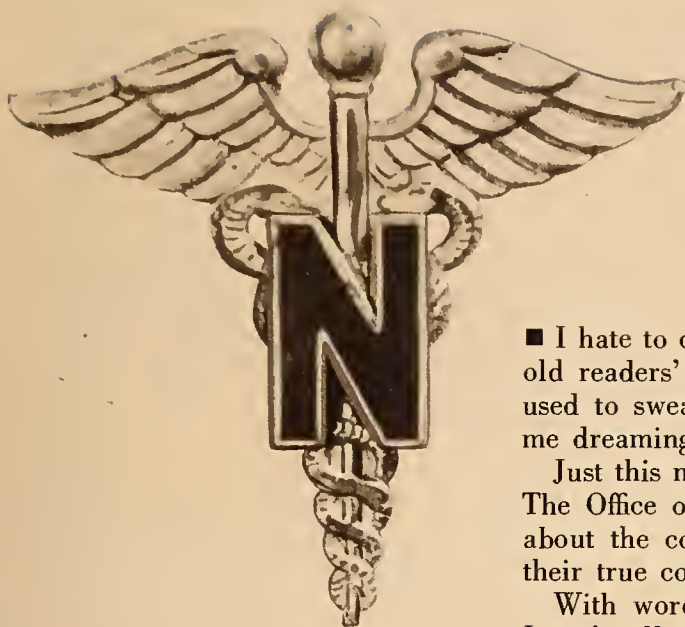
No wonder you can expect this Camay care to soften and smooth your skin.



Make your Camay last and last—it's made of vital war materials.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only a minute, night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash! That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay.



TO OUR READERS

■ I hate to contemplate all the pounds I've lost sweating out this little old readers' page of yours. I sometimes wonder if Bill Shakespeare used to sweat, too. And almost any night after 10 P.M. you'll find me dreaming I can bounce words around like a billiard ball.

Just this minute, though, I'm suddenly glad I'm not the verbal type. The Office of War Information has asked me to give you a message about the country's critical need for nurses that shows up words in their true colors . . . mere shadows of things.

With words I cannot tell you what a scream of pain sounds like. I can't tell you what blood from a wound looks like, nor the color of a man's face when he has bled too much. I can't tell you much about hope nor about despair. I can't tell you about the expression in eyes that have known despair on seeing new hope . . . a nurse . . . yes, an *angel* of mercy. Nor what such a woman means to a man with a yearning for his mother and his girl.

But I can ask you to think back in your own life to all the suffering you have known and all the help you have had. I can tell you that the armed forces are short 12,000 nurses for immediate service and are anticipating a need of 450 replacements per month. And then, because you have a heart, I can let you draw your own conclusions.

Yes, you want to help. And you *can* help. Everyone who reads this page can help in one or more of these three ways—so please read on and see where you fit under the requirements and regulations.

1. If you are a registered nurse:

ARMY

Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.

Age—Regulars: 22-30. Reserves: Maximum of 45.

Must be a citizen of the U. S., physically fit, married or unmarried.

NAVY

Education—High school grad. Grad. of an accredited school of nursing.

Age—Regulars: 22-30. Reserves: 21-40.

Must be a citizen of the U. S. for at least 10 years, physically fit and, while she may not marry while in service, will be accepted if already married.

2. To train as a Nurse's Aide:

Education—High school graduate or the equivalent.

Age—18-50.

Must pass the 20-hour Standard First Aid Course plus an 80-hour classroom, hospital ward training period. It is expected that at least 150 hours of service will be offered per year.

3. To train as a Cadet Nurse:

Education—High school graduate.

Age—17-35.

May enroll for a combined 4-5 year academic and nursing program leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts with financial grants available to those students so requiring. Upon graduation, the nurse will pledge herself to practice essential, if not necessarily military or naval, nursing for the duration.

Executive Editor

Mr. STARDUST

So sorry, girls! This big swoon guy is rationed, and pretty Mrs. Gregory Peck is hoarding her coupons.

A golden shimmer of heat lay over the New York World's Fair. In front of the Meteor Speedway, a crowd, perspiring but intent, stood hypnotized by the barker's husky chant.

"Here you are, folks—the ride of your life! A mile a minute, a thrill a second! If you've got any sporting blood in your veins, you'll try it. How about you, buddy—give your girl a thrill?"

The tall, dark-haired barker lifted an eyebrow at a promising looking sucker and grinned engagingly at the sucker's girl. She nudged her young man, who pulled out the price of admission. The rest of the crowd followed them in like sheep. Two men at the back moved off slowly.

"He's good, Ed," one of them said. "He's got the patter, and the girls go for him. Where did you find him, anyway?"

The other man laughed. "He found me. His name's Gregory Peck, and he's a college kid from California. A friend of mine on the Coast gave him a letter to me, and he asked for a job. I had an interest in this concession, so I sent him out here."

"What's he going to do when the Fair closes?"

"Oh, he's got some crazy idea he wants to be an actor."

Gregory looked after them nervously. He couldn't hear their conversation, but he had seen the boss watching him. He wasn't exactly nuts about this job, but on the other hand it was always nice to be able to eat. The two hundred bucks he'd (Continued on page 123)



Six-month-old Jonathon was nearly tagged "Barnaby" by his whimsical Dad who's still numb recalling "broadcast" (to waiting room) of delivery room progress. "Sweated blood" till he heard 4 whacks and a wail.



Greg got \$5000 per for 1st pic. "Valley Of Decision's" his 3rd. He quips, "I'm typed in 'Spellbound' by playing a split personality, because I *am* split—among 4 studios!"



At the U. of Calif., Greg majored in Eng., was pre-med—breakfasted on row egg and sherry! It was as o' Radio City guide that he announced New Jersey was in B'klyn.



Greta keeps up with theater by cueing hubby. She'll go East, too, when he takes over for Fredric March in "A Bell for Adano" (he owns 10%), giving F. chance to do a pic.

By Virginia Wilson



In early days, June was party girl, clowning with Rooney & gang. Now she and "Richard" are arm-chair generals poring over maps. Next pic is "Music for Millions."

by Ida Zeitlin

Life was like being

chased by a rolling snowball. Like be-

ing a cripple, then a dancing

star. Like being lonely and finding

such a true love.

June Allyson

■ So June was an actress on Broadway—

Oh well, a chorus girl, if you wanted to be technical about it—but no one was being technical—not where June could hear them. The girls were thrilled. They chipped in and sent her an orchid on opening night, and there was a box of roses from Mother and Dad—

Mummy was half proud, half worried—and, before the evening was done, pretty mortified. Because June got balled up, and the curtain came down with her in front of it, dancing all by herself. Which was no treat to anyone, believe her, the way she danced in those days. They had to black out, to get her offstage—

But Mother didn't say much—not till June had been working two months and summer was ending and school about to begin. Then she asked, "What about being a doctor? Have you given that up?"

"Gosh, I don't know, Mummy. I keep thinking how long it'll take. And then—I keep thinking what fun the stage is—"

"You're not sure, though?"

(Continued on page 70)



Boats, books, and bowling, plus time out for concerts, mean fun for the Allyson-Powell combine. June's boning up on math and navigation so she'll be able to swap sea lingo with Dick on their Sunday yachting dates.



Van and his "Twink," shown dining at Ciro's, were once reported Los Vegas bound and then definitely married. Wildfire rumors arose from tendency each has to "fall in love" with their co-stars.



When her sailor brother, Henry, came visiting after 4 years at sea, June's landlady phoned to check relationship, kept boy cooling his heels when June yelled, "It's a gag; my brother's on the other side of the world!"



In public, wears tailored suits, mostly blue or black—is scared silly of salesgirls! Too embarrassed to return or purchase, she now waits till a friend can check her buys.

A friend said recently to Alice Faye Harris, "Have you seen the new hats? The windows in Beverly Hills are simply too mad!"

Alice grinned. "I haven't been near Beverly Hills for three weeks. And before that very brief trip three weeks ago, I hadn't been near a clothes shop for almost two months. I'm strictly a ranch type now."

By the time you read this, young Phyllis Harris will be a year old. Many months before Phyllis arrived, Alice had rearranged her life; that routine has changed but little for a year. Alice told everyone that she liked the routine so much that she didn't want to go back to the studio at all, ever. She wanted, she announced, to be a housewife and mother. Something has changed that attitude—about which, more later. First, let us examine that original routine.

Alice and the children awaken fairly early because Baby Alice is now going to nursery school five mornings a week. She is learning to adapt herself to other children, to weave rugs for her doll house, to play simple melodies on a miniature piano. Not quite three, Miss Harris is already a personality.

Once Baby Alice is off to school, Mommy Harris plans the day's meals, drives to a rural market to do her shopping, returns in time to help the nurse bathe Phyllis. She does gardening or supervises Phil while he takes care of some household disrepair. On broadcast days, Alice sometimes accompanies her husband to the station, but more frequently she listens at home.

She has been caring for her own hair, and she says—exhibiting (*Continued on page 89*)



Alice's sundae rations have increased due to those weight-whittling hunting trips and bowling sessions she enjoys with the athletic Phil. Strictly anti-daodad, she lounges in slacks, wallows in heavy perfume.

Alice in

MOTHERLAND

By Fredda Dudley



Alice, who's just signed a 7-year contract with Darryl Zanuck, is tating along 3-year-old Alice, Jr. an the Harris-Jack Benny gang hospital taur. 13-manth-ald Phyllis is sitting that one out.



The Harrises had the Sentimental Set wettish-eyed when they celebrated their 3rd anniversary at the same nitery table where they'd had their 1st date. Texas pal Sam Maceo gave 'Pap, Mam and Alice, Jr., identical "zebra" rabes.

For Mrs. Phil
Harris, it's a warm, pink
place with two
blonde angels and a ten
gallon halo!

By Kirtley Baskette

Everything's Jake!

Guam, Saipan, Leyte—all
ports of call to the kid with the
grin and a yen for the
sea, Dick Jaeckel

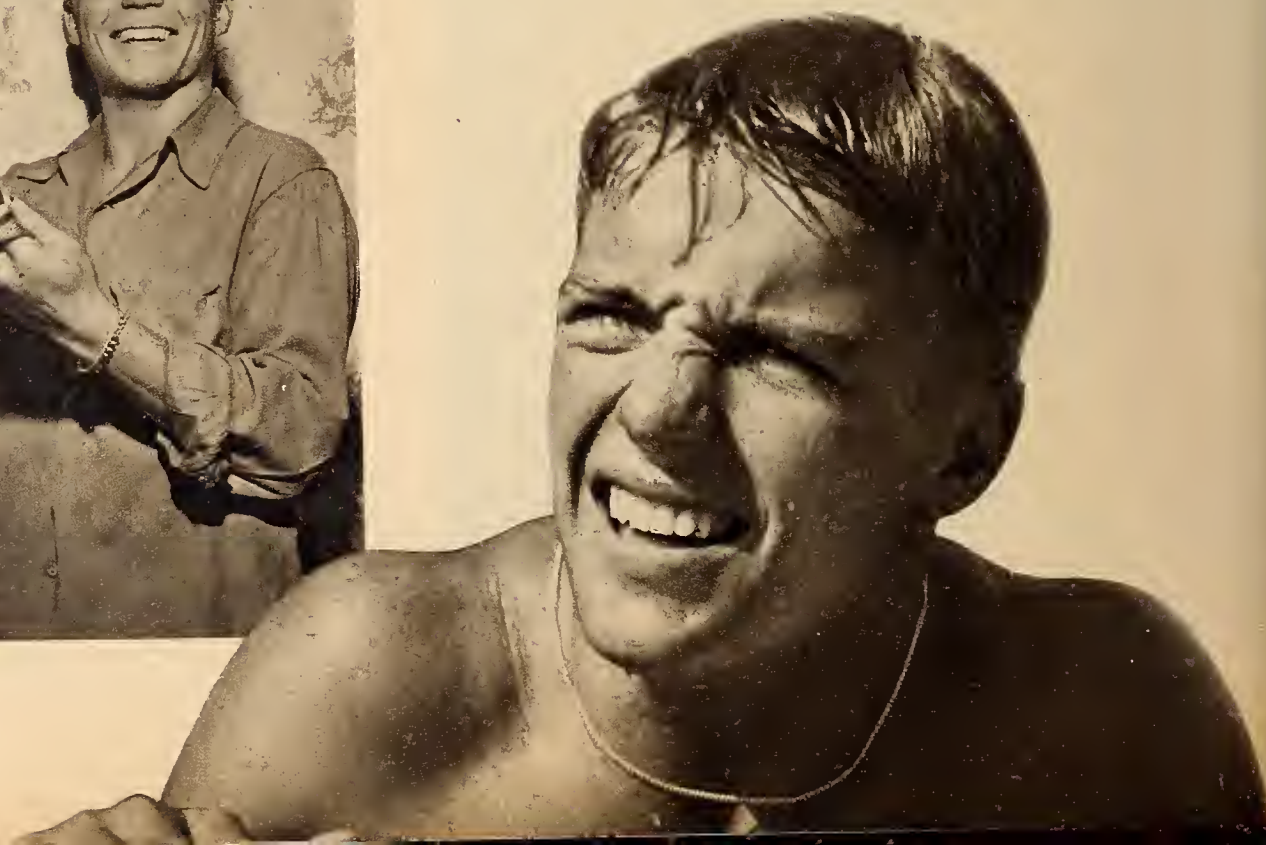
Dick didn't have nerve to face Mather with wispy mustache grown on first voyage, so shaved it off before docking! At home found stocks of ties in Christmas packages from fans.



■ The C-1 had her hook dropped out in the stream off the lee of Saipan when the Mitsubishis came over. Ordinary Seaman "Jake" Jaeckel was sacked down in sweet repose on Number Four Hatch cover with practically nothing on, because even at early pre-dawn it's still plenty warm in the tropics. Jake was dreaming of a White Christmas, or its California equivalent, and it was the AA guns' steady *thugg-thugg-thugg* from the U. S. Navy cruiser lying out past the cargo ship that snapped him out of it.

Jake knew it was no Christmas tree he saw in the sky as his gray eyes popped open. All the warships were playing tunes with their Chicago pianos now, and the shore batteries were awake and angry. Glowing tracers streaked the sky. Orange, lemon and lime ack-ack bursts now and then sent a Jap bomber whirling out of the dark like a giant, flaming pinwheel. Marine fighters roared up off the strip spitting tracers. The Jap bombs landed with distant air-shuddering "*Whumphs!*" and fire blasts that lighted up the shore like a movie set.

"Jap raid!" gasped Jake, and like a dozen other sailors, he bounded to the bow rail in his shorts, spinning his tow head around in all (Continued on page 104)







1. Dr. Constance Petersen's (I. Bergman) sole thought is of twisted minds of Green Monors despite Dr. Fleurot's (John Emery) wooing.



2. But her one-track mind wonders when handsome new doctor, Edwordes (G. Peck), arrives. She senses he's under terrific strain.



3. They fall deeply in love almost immediately. He collapses during emergency operation, mutters deliriously about "murder."



4. Constance discovers he's not real Edwordes. When she confronts him with proof, he confesses to murder!



5. Realizing he's a psychiatric case himself, she refuses to believe him. He mysteriously disappears just before Dr. Edwordes' secretary and the sheriff arrive to question him.



6. Constance finds his note, follows him to N. Y., promises to stick by him. He has amnesia, and all she can find out is that his initials are J. B.

7. Pursued by police, they go into hiding. She comes to old teacher, Brulov (Michael Chekhov), for help, and together they continue grilling.





9. Against J. B.'s judgment, he and Constance go to ski trail to reenact events of fatal day. Halfway down, he saves her life when cliff yawns in their path!



10. Convinced Edwardes died by accident, they inform police. When bullet-ridden body is found beneath cliff, J. B. is arrested for murder! Once again, Constance sets to work to clear him.

8. Little by little, she and Bru-
lov link up story. J. B. was ski-
ing with Edwardes when E. died.



“SPELLBOUND”

STORY: The pleasant, rolling countryside lay outside the window like a painted landscape, green now in summer, dotted with trees, bearing its soft hills gently upward to a blue sky. Doctor Fleurot pointed out of the window.

“It’s pretty,” he said.

“It soothes the patients,” Constance said. “It serves a purpose.”

“Doctor Petersen,” Fleurot said. “Always the doctor.”

“Should I be anything else?” Constance said sharply.

“You might try being a woman.”

“And fall in love?”

“Perhaps.”

“With you?”

“Perhaps.”

Constance tapped her pencil (Continued on page 99)

PRODUCTION: Selznick had just finished this picture (and everyone from the front office to the back lot was pretty proud because it turned out to be such a *good* picture) when the tenth anniversary of Selznick Productions rolled around, so they decided to give themselves a party. Sure, they know there’s a war on! They went right ahead and had a party anyway! Shirley Temple was there and Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck and Monty Woolley and a long list of equally famous stars. There were actors from other studios and directors and producers and script girls and janitors—matter of fact, Selznick invited just about everyone in town. This was one swank party which the public was urged to attend. The place: the front lawn of the studio on Washington Boule- (Continued on page 121)

Out of a marriage too strong

to break and too weak to

last, Bob Walker sal-

vaged some of the essence

. . . his boys, blue-eyed

Bobby and Mike • By Jack Wade

TALL, SKINNY



Hearthside hugger Bob keeps fires going every night. While making "The Clock," he had unexpected visit from brother Wayne, sergeant just in from S. Pacific. Other brother's in Italy.

Once, when Bob Walker was making "See Here, Private Hargrove," he strolled past a sound truck parked outside the stage, and poked his inquisitive nose inside. Bob was new to Hollywood then, and everything about movie-making fascinated him no end. He asked the sound man to let him wear the earphones.

About that time another actor also strolled by the truck. He observed Bob happily kibitzing on the set dialogue, mused "H-m-m-m-m" to himself and ducked quickly inside the big M-G-M stage.

In a minute, Bob Walker's ears began to burn. His eyes popped, and his mouth dropped open.

He heard the director say in an annoyed voice, "Well, what are we going to do about this jerk, Walker?"

He heard the producer reply sadly, "I don't know. Looks like we're stuck."

"He's terrible. He can't act."

"I know. He's lousing up the picture."

They sighed heavily in chorus. "I guess there's only one thing to do," said the director. "Cut his scenes and give them to that sterling actor, Keenan Wynn."

Bob jerked away the earphones and stumbled out of the truck. He tottered inside the stage in a mood to resign his contract on the spot, go home and turn on the gas. Then he bumped against Keenan Wynn, who inquired in round-eyed innocence, "What's the matter, Bob? You look pale. Don't you feel well?" The sudden concern was too touching; the oily inquiry too bland. It dawned on Bob that he'd been framed. He chased Keenan around the set.

Bob Walker's a perfect set-up for a gag like that. He takes his acting seriously. (Continued on page 84)

PAPA





THEY JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE

No sparks flew, y'understand, and no bells rang when Johnny Payne met Button De Haven. But somehow, it wasn't right, being separated . . .

■ Cupid's not necessarily fat and dimpled. This time he's lean and dark, and his hair is crewcut and his name's Al Delacorte and, when he's not shooting arrows on the side, he runs MODERN SCREEN.

Al Cupid came to Hollywood last September, and the Alan Ladds threw him a party, to which all the people on your poll were invited. Checking the guest list with Sue, Al got inspired—

"Does John Payne go with anyone special?"

"I doubt it," said Sue. "He's fresh out of the Army."

"How about Gloria De Haven?"

"That I wouldn't know—"

"Be nice," murmured our editor dreamily, "if John could bring Gloria—"

So Sue called Gloria. Yes, she'd love to come to the party. No, there was nobody special she wanted to bring—

"Well, look, do you know John Payne?"

"I know who he is, of course, but I've never met him—"

"He's a terribly sweet boy and an old friend of ours, and he's been in the Army for two years and—well, I wonder how you'd feel about coming with him—"

Gloria was a little taken aback. "I don't know—exactly. I've never done anything like that before. But—I guess it (Continued on page 110)



Becoming Mrs. John Payne cost Gloria an even 2500 smockers. Seems she'd been offered that much for a spot on a national air show, turned it down because it interfered with brief honeymoon.



Johnny doily stoggered away from triple-pic sched. to work on new home. Had to knock down walls to enlarge rooms, redecorated nursery of daughter Julie, now in Mom Anne Shirley's custody.



L. told papers she'd go mad without smokes, got thousands from G.I.'s who wrote, "We don't want you to go crazy, honey." Nate Craig Stevens' ring, duplicate of wife's.

Lauren has a model's grace, a trauper's desire to play character, not sugary, roles. Frankly asks about Bagart in "Ta Have, etc.," "Don't you think we get away with a lot?"



By George Benjamin

Don't Believe It!



Electrifying news of MODERN SCREEN went to press was Bogie's announcement of a romance with Lauren that looked like future wedding bells. Mrs. B. hadn't been heard from.

■ Betty Bacall has a couple of light gray eyes that look at least a foot wide apiece. When she reacts, she puckers a faint frown between them and shoots you a low, sultry gander with more steam behind it than a freight engine. It's something Betty can't help. It's natural. And already it's made her famous.

You saw it if you saw "To Have and to Have Not." Humphrey Bogart calls it the look "From Down Under." The other day Jack Benny wandered on the set of Betty and Bogie's latest rough, tough whodunit, "The Big Sleep." He wanted to meet Bacall. Betty wanted to meet Jack Benny, too. He's one of her favorites, and there were a lot of things she wanted to ask him.

Bogie led Jack over. "Hey, Charlie!" (That's what Bogie calls Bacall.) "Charlie, this is Jack Benny. Give him the 'From Down Under.'"

Betty gave with the "Down Under."

"Now make him the Monkey Face."

Bacall made the Monkey Face. It's weird.

"H-m-m-m-m," said Jack. He looked again, almost swallowed his cigar. "H-M-M-M-M-M!!" Then he walked away like a man in a daze. He never said a word. The romance was over, right now.

"I wonder if I scared him," mused Betty.

It was inevitable that Betty Bacall should get herself a Hollywood label right away. In these days when everybody's something—the Voice, the Body, the Face, the Feet. Already, around Warner Brothers where she works, Bacall's "The Look." That guy Bogie tagged her with that one the first time (*Continued on page 115*)

How about the Bacall Voice—the Bacall Look— and Bogart?

You've heard rumors. Now gather 'round for the lowdown!

No siree!
Nobody's going to make
a glamour boy of
Dick... although Muffins came
dangerously close!



Nightclubbing leaves Kay and Dick cold because neither drinks. However, they thoughtfully keep cellar well-stocked for droppers-in!



by James Carson

CITIZEN CRANE

■ On the fourteenth of every month Dick Crane and his pretty new wife, Kay Morley, have a very particular program they never skip. On that day, around dinner time, Dick drapes his famous torso in his best dark suit, and Kay tucks up her hair in a glamour-do and slips into her dreamiest decollete formal. They lock the door of their honeymoon cottage in Laurel Canyon to the protesting yelps of their white terrier, Muffins, and roll down the hill to Hollywood in Dick's battered '39 flivver.

They pick the best café in town and the best dinner on the menu, and they eat it slowly, holding hands under the table like a couple of moonstruck kids. They dance a few dreamy dances squeezing each other close

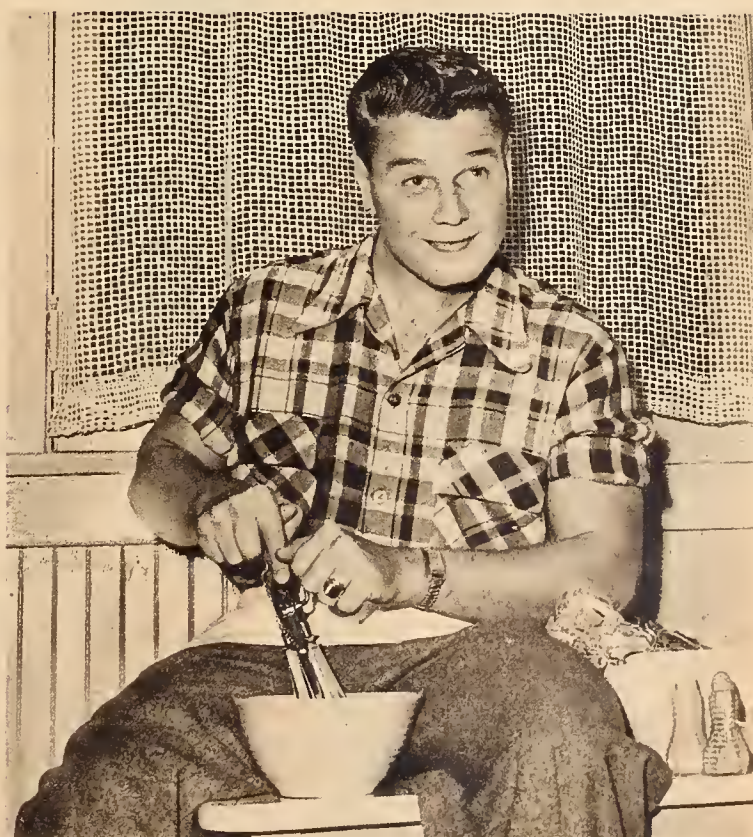
and sighing happily as if there wasn't another soul on the floor. Then they chug back home early, and Dick drives very expertly with one hand.

It's not exactly an event that makes headlines in Hollywood society sections. But to Dick and Kay it's the gayest, most gala night of the month, and always will be—for a very special reason.

Because it was on a certain fourteenth, a few months ago, that Dick Crane strolled into a Sunset Boulevard restaurant, leaned his muscles against the bar and ordered a Pepsi. He was lonesome, so when he spied his agent, Bert Marx, dining with a girl he table-hopped over. When the girl looked up, Dick wondered what had hit him (*Continued on following page*)



Dick's been a confirmed MODERN SCREENER ever since his first magazine sitting for the Nov. issue. Above, shoring the wealth with Linda Darnell and his co-star in "Ban Vayage," Jeonne Crain.



Preparation of the Crane steak supreme involves garlic, butter, anians, 10 or 12 sauces and musclework! Barn in Newcastle, Ind., June 6, 1918, his motion pic record is 67 scenes in single day!



Wife rarely indulges his weakness for ice cream, instead keeps him trim on fruit dessert. His pet story concerns time during picture when he and horse tumbled, and horse got up laughing "and slowly walked away."



Of all his various jobs from hushing to trucking, he observes, "I figured I learned something about people from each one, and the experiences would probably help me become a better actor."

CITIZEN CRANE

to make him act like he did. Crane just isn't the wolf type. Yet he heard himself saying to this beautiful brunette, "I'm not the kind of guy who goes around asking girls I've just met for their telephone numbers. But I'd sure like yours!"

And he heard the girl reply, "Well, I'm *certainly* not the kind of girl who gives her telephone number to strange men I've just met, either!"

Then just when Dick's heart reached the bottom dip of the roller-coaster, he heard, "But—well, here it is."

That was one fourteenth. It took Dick Crane a whole month to get up nerve enough to call this dream girl, but when he finally made the team, he looked at the calendar and there it was—the fourteenth! So what went on next but that a Santa Monica judge made them man and wife last November in a secret wedding. And when he signed the marriage (Continued on page 94)

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's *another* engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel *gorgeously* clean—and *ever so soft*."

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She *smooths* snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream *completely* over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues *all off*.

Two—She *rinses* with *more* Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this *twice-over* way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!



Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.

Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. *Your* local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how *you* can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart

Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Lady Kinross

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

Lady Louis Mountbatten



She helps at the hospital—taking temperatures, bathing patients, carrying trays!



GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with *both* hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own *big jar* of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!

Dennis Morgan



No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy
to manage!

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

Want all your hair-dos to look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo... not a soap in the world... can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage... right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner... or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" ... shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. 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! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! ✓ *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!* Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



BRAIDS ARE VERY SMART this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored ribbon bows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember... no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

LISA ADORES "hair-do gadgets! But says, "Make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"



Drene Shampoo



WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble

ARSENIC AND OLD LOVE

by Hedda Hopper

Hedda Hopper's lowdown
on those Hollywood "We parted
the best of friends" divorces



The Vaughn Paul-Deanna Durbin smashup was so final they couldn't even "reconcile" convincingly for publicity pictures!

■ Can't they be friends? You know the answer to that one. Hollywood didn't invent the divorce court. Oh, we've done our fair share and a bit over to keep them in business. But you must have run up against a divorced couple or two—or three?—in your own neck of the woods. Can *they* be friends?—Same here. Some can, some can't. As a non-literary gent of my acquaintance used to say, "It's accordin' to the poisson—"

Kiddies don't seem to be the decisive factor. Offhand, I think of five Hollywood marriages blessed by the patter of little feet, then broken. Of these, two pair are friends—John Payne and Anne Shirley, Bob Walker and Jennifer. Flynn and Damita aren't. Neither are Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Nor, Lana and Stephen Crane—

Now I'm no analyst, and I don't propose to go delving into souls. Of course, it would be nice if I could bring you information straight from the horse's mouth. But we columnists don't have working agreements with the horses—no offense to man or beast intended. All we can do is rush in where angels fear to tread, and you know what that makes us.

I tried it with Bob Walker. He'd been chatting amiably enough, soaked to the skin though he was from a water scene. Till I ups and chirps, ever mindful of my duty to my public, "And do you and Jennifer plan to re-marry, Bob?"

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Hopper, I think I'll go get some dry clothes."

Sure, we crack the (Continued on page 55)



Steve Crane and Lana Turner parted the worst of friends. Altho her mam's friendly with him, Lana's always out when he calls on Cheryl.

Despite their knock-down, drag-out tiffs, Maya Methat's always been madly in love with Bagie.

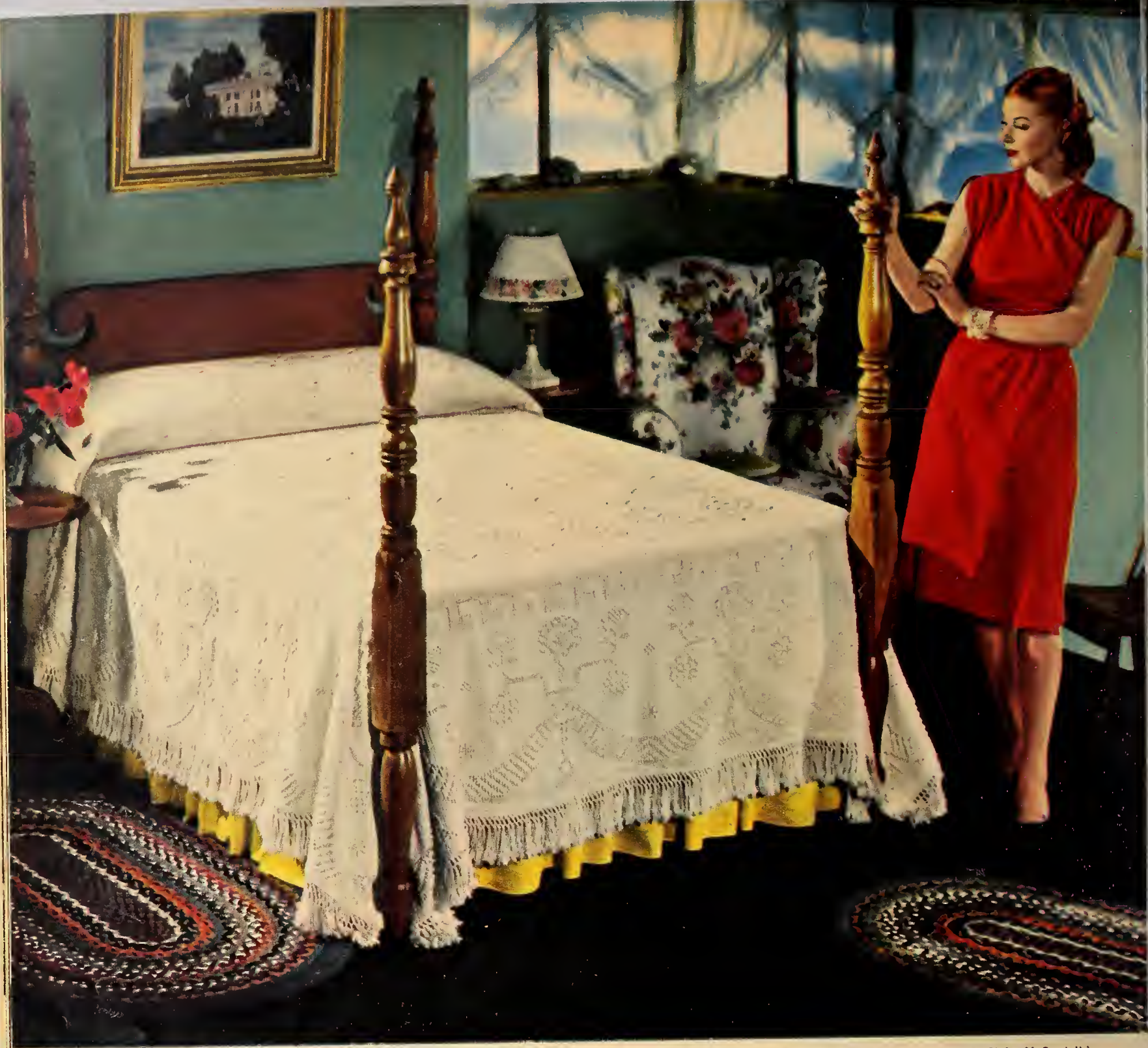


No heartbreak when hermit Brent and personality girl Annie realized they weren't made for each other.

Jahn Payne and Anne Shirley tried their level best to save their marriage for the sake of daughter Julie. They're still friends.



Dick Powell and Jaan Blandell stayed mad. She has custody of the kids; he sees them irregularly.



Elsie Reade, a Pursuit Pilot's wife, is shown with Bates' "George Washington's Choice"—completely pre-shrunk, white only—82" x 110" or 96" x 110". (Dress by Claire McCardell.)

A Home to Match His Dreams



Longing for the day when your husband will come marching home? Then start planning the type of home he dreams of coming back to. Start with deep-toned walls to satisfy his hunger for rich, zesty colors. Against them place Bates' creamy white bedspread called "George Washington's Choice"—a faithful copy of the magnificent, hand-woven spread the hero of our first war chose for his bride. Only Bates, with its near-human looms, could weave such a fine replica. And even Bates can weave only a few so each one purchased will be registered in the owner's name. Truly an heirloomed spread to be enjoyed by you today . . . and your children tomorrow.

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

Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES



Judy Garland loved Howard like a brother rather than a husband. Her biggest divorce worry was fear of hurting him.

ARSENIC AND OLD LOVE

Continued



The town's puzzled over the case of undivorced Bob Walker and Jenny Jones and their constant dates.



George Raft was heartbroken when Betty Grable broke up with him, after three years of waiting for his divorce to come through.

whip and they run, but the wrong way. Corrigan at heart.

The point I make is this. What I know, I'll tell you, and we've got our own methods of gleaning knowledge. But don't look to me for psychological research. The ghosts people wrestle with in the night might change the whole picture. But they're beyond the ken of the peeingest eye.

It's obvious that Flynn and Damita couldn't be friends. As well ask a couple of volcanoes to shake hands. They lived across the road from me. I've seen him kiss the top of her head with such tenderness, I wanted to bawl. And I heard the echoes of the final storm that broke them up—

Errol's the original lone wolf, never meant to be a husband. Lili was bitter because he didn't welcome the child. If he ever mentions his son's name, I've never heard tell of it. But a picture of Sean smiles up from his dresser at home. Lili spends most of her time in Florida, Errol favors Mexico for vacations. Their paths don't cross—

However, Lili brought suit against him not long ago. Little matter of income tax on (Continued on page 56)

-the girl he can't forget



-the girl with a
Solitaire-lovely complexion

You're the girl he'll carry with him everywhere, deep in his heart. For your satiny skin, your sweet-enough-to-kiss Solitaire complexion makes you so appealingly, so unforgettably lovely! Let him remember:

GIN RUMMY FOR TWO—your complexion as smooth as your game.

Thanks to Solitaire your make-up looks NATURAL. Solitaire's LANOLIN richness guards your skin against dryness.

GALA EVENING OUT
—your complexion as fresh as the camellia he sent. *Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up STAYS satiny-smooth for HOURS. Tiny lines and blemishes are YOUR secret.*

Cake Make-Up with LANOLIN
60¢ and 25¢



her alimony which, according to her, he'd agreed to pay.

"Did you agree?" one of my colleagues asked him.

Errol, I must say, stands firm under attack. "Why should I?" he grinned. "Might establish a precedent. Next thing, I'll be paying for the safe deposit box where she keeps my money."

The Powell-Blondell bitterness is harder to crack. One of those so-called ideal marriages that explodes in your face. Dick's friends call it a triangle. Joan's friends say that Dick's clutch was too tight on the purse-strings. Mutual friends use that overworked word, incompatible.

Dick's as crazy about Joan's Norman as about his own Ellen. In the heyday of their bliss, he adopted the little boy. After the separation, he bought a house, thinking he'd have the kids for weekends. It didn't work out. So he lives with his father in North Hollywood, sees the children of course, but not at regular intervals. Now there's the Allyson angle. June and Dick are constantly together. Will they marry? —You tell me!—The divorce won't be final till June, they say, so marriage talk's silly.

You recall that the Payne-Shirley bust-up was another of those thunderbolts. But Anne and John were loyal. Neither had an unkind word to say of the other. On the contrary. You felt that they'd reached their decision with prayer and anguish, and your heart ached for both of them. For the longest time, Hollywood hoped they'd get together again. It wasn't to be.

Julie was their prime concern—that Julie shouldn't suffer for the mistake they'd made. When John and Gloria De Haven fell in love, he sent her to see Anne. The girls like and respect each other. Julie won't be torn between two factions. With a child's happiness at stake, they acted like civilized adults instead of spoiled brats.

The day John married Gloria, I ran into Anne at the hairdressers'.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked, prepared for the snub total, because Anne had never opened her yap to the press.

I was pleasantly surprised. Eyes shining, voice soft, she said: "You know, Hedda, I'm marrying Adrian Scott, and I'd like the whole world to be as happy as I am. But especially, Gloria and John. Because Julie's happiness is all mixed up with theirs, so mine is, too!"

Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker have also managed to salvage treasure from the wreck. Of course, the situation's different. Neither is involved with anyone else. No divorce has been applied for. They see each other all the time. Jennifer won't so much as hire a nurse without consulting Bob. When she goes out of town, he moves in to take charge of the kids. He helped trim their tree, and they all spent Christmas together.

Most of us gasped at the notion of Bob and Jennifer as lovers in "Since You Went Away," which started production right after the break. They took it calmly. Only time they felt awkward was when people stared, wondering how they felt. Acting's a passion with them both—to such a degree that they can divorce the personal from the professional. Each intensely admires the other's ability. Bob says he'd rather work with Jennifer than anyone in Hollywood. Some day they hope to do a play together. Each will talk with pleasure about the other—except on one point. Mention the break, and they're clams. Bob goes for dry clothes. Jennifer shuts her pretty mouth. I'm licked.

Lana Turner's a law unto herself. Always was, always will be. In love with Greg Bautzer, she married Artie Shaw on the rebound. (Just one woman's opinion, on which she refuses to be budged.)

(Continued on page 67)

SONNY SINGS

"I'm Gonna Hate Myself
in the Morning"
and "Egyptian Ella"

It's an eyeful in
TECHNICOLOR...



and a *FORTUNE* in *FUN!*
PARAMOUNT'S

"Bring on the Girls"

AND BRING ON
THE BEAUTIES!

starring

VERONICA LAKE
SONNY TUFTS
EDDIE BRACKEN
MARJORIE REYNOLDS

with
Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra

Directed by
Sidney Lanfield

BRING ON THE MUSIC with
Spike Jones and his City Slickers
still trying to find Chlo-ee?

BRING ON THE DANCING
who trips the light

of nimble Johnny Coy
fantastic fantastically!

BRING ON
Marjorie Reynolds
dancing and singing
again, as she did
in "Holiday Inn."

BRING ON
Veronica Lake
sizzling cigarette
girl who makes
the boys light up!



When actor Paul Brooks spotted plea in local newspaper asking for dolls for needy kids, he staged a party to promote the idea. His steady gal, Jeanne Crain, hostessed and assembled loot.



Ann Rutherford and Bob Hutton led singing at Brooks party. All Hollywood's gone overboard for peek-a-boo handbags, each gal trying to outdo her cronies in filling bag with precious items!

Judy Garland engaged to Vincent Minelli . . . No divorce for Bob Walker . . . Kidnappers threaten Grable.



"You pay the cover charge and I'll dance with your wife," quipped Van Johnson to Keenan Wynn, at table with Evie's sister, Sally Hancock. Van appears daily at studio in charro outfit bought in Mexico!

Louella Parsons' Good News



Since he owns no phone in his hilltop home, Bill Eythe has a friend on neighboring peak take his messages on their phone, flash messages across wide valley to him via signal code. Above, with 5' 2" "Dresden doll" June Haver at Mocamba.



Lana Turner's starting new vogue for pierced ears and pendant earrings and giant feather crests. Although Turhan Bey still refuses to talk about her, even to his studio, he's lifted self-imposed ban on being photographed with her!

● Just a few new little things about Frank Sinatra:

He likes you particularly if you call him "Frank" instead of "Frankie" or "Frankie Boy."

If you are a gal, and he likes you, he calls you "Baby."

He doesn't like unexpected callers.

If he comes to your house, he isn't flattered if you insist on playing his records all evening long. "Heard 'em all a hundred times," he grins.

He hates those Hollywood drag-around telephones and won't talk over the 'phone when he is eating.

He's curious and always looks out the window to see who is calling on the neighbors.

He's forgetful about telling people that he can't come to parties and wonders why they get a little peeved with him because of it. He never gets peeved when somebody fails to show at one of his parties.

He likes red on blondes and white on brunettes.

And here's a little secret: Shhhhhh—but he's getting tired of those bow ties!

* * *

Gloria De Haven is so much in love with John Payne that she just goes around looking for things to do for him. "I'm not going to be one of those career wives who lets a husband go around getting out his own laundry," sniffs little Gloria, who is the cutest bride in town.

The other day Johnny actually thrilled her by asking her to do something for him. He was late to the studio, but he wanted a pair of shoes shined, and he asked Gloria if she would drive over to the village, wait while they were shined, and then bring them to him before ten o'clock.

Little Mrs. Bride was so thrilled with an honest-to-goodness domestic chore to do that she decided to go all the way! She'd shine the shoes herself! But in her anxiety to get at the polishing job, she forgot to look at the bottle and poured black polish all over Johnny's brown shoes!

Scared to death she would be discovered, she drove like mad into Beverly Hills to buy him a new pair with her one remaining precious shoe coupon—but the Beverly stores don't open until 10 o'clock—the time he needed his shoes for the first scene.

The next thing that happened was that she got a "flat" on the way to the studio and had to wait an hour and a half to get it fixed. At noon, a frantic little bride dashed onto Johnny's set crying her eyes out.

"Oh, you needn't have gone to so much trouble, Baby," said Johnny nonchalantly, "I had left the

new Film-Finish Powder

**Smoother new texture...lovelier shades
for that flawless film-star "finish"**

It's star dust magic . . . this new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder! Made to give your skin the same enchantment...every day...stars like the lovely De Haven have on the screen!

New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades*, smoother *new texture* that *clings*, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from 8 film-star shades now!



GLORIA DE HAVEN now appearing in "BETWEEN TWO WOMEN", a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Woodbury NATURAL adds flower-petal fairness to a pink-and-white skin like Gloria's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Now with your \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your shades of matching lipstick and rouge. No change in the box; all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, p'us tax



Woodbury **Film Finish** Powder

shoes I really needed in my dressing room last night!"

I love her, but so help me, Betty Hutton whips up some of the darndest rigs. She showed up for a "personal" at the Hollywood Canteen the other night wearing a tight, black satin cocktail suit, tennis shoes, a tweed coat, her hair in pigtails with two red bows tied on the ends!

The entire effect was that of a sexy Sis Hopkins.

After "Kiss and Tell," Shirley Temple won't have to go to school on the set any more. Since Shirley is kissed twenty-two times in this picture, maybe it's just as well that a school ma'am is still around.

Wonder where Joe Cotten developed that mad attachment for bright yellow gloves?

He wears them all the time—daytimes, of course.

But on him—they look good.

Lana Turner dropped over to see me the other day, and you can take my word for it—she's deeply in love with Turhan Bey. She talks about him just as though he were a little boy. And when a girl gets maternal about a man—look out. She said, "I call him my child boy friend!"—and Lana's only twenty four!

I was one of the early arrivals at the party M-G-M threw in honor of MODERN SCREEN's fifteenth anniversary. (Pictures will appear in the June issue.) I came in with Hedy Lamarr who wore a filmy grey chiffon dress especially designed to hide her figure. She looked so beautiful when she told me she hoped it would be twins. I had to say, "Oh, that's too much, Hedy. Imagine two more looking exactly like you!"

Judy Garland, wearing the last gasp in tailored suits, was being kissed by many M-G-M'ers who hadn't seen her since the announcement of her engagement to Vincent Minnelli. She was also getting a lot of kidding about the change this romance has made in her personality. "She actually arrives on the set on time—she's so anxious to get away!" they heckled Judy.

Cute little Elizabeth Taylor, all done up in red, arrived with a chipmunk on a leash! She's crazy about her pet—but it looks too much like a small rat to me! Since "National Velvet," Elizabeth is rated as one of M-G-M's most important stars, so I suppose she can keep on leading the 'munk around.

Robert Walker came in "stag" now his romance with Shirley Patterson is over. He and Jennifer Jones are not going to get an immediate divorce—and may never file. It's the children. Separated or not, they are devoted parents.

The saddest-note-of-the-month: Joe E. Brown's little daughter, Mary, injured in that crash

Louella Parsons' Good News



Glendale branch at Sinatra fan club (WAFS) donated completely furnished recreation rooms to Birmingham Hospital, in Frankie's name. He and Burns and Alan had radio crew in hysterics before, after and *during* show!



It's rumored Clark Gable is currently romancing with cover girl Anita Calby. Good news in the Lucille Ball heart department: She and ex-hubby Desi Arnaz revived the flame on holiday vacation in Idlewild, Calif.



Now that Bob Landry romance is off, gossip links Deanna Durbin with Felix Jackson. Her 1944 salary from Univ. reached astronomical heights of \$282,250!



Flynn's one of those lucky dogs who rolls his own smokes, so he isn't suffering from ciggie shortage. Pals with Bruce Cabot, honorably discharged from Army.



FINE AMERICAN PERFUME

At An American Price...Three fifty the Ounce†

Poetic Dream *
FOR SHEER ENCHANTMENT

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF SHULTON, INC.
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

†PLUS TAX
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

with Freddie Bartholomew's car, has developed complete paralysis of the right side of her face. But the doctors are hoping it is just a temporary thing.

And speaking of heartbreaking things—how splendid that the tragic shooting which resulted in Susan Peters' paralysis from the waist down, won't even halt her career.

Susie, I am happy to report, has been offered a radio contract, and as soon as she is well enough, she could be wheeled into the broadcasts. She has a wonderful speaking voice, and she is such a fine little actress.

As you know, one of the most popular singers on the air is confined to a wheel chair, but she has risen to fame and fortune in spite of her affliction.

Everybody is pulling so hard for Susan. If love and good wishes can help her, she will be carrying on again very soon.

* * *

Whoops! What a fracas Maria Montez pulled at a recent party when somebody complimented Greer Garson because her hair was "naturally" red.

Maria seemed to take it as a personal insult for some particular reason and hit the ceiling. "My hair is naturally red, too!" she shrieked. "How dare anyone say otherwise." No one had!

Sometimes I think Maria stirs up these tempests just for the excitement of it. She and Gene Tierney had another little explosion at the same party later on over something equally silly.

* * *

I've been writing about movies for over thirty years (and admit it), but I've never had anyone bowl me over with such a knowledge of the old timers and old pictures as Van Johnson displayed at Sally Wright's dinner party.

Van, who is just 29 years old, was my dinner partner, and someone started discussing the fine old pictures Richard Barthelmess used to make. "I'd like to do some of those old Barthelmess pictures," said Van. "They were great. Particularly 'Tolable David.'"

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "Do you remember that?"

"Sure," said Van, "wasn't it a great performance Ernest Torrence gave?"

That started it. From there on he started kidding me about my memory. While I could remember the stars of most of the pictures he mentioned, he shamed me by remembering the character actresses and actors and many of the directors.

I've always said I'll still be going to movies when they have to wheel me in to see them. But I'm sure they must have started wheeling Van in to see them when he was still in his baby buggy!

Let you in on a little secret: His favorite movie star of all time is Greta Garbo!

* * *

The raveros around the 20th Century Fox lot about Jeanne Crain certainly have not gone to her head. Everybody says that she will be one of Hollywood's biggest stars after "State Fair"—so I was interested in meeting her again on the set.

She's certainly a level-headed youngster. I

think she is the only starlet in town who frequently takes a bus to the studio.

"But since that awful fright I had last year when a dog jumped on me and bit me while I was waiting for a bus, I'm not as crazy about them as I used to be," she laughed.

She does her own marketing and pressing. "I feel foolish having people wait on me hand and foot. I'm able-bodied."

* * *

Everybody is talking about that Army newspaper that ran a completely blank page with the caption:

"BOYS, HERE IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR. A PICTURE OF LANA TURNER NUDE ON A SNOW PILE!"

* * *

For days, everyone was wondering what was the matter with Betty Grable?

She refused to go anywhere, and she and Harry James declined all invitations. Finally, the story came out. She had received a kidnapping threat, and so they stayed home every night, guarded by two burly policemen.

There was never a threat to kidnap the baby, as first reported. Before the police could arrest the would-be kidnapper, he made his get-away, but he's known to the police, and he had better not return.

* * *

MODERN SCREEN's association with the Naval Aid Auxiliary's plan to sell stars' autographs has proved one thing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Van Johnson is the boy whose autograph the girls all scream for!

There are others who are close runners-up such as Frank Sinatra and Robert Walker.

The Naval Aid Auxiliary made close to \$8000 so far—and by the time this is published, I have no doubt it will be much more. You fans who want autographs, see page 18.

The dinner guests of Adrian and his pretty wife, the former Janet Gaynor, were warned that something was in store for them as soon as they sat down to dinner.

Notes were at each place saying, "If you are nervous, easily frightened or a coward—DON'T REMAIN." Of course, everybody stayed—some to regret it.

Immediately following dinner, in walked a woman with a twelve foot python (snake to you) curled around her neck. Well, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, who loathes snakes, almost fainted. Other guests turned pale, and only Irene Dunne had the intestinal fortitude to touch the snake. "But never again!"

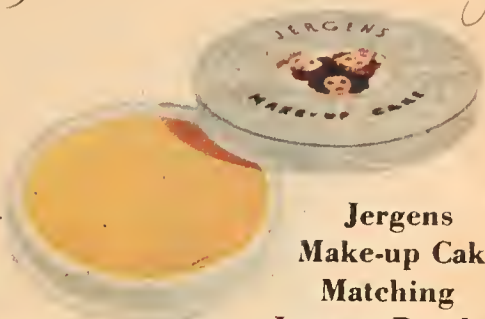
The party was given in honor of Lady Mendl, and Adrian thought that Elsie, who adores anything out of the ordinary, would get a great kick out of the "stunt." Heaven knows the snake was tame enough. Seemed to want to snuggle up to everybody!

* * *

I have been very pleased by the number of letters I have received from those who read GOOD NEWS in MODERN SCREEN telling me who and what they want to hear about. I particularly want this column to be what you readers want. Please write me often. I love to get letters—and they are by far the best way for me to keep up with you. Guess that's all for now. See you next issue.

Newest Make-up Idea Stars on Broadway

TWO MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY



Jergens
Make-up Cake
Matching
Jergens Powder



"Jergens Twin Make-up seems like magic!" says Frances Westcott, whose beauty brightens U. S. O. and Broadway shows. "Gives such complexion smoothness and color..."

First—sponge on *Jergens Make-up Cake* (contains special skin-softening oils)—for lively color, a *flawless* look.

Then—fluff on *Matching Jergens Powder*—for *twice* the loveliness!

The Cake plus matching Powder comes right in one box—\$2.00 value for \$1.00.* Try this Broadway-acclaimed Jergens Twin Make-up today. Six skin-tone shades.

Jergens
Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for \$1.00
(\$2.00 value)

Modern Screen's



Right for each other. This two-tone Kessler-Schwartz suit and the hot and bog set you can make yourself from a MODERN SCREEN pattern.

by Jean Kinkead

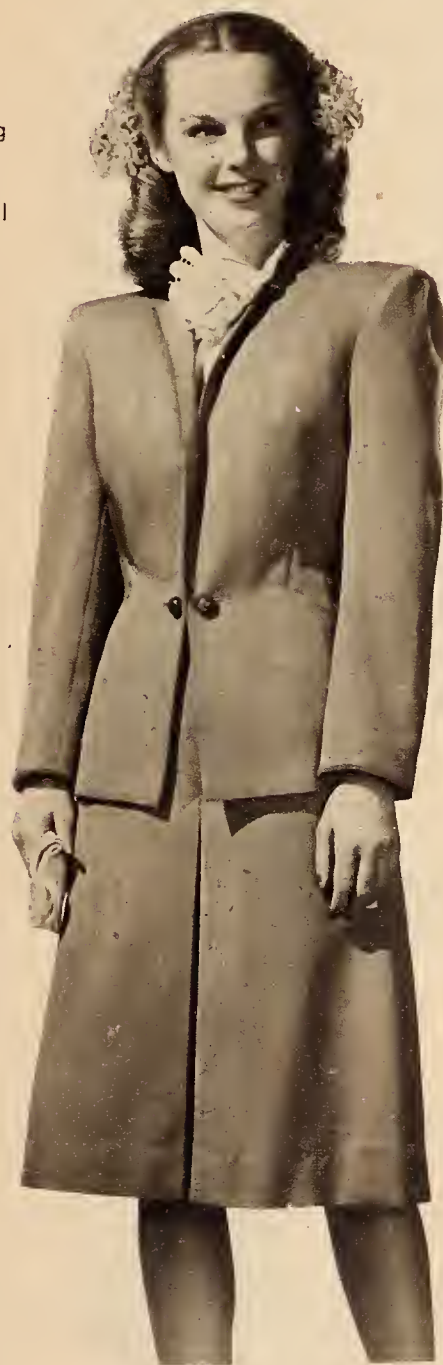


Jane Ball, currently in "Keys of the Kingdom," models a Polly Parker wool suit trimmed with black silk braid. Straw cloche by Brewster. All blouses on these pages by Judy Bond.

Fashion Guide

Your guy'll love the soft, slimming lines and stitching detail on this

Jr. Deb gabardine. Just the way he'll go for your pretty Modcaps holfhot.



What wonderful shoulders you'll have in this Grace Jr. all-wool crepe suit with flange shoulders and self buttons! Cloche by Modcaps.



■ Remember when a suit was strictly without flash? Practical, as an egg-beater, sure, but absolutely the last thing you'd wear on a Bright Night. And remember when some people were considered the "suit type," while others—nice kids and all that—just weren't? Golly, how stuff has changed. Suits this spring are smooth, smooth babies that get around like mad, and the "suit type" is as extinct as a Dewey button. Just to prove it we've found five really-to-drool jobs.

This one's for a bride: No time for a big splash. Just a tiny intimate wedding in the little church you've gone to all your life. You want a suit lovely enough to make Bill's breath catch in his throat, versatile enough to survive a long train trip with mobs of in-laws at the other end. We'd choose this Junior Deb in soft wool gabardine in a sentimental shade of blue. The stitching on the jacket is new and smart, the lines are sheerest flattery. The price is right. On your shining hair, this angel of a starched string hat copied from a John-Frederic design by Madcaps and priced impossibly low. Have it in frosty white for your wedding, in navy for the choo-choo.

This for a Junior Executive: Maybe no one knows you're an executive yet, but *you* can feel it coming on. The other gals look to you for words of wisdom; you're the lady they summon for the really tricky dictation; you actually don't mind staying overtime because you're in love with your job. Those are the symptoms, and gosh, since you're going to be a big shot, you have to look pretty fancy. No strain at all in this knockout all-wool purple suit by Polly Parker trimmed with black braid. The cardigan has the simplicity that's the true mark of sophistication. The skirt is beautifully tailored with a slim straight back, a kick pleat in front. If you're not completely sold—this'll do it. There's a zipper! The good-looking cloche is black straw fashioned inimitably by Brewster. The whole heavenly ensemble looks so utterly upper-bracket, yet it's priced for you \$20-30-a-week chicks.

Here's one for Frankie fans: You're young and (*Continued on page 66*)

PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!

TAKE 2 MINUTES
NOW TO SEE
HOW MUCH YOU
KNOW ABOUT
MODERN COOKING!



1 FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

- (A) It supplies its own heat ☐
- (B) It absorbs radiant oven heat ☐
- (C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field ☐



2 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

- (A) You bake, serve, and store in same dish ☐
- (B) It's easy to carry ☐
- (C) It runs around by itself ☐



3 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

- (A) It makes soap sudsier ☐
- (B) It's waterproof ☐
- (C) Sticky foods don't cling to its smooth surface ☐



4 LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:

- (A) It's so good-looking ☐
- (B) It's easy to find ☐
- (C) It's the mark of Pyrex ware, the original heat-resistant glass cooking ware, a product of Corning Research in Glass ☐

ANSWER BOX

OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:

1 (B); 2 (A); 3 (C); 4 (C).

BY THE WAY, the baking dish above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole...really 2 dishes in 1: Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size...only **50¢**



IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here's a good start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-oz. size, only **10¢**

cute, and in spite of the malarkey you take from the press and your families, you're awfully beautiful people. Because this is your very first grown-up spring, the first spring with Guys in it—and because we sort of like you, we found you a suit from Kessler-Schwartz that has everything. You'll love the hip-length box-jacket in dusty pink piped with navy; the bracelet-length sleeves; the wonderfully cut, go-with-everything navy skirt. You'll love this suit because it's so unmistakably new, so unmistakably *you*. And—oh lovely!—it's priced low enough to please your pop. The white rayon crepe blouse looks (but isn't) expensive with embroidery down the front and on the sleeves. The sweet hat and bag are 'make-it-yourself' items, these being of navy faille trimmed with pink buttons.

For a gal with a guy: They call you madam in the stores, now. A couple of cherubs call you "mom." But there's a GI who calls you "baby," and he's coming home! Hide those third-season numbers you've been wearing. Get yourself a new hair-do, some 51-gauge stockings and a suit that will be almost worthy of that first unearthly moment at the station. Our vote goes to a stupendous black and white checked tweed job from Janecraft that isn't pictured on our pages. It has an exquisite bolero jacket trimmed with black braid, and a built-up skirt that does the neatest things for a waistline. It's a dramatic suit, slim and tapering and significant as an exclamation point. It's the most expensive one in our collection, but if you're in a damn-the-torpedoes mood, in a nothing's-too-good mood—and aren't you?—this is it.

For a party girl: If you're a high-school senior with a brace of beaux, a careerist with office-door johnnies, a gadding little matron, you can't live without this precious suit. It's a Grace Junior of kitten's ear blue wool crepe, and the lush fabric, the flange, the fitted jacket all conspire to make it as festive as a gardenia in your hair. It's a suit you can dress up or down with your choice of Judy Bond blouses and your choice of a hat. The wisp of head-gear on our model is a pin-money Madcap that comes in a dozen mouth-watering color combinations.

There you have 'em, our five super suits. When you've figured out which is for you, send us a note, and we'll give you all the vital data. How much, where to buy, other available colors, anything you want to know. If you love 'em all and can't decide, give us your measurements and your age, and we'll help you make up your mind. Come on, drop your fashion problems smack in our lap, and we'll get you all glamourised up for spring and stuff. That's a promise. Just leave us show you. This is us: Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.

Here's how you can make that smart hat and bag set pictured on page 64. Send 25c 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 1729.

MOVIE STUFF

Who you kiddin'? Promising you'll shell out "next time?" Looky, pal, if you could manage to dig up the shekels to take in that extra movie, you can manage to give out with its equivalent for the Red Cross War Fund. So when the ushers in your local movie theater start passing among you for your contribution to the War Fund during the week of March 15-March 21, give—it's one of the most painless ways we have to keep help coming and misery going.

of life. Which includes Mayo
ARSENIC spite of the battles and general
 heart belongs to daddy, and her
 eat.

(Cont.) suffers, too. I've seen his eyes fill
 of Mayo. She's no girl to be
 rough a woff lightly. It's a little pathetic
 ted each otim insist he wants her to be hap-
 as love—for e's no object—let her go to New
 th free, they clothes, find a play, start fresh—
 e linen and er anything but love. Point out
 With Steve, pst is ashes, and his answer's
 is career can't give what I haven't got."
 ory goes. Wha of that statement is Mayo's
 ized with un

e, I didn't diaft got the same kind of jolt.
 ambitious boy, other who took too much for
 push his wapected his girl to stick for-
 e last thing d and plucky, Betty stuck for
 for. Discharg waiting till George could ma-
 ing he did worce. Harry James had nothing
 ham! went t the break when it came—she
 ould have mn met him—she was fed up.
 Be that as j reeled under the wallop—
 mplete, to alk of anything else—cried on my
 ere were-r, "Why couldn't she wait?"
 aeryl's n't you think she waited long
 urt. ough?"

th t As for Mrs. Harry James, she's the hap-
 othiest girl I know—much too happy for re-
 urnment. George has his pride to keep
 na'm. V. shn. They probably nod as they
 for an ex though I'll bet George looks the
 For the pasy if he sees her first.
 the Turv Rooney fooled me. I thought he
 smething's r might re-marry. Lord knows
 use where re together enough, went dancing
 ama. She Palladium the night before he left
 Now let's p. But in Birmingham, Mickey was
 d Garland a party, and there in the kitchen
 eanna's mweet Seventeen, cooking spaghetti.
 ghed, and l in Hollywood had ever cooked
 e all said ti for Mickey. There was some-
 neither so fresh, so wholesome, so normal
 uple who etty Jane and her background that
 d gave o sick of the phony, fell with a thud.
 Whereas jre married by the minister who'd
 mustn't id her—after he'd had a long talk
 th love, Mickey, to make sure that "my little
 y, it will be safe with you."

ace. As a husband went overseas, the wife
 m—like th to visit his mother. I met her in
 ou've prob G-M commissary—no startling
 e divorce out a sweetfaced child with curly
 m not to reir and the loveliest soft eyes. She
 ch awful that, a plain camel's hair coat and
 ow I did e make-up. Now she's gone home
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 Then ther her man to come back from this
 ts hurt mable war.

rd and C'l heard Ava say wistfully: "If I'd
 ve's dea. as much about life then as I do
 akes the you can bet Mickey and I would
 d George together."

ean noth'g been wrong about those two, I'm
 od natu reared to climb out on another
 ide ma I've always maintained, and main-
 uldn't o this day, that Ham Nelson's the
 tle in cman Bette Davis loved. Yes, there
 tle the army, and now there's Corporal Riley,
 bbed ou still say that if she's ever to find
 e hermit's iness in this world, it will be
 -a-laugh d.

laugh with a upstanding American gent—
 nday's chi why he walked out. He loved
 Paulette arply, he's never re-married, but he
 ms. For stand playing super to a movie
 out Charlie e day you'll have to take orders
 e's always, he once told her. And by gum!
 them the—in a broadcast he directed for
 ighs fro nd got the most terrific boot out
 r. But too.

eat Ltain Nelson's now doing a man-size
 Paul for General MacArthur—put up the
 auty radio station in the Philippines—had
 ater chance to come home, but turned it
 ns. "Not till I broadcast from Tokyo,"
 els e. Kids on leave from the South
 ok Oora e forever showing up at the
 rs. Burgess notes from Ham to Bette. She
 ther s once a big day—lunch in the Green
 -p. tour of the lot, a wonderful visit

by **Speidel**
 JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — \$12.50
 Women's Watchbands — \$9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!

TAKE 2 MINUTES
NOW TO SEE
HOW MUCH YOU
KNOW ABOUT
MODERN COOKING!



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PRESSED IN GLASS

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cute, and in spite of the gone mad over. take from the press and yudson went to you're awfully beautiful peop. door, they'd this is your very first grown-up. thoroughly first spring with Guys in it—inated—only we sort of like you, we foundomineering from Kessler-Schwartz that has oppression of You'll love the hip-length bo:Vic Mature, dusty pink piped with navy; I'd never had. length sleeves; the wonderfu:weep her off with-everything navy skirt. Ygirl who'd re-suit because it's so unmistakon. unmistakably you. And—ohfigure in town priced low enough to please ygart. I'm not white rayon crepe blouse lookt Bogey's mad expensive with embroidery det a clear case. and on the sleeves. The sweets in the towel are make-it-yourself items, nd Mayo have of navy faille trimmed with ; played it for For a gal with a guy: T't laughing in-madam in the stores, now. cherubs call you "mom." But; happened to who calls you "baby," and n met—some-home! Hide those third-seasence, the Bo-you've been wearing. Get your Jerry Geis-hair-do, some 51-gauge stockingsnciliation suit that will be almost worthy c Bogey first unearthly moment at the station. The vote goes to a stupendous black and w checked tweed job from Janecraft that is she pictured on our pages. It has an exquis So, bolero jacket trimmed with b. not hree-and a built-up skirt that does fan salvage things for a waistline. It's a dra slim and tapering and significant- clamation point. It's the most one in our collection, but if ydE damn-the-torpedoes mood, in a too-good mood—and aren't you?—

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There you have 'em, our five \$, others. When you've figured out which assigned send us a note, and we'll give Aides. vital data. How much, wheresen and other available colors, anythingie wives to know. If you love 'em all an Arnold, cide, give us your measurements, cal deage, and we'll help you make up y. Buster Come on, drop your fashion r pre-smack in our lap, and we'll get assis-glamoured up for spring and stu! Naval a promise. Just leave us show y. Lana is us: Fashion Editor, MODERN SC Betty Madison Avenue, New York, 16, Benny

Here's how you can make tha e 206 hat and bag set pictured on page 6 rned 25c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN Post Office Box 224, Station G, urner or 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes from, To be-20. Be sure to indicate your sild band-quest pattern number 1729.

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Who you kiddin'? Promisi nics and shell out "next time?" Look, ey still you could manage to dig y's and sheckels to take in that extra s and you can manage to give out wit. and equivalent for the Red Cross hing Fund. So when the ushers in y. nan local movie theater start passine among you for your contribution, es the War Fund during the e. rations. March 15-March 21, give—y still need the most painless ways w still need keep help coming and mise

what's left of life. Which includes Mayo out. But in spite of the battles and general hell, her heart belongs to daddy, and her agony's great.

Bogey suffers, too. I've seen his eyes fill up talking of Mayo. She's no girl to be brushed off lightly. It's a little pathetic to hear him insist he wants her to be happy—money's no object—let her go to New York, buy clothes, find a play, start fresh—he'll give her anything but love. Point out that the rest is ashes, and his answer's ready. "I can't give what I haven't got."

The truth of that statement is Mayo's tragedy.

George Raft got the same kind of jolt. He was another who took too much for granted—expected his girl to stick forever. Loyal and plucky, Betty stuck for three years, waiting till George could maneuver a divorce. Harry James had nothing to do with the break when it came—she hadn't even met him—she was fed up.

George reeled under the wallop—couldn't talk of anything else—cried on my shoulder, "Why couldn't she wait?"

"Don't you think she waited long enough?"

As for Mrs. Harry James, she's the happiest girl I know—much too happy for resentment. George has his pride to keep him warm. They probably nod as they pass by, though I'll bet George looks the other way if he sees her first.

Mickey Rooney fooled me. I thought he and Ava might re-marry. Lord knows they were together enough, went dancing at the Palladium the night before he left for camp. But in Birmingham, Mickey was asked to a party, and there in the kitchen stood Sweet Seventeen, cooking spaghetti. No girl in Hollywood had ever cooked spaghetti for Mickey. There was something so fresh, so wholesome, so normal about Betty Jane and her background that Mickey, sick of the phony, fell with a thud. They were married by the minister who'd baptized her—after he'd had a long talk with Mickey, to make sure that "my little girl will be safe with you."

The husband went overseas, the wife came out to visit his mother. I met her in the M-G-M commissary—no startling beauty, but a sweetfaced child with curly brown hair and the loveliest soft eyes. She wore no hat, a plain camel's hair coat and very little make-up. Now she's gone home to wait for the baby and, like millions of girls, for her man to come back from this interminable war.

Once I heard Ava say wistfully: "If I'd known as much about life then as I do now, you can bet Mickey and I would still be together."

Having been wrong about those two, I'm now prepared to climb out on another limb. I've always maintained, and maintain to this day, that Ham Nelson's the only man Bette Davis loved. Yes, there was Fanny, and now there's Corporal Riley, but I still say that if she's ever to find real happiness in this world, it will be with Ham.

He's an upstanding American gent—which is why he walked out. He loved Bette deeply, he's never re-married, but he couldn't stand playing super to a movie star. "Some day you'll have to take orders from me," he once told her. And by gum! she did—in a broadcast he directed for OWI—and got the most terrific boot out of it, too.

Captain Nelson's now doing a man-size job for General MacArthur—put up the first radio station in the Philippines—had a chance to come home, but turned it down. "Not till I broadcast from Tokyo," he said. Kids on leave from the South Pacific are forever showing up at the studio with notes from Ham to Bette. She gives them a big day—lunch in the Green Room, a tour of the lot, a wonderful visit



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on the set.

Corporal Riley could make a liar of me, but the bet's still on. I say she'll wind up Mrs. Ham Nelson—if she knows what's good for her.

Which brings us to the man most dependent on his ex-wife, and the girl most tenderly concerned about her rib-tickling ex-husband.

The man's Private Red Skelton, who's dooding fine. While in basic training at Camp Roberts, he gave so many camp and hospital shows that he dropped twenty pounds and had to study at night with a flashlight under the blankets. Now he's in special training, and all indications point to an overseas chore. So Edna spent hours of backbreaking and heartbreaking toil to produce what's probably the only portable gag file in captivity—a matter of 180,000 routines.

That's a labor of love in any man's language. Edna's still Red's manager, looks after all his affairs. Professionally, he can't get along without her. Nobody understands his work as she does. Professionally, he's her job. But portable files and flying back East to see him over the holidays are above and beyond the call of duty. Romance is gone. Red's engaged to Georgia Davis, and I hear from my gossip-carrier pigeon that Edna's pretty well occupied with Frank Borzage. Just the same, I can tell you, there's a warm, steady affection between these two that nothing can touch.

Strictly speaking, Louis Hayward isn't Ida Lupino's ex-husband. No divorce action's been taken. Their marriage was headed for the rocks before he entered the Marine corps, but Ida wanted to give it another chance.

Louis'd always suffered with asthma. Under war conditions in the South Pacific he grew worse and was slated to be

shipped home before Tarawa. Head of a photographic unit, he didn't want to go home. "Let me go in and make my pictures," he begged, "and take the film back with me." He got back, a very sick boy. Only by packing him with adrenalin, could they keep him breathing.

Ida hovered over him like a broody hen, administered the hypos herself till he had to be taken to the naval hospital at Corona. When he got his Naval survey—the equivalent of an Army medical discharge—they talked things over and agreed to call it a day. "But I want the right to keep worrying about you," said Ida. "So don't let's divorce till you want to marry again—"

"Or till you do—"
"That won't be for a long, long time, if ever."

But the gal I adore is Joan Crawford, who doesn't know from subtleties. Give Joan black and white—none of your mealy-mouthed grays, none of that old stuff about liking the man you've divorced—

On the set one day, "The Phantom Lady" came up. Everyone skirted the name of Tone, till Joan reached out and dragged it down by the forelock. "And Franchot!" she yipped. "Wasn't he wonderful? You could smell the ham clear to the back of the house!"

There was also that interview. The writer spoke of the success of Joan's current marriage. La Belle drew herself up. "I think it's vulgar," quoth she, "to refer to this marriage. As though I'd been married before!"

The writer's eyes popped.
"My dear child," Crawford pointed out kindly, "we simply ignore any other marriage."

Bravo, Joanie! Spoken like the last great queen of the Hollywoods.

JUNE ALLYSON

(Continued from page 32)

"No. But if I were sure I could learn to be good, I'd be sure—"

The upshot was that she went back to finish high school. Mother's heart was set on it, and June didn't mind. In fact, she was sort of glad to go. She'd still be only sixteen at graduation. Meantime, she could make-up her mind—

head vs. heart . . .

That's what she told herself. But her mind must have been made up from the start. Because one day she brought her beribboned diploma home, and next morning she was trying out for "Very Warm for May."

Dick Rodgers was there. It wasn't his show, but neither was "Sing Out the News," and he'd been there, too. He remembered June. She seemed to amuse him.

"Still sing without music?"

"Yes, I do—"

"What'll it be?"

"'Are You Having Any Fun?'"

"That's what you sang the last time—"

"Yes, I know—"

Golly, what a dope!—Yes, I know. Yes, I do.—Why couldn't she talk snappy, like the other girls—?

She finished her song. "Better take her," Rodgers said to Bob Alton, the dance director. "Else she'll sing it again next time, and I couldn't stand that—"

Her dancing hadn't improved perceptibly, but they liked her voice, so they gave her a line here and there. When she started rehearsing with the principals, she met Tommy. Tommy sang in the show. He was wearing a porkpie hat that looked cute and silly on top of his dark, lean face. His face was wonderful—it was so alive, she couldn't keep her eyes off it. Till she found him looking back, and blushed like an idiot—

After rehearsal, he came straight over. His pal was taking one of the girls out to dinner. Would June go along and make it a foursome?

"Who, me?" The words slipped out—she just couldn't help it. All through high school without a single date, and here was the nicest boy in the show asking her to dinner.

Tommy howled. "None other," he said, and that's how it started.

Having a boy friend was wonderful enough. Having him turn out as perfect as Tommy made your head spin. She might have known it was too good to last—

One of the other boys told her. He said he was a spokesman. "Look, June, we went into a huddle on this thing. We don't want to step out of line, but you're pretty young and you haven't been around much. Do you know about Tommy? Do you know he's got a wife and kids—?"

Inside, she keeled over. But somehow, she managed to look him straight in the eyes and keep her voice steady. "Of course I know. That's all he talks about. That's why we're friends, because I like to listen—"

He gave her a funny look. "Oh well, it's all right then—"

But she couldn't face Tommy—hid out till rehearsal started, ignored his signals, kept her eyes turned the other way, dashed for the dressing room the minute they broke. He finally caught up with her—

"What's wrong?"

She'd meant to be haughty and dignified. Instead, she blazed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, taking girls out and your poor wife probably working herself to the

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bone—"

"What bone? What wife?"

"Oh, don't worry. I protected you I told them I knew all about her—"

"Are you kidding?" Then light began to glimmer. To June's amazement, he grinned. "There's an honored stage institution, known as The Rib. They pulled a fast one on you—"

"You mean it's not true? Oh Tommy," she blubbered, "and I walked right in."

"Chalk it up to experience, honey. Now let's go eat—"

The show ran for six months, and Tommy was June's guardian angel. He approved and encouraged her ambition. He was kind, and understanding, and he knew the ropes. He was also firm.

He showed her how much better girls looked in simple clothes and subtle make-up. She was shy as a deer. He bolstered her self-confidence. "People won't bite. You've got a good head. Don't be afraid to say what you think." He laid down rules for success. "They'll tell you you've got to know the right people. That's the bunk. Talent and hard work'll turn the trick, and you've got the talent." June hated the taste of liquor, but even if she hadn't, Tommy's views on the subject would have scared her off. "Poison," he maintained, "is quicker and more painless—"

Most important of all, he found a man in the show who was a marvelous dancing teacher. June practiced with him every morning.

wine, woman and song . . .

Of course they were in love—or thought they were, which amounted to the same thing. In a little Italian restaurant, all breadsticks and atmosphere, he gave her a ring. "Now it's official," he said, and ordered red wine. Wine was all right, within limits. They clinked glasses, and drank "To Us," and laughed at Tommy, rolling spaghetti with his left hand, because his right refused to let go of June's.

"Higher and Higher" was a Rodgers and Hart show. Tommy wasn't in that one, but he egged June on to ask Dick Rodgers if she could understudy Billie Worth, the second lead—

"I dance better now, Mr. Rodgers. I've been taking lessons—"

He grinned down at her. She still amused him. "You have? Well, let's wait till after the opening and we'll see—"

They were opening in New Haven. You never had understudy rehearsal till the show'd been running a couple of weeks in New York. But June got busy learning the songs and trying to master the intricate dance routines.

"That redhead'll probably get it," she told Tommy. "She's had much more experience—"

"Never mind who gets it, you learn it—"

"Yes sir," she said, dropping her voice an octave to indicate humor. (She still does it).

Dress rehearsal in New Haven. No Billie Worth. Stage manager, wild-eyed, raps for quiet. "Billie Worth's sick. Can't go on tomorrow. Who knows the songs?"

"I do." That's Redhead.

"Me, too." The small voice is June's.

Two hearts thump in jazztime, while the boys go into a huddle. It comes up Redhead. They rehearse her till 4 A.M., then another huddle, weary and dispirited.

"The voice isn't big enough, but she'll have to do—"

"Why not try the other kid?"

June sings and they perk up. She takes one of the dance routines with Lee Dixon. He and Billie had worked on the bedroom dance for weeks—you couldn't learn it properly in less, but you could fake it. At eight, they call a halt—. The consensus

(Continued on page 74)



Key to Charm!

**This super value brush
that anyone can afford!**

● To bring out the natural beauty of your smile, make your teeth sparkling bright with Dr. West's "25", a plus value toothbrush that's priced right! Made with nylon bristles that won't shed, Dr. West's "25" gives you the vital safeguard of precision polished bristle ends. And its special brush head conforms to all the surfaces of your teeth.

Of course, the *finest* toothbrush money can buy is Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft, the *only* brush made with waterproofed, anti-soggy "Exton" brand bristling!





Sad! Hair messy . . . and her skin badly needs cream-care.

by Carol Carter

Glad! Hair, make-up neat, skin aglow with cream-care.



Our gal's face-to-face ideal, Jenny Jones.

FACE

TO FACE

■ You're face to face with Hollywood glamour when you look in the mirror! You, too, are pretty! Now, now, it's not that your old friend, Beauty Ed Carol Carter, is trying to flatter you. Just that with the proper use of creams and powder, you can uncover hidden beauty. And Hollywoodites set a fine standard for you. Not, I hasten to add, that a petite brunette should try to mold herself into another Lauren Bacall. Thing to do is to find the cinema girl nearest your own type and use her as a model. Like the youngster that magic make-up man Eddie Senz found to have hidden charms equal to those of Jennifer Jones. He recombed her hair, simplified her make-up and taught her proper skin care.

You echo "proper skin care"—I'd like to learn about that!" And that exactly is what I'm going to

tell you about. You can't begin to be a beauty unless your skin is glowing, healthy, lovely. Proper use of beauty creams will help you out here.

First off, let's scotch that silly superstition about cream growing hair. Look, if it did, wouldn't Jack Benny smear it on his head to stop all those jokes about his baldness? It just isn't so.

Creams come in wide variety. Heading the list is *cold cream*. Useful stuff, too, for it cleanses, lubricates and protects the skin. You'll also find lined up on beauty counters a wide array of *general purpose creams*. They may vary a bit from the cold cream type but have much the same uses. For cleaning only, there are the so-called melting or *liquefying cleansing creams* with a mineral oil base. To be good (and you surely want it good!) a cleansing cream must have

The Countess of Carnarvon

two very definite qualities: It should become liquid at body temperature; and it should be light, so that it does not destroy the elasticity of the skin.

It's a grimy world we live in, say I, as my clattering typewriter raises a cloud of dust. It takes vigilance to keep to the cleanliness which is next to loveliness. By vigilance, I most certainly do not mean lengthy routines. Yours is a busy life. But you should find time to clean face and throat frequently: When you hop out of bed of a morning, just before dinner and again just before you lay your tousled head on the pillow. The trick in cold cream cleaning is to get every particle of dirt and make-up thoroughly smothered with cream. Then when you wipe it away, you'll be sure there's not a trace of grime that has escaped.

Spread on a generous coating of cream with quick upward strokes. (It's divine stuff to dig your fingers into and still more divine to put on your face.) Your skin feels delightfully cool—freshened already. Apply with gentle strokes always upward from the base of the throat; up and out from the chin; caressingly around the eyes; carefully down the sides of the nose and over the chin where powder and oil have a tendency to collect and blackheads to form. Then work the cream right up to the edge of your hair, where dirt sometimes gets trapped and overlooked. Spank it in briskly for at least three minutes, to bring up circulation, get your face tingling pleasantly. And remember not to stop at the chin line. Continue right down over the neck—as far in front and back as your lowest dress neckline.

Now for tissing off. The trick in this is to use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on again. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face, switching to a clean spot for each swing. Slather on a second creaming to insure that "twice-clean" look. Spank it in and tissue off as before.

But you're not going to stop now! That would be like dipping a soiled blouse in snowy suds and pulling it right out. A bit of rinsing is called for. Here's (*Continued on page 91*)

A colorful and glamorous figure of international society is the Countess of Carnarvon, the former Tilly Losch. A famous ballerina, she is noted for her strange dynamic beauty . . . startling sapphire-blue eyes . . . and skin like creamy velvet. "I've discovered a lovely new beauty trick!" Lady Carnarvon says. "It's the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Such a tiny, short time it takes to make my skin look so much brighter and smoother!"

Quick facial "pick-up" . . . 1-Minute Mask



The Countess of Carnarvon has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week

You can "re-style" your complexion in 1-Minute!

Mask your entire face—except eyes—with a silky-cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens tiny scales of dead skin and trapped dirt particles. Dissolves them! Now—tissue off the Mask

Results are dramatic! Your skin looks clearer, softer, even lighter!

And it's ever so much smoother beneath your powder puff. Make-up goes on like a happy dream!

"Foolproof" powder base! . . . Light, non-greasy Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal foundation for quick make-ups, too. Spread on a thin film of Cream—and leave it on. Smooths—protects. Holds powder beautifully.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

Care *THAT SEEMS A* *Caress...*



To keep your skin constantly
fresher, lovelier . . . wooed
from distressing "wayward"
periods of dryness or shine...
give it daily care with these
two unique creams . . .

Phillips'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
Creams

HERE is care so kind...so soothing
and smoothing...it seems a caress
to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams...
a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against
wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—
Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk
of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright.
In addition, Skin Cream contains smoothing, softening oils...cholesterol,
too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it *care*—call it *caress*
—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM—
Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often
found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay
smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream
and satin-smooth base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM—
Feel its richness—see how cleanly it tissues off, re-
moving make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from
outer pore openings. That's why it leaves your skin
feeling sparkingly fresh! 60¢, plus tax.



(Continued from page 71)

is that, heaven helping them, June'll get by.
"Our fate's in your feet," they tell her.

Standing numb in the wings that night,
she thinks: "If Tommy were here, if only
Tommy were here—"

Lee Dixon comes up. "Listen, kid. Do
anything that comes to you. Whatever
you do, I'll follow. If you get stuck, go sit
on the bed and I'll dance like mad. Then
I'll sit on the bed, and *you* dance like mad.
We'll make out—"

They did better than that, they stopped
the show. Again and again they were
called to the footlights and bowed and
bowed. The program said Billie Worth—
"But it's *me*." June kept telling herself.
"It's me and nobody knows it, I've got to
get to a phone—"

She called Mother first. Mother couldn't
believe it and then she cried, which made
everything cosy because June was crying
too. But Tommy was calm at tea.
knew all along you could do it."

Next night Billie came back, and June
returned to the chorus and nothing was
changed except inside herself. And when
the show closed and she went into "Panama
Hattie," first thing she did was march up
to Buddy De Sylva—

"Please may I understudy Betty Hut-
ton?"

This quiet little thing? "You don't seem
quite the type. But learn the songs, and
I'll see—"

standout stand in . . .

She was back in five minutes. "I know
the songs. Oh, I knew them all along, only
I was scared to say so. Now I'm scared
someone else might get to you first—"

She made no attempt to ape Betty's
unique frenzies, sang the songs her own
way, and got the job—

Otherwise, things went on as usual. To
save the long trip home at night, she'd
moved to the American Women's Club,
and was sharing an apartment with two
other girls—one of them Betsy Blair, soon
to marry Gené Kelly. It was crowded but
fun, and it had one great advantage. They
were never broke at exactly the same
time. You always had someone to borrow
carfare from—

One night she'd gone out to dinner with
Tommy, and stopped at the Club for some-
thing or other. "Message for you, Miss
Allyson," called the clerk.

It said on the paper: "Miss Hutton has
measles and will not appear tonight. You'll
go on in her place—"

"Not me," croaked June, her face turn-
ing a delicate Nile green. She shoved the
paper at Tommy. "Put it in somebody else's
box. I never saw it—"

"Don't be silly, they'll catch you at the
theater—"

"Not if I'm somewhere else, they won't.
Good-by, Tommy—"

He grabbed her, steered her to a taxi,
and delivered her in bad shape to the
stage manager. For services rendered,
they gave him a seat down front. June's
only thought had been for her mother—

stage frightening . . .

"Call her up, Tommy. She's got a right
to be in at the death if she wants to—"

For the rest, she moved as though under
the shadow of doom. This wasn't New
Haven, it was Broadway. She wouldn't be
anonymous here, they'd make an an-
nouncement. "We regret to inform you
that Miss Hutton is ill. June Allyson will
appear in her place." No one's regret was
more poignant than Miss Allyson's—

The manager stuck his head in. "We
phoned the newspapers. There'll be critics
out front—"

Her lips parted. But all that came out
was a long, low moan.

The sequel will strike you as cockeyed

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi there:

I've been reminiscing! About what? Well, 'bout the time chorus boy Van Johnson used to hang 'round the 21 Club with the kids, and watch the famous stars come out . . . and that visit with Gregory Peck, when he told me he was jinxed where acting was concerned, as his plays had folded three in a row . . . and that last radio show Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier did night before leaving for England to forsake their careers for their country. I've some swell memories, and they're chock-full of info, too. Wouldn't you like to get in on 'em? Well—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. . . . and I'll dish out the dirt for the askin'. On the double now!

Much luv,
Beverly

Donald Tonkin, Detroit, Mich.: IF I WROTE LON McCALLISTER AT THE BOX NUMBER GIVEN A FEW COLUMNS BACK, WOULD I GET A PERSONAL ANSWER? . . . Sorry, Don, that was a mistake, as the box was discontinued. Lon personally asked me to direct all mail to him at Fox, Beverly Hills, Calif., and he'll try his darndest to take care of it.

Dolly Augello, Everett, Mass.: WHO WERE THE NAVIGATOR, BOMBARDIER, AND CO-PILOT IN "30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO"? . . . Tim Murdock, Co-pilot; Don DeFore, Navigator, and Gordon MacDonald, Bombardier.

Helen Rosenberg, Brooklyn: WHO WERE PINKY, ALAN AND BOBBY IN "WINGED VICTORY"? . . . Don Taylor was "Pinky"; Mark Daniels was "Alan," and Barry Nelson was "Bobby." You can reach them and every other player in that pic, at Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

or normal, depending on whether you've ever been on the stage yourself. The minute she came out, the minute she started singing, every tremor vanished. She felt fine and light and wonderful, completely at ease and mistress of all she did. She smiled down at Tommy—Tommy, the brave one, white faced and shaking on the edge of his seat. She hoped Mummy had come. She loved the whole audience—my, what a beautiful audience!—and the whole beautiful audience loved her right back—

Now they were gone—all the wonderful people who'd said such wonderful things. She was alone—except for her singing heart—in her dressing room. Tommy said he'd walk Mother and Dad to the subway station, while June changed. Golly, she was glad Mummy'd been there to hear—Somebody knocked. It couldn't be Tommy back so soon—

"Just a minute, I'm not dressed. Who is it?"

"George Abbott."

She snickered. That gag had whiskers. "Don't annoy me, Mr. Abbott. I'm a very important person now, Mr. Abbott. I couldn't take a job in a mere Abbott show, Mr. Abbott—"

She finished dressing. "Are you still

(Continued on page 79)

1945
Paris Reborn
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Cutex
Shades

YOUNG RED

ALERT

AT EASE

OFF DUTY

SCHIAPARELLI Interprets *Cutex Honor Bright*

That famous Paris dressmaker—the ingenious Schiaparelli—catches the heart-stirring mood of Cutex Honor Bright with her "Eiffel Tower" evening dress . . . chooses four other dramatic, vivaciously enduring Cutex shades to highlight the liberation fashions in her first spring collection since the fall of Paris.



Powder Perfection

■ Now that your skin is lusciously smooth (after following my words of wisdom on page 72). do you find that you're suffering from face powder blues? Maybe your puss looks as if it's been dipped into a flour barrel or else it glows brilliantly through your powder? Perhaps you're moaning low because your hue is sometimes pale 'n' subdued or painted and riotous other times? The solution is a matter of technique!

To see how bright you are, cherubs, I've hatched a true-false quiz for you. Some of the statements listed below are jewels of beauty; others need a bit of alteration. The answers are in the paragraphs beneath the quiz.

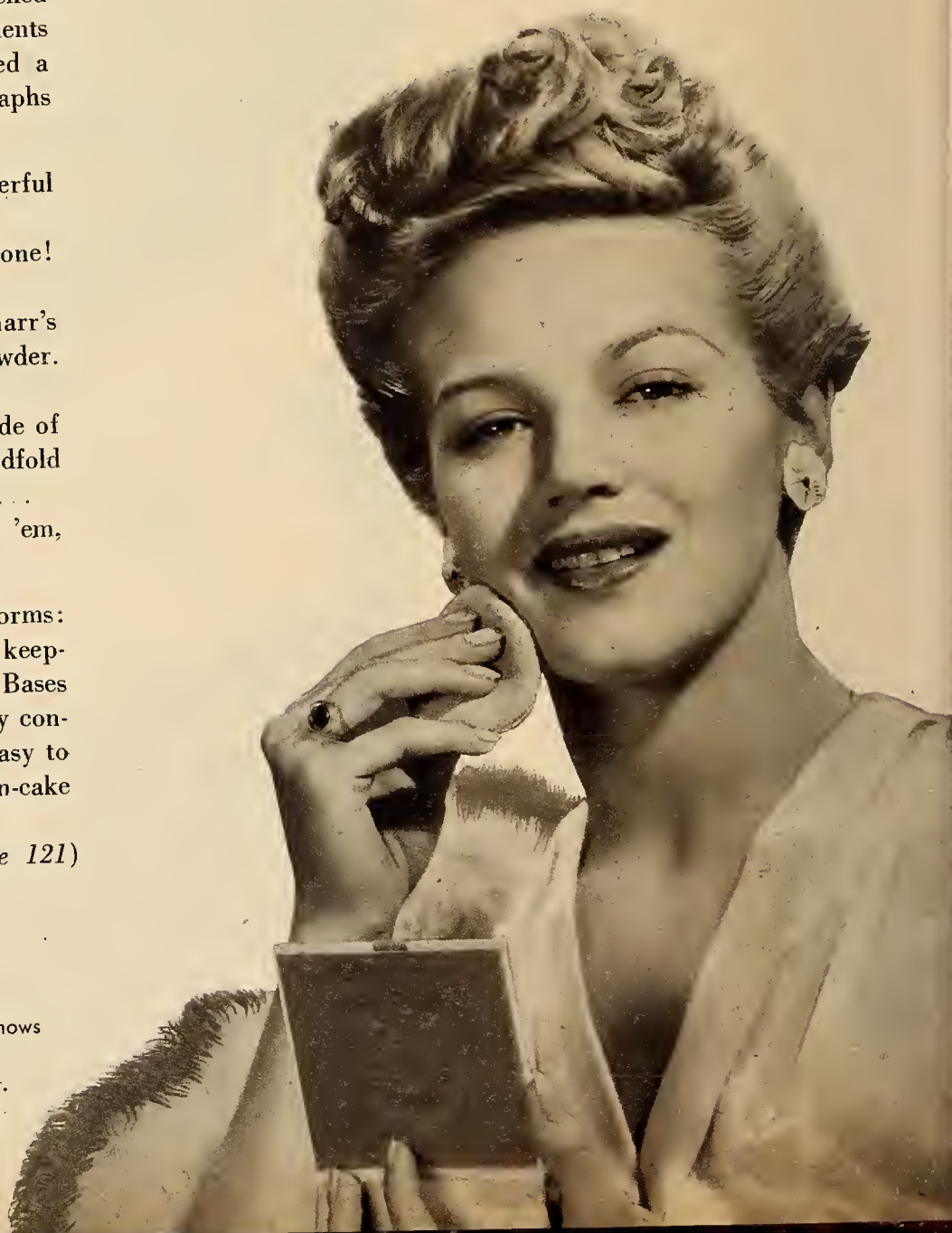
1. It's easy to decide which form of wonderful powder base is for you. T... F...
2. A dab of filmy powder and the job is done! T... F...
3. Even if a gal isn't blessed with Lamarr's features, she can perform magic with powder. T... F...
4. When shopping for the most flattering shade of powder at the beauty counter, drape a blindfold 'round your eyes and reach. T... F...
5. Puffs deserve good treatment . . . Wash 'em, change 'em often. T... F...

1. TRUE. Powder bases come in three forms: cake, cream and liquid. All do a super job of keeping your powder looking fresh for hours. Bases spread a light film over your face, beautifully concealing blemishes. Your skin type makes it easy to pick your base. Cream or liquid for dry; pan-cake for normal and oily skin.

2. FALSE. Powder, (Continued on page 121)

Here's some enlightening news about face

powders . . . all wrapped in a bright quiz
that gives valuable beauty hints to you.



Universal's Martha O'Driscall knows
how important powder is to beauty and
that's why she uses care to apply it.

Try a **NEW** shade on your nails and lips



**SEND
COUPON
FOR TWO SHADES**

It's amazing the difference it can make in your clothes . . . the difference it can make in *you*! Chen Yu invites you to try new shades now. Buy them at your favorite store in regular sizes, or mail the coupon from this announcement for trial sizes. We will send you trial bottles of any two shades of Chen Yu's newly lustrous, chip-repellent lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. Get your new Chen Yu shades now!

CHEN YU
made in U. S. A.

long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick

Important: This special coupon offer
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200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MM4, Chicago 11, Ill.
Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN YU Nail Lacquer
and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to
cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.
For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial
size CHEN YU lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer
colors I selected.

Lacquer shades here: _____

Mark X if you wish 2 harmonizing lipsticks ☐

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1/2
ACTUAL
SIZE



*New Strange Glamour for Your
Hair, Dress or Coat*
SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID...
GLOWS IN THE DARK

**All Day a Lovely, Life-like
Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel,"
Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've
Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous**

... Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glow with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!



WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay \$10.00—nor \$5.00—nor

even \$2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only \$1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

**Others Gasp with
Wonder as it
Glow in the Dark**

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need do is pay the postman \$1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!



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MAIL COUPON NOW**

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made. To introduce this gorgeous orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only \$1.00—3 for \$2.50!

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Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only \$1.00 plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for \$2.50, check here ().

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

CHARMS & CAIN

407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Illinois

Dept. 4-DD

JUNE ALLYSON

(Continued from page 75)

there, Mr. Abbott—"

"I'm still here—"

She'd never seen George Abbott, but the minute she laid eyes on the man standing there, somehow she knew. "You—you're not—really—"

"I really am. May I come in, Miss Allyson?"

Tommy thought she'd gone cuckoo. "And he said a hundred, and I said a hundred?—not believing it, but he thought it wasn't enough and he kept going up till he said a hundred and seventy-five and I grabbed it. Oh, Tommy, don't talk to me suddenly. Don't talk at all. Just hold me and let me be quiet for a minute. A girl's got room for just so much excitement. I can't take another drop."

There was more to come. The reviews hailed "little June Allyson, who ought to be a star in her own right." She played the part for a week. M-G-M's Marvin Schenk wired Arthur Freed about her. Freed told him to sign her. But June had a run-of-the-show contract for "Best Foot Forward." After that, if they still wanted her, she'd go.

two bugs in a rug . . .

The show was a hit, and so was June. It ran for a year. June moved to her own apartment in Tudor City. Tommy gave her a blonde cocker spaniel, whom she named Winsocki and loved as she loved no dog since Teddy.

On account of Winsocki, she and Tommy stayed friends. Because one sad thing happened that year. They discovered that they weren't really in love. It kind of crept up on them. For a long time, neither was willing to admit it. As long as she lived, June would never stop being grateful to Tommy. But she was a young woman now, and the time comes when you've got to make your own decisions, even when your best friend doesn't agree. Little frictions arose. Arguments grew more frequent, finally led to the night Tommy took her home and they stood at her door, wretched and angry—

"Well, I guess it's goodbye—"

"If that's how you feel about it, Tommy—"

"There's just one thing I'd like. I'd like you to give me Winsocki—"

Winsocki! He could have her house and everything in it but Winsocki! Surely he didn't mean— He did, though.

"All right," she said steadily. "I guess we both love that little pooch more than each other—"

Through the open door Winsocki came bounding, leash in mouth. She picked him up and handed him to Tommy, who started down the hall. Over his shoulder, Winsocki whimpered for June. She closed the door to shut out the sound.

Then Tommy knocked. "He wants to stay with you, June. Look, I've been acting like a darn fool kid. Any reason we can't be friends, the three of us?"

Mother and Tommy put her on the train for California. Mother tried not to cry. June didn't even try. She loved New York. She'd never traveled before. She was leaving Mother.

Four times she got off the train, and Tommy put her back on.

"I know girls who went out and never even made a picture—"

"You'll make a picture—"

She stood on the car platform, clutching a red horse from Tommy, a panda, a couple of balloons from her farewell party. The last they saw of her was a tear-stained face against the glass. An hour later two

women stood listening at the door of her compartment—

"Come on, let's go in before she cries herself sick."

She was lying face down, with the horse and panda. They got her to sit up. One bathed her eyes, the other patted her hand. "Don't take on so, honey. My little girl went away to school and she loved it. Besides, the term's not so long. You'll be home for Christmas—"

"No, I won't," she bawled. "I'm going to Hollywood to be a star in the movies—"

They looked at each other. "And she's crying yet," one of them murmured.

"Yes, the poor lamb. Just think, she might have to kiss Clark Gable—"

That started her giggling. By the time they were having dinner together, she felt almost cheerful. She was almost looking forward to Hollywood. There'd be people to meet her—maybe flowers even—maybe even a star. That's how Hollywood did things.

Nobody met her, much less a star. At the end of two hours she'd have settled for an office boy—

All right, she'd go home, guess she knew when she wasn't wanted.

And use what for money?

Somewhere she'd heard of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Horse, panda and balloons, she appeared at the desk, registered and put in a call for New York. Never had the sound of Tommy's voice been so dear and familiar as from three thousand miles away.

"I'm coming home. Nobody met me. But I only brought enough money for the trip. Will you—?"

"Why don't you call the studio?"

"I don't know the number—"

"Look, June, you're a big girl now. Don't they have phone books in California?"

"Oh, Tommy, I just wanted to talk to someone who likes me."

Solaced and refreshed, she then called the studio. "I'm June Allyson," she announced brightly. "I'm here—"

"Yes?" said the girl.

"Well—I'm here—I'm supposed to be here—"

"Whom did you wish to speak to?"

Who, whom? She was getting confused again. "Whom speaks to you when you have a contract?"

We'll spare you the rest. After telling twelve people she was June Allyson, she finally got switched over to Arthur Freed. The whole thing had been her own fault in the first place. She'd arrived four days early without mentioning her change of plan to the studio.

"You'll make a picture," Tommy had said, and was right as usual. "Girl Crazy," "Meet the People," "Best Foot Forward." People she'd known in New York were on the lot. Through them and her work, she met others. The minute she found an apartment, she sent for Winsocki.

June thinks maybe she wasn't meant to be happy with dogs. Winsocki came scrambling out of the box and into her arms. For one lovely evening they sat by the fire together. Then the manager said, "Sorry. No dogs allowed."

lost angel . . .

A friend agreed to take him till June could find another place. She saw him every day, which was tough on them both—he cried so when she left. At last he took matters into his own paws, and went out looking for her. He never came back—

Of course, in the beginning, the whole

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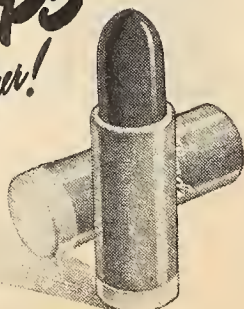


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and on!

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- stays on longer!



6 glamorizing shades . . .
49¢, 10¢, plus tax

And the big case is METAL again!

idea had been to meet Fred Astaire. The only way to do that was by learning to sing and dance. Then some day, somewhere, you'd float into his presence, all dreamy and glamorous, and he'd go into a manly swoon and say, "There's the girl I want to dance with," and you'd do a big, fat picture together—

It happened another way. Something had gone wrong with June's car and she'd tried to fix it. In slacks and an old bandanna, all greasy and hot and dashing for an appointment, she turned a corner and bumped against two men—

"Hi!" said the one she knew. "Hold on a minute. I'd like you to meet Fred Astaire—"

"Howdyado," said Fred.

"Howdyado," said June, feeling sick.

That was all. They went their way and she went hers. The lot hummed with its normal activity. Nobody heard the crash but June, as a castle in the air came toppling in ruins around her.

"Oh golly!" she mourned. "At least I could have been clean!"

June was always tearing. She tore out of the commissary one noon and all but knocked a man down. "I'm terribly sorry—"

Unlike Fred Astaire, this one really looked at her. "You're June Allyson, aren't you? I'm going to have you in a picture some day—"

"Wants to be a producer," she thought, "like everyone else. Well, I wish him luck—"

She did too—he had such a nice grin. Every time she saw him after that she'd smile and wave. A week or so later, he passed her table in the commissary. The place was jammed, he'd never find a seat. "Why don't you sit here with me—?"

"Thank you, I will."

"I've been meaning to tell you, ever since I knocked you down, I hope you get your wish—"

"What wish was that?"

"Don't you want to be a producer?" He choked over his water. "Have some bread," she said helpfully. "What do you do now?"

"I make pictures—"

"Really? What kind?"

"This and that—"

"Well, you know my name but I don't know yours. Maybe I'd recognize it—"

"My name's Joe Pasternak."

She laid her fork down carefully and dropped her forehead in her palm. "Just a minute while I die—"

"Postpone it, will you? I need you in 'As Thousands Cheer'—"

In "Two Girls and a Sailor," he gave her her first big break. Originally, she'd been scheduled to play the younger sister. Her reaction, when Joe told her about the change, was characteristic—

pretty is as pretty does . . .

There's a line in the script addressed to Patsy: "Is your sister as pretty as you are?" And Patsy answers, "Much prettier—"

June's convinced that she's not pretty.

Protestations to the contrary leave her unmoved—

"Patsy'd say, 'Much prettier,' and then I'd come out. Who'd believe it? Leave us face it, Joe. Besides, I'm glad I'm not pretty. People feel so sorry for you. They say poor thing, she's got to have something, so give her the man—"

"Remind me some day to tell you I think you're swell—"

June glowed. "You do?"

That picture swung June and Gloria into the limelight. For June, it was all this and heaven, too. Because Fred Astaire stopped her one day and said, "I saw 'Two Girls and a Sailor.' Thought you were wonderful—"

All night her sleep was haunted. She was a child, sitting in a movie house, wrapped by the magic of a dancing dream. And the dream came down off the screen and straight up to her—who'd worn a brace for five years and never danced a step. "Thought you were wonderful," he said, "you were wonderful, wonderful, wonderful—"

love from an audience . . .

"Music for Millions" was another landmark. Singing and dancing, you can go just so far. As an actress, you can go way beyond that. Pasternak had recognized in June something deeper than prettiness—honesty and warmth and tenderness of feeling, combined with acting talent. He'd tested those qualities in "Two Girls and a Sailor." In "Music for Millions," he gave them full scope.

The biggest thrill of June's screen career came the night of the preview—the first of her own previews she'd attended, having been too scared to go to the others. Not that she wasn't scared this time. It was like a rollercoaster—you want to ride it and you don't—finally you grit your teeth, ball your fists, close your eyes and climb on—

She went with Jimmy Durant, an M-G-M cutter. They sat in the balcony, and her teeth didn't ungrit till halfway through the picture. After all, you can't be an utter dope. When people laugh and cry and keep their eyes glued to the screen, you have to admit they probably like it—

But she wasn't prepared for what followed, as she and Jimmy started down the staircase toward the main floor. A spatter of applause—faces turning toward her, smiling all round her, smiling up from below, applause swelling louder and louder—For a second she faltered, but the crowd broke to let her through, and she went on down—thunder in her ears, wonder in her eyes, and in her heart a wild prayer that her buckling knees wouldn't fold up under her—

Lillian Burns is the coach at M-G-M. Her secretary called June in the morning—"Seen the reviews yet?"

"No, I haven't—"

"Wait, I'll read you one—"

Raves about the picture. About Margaret O'Brien and Jimmy Durante. "And most of all, June Allyson . . ."

She got up and wandered round the

Please send me information on how to help the U. S. Army or Navy Nurse Corps care for our wounded servicemen.

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Fill in and send to: Nurse Recruitment, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

*"I love the delicate fragrance
it leaves on my skin!"*

*Linda
Darnell*

Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet*. So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet*," says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—your daily bath soap, too!

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*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it...
it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!*

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Softer, Safer **MODESS** *with* **DEODORANT!**

*No more fussing with separate
deodorant powders. Looray!
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*This marvelous innovation
exceeds even the ultimate!
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*This is the luxury of luxuries.
Imagine the confidence, the
freedom, the self-assurance!
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THINK of it! MODESS—the softer, safer sanitary napkin—now comes with a fine deodorant powder actually sealed inside—to help you stay dainty at all times!

This marvelous new Modess has been tried out by thousands of women for a whole year. And unsolicited letters are pouring in testifying to their enthusiasm.

Impartial laboratories have tested Modess with deodorant—compared it, in

26 different studies, with the only other sanitary napkin containing a deodorant. Result: Modess was found twice as effective!

You can enjoy this daintiness “extra”—at no extra cost. Ask for the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant today!

PLEASE NOTE: Your store sells two kinds of softer, safer Modess. If you'd rather have it without deodorant, ask for “Standard Modess.”



TALL, SKINNY PAPA

(Continued from page 40)

A while ago Bob (who's the string bean type and fretty about gaining weight) was wasting away to the tune of a precious half-pound every now and then. He hot-footed it to his favorite medic, and there was nothing the doc could find more serious than an incipient hangnail.

“Hum,” hummed the physician. “What do you do around the studio?”

“Why, I act,” answered Bob.

“Does acting upset you?” Bob said no; on the contrary, he liked it. Acting never bothers an actor, he explained, only the ghastly results, like those terrible rushes he sees every day.

“Ah!” cried the doctor, “What are rushes?” Bob explained that they were the printed scene you'd made. The heartless critics told you whether you were good or you—er—smelled. They were the jury's verdict. They made him sweat.

“Avoid rushes from now on,” decreed the wise man.

Bob has ever since. He's gained five pounds, practically fat for him.

Idle Hollywood gossips with nothing better to do than louse around the Selznick sets when Bob and his wife, Jennifer Jones, were knocking off those sweet young love scenes in “Since You Went Away,” thought surely there must be a great sob story and torch epic behind the scenes as they watched Bob and Jennifer—estranged and separated domestically—give with all the tender emotions before the camera.

Bob Walker didn't get it. Neither did Jennifer. “Why it's just acting,” Bob explained. “Hasn't got a thing to do with us personally.” He went right on to inform the baffled observers that he thought Jenny Jones was one terrific actress and that, incidentally, she thought he was pretty fair himself. In fact one of their pet ambitions is to do a play together on Broadway.

perpetual adolescent . . .

What still baffles Bob about Hollywood and the movies is the fact that people take him for exactly what he plays on the screen. And since he's done practically nothing from “Bataan” on out but act cal-low youths in uniform, he's a fugitive from a bobby-sock.

Bob gets letters from 12-year-old girls asking his advice about their junior high-school problems. People are always meeting him and gasping, “Why I had no idea you were so grown up!” After his youngest part of all, the teen-age soldier in “Since You Went Away” (Bob was supposed to be seventeen in that one, and since he got away with that, he thinks it was his best acting feat to date) a GI wrote Bob a note saying, “Well, Bob, I guess you'll be almost old enough soon to be a real soldier!”

Even Bob's boys, Bobby, 5, and Michael, 4, take their dad's picture parts completely straight. Bob's parents-in-law took the two young hopefuls to see “Private Har-grove,” and the next time Bob saw the kids they checked right up on him. “I said hello to you and you didn't say hello back to me,” complained Bobby. “You got on the train and went to New York, didn't you?” asked Mike. “Did you have a good time?” and “Didn't you get a cold when you fell in the water?” It's that way with all Bob's actor friends, too. They know Van Johnson, and when they saw “30 Seconds Over Tokyo,” they were very deeply depressed. “Now Van has only one leg left,” wailed Bobby.

robber's roost . . .

Most every Sunday Bob drops by Jennifer's Bel-Air house, picks up the kids and

Softer, safer **MODESS** *with* **DEODORANT**

drives them off on a Sunday fun tour. They take in the sidewalk carnival, out near Beverly Hills, sometimes the zoo in Griffith Park, or they just stroll around the streets of Beverly or Hollywood. Hundreds of citizens who have watched Robert Walker intimately on the screen, pass the tall, young *pater familias* in his plain business suit, sedate behind tortoise shell glasses, calmly ushering his offspring along in an experienced paternal way. They must think he's just another downtown broker or insurance man on his day off. Because he has never been recognized to this day.

That's the way Bob likes it. For a fellow who's as wrapped up in his art as Bob Walker is he's about as Barrymoresque as a bottle of milk. The guy's as normal as 98.6.

The only dramatic event I could dig out of his young life since he came to Hollywood (outside of breaking up with his wife Jennifer) was The Great Christmas Eve Theft, or Farewell, My Wardrobe.

Bob is baching more or less, these days high up in Mandeville Canyon in a fair-sized furnished house. Well, the night before Christmas and all through Bob's house something was stirring, and it was definitely no mouse. Because when Bob came home from Jennifer's where he'd been trimming the tree, he saw a couple of his best Brooks Bros. shirts spread out on the front lawn, boxes with fancy Christmas wrapping scattered here and there, and the front door open.

When he hustled inside the house, he spied the chair seats topsy turvy, the drawers inside out and the rugs draped over the chandelier. "Ha, ha, a gag," thought Bob until he noticed that the place was as bare as a cigarette shelf in a cut-rate drug store. He wuz robbed—and how!

Bob has taken to dating things back to the Great Theft. It's a mile post in his life, because he's had to start all over, personally speaking, since it happened. He was wearing a pair of blue slacks, a blue sports coat, white shirt and blue tie when he came home, and he wore the same all through the Christmas Holidays and even New Year's Eve. It was all he had.

Tougher still was explaining to Bobby and Michael how Santa Claus got hijacked. Because not only every present Bob had received, but every gift he had bought, went with the loot. But the unkindest cut of all came from his very own studio. Bob was making "The Princess and the Bellhop" at M-G-M, and when he reported his cleanout, they seized on the vital item right away. "The burglar didn't take that brown tweed suit of yours, did he?"

gone with the wind . . .

"Why, sure," allowed Bob. . .

A lot of scenes had been shot—but there were added scenes still to be made. And now—no suit to match. Gone with the wind. "For gosh sakes!" raved the M-G-M powers. "Why did you ever take that suit home? Why didn't you leave it safely here on the lot in our moth, burglar, bullet and buzz-bomb proof vaults?"

So you see Fate can kick up its heels and smite Master Robert Walker in the face now and then. Although most of the time, according to Bob, his private existence in Hollywood boasts all the thrills of a carrot's progress through life. What really sends Bob is his work. As long as the studio keeps him busy, he'll settle for a 10 o'clock bedtime and even burglars on Christmas, if necessary.

You see, Bob has been all wrapped up in this acting business ever since he was old enough to know beef from bully. He skipped college after San Diego Military Academy and plopped right into New York's American Academy of Dramatic Art. That's where he met and married

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN, IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE "COUNTER-ATTACK"

STARRING PAUL MUNI



YOU: *Wish my hands were so smooth and soft.*

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

YOU: *Is Jergens your hand care, Miss Chapman?*

MARGUERITE CHAPMAN: Yes, indeed, I use Jergens Lotion.

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Such sure protection against rough hands with Jergens Lotion.

Like professional hand care! Furnishes beauty-guarding moisture most hand skin needs. Encourages

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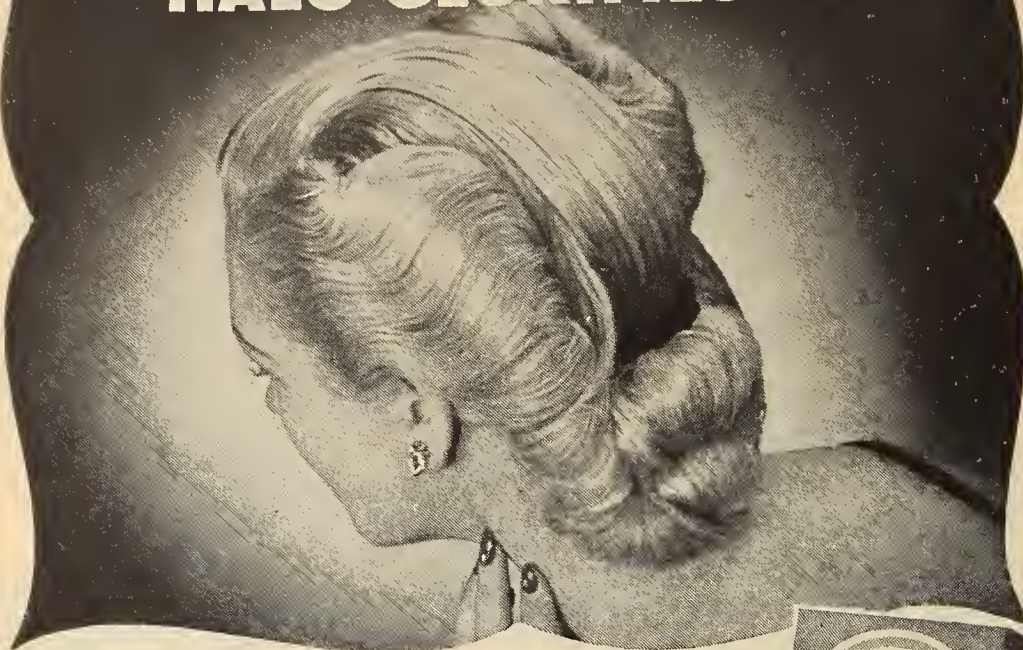
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Jennifer, you know, and every bit of his adult life has been spent with a script of some sort in one hand and wistful hopes on the horizon. He and "Phil" (as he calls Jennifer) struggled through the Greenwich Village school of hard knocks, around the Cherry Lane Theater. When the babies came along, Bob kept the growing family in shoes and Pablum by rushing from one soap opera to another in Radio City. He and "Phil" tried Hollywood once before, but after a bit for Bob in a stinker, and similar sad fates for Jennifer, they had to give it up like so many other hopefuls.

annie oakleying to Hollywood ...

Moreover, Bob considers he's in Hollywood on an Annie Oakley—a sort of free pass this time. Because he wouldn't even have come out if Jennifer hadn't captured the prize part of "Bernadette." Even then he thought at first he'd just mosey out, dabble around in Hollywood radio and look over the studios while Jennifer made "The Song." But an agent talked him out of the idea of crashing Hollywood on "spec" and into taking a test for M-G-M. When they shot him right into "Bataan," he could hardly believe it was true. In fact, his enthusiasm almost got him into a jam, but Bob Taylor saved the day.

The minute "Bataan" was finished, Walker couldn't wait to see the results. When he heard about the sneak preview, he simply had to see it. Well, that's not done by actors at M-G-M, especially young, new actors. But Bob was so eager that Tay Garnett, the director, and Robert Taylor, the star, both were touched. "Come over to the studio right away, and you can go out in the car that takes us," they offered. "It's against the rules, but what the heck!"

Of course, Bob Walker promptly told Jennifer, and she simply had to go, too. With Jenny being star on another lot, that would be high treason, Bob knew, if discovered. So he hid her in the back seat and bowled on up to M-G-M to get the Word from Tay and Bob.

That's when they told him it would be impossible for him to take his own car. "Have to come with us in the studio car or else," they explained. "As it is, we'll probably get bawled out for taking you." When Bob hung back they said, "What in the world's the matter?"

"My wife's in the back seat!" he blurted.

Well, it all straightened out when good-natured Bob Taylor came to the rescue and wangled some studio strings to let the Walker family see the sneak.

He thinks he's lucky to be kept as busy as he's been. Because outside of a light breather in "Madame Curie," they've kept Hargrove humping. That was the only time he had a chance to start a tan (he takes a swell one despite his red hair). The only real vacation he's had in two years was between "The Clock" (his next release) and "The Princess and the Bellhop" (which he's making now). Bob spent that on a ranch near Tucson, Arizona—but even then less as a vacation than a rest cure. He was underweight and feeling low, and he gained 10 pounds to melt off in his next picture. But he hasn't been back to New York since he arrived. He planned a trip a while back and was all set to go when somebody handed him a script of "The Clock." That did it. Bob got so worked up about doing the picture he cancelled his reservations and unpacked his bags. It's his favorite picture so far. (Yep, he's a soldier again, with 24 hours leave to spend with Judy Garland.) But the point is—the reaction was typically Walker—he'd rather work than play any day in the week.

It's just that he's got a one-track mind. Like he says, "I work and play in spurts."

For instance, there was a spell awhile back when Bob and his sidekick, Peter Lawford, got an attack of Mocambo-itis. Bob loves to dance, rumbas and sambas like a Copacabana siren and he got on such a run of night-clubbing with Judy Garland or Martha O'Driscoll or Diana Lynn that they swept him out nightly at closing time with the cigarette butts.

But when I saw Bob, he hadn't been outside the house at night for a month—not even to a movie—and he loves movies. That's the way he operates. Of course, one good reason why he hugs the hearth these days is that he has Harry. Bob's new bachelor life drops into two definite grooves—B.H. and A.H. Before Harry and After Harry. Harry is his colored man's man, and he's the difference between living like a civilized single gentleman and like a dismal lost soul.

The latter stage in Bob Walker's existence took place, sad to relate, right after he and Jennifer had decided to have a marital vacation. For awhile, Bob decided to do his own housekeeping and cook his own meals. But he found himself dining every night on hamburgers. He was down to a shadow of his former self when his doctor put his foot down. "Either get a cook," he declared, "or ulcers—make up your mind."

That's when Harry stepped in and took over. Now Bob comes home from work to a cheery fire in the fireplace, a drink by his chair and a good dinner on the table. He only hopes it lasts, and since Harry was ten years with his former boss, there's a good chance. Particularly, too, since Harry is travel minded and so is Bob.

man friday . . .

Harry runs Bob's Mandeville man's castle without a hitch, and until the Great Theft, took perfect care of the Walker wardrobe. Bob's a conservative dresser, with Wall Street tastes rather than the more colorful Hollywood variety. He has a weakness for socks and shirts, and in the jewelry department only cuff links—he owns neither a ring nor a watch, only a St. Christopher medal which jangles on his key ring.

When Harry says, "Mister Walker, you can have guests tonight," (Yep, he tells Bob) then there's usually one or several of Bob Walker's pals in for dinner—Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn or somebody with their gals. In spite of his night life "spurts," Bob really got broken into the solid comforts of fun at home very early in life, being hitched at nineteen, and that's what he still prefers. He has a stack of both swing and symphony records (his favorite bands are Woody Herman and Cab Calloway) and a second hand machine he bought from his barber at M-G-M. Bob knows his jive and his frustrated ambition is to own a set of drums. There's plenty of brandy in the cabinet, Bob's favorite tippie, although he's very temperate with the stuff. There are cards and chips. So the evening usually ends up in a poker or gin-rummy session, at which game, incidentally, Bob's a sort of small-time shark; although he's not really a gambling man at heart.

Bob found that out down in Florida when he was on location with "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." A Florida hot spot happened to be nearby, and one night Bob got lucky to the tune of a \$300 win at blackjack. Next night he went back and tried the crap table—goodbye \$300, and another \$300, too. That made him see the light. Not that he's too scotch (although he really is by ancestry). In fact, at the end of "The Clock" he handed out \$500 worth of gifts to the crew. At the same time Bob can look after his interests.

He used to have a brace of motorcycles that he roared around town on, but one



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day he skidded on a curve and knocked himself out colder than a pickle. Word came down from Bob's studio right away—"No more motorcycles."

"Okay," said Bob, "but what about my investment in these machines?"

"We'll buy 'em," countered the studio very capily.

"How much?" asked Bob.

"\$600."

"No," said Bob.

Finally he got twice that—\$1200. He keeps a manager who puts him on one of those strict Hollywood budgets that make stars go around town acting hungry and running out of dough in the strangest places. The only time that happened to Bob was the night he took Judy Garland to Mocambo, and found he had three bucks cash in his wallet when that man came around. Who paid? That's right—Judy. But she got every penny of it back, all right.

Bob drives a long, deep-breathing, beige Lincoln Continental convertible now instead of motorcycles, which is really more his type anyway. He's not what you'd call the rugged type physically. Bob's the kind of guy who can play golf okay, swim okay, play tennis okay and all that. But as to violent exercise—romping around the yard with his boxer dog, "Brook," and keeping up with his two sons on the week-ends keeps any surplus ounces off his frame.

Actually, if you played truth and consequence, what Bob Walker would rather do than anything is sack down at home right after dinner with a brand new script, turn on the radio (he always studies

AUTOGRAPHS!

We got 'em, you get 'em. Star signatures, we mean, and so cheap! Scurry to page 16.

scripts with radio music right in his ear) and figure out how he's going to make it sound real next day on the set. That to him is Heaven.

young fry...

As for the younger Walkers, it's a little early to do any predicting. Both Bobby and Michael look exactly like their curly-headed pop, with light red-blond hair and blue eyes and could be they're chips off the old Walker block in more ways than one.

Last winter Bob had them home for a visit with his parents in Ogden. Bob's a good Mormon from Salt Lake, originally, you know, but his folks live now in Ogden, right down the line. It was the kids' first look at a real Western winter with plenty of thick snow and steep hills for bobsledding.

Bob borrowed a sled and took them coasting down a slick slope where a bunch of kids were belly-whopping. Then Bobby, aged 5, wanted to go down alone.

For some reason Bob said "Okay," and off Bobby zipped with the rest of the kids, while Bob watched with his heart in his mouth.

But Bobby made the grade like a veteran and quickly puffed back up to the top. His old man was pardonably proud. "That was swell, Bobby," he glowed. "Don't you want to go down again?"

"Sure, Dad," said Bobby. "In a minute—when the rest of the kids come up. There's nobody here to watch right now."

So at least, Junior has the right instincts. An actor's always got to have an audience.

ALICE IN MOTHERLAND

(Continued from page 34)

a pair of pretty hands—that she hasn't had a professional manicure in heaven-knows-when.

If you think Alice might be bored by such a routine, you should examine more closely the reason for her happiness in just being a wife and mother. Baby Alice is one cardinal reason, a young character entirely out of this world. Friends who telephone the Harris household hear a piping voice over the wire saying, "Hello? Baby Alice speaking." To this diminutive secretary, callers convey their messages, and Baby Alice delivers them faithfully.

to the manner born . . .

In the morning, she likes to have breakfast in bed. Upon awakening, she dons bathrobe and slippers, rushes to the bathroom to brush her teeth and splash her round, dimpled face, then returns to her bed. To the maid or to her mother she says, after rapt deliberation, "This morning I will have scrambled eggs, tomato juice and one slice of raisin toast, please." Or she will murmur, "Today I think I would like oatmeal, grapefruit and an English muffin."

One morning, after the Harris family had entertained guests the night before, and Baby Alice had been allowed to listen to the adult conversation for thirty minutes before being tucked into bed, she said, "This morning I'll have chicken Romanoff, green salad with roquefort dressing, and cherries jubilee." She managed to keep her face solemn while delivering this epic, but her eyes glinted with glee.

Alice, Sr., took the order in stride. "I'm sorry, madame, but we are out of chicken, the lettuce is wilted, and our jubilee-mixer is out of order. May we serve you something else?"

Baby Alice pursed her lips, sighed and said, Well, she was disappointed, but she supposed she would have to have Wheaties, sliced bananas and milk for breakfast. Sometimes she asks for extra thick cream on her cereal, a reality because the Harris' plantation keeps a cow, name of Daisy Mae, who supplies such luxuries.

Not only does this Junior Miss have a clear conception of food preferences, but she also knows what she likes to wear. On one of Senior's infrequent trips to Beverly Hills, she took Junior along. Senior, upon passing a leather goods store, caught sight of a midget pair of handmade cowboy boots. "Cute, aren't they?" she asked her daughter.

The daughter was making a button nose against the glass. "Oh, Mommy!" she drooled.

So the blue-eyed, blonde-headed pair of Alices entered the shop and asked about having a pair of boots made for Junior. The leather expert explained that he couldn't duplicate the boots, and that they were actually just window decorations, but he allowed Junior to try them on. They were a trifle large, but Junior's expression—as she strode around with plainsman's thumping—was idyllic.

It was too much for the shopkeeper. "You may have the boots," he said. When Alice tried to pay him, he demurred. "The sight of that child's delight was the finest payment a man could ask," he insisted.

Thus began the Prairie Period in the life of Baby Alice. The first thing she donned in the morning was her cowboy gear, and the last thing of which she divested herself at night was likewise. The sight of Junior clumping around in nightgown, bathrobe and boots was impressive. And,

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when she was invited to a neighborhood birthday party, she allowed the nurse to select her ruffled, lace-trimmed party dress, but she was adamant about those sissy patent leather slippers. She was going to wear her cowboy boots or she wasn't going to that party. Alice, hiding a grin, nodded to the nurse. And young Alice, proving something or other about her fellow juveniles, was easily the belle of the party.

During the year in which Alice, senior, has been off the screen, not one of her loyal fans appears to have forgotten her. The fan mail continued to arrive by the carload, and Alice continued to answer it. Many of the letters requested pictures, so Alice posed. While doing this portrait sitting, the studio cameraman decided to cooperate with the studio fashion department and secure a series of fashion stills. While Alice, Sr. was posing, the entranced interest of Alice, Jr. inspired the studio representatives to get a few Young Idea shots. Baby Alice was inserted into a minute bathing suit and bathrobe and, with the poise of a veteran, she held the robe in such a manner as to partly-reveal, partly-conceal her suit. She also posed in a number of street ensembles. Then, bored by the whole thing, she told the cameraman, "That's all. I'm tired," and with the graciousness of a grand duchess, she curtsied and swept out of the room.

point of pride . . .

Alice, Senior, a little bewildered, but bursting with pride in her daughter, decided to take Alice Junior on the personal appearance tour scheduled for Phil. "But where are we going?" demanded Junior. Alice told her, "To Brooklyn." Junior nodded emphatically, having overheard

AUTOGRAPHS!

Some splendid, some funny. All for a quarter, which isn't much money. See page 16.

some of her mother's recent book discussions. "Of course—where that tree grows," she said.

While packing her own luggage, Junior rejected a dress that Alice had suggested. "It won't do, Mommy," she explained patiently. "You know how awfully it wrinkles."

When Alice, Sr. called at 20th Century-Fox to complete arrangements for her picture, scheduled to roll late in April, someone asked her what she had done with the past year of her life.

"Tried to keep up with Baby Alice, and tried to give Phyllis as good a start in life as her energetic sister has," Alice laughed. "When you see that pair, you'll realize that I haven't had a spare moment."

And her reason for returning to the screen? Junior's interest in the theatrical profession. After having listened to her daddy broadcast, and having watched his activity before his band, Junior borrowed one of her mother's long knitting needles and spent much time in front of the radio, directing the music with great energy.

One day she approached her feminine parent with a query. "Daddy makes music. What can you do, Mommy?"

So Mommy is going to show her—on celluloid. Alice hopes from the bottom of her heart that her next role will be dramatic instead of musical. However, critics agree that no matter in which category Alice, Sr. performs, her daughter and her fans are due for a treat.

FACE TO FACE

(Continued from page 73)

where you reach for your skin freshener or astringent to give the finishing touch to your cleaning job. Pour some on a pad that's been dampened with cold water. Sponge face and throat. Every last trace of cream disappears! Turn the pad, add a little more skin freshener and concentrate on any areas of excessive oiliness. This extra stimulation tends to normalize the pores of these areas. Now pat the entire face and throat with the pad. So invigorating! This freshener workout is for your complexion what setting-up exercises are for the figger.

Now about that liquefying cream we were speaking about. It's grand for an oily puss. Melts gently at the touch of your skin. Spreads with film-like lightness and silken-smooth swiftness over your whole face. Prime virtue: it does the kind of refreshing, cleaning-up job that oily, "coarse-pored" skin needs and it's not loaded with any ingredients that might clog a single large pore.

But your skin is desert dry? Then by all means get yourself a lusciously rich night cream. That doesn't mean that your greasy face will skid on the pillow. Not at all. Apply the cream; normal skin will absorb all it can possibly use in twenty minutes. Slither off the excess with a convenient tissue . . . and sweet dreams!

For your waking moments all of you should know about creams that do duty under face powder. (To learn about "Powder Perfection" be sure to check page 76.) Whip on some *vanishing cream*, leave it on for one full minute. When off, your skin feels silky soft, all the little rough bits of dry skin flecked away. Your face now has a mat finish that makes the perfect make-up base.

Too, there is *foundation cream* which forms a film of protection against harsh weather and conceals tiny skin imperfections. Acts to "anchor" rouge and powder in a natural finish that's utterly enchanting. The filmy consistency spreads smoothly beneath your finger tips. The least bit creates the most flattering effect, so apply it sparingly. Just dot the cream on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose; then blend it over the entire face. Faintly flesh-colored, it blends with the natural tones of your skin.

Yes, to put yourself on face-to-face equality with your chosen Hollywood beauty, you must begin with a clean, firm, glowing skin. Proper use of creams is absolutely necessary . . . your make-up then will really make you glamorous!

* * *

If you find yourself face-to-face with any beauty problems, don't despair! Just sit right down and write me a note about them . . . about your skin, your hair, your make-up or figure worries. And, too, I'll be glad to tell you the name of any product you're interested in. Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y., 16, N. Y.

QUEEN OF THE MAY

That's what we'll be this next issue. And tops in the field and fullest of gab. Why not pick up your May MODERN SCREEN this early April 10? Such fun.



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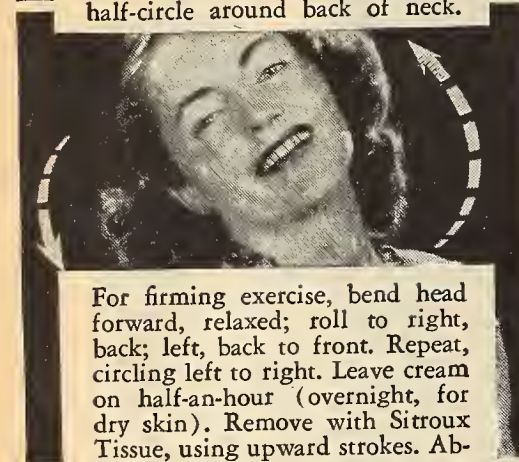
TIPS FOR A LOVELY THROAT LINE



When applying and removing cleansing cream, *always* use *upward* and *outward* motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.



Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with *both* hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.



For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.



* 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. Far your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

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TISSUES



Chili Spareribs, golden brown, richly spiced from slow roasting in barbecue sauce is Texas "chuck wagon" specialty you'll want to try.



Constance Moore, now working in new film "Delightfully Dangerous," loves a recipe starting with "a big, juicy Texas onion."

What's Cookin', America?

By Nancy Wood

For the 10th Regional Cookery Series we roam the Lone Star State, roping in prime all star recipes

■ Take a long, wistful look, girls—those are real pre-war nylons on Constance Moore's beautiful legs in the dance number which she does with Pinky Lee and Tommy Ivo in "Earl Carroll's Vanities," her current picture, in which she co-stars with Dennis O'Keefe. Residents of Dallas, Texas, will see this new gay musical with considerable satisfaction because Connie is their home-town-gal-who-made-good. Although she was born in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1920, she grew up in the amazing state of Texas, famous for jackrabbits, long-horned cows, helium, barbecues, pink grapefruit, handsome men, onions and enormous distances from hither to thither. And you'd better not try to fence them in!

Connie started her career with the do-re-mi of singing lessons at fifteen. A natural singer, she was soon heard over a Dallas radio station. An uncle, the kind of uncle any gal would cherish, bought a Texas network program for his chain of drug stores with the stipulation that any singing would be done by his favorite niece. In 1937, Rufus Le Maire of Universal Studios, talent scout, heard her and offered her a contract at \$100 a week. A year and a half of rigorous training and very minor movie roles followed. Then came romance in the form of John Maschio, actor's agent. She meant to talk only business at first, but his mind was on

romance. So Johnny missed a first-class business deal, but he married the girl and they have lived happily ever after. Little Mary Constance was born in 1941 to complete the family circle.

Johnny is very lucky! Although Constance was voted "the most beautiful girl on Broadway" when starring in the naughty "By Jupiter" in New York in 1942, she can cook! (The dish-washing afterwards leaves her cold, however.) She loves rich foods, especially chocolate cake, but rations herself sternly because of a natural feminine fear of losing the streamlining of her present very shapely figure.

Coming from Texas, Connie has a wide variety of foods to choose from. Texas is so huge that a number of climates and agricultural conditions prevail. Great quantities of peaches, apples, cantaloupes, citrus fruit, dates, figs, strawberries, blackberries, potatoes, rice, tomatoes, peanuts, pecans, onions and spinach are raised in some parts. The coast of the Gulf of Mexico is awash with all kinds of delicious sea-food. The cow country has steaks galore, although now, we are sure, they dutifully turn in their red points for these. Texas has comparatively few "spots" or dairy cows. Because beef cattle who roam the range would kick the sunbonnet right off any dairy maid approaching them with a milk pail, most Texans use canned milk.

"Bait" in Texas has been influenced by the cookery of the Southern Atlantic States, by the "chuck-wagon" of the cattle-grazing districts and by "adobe" foods from neighbors across the Rio Grande.

Pecan Pie is a famous Texas dessert, classed by Connie as an irresistible temptation. You wouldn't make it often these days because of its sugar content, but for special occasions, when you feel you and your guests deserve something extravagantly good, here's the recipe:

LONE STAR PECAN PIE

- 1 cup corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or fortified margarine
- 1 cup coarsely cut pecans
- Juice of 1 lemon or orange, optional
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie crust

Blend all ingredients thoroughly. Pour into unbaked pie crust. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Lower heat to moderate (350° F.) and continue baking until a silver knife blade inserted in center of filling comes out clean. This is a rich pie so it can be cut to provide 8-10 portions.

With all the steaks and chops and roasts roaming the grasslands of that state, we have chosen "meat stretchers!"

Tamale Pie, delicious served piping hot, stretches a pound of hamburger to serve six. Chili Spareribs are lickable and rich in flavor. There is Baked Stuffed Fish to serve with an early Spring dandelion or young lettuce salad. Try Texas Chili con Carne, or Baked Stuffed Onions.

While you're thinking of it, send us that stamped, self-addressed envelope for your FREE leaflet of meat stretchers.

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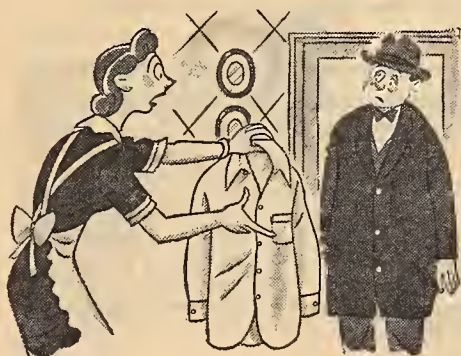
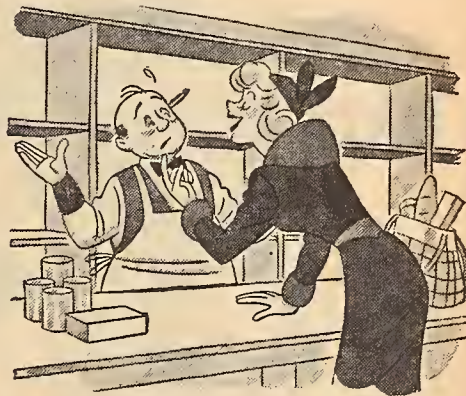
If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)



If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray —
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap **today!**

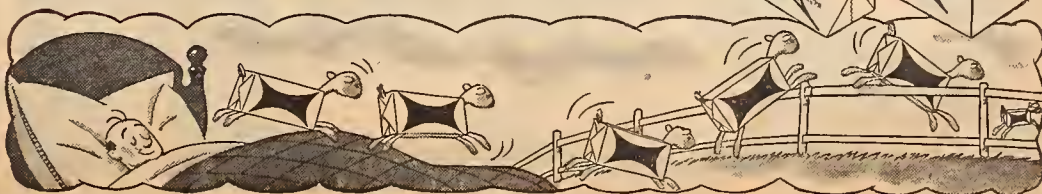
If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."



Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf —
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY



How to Keep FRESH



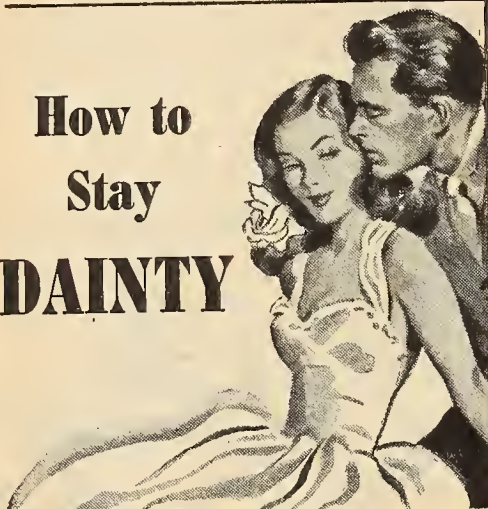
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CITIZEN CRANE

(Continued from page 47)

certificate he wrote, "November 14, 1944."

So you can see why Dick Crane gets soft and sentimental whenever a fourteenth comes around. In fact, Dick and Kay's happy home might still be a deep, dark secret if a surge of that sentiment for number fourteen hadn't hit him right over the heart one particularly vulnerable evening and made him blurt out what now he's glad all the world knows. That happened the evening Anne Baxter and MODERN SCREEN tossed a party up at Anne's house one month to the day after the Richard Cranes were Mr. and Mrs. Kay was whooping away with the flu that night, but she made Dick show up as he'd promised, and the sight of all the gay couples having a whirl made him about as happy as a mourning dove with the absent-lover blues. They began to needle him about his sad sack puss, and Dick blurted out at last, "How the heck can I have any fun with Kay home sick in bed? And on our anniversary, too!"

"Your *what!*" They practically yelled it.

Dick stuttered and stumbled around trying to cover up, but the deed was done.

solid citizen . . .

Five minutes with Dick, and you know for sure he's a solid citizen from away back. The guy's a rock—and how he ever found himself mixed up in anything as notoriously artistic and screwy as the motion picture racket is something I'll never figure out. Don't think he's not serious. Both Dick and Kay are dead set on making this acting business holler "Uncle." But at the same time Dick's absolutely hipped on not going Hollywood.

Take the time a couple of years or so ago when Dick snagged what was, until then, the biggest movie break of his life. He played a nice little part in "Susan and God" as Joan Crawford's daughter's boy friend. And while it was no bid for an Academy Award, it was a long leap forward. Maybe too long, thought Dick.

So what did Crane do, the minute he'd finished the picture, but grab a job washing dishes at night at a Hollywood drive-in for twelve bucks a week and meals! Since "Susan and God" paid off with a real roll of folding money, by all rights he should have celebrated. "Are you nuts?" his pals pestered him.

Said Citizen Crane, "I'm scared to death of going hi-hat. I want to keep my balance!"

Practically the same thing happened again after Dick rang the bell at Twentieth Century in "Happy Land." It won him a Zanuck contract and reams of publicity, besides a tidy new salary. If he needed anything then, it was a new car, or another car, at least.

They even hinted around the lot that Dick would do well to go down and look over Madman Nuntz's more up-to-date used-car models. After all, a new contract player doesn't have to spread it around, but he can at least keep his coat-tails from dragging on the curb.

puttin' on the dog . . .

"No," said Dick. "Maybe later—but not now. That old heap is part of me. If I went for a new one now I'd be changing—going Hollywood." So he's still pushing the '39 rattletrap around. Nobody's going to glamorize Crane unless it's his pup Muffins.

Because Dick even carried his stubborn armor against Hollywood elegance right down to the dogs. He'd long craved a pup around the house—the last one he had was a collie when he was three—so when

Kay and Dick got hitched and found the little hillside hideaway, first thing Dick suggested was an addition to the family—strictly canine. Kay had a lot of ideas on the dog subject, and most of them leaned to various breeds of thoroughbreds. Dick likes pedigreed pups, too, but—that old complex about suddenly going gorgeous stopped him.

"I think," said Dick soberly, "it would be a lot better taste if we just went out to the pound and got a mutt."

Kay sighed that she'd see, and in a day or two she greeted Dick one evening with the cutest woolly coated little white female Maltese terrier you ever saw. "Muffins" it was from the start. She's a personality pup supreme, and she's already famous. "Get's twice the publicity I do," Dick growls good naturedly. But here's the pay-off:

Trotting past a Hollywood kennel one day, Kay and Dick were hailed by a man who came running out all hot and bothered. "What a beauty!" he cried. "What a perfect specimen! A show dog! Where did you get her?"

Dick and Kay said "The pound."

The man clapped his brow like he'd had a mental hot-foot. Then he jabbered out the amazing facts that Muffins was a very rare sample of Maltese terrier with all the points and perfections of a canine aristocrat.

Maybe I'd better explain that along with this absolute allergy to any brand of Hollywood chi-chi, Dick Crane carries a sober, industrious, logical and studious urge to be a really topnotch actor. It took him a lot of long years since he got out of high school to make up his mind about what he really wanted to do with his young life—and once he'd found out—well, have you ever noticed that slightly bull dog jaw he wears week-days and Sundays?

Dick pumped gas in gas stations. He herded trucks and rippled his muscles as a day laborer, too, trying to find himself. He skipped college and tried the school of hard knocks. Once he spent a season on the complaint desk at Sears-Roebuck, patiently trying to untangle the woes of irate customers with beefs. He gained a poise and manliness that you catch right off when you meet him, and he thanks his lucky stars now that he got a chance to meet the people and see what made them all tick. So—from the moment he went on a stage in a Bliss-Hayden school amateur production, mastered his first stage fright and felt the thrill of acting, he knew what the answer was. "Okay—so acting's my business. Then I'll know my business!"

old times . . .

Here's an example:

When Dick came up for "Happy Land," which as you know was his first crack at the real recognition, he faced a knotty problem. His part added up to a kid of seventeen, and Dick was twenty-five. So what did he do? He took a notebook and went around to all his school pals and interviewed them on what cooked when he was young and gay. Then he grilled his mother about what he talked like, how he acted, how he wore his hair, what he looked like. In short, he went back about eight years in every department—and he clicked on the screen in a tough assignment.

When he met up with Kay Morley and fell like a load of bricks, Dick Crane found himself coupled up with an ambitious girl after his own serious heart. She's a beauty, brunette, slim but dreamily built, with dark eyes with just a slight Oriental slant to them. The result is something special for beauty that first got Kay started in Hollywood. She made the team right away after Long Beach high school as a Goldwyn Girl. But that wasn't enough—just being a movie

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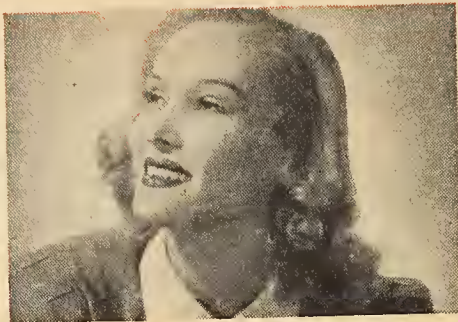


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showhorse. Kay has brains and talent underneath her beauty. By the time Dick met her, Kay was well on her way to being a young actress around the studios. It was Dick's agent, talking about picture parts, you'll remember who introduced them. By now she's played the lead in a Republic epic, and Dick will tell you right off, "I'm mighty proud of her. She's a swell little actress."

So they're two of a kind, and their favorite fun at home is acting out scenes from plays. In fact, except for their anniversary splurge on those Fourteenth's I mentioned, the newlywed Cranes never budge outside their house after dinner. Instead, they haul down a stack of scripts and plays and emote away at each other like a couple of Barrymores.

the human animal . . .

This is where poor Muffins comes in. Kay and Kick have a particular scene they'd rather tackle than anything. It's from James Thurber's hit, "The Male Animal," one where Dick goes a little on the berserk side and tears up the joint. The furniture gets tossed around a bit, and all in all it's too much for Muffins.

The first time they let themselves go on "The Male Animal," Muffins high-tailed for the bed (where she usually sleeps rolled up at their feet), and she didn't come out for twenty-four hours. The next time she stayed under two days. They've done all they can to explain to the poor pup that it's just art in bloom but it looks like murder to Muffins!

Kay and Dick live in the funniest little joint you ever saw. They call it "The Third Bear" because it's the smallest of three little guest cottage offshoots of an opulent old estate up in Laurel Canyon. It clings to the side of a hill and looks like something out of Grimm's fairy tales. It's nice and remote so that neighbors can't complain no matter how many tempests of art and drama they stage. It's plainly furnished, neat but simple. There's not an ounce of elegance to make Dick feel uncomfortable or make his old pals shy away.

A Southern California raised boy, he has loads of pals around town in all kinds of rackets. You wouldn't know a one if I named them, outside of possibly Dick's best chum, Johnny James, a young actor, another, Bob Mitchum, and possibly his agent and friend, Bert Marx. They come up to The Third Bear with their wives, and it makes Dick and Kay happiest when they can all loaf around and whip up a mess to eat. The only thing Dick Crane ever asks of his guests is that they don't treat him like a movie star and that they let him go around snapping candid cameras of everybody, because he's one of those photographic nuts. However, he pays them off in the end with a Crane Special, which is a grilled steak.

But that sort of thing sums up Dick. He's a homebody as never was. He likes to fix doorknobs and electric switches and take the refrigerator apart. He ruined a perfectly good alarm clock just because he had an idea he could make it wake him up. No commercial clock yet made can turn the trick so Dick had a Rube Goldberg invention dreamed up with a few sirens and explosions and things. Once, he claims, he slept two days without a look at the sun, but maybe he just dreamt that. It's a fact, though, that Crane's one obvious vice is a tendency to show up late for appointments. I hate to have to tell this on Dick, but it's a matter of record that he was even late to his own wedding!

That's why, when you ask Dick Crane about his talents, he grins, "The things I do best are sleep and eat!"

That's not real gospel, but it's true that Crane, like Crosby, is a "no-nerves" phenomenon. He's on the easy-going,

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phlegmatic, poised side, and his major worry in life is keeping down to size in spite of all those hearty meals.

He's never had an anxious twitch in front of a camera, on a stage or before a mike since his first amateur stage performance. That's very probably, he admits, what's behind his very real and pressing horror of changing personally—of going Hollywood. "It's like this," he'll tell you very shrewdly. "What I've got that clicks on the screen is naturalness. What I've got to do is keep it!"

He used to study his lines at night and prep up like a Phi Beté before final exams. He had a letter-perfect memory, and once he got his speech he was set—too set. One day in an Army training picture Dick was handed a long speech. It was really a dinger—technical and tough—and he sat up late that night learning every syllable. Well, when they lined up, the director cried, "Wait a minute! I've got some changes." He slashed out a couple of lines here and a couple there. That did it. Dick had his mind so set on the job that when he hit those gaps he got a mental block. He ended up blowing sky high and having to read the thing off a blackboard.

That taught him a lesson. Now he never learns a line at home, just thinks the meaning through (and talks it over with Kay), then he catches the speech before he goes on.

wang wang blues . . .

The only time Dick ever spoiled a take that he can remember was his death scene in "Wing and a Prayer." It was a water tank scene. They had it lined up with a mesh of caps to explode like machine-gun bullets hitting water and a powder charge on a life raft that was to blow up under water like a torpedo at a certain moment in the scene.

In the melee the life raft with the explosive somehow got blown around by the wind machine, smacked Crane right on the rear under water and promptly set itself off with a wicked "Ka-woosh!"

That wasn't in the script. Neither was it written down for Dick to leap the heck out of there yelling, "Holy Gosh, I've been shot in the fanny!"

What really embarrassed Dick was that just before the fiasco scene a group of visiting naval officers' wives had arrived on the set, and he didn't rest easy until he'd gone around to all of them personally and apologized for the colorful yipe.

the torso terrific . . .

Dick takes a lot of kidding from his pals about getting fat, but it's no joke for him to keep it streamlined. Ever since that famous coatless pajama scene in "Wing and a Prayer" which made the bobby sockers (and some older girls, too) squeal à la Sinatra, Dick Crane has been on the spot as "The Torso." It's kept him busy his spare hours.

He kept plugging away at sports all through his school days—track, basketball, baseball. He played fullback on his high school team and got elected captain. He worked summers at the Los Angeles mountain camps. In his spare time he packed all over the Sierras chasing deer and other game. Dick tuned his reflexes, too, racing hopped-up jallopies in AAA meets at Muroc Dry Lake.

Maybe you didn't know it but Dick Crane almost took a serious crack at the prize ring.

But his mother worried about it (and rightly), so he stopped at last.

Anyway, he's "The Torso" whether he likes it or not, and Crane aims to care for it, and still enjoy his vittles. At age 27 that calls for action. His answer is a rigid system of sleekline exercises, that Dick plugs away at in Easton's Gym on the Strip.

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Like most husky guys Dick Crane has the disposition of a gentleman angel. Gets along like a top with his in-laws, Kay's Long Beach folks. Kay chums up easily with Dick's mother, too, and they get together on all holidays and have a swell time.

The only time, in fact, on record that Dick got his dander up was the last time he and Kay stepped out on their monthly "anniversary." They were leaving a cafe when a drunk got a quick vision of lovely Mrs. Crane and cracked, "Hi, Beautiful!" Well, that didn't bother Dick any—but Kay elected to rise above it, and the drunk got a bit nasty. "Won't talk, hey?" and on like that. So Dick just grabbed him by the shoulders, snapped his neck a few times to sober him up.

Dick's a modest dresser—a dark tailored suit every time, a dark knit tie, a white shirt. He likes his brown hair cut short Eastern style. He goes for a dash of cologne here and there after he shaves (twice a day when he goes out.) He likes cigarettes and pipes. He reads best sellers. He can take jive or leave it but prefers just pretty, tuneful music. He sings around the house (and with a rich baritone that is really something). He's an average sentimentalist, with a wrist watch his mother gave him on his twenty-first birthday that he won't take off, and a lucky tiger's eye ring that he's worn in every picture. He keeps a four-leaf clover a fan sent him in his wallet. He likes to dance, but slow and to sweet music, does a miserable rumba, like most mere males. He's an incurable beach hound in the summer and tans up like a Kanaka.

happy land . . .

Dick hates crowds on general principles and abhors previews. He's thrifty with both his small change and his banking money, and like any typical American hubby he's worked out an insurance plan that will protect Kay and put him on Easy Street when he's fifty. He's a lousy gambler, likes poker sessions and gin-rummy—but always loses his shirt. His conservative citizen outlook slipped only once on the horses. That was when he needed 100 bucks to pay a doctor bill and got a red hot tip on a ten-to-one "sure thing." He borrowed ten bucks to get him the hundred—only he lost the ten-spot instead, and that cured him.

The main worry in Dick Crane's life, right now—is that he's a 4-F because of a punctured eardrum, the sad result of his reckless slugging days. Meanwhile he hustles around on hospital entertainment tours every idle stretch.

When you get down to ambitions, Dick Crane's number one dream is to crack this acting business in a big way, with Kay Morley right along side. Number two, maybe, to own a triplex apartment where he and Kay can live in one and rent out two (he's a canny Scot, that guy). And after that, if he gets on Easy Street, a rambling country house with a photographic dark room where he can putter to his heart's content. Oh, yes, there's an immediate objective, too—Dick wants a honeymoon—and in one particular place, New York City. He's planning that after "Captain Eddie" gets safely in the can.

As for other imponderables such as acts of God—well, haven't I been saying all along that Dick Crane is the Solid Citizen supreme? Sure he wants kids. So does Kay. So far Muffins has beat them to the punch with five furry bundles in a quintuplet blessed event. That's quite a feat to beat, and I don't think the Cranes have their hopes quite that high.

But you never can tell. After all, his friends call Dick "Storky" Crane, don't they?



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SPELLBOUND

STORY

(Continued from page 39)

sharply against the desk-top: "I've no time for it."

"No time for me? Or no time for love?"

"Both."

Fleurot shrugged: "One tries," he said. "There's no harm if one tries."

"None at all," Constance said crisply.

"Very well, then," Fleurot said. "Back to science. Back to our very pleasant Green Manors, our little sanitarium. Back to our patients—our mad, interesting patients—and their neuroses and psychoses."

"Back to work," Constance said drily.

"To work," Fleurot nodded. "By the way, what do you think of our new head and master—Dr. Edwardes?"

"I don't know him."

"He's due in today."

"He's got a fine reputation. He's done some remarkable work in psychoanalysis. I think he'll measure up to the standard Murchison set here."

"It's a little sad for Murchison, isn't it?"

"Yes," Constance said. "It's a little sad."

They both looked out of the window again where the pleasant buildings of Green Manors held against the blue sky. You would never know, seeing them casually, that Green Manors was an institution for the mentally deranged.

turbulent minds . . .

Edwardes turned out to be, somehow, not quite what Constance expected. He was younger than she had thought, for one thing, remarkably young for one already so famous; and very slim, straight and tall. And handsome. Not that that made any difference to Constance.

It was all quite ridiculous. Yet she felt she was almost blushing as she re-read Edwardes' note asking her to drop by to discuss one of her patients. She shrugged angrily at herself and rose from her desk. She walked firmly down the hall and knocked crisply on the door to Doctor Edwardes' office.

She found him in his office with one of her patients, Garmes. Garmes was saying intensely: "Doctor Petersen has been very kind. I know she's trying to help. She tells me I have a guilt complex. But I tell you I killed my father—"

Constance said quietly: "It isn't true, Garmes. Sometimes people feel guilty for something they never did. It goes back deep into their childhood. It becomes a guilt complex. And one day instead of being a bad dream it becomes a reality to the patient."

"Yes," he said slowly. "That's right."

They watched Garmes go out of the office. And Constance had again the feeling that she had felt the first time she met Anthony Edwardes—that he was somehow under a strain.

"It's lovely country you have up here," he said.

"Yes, it is," Constance said.

"I've really never been shown around. I've a slight headache, I'd like to get out. I wonder—" The telephone rang and he bent to it with an irritated frown; he spoke into it in short, choppy sentences: "Yes, this is Doctor Edwardes . . . Who? . . . Norma Cramer? . . . I'm sorry I don't know who you are . . . please, I'm very busy . . ." He hung up sharply and turned back to Constance.

love from a stranger . . .

Late that night Constance was still up. She slipped into a dressing robe and snapped the light on in her room. She walked up and down restlessly. She

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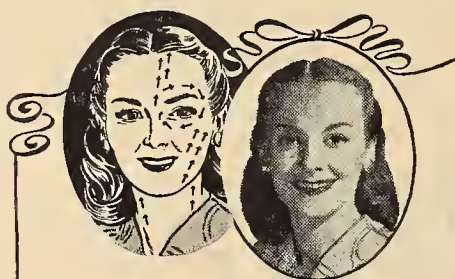
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couldn't sleep; images from the past day kept flashing through her mind—the lean, hard figure of Anthony Edwardes outlined against the sky as they climbed the hill behind Green Manors.

She pushed open her door and slipped noiselessly into the hall. She needed something to quiet her, a book perhaps. She'd find something in the library and read until her eyes closed over the heavy pages. Coming back from the library, she noticed a sliver of light under the door of Anthony Edwardes' room. Abruptly, she knocked . . .

Edwardes was still awake, seated at his desk. He looked tired, a little drawn. Constance stood awkwardly at the door for a moment.

She said a little unsteadily: "I was going to tell you that I came in because I wanted to talk to you about your book. I just took it out of the library. But that isn't true."

He said: "No?"

"No. It isn't. That isn't the reason."

"Did I tell you how much I enjoyed our little outing today?" he said. "It was kind of you. More than kind, really. And that isn't the point either." He leaned forward. "You're lovely, Constance. I know why you came in."

"Why?"

"Because something happened to us today. Because we're in love."

She was halfway across the room then, and she saw him rise and come toward her, and she knew then that it was true and that she was in love with him. She always remembered it that way, that sharp moment of realization just before he reached her, just before his face was buried against her own.

Then suddenly, he was pushing her away, and on the desk the phone was ringing insistently. He kept staring at her.

"Tony," she said, "what's wrong?"

He said tensely: "I'm all right."

"What is it?"

"It's not you. The robe. The white-robe. The lines on it."

He became aware of the ringing of the phone, and he turned to it slowly. "Who? . . . Garmes . . . attempted suicide . . . is in surgery . . . yes, of course, I'll be over."

He said slowly to Constance: "I'm all right now. You heard what I said on the telephone. Garmes has run amuck. We've got to get over there . . ."

But he wasn't all right. At surgery, Constance watched him closely. She saw it when his whole face tightened as he leaned over the operating table, his knuckles like small white lamps gripping the edge of the table.

"What are we doing? Why are the lights out? Put them on. Unlock the doors. You idiots. What do you know about guilt complexes? He did it. He said so, didn't he? Put on the lights . . ."

He was weaving, and he began to fall before Constance got to him. It was Fleurot who caught him.

"Heart, do you think?" Fleurot said.

"Overwork," Constance said. "You could see he was under a strain."

anonymous love . . .

She sat with the book in her hands beside his bed under the dim light waiting for him to wake. The book was opened to the flyleaf. On it was Anthony Edwardes' autograph. Beside it was the note Edwardes had sent her to come to talk to him about Garmes.

The handwritings were different!

His eyes were opening. Then he saw her, and he half smiled and tried to say something.

"I folded, didn't I?" he said.

Her hands were flat on the book, and she said quietly: "Who are you?"

"So you know . . . I don't know who I

am . . . Not Edwardes . . . I couldn't be Edwardes . . . because I killed him . . ."

She said softly: "Do you remember what I told Garmes? About a guilt complex? I think this is the same thing, Tony. You're suffering from amnesia . . . and we can cure that. And we can cure your fears about Edwardes . . ."

"Fears? It's not a fear. I must have killed Edwardes. How did I know his name? You're right. There's a locked door in my mind. But behind that locked door is—murder . . ."

"Tony, trust me. You must trust me."

He said steadily: "I do."

"Then you'll do what I say?"

"What do you want?"

"Go to sleep now. Rest. And in the morning we'll go at it again."

But he didn't keep his promise. He left in the night, stealing away from Green Manors. And it was just as well that he did. For the girl who had called him earlier, Norma Cramer, came to Green Manors late that night . . . with a sheriff. She had been Edwardes' secretary, and she had recognized on the phone that it was not the voice of her employer. The sheriff questioned Constance; and she said she knew nothing, she didn't know where he had fled . . .

And all the time she was aware of the sharp press of the square envelope she was trying to hide, the letter she had found under her door. A letter that read:

"Dear Constance:

I cannot involve you in this. I am going away. If the police come, tell them they can find me at the Empire State Hotel in New York. I will be there alone . . . waiting . . ."

Constance listened for the sound of the sheriff's car driving away from Green

Manors. And then she moved swiftly. She packed a small bag. In the dark corridor, she paused listening. Quiet. Then finally she ran down the hall and out the door. It seemed strange: How long ago was it, forty-eight hours? Forty-eight hours ago she had been a woman untouched, devoted only to her work. Now she was running off, like a thief, to find a man who had possibly committed a murder. Now she only knew that she was in love and that somehow she had to help this man . . .

She found him at the hotel.

"Tony, I had to come."

"Where are the others?"

"I'm alone."

"The police?"

"They don't know where you are, Tony. You mustn't tell them yet. Let me try. Tony, I can help you. I can help both of us. Do you remember how we climbed the hill behind Green Manors? I knew then I loved you . . ."

"Love," he said bitterly. "I love you with all my heart. With all of a murderer's heart. I can't let you risk—"

She was close to him, reaching toward him, pleadingly: "I can help you, Tony." She found his hands and holding them to her lips, she suddenly saw the scars like two vivid tracks: "Tony, you've been hurt. You've been in an accident. Where?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"I don't know."

"They're burns. Where could you have been burned?"

His face was tortured: "Air . . . I was in the air . . ."

"Alone?"

"No. There were others. A plane. Yes, a plane. Transport, Medical Corps. Over Rome. Hit us. Caught fire . . ." He fell back against the back of the chair.

"Tony," she said. "We know now. We

know you were a doctor in the medical corps. That you were hit by flak, and the plane exploded . . ."

He said: "Yes, I think I can remember that now—"

"It's something to go on, Tony."

"It's something go on," he said flatly. "Until we reach the point where I remember meeting Dr. Edwardes . . ."

lost memory . . .

The days became nightmares of urgency and tension. They had to flee, always just ahead of the police, because a clerk became suspicious, or a bellboy suddenly eyed them too sharply. They were always afraid. And in the stolen quiet minutes they had to probe, always deeper into the forgotten past. Until Tony turned on her, his face contorted, almost with hatred, crying: "Stop it, stop it!"

But little by little the picture was coming clearer. His initials were J.B.; he had been in the war; he was a doctor; there was something in the past, in his childhood, that weighed heavily.

It didn't all tie in yet. And then Constance decided to take him to Brulov, the man who had been her teacher. So one night they found themselves in Brulov's small house in Rochester, knowing the police weren't far behind. Brulov knew, of course. You couldn't fool Brulov.

"Maybe you are a fool," said Brulov. "This man quite possibly did murder Edwardes. In any case his condition is always dangerous. You never know what he might do. Still if you want me to help . . . yes . . ."

So they prodded Tony once more, forcing him to talk, making him declare any nonsense that entered his mind.

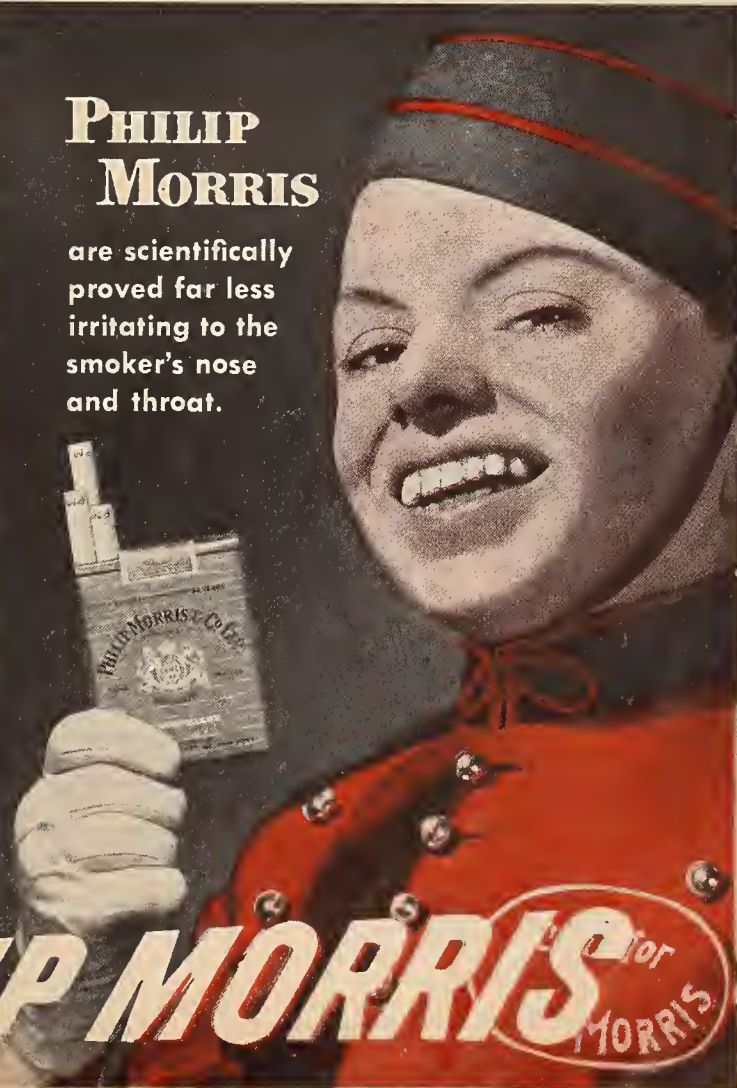
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the proprietor comes in . . . he has an argument with the bearded man . . . suddenly I am on a high place . . . I see a man teetering on the edge of a roof . . .

Outside it began to snow. The soft white flakes danced like a white curtain before the window, filling it, until the whole window was white. Tony suddenly stopped talking, staring at the window. And then he rose and he said unsteadily: "Pull down the shade. PULL it down!"

He fell back into the chair. Constance was at his side in a moment. She stroked his face and she said: "It's all right now, darling, it's all right. It's coming clear."

Brulov said: "Leave him alone. He will be all right in a moment."

Constance said eagerly: "The high place . . . a mountain of some sort. And the teetering man was Edwardes, of course. He must have seen Edwardes fall off a cliff or a mountain. That was how it happened. But where, what mountain?" "His fear of white," Brulov said. "That must be connected. Perhaps a mountain covered with snow. A winter resort."

"A skiing resort!" Constance said. "Edwardes was wild about skiing. Yes, of course. That's where it must have been. Do you remember Tony, talking at one point about swooping, about wings. Perhaps that has to do with the name. Heaven. Or Angel. Angel Valley . . ."

He was coming out of it now and he sat up slowly in his chair and he said in a far-away voice: "Gabriel Valley . . ."

"That's it, then, Tony," Constance said. "We know now. All that's left to do is to go out there. We can discover the rest if you and I piece together what must have happened between you and Edwardes."

"You mean reenact it?" Tony said slowly. She nodded.

"And suppose that I did kill Edwardes. That he didn't fall off the cliff. That I pushed him off—"

"Then," Brulov said flatly, "you might try the same thing with Constance."

"No," Tony whispered. "No."

"We must try," Constance said. "Listen to me. I know this is not scientific. But I am certain there's no murder in your soul. I know it because I love you. Loving you, I know what you must be like inside."

missing link . . .

His eyes were on her as they came down the slope together. Gabriel Valley lay wreathed under the cold sun. The snow glistened and sparkled like a carpet of white gems down the side of the mountain. They had begun at the very top of the run, and now gathering speed, they were weaving down the mountainside, Constance a little bit ahead. She looked behind her and waved to Tony.

This was the place. Here in a few moments, a few minutes at the most, they would discover what had happened that day with Edwardes. Constance believed with all of her heart, and yet . . . She couldn't help the growing sense of tension and she looked back to Tony, trying to see his face, against the whip of the snow.

Then it happened, so swiftly that she had no time to think. The ski trail curved right, and she swooped with it. Suddenly ahead she saw the lip of a cliff. It had been hidden from view until this last moment, this last turn. She knew she was going too fast to stop or to turn aside. It came looming up at her with all the terrible speed of a waiting fate. Then, in the moment before she steeled herself for the fling into space and nothingness, she felt the smash of a body against her own and abruptly she felt the whip of snow against her as she rolled on the ground.

She sat up. Tony was sitting up not very far away. His face was dead white, white as the snow. He was staring at her with glazed, almost closed eyes. But even then

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she knew what must have happened, and her heart was singing.

"Tony—" she said. "Do you see how it must have been? You were skiing with Edwardes as you were with me. He was out in front as you came toward the cliff. You saw it coming and you tried to warn Edwardes. You tried to catch him and stop him as you caught and stopped me. But he was going too fast. You never caught him. He went over the side—"

Tony was shuddering; "Poor man. And you. You might have—"

And then he reached for her.

They were almost gay, waiting in the lodge before the fireplace. They felt free for the first time in weeks. They had gone to the sheriff and had told him the story. He was out now to retrieve Edwardes' body. If they found it there, it would corroborate Tony's story.

They sat together on the long leather sofa before the fire and watched the flames leap and sputter over the logs.

"I always loved you," she said. "I think from the first time I saw you."

"The first time I saw you," Tony said, "you were frowning over one of your reports."

"I promise never to frown again."

"Darling," he said. "Darling."

They heard the sheriff then, stamping his feet clear outside. As soon as he came in, they rose, looking toward him. He said:

"Yes, we found him there."

"I told you," Constance said.

The sheriff said softly: "There was a bullet in his back—"

It was Tony who first saw what he meant and watching him, Constance, saw the light drain from his eyes until they went dazed and tired again.

"I arrest you for the murder of Dr. Edwardes," the sheriff was saying.

quaint question mark . . .

She was on the train again, going back to Green Manors. For there was nothing else to do just now. She couldn't help Tony. She needed time to think. She needed the quiet of Green Manors to go over the whole thing again and find out where she had made her mistake, where she had forgotten some terribly important detail. It was there in the dreams, she was sure . . . the answer. Tony hadn't killed Edwardes. But who had?

The familiar buildings of Green Manors were flowing past. She would be in the station soon. She remembered painfully each detail of how he looked and what he said. She remembered the slope of his jaw and the swimming depths of his eyes and the wonderful joy of his smile. It couldn't be Tony.

The train slid to stop. She reached for her small bag. And on familiar ground, looking at the sweeping elms and the quiet hills, the question beat insistently; and she knew that she would have to find an answer. Who killed Dr. Edwardes?

She walked steadily down the tree-lined road: Who?

THE CAST

Dr. Petersen.....*Ingrid Bergman*
J. B.....*Gregory Peck*
Matron.....*Jean Acker*
Harry.....*Donald Curtis*
Miss Carmichael....*Rhonda Fleming*
Dr. Fleurot.....*John Emery*
Dr. Murchison.....*Leo G. Carroll*
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Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream



EVERYTHING'S JAKE!

(Continued from page 36)

directions, catching bugs with his wide open mouth.

"Hey, you guys!" yelled an older seaman who'd been on this run before. "Don't you know that what goes up comes down? Get below before some shrapnel tags you!"

Dick Jaeckel wouldn't have left that deck even if they'd slapped him in irons.

When Richard Hanley Jaeckel starts to add up all the thrills he collected on his first cruise in the U. S. Merchant Marine Service, he has to stop and think. There was the great thrill of planting his feet on the bridge and steering a fast ship loaded with Yank troops and war cargo to distant battlefields. The bang, too, of buddying up with other rugged guys dedicated to getting the stuff through that licks the Japs. There was the thrill of danger, the rumors of subs and blasted ships on the very course his own tub steered. The excited crackle of "S-O-S" coming through the night from a tanker swamped in a heavy gale. The mingled thrills and shocks of finding dead Japs piled up below Suicide Cliff on Saipan and still littering the bloody pillboxes of the Marshalls. The color of new horizons, strange lands, exotic people, a luau in Hawaii, a stockade of Jap prisoners on Saipan, the Mariana island natives, the waterfronts of the big Pacific ports.

no more "chicken" . . .

You might as well get this straight about Dick right now: All that "baby" stuff they iced him with like a birthday cake in both his movies is out the window—*fini, kaput*, washed up. It always irked Dick that "cute kid" stuff that stuck after his "Chicken" baby Marine part in "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Beezy," the Navy infant in "Wing and a Prayer." Maybe that's why Dick was such a reluctant dragon about being a movie star, why he had to be practically roped and hog-tied by Darryl Zanuck to make his second picture after the first one brought him raves.

It burned Dick to an even finer crisp to realize that he was young—darn it—seventeen, that he looked kiddish with his crew cut, round face, big eyes and wide grin. When actually he had had all his growing pains years ago and was a member in good standing with a bunch of he-guys, the JUGS (Just Us Guys), every one of whom was an athlete like Dick himself, and most of whom had beat him long ago to this war business.

It didn't make it any easier to get the razz from his pals about being a swoon kid in times like these when guys grew up fast. And even when he'd pestered his anxious mother into signing consent for him to be a Maritimer and escaped to "Guadalcanal" (as the Maritimer boots tabbed the Catalina Island training camp), he ran right into the same old malarkey.

"Chick-en!" Every time he passed a certain seaman he got that jeering call in a tone that was nasty. "Hel-lo, Chick-en. How's my Chick-en?" The guy had seen the movie of course. He resented Dick. He poured it on, with unprintable variations. Dick was a lowly boot and helpless. If he even talked back, he was out on his ear. All he could do was cut his palms with his nails and growl down deep in his throat. But it made him sick—mad.

That same razz-artist wrote Dick a letter not long ago, incidentally, and Dick got it by air mail, way out on a Pacific Isle. "Look, Jake," he wrote. "I'm sorry I needled you in boot camp. It was a lousy trick. I thought you were a Hollywood punk, but you can take it, and you're

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okay in my book. Have a good trip, and I wonder—would you write me once in a while? I'd sure like to hear what's cookin' with you."

But it was a mess of things like that back last fall, along with Dick Jaeckel's urge to get clear away on his own, that made him sit right down on the idea of passing more time in the US Maritime cadets, training to be a ship's officer. One of his JUG pals, Jay Richards, went for that and just graduated the other day. Dick's pretty young mother, Millicent, liked the idea for Dick, too. Dick's young mater has always been more like a pal to him than a parent. But she's only human. Mothers always want the best break for their sons. But Dick had to have action, and he knew it. He couldn't stand any more school. When he and his JUG pal, John McCroskey, who'd enlisted and booted through camp with him, qualified for ordinary seamen and had weathered their shakedown jobs on a channel boat, Dick and he decided the time had come to shake loose for the real thing. They signed on for a sea voyage out of San Francisco.

Dick didn't even stop home in Hollywood to say goodbye. There might be complications. Jake and John hit the highway thumbing north up the Coast. In Frisco he called his mother and told her the news. "I'm shipping out," he said. "I don't know where, but I think it's the South Seas, Espiritos Santos, the Fijis, maybe Saipan. Don't you worry."

rich man's poor boy . . .

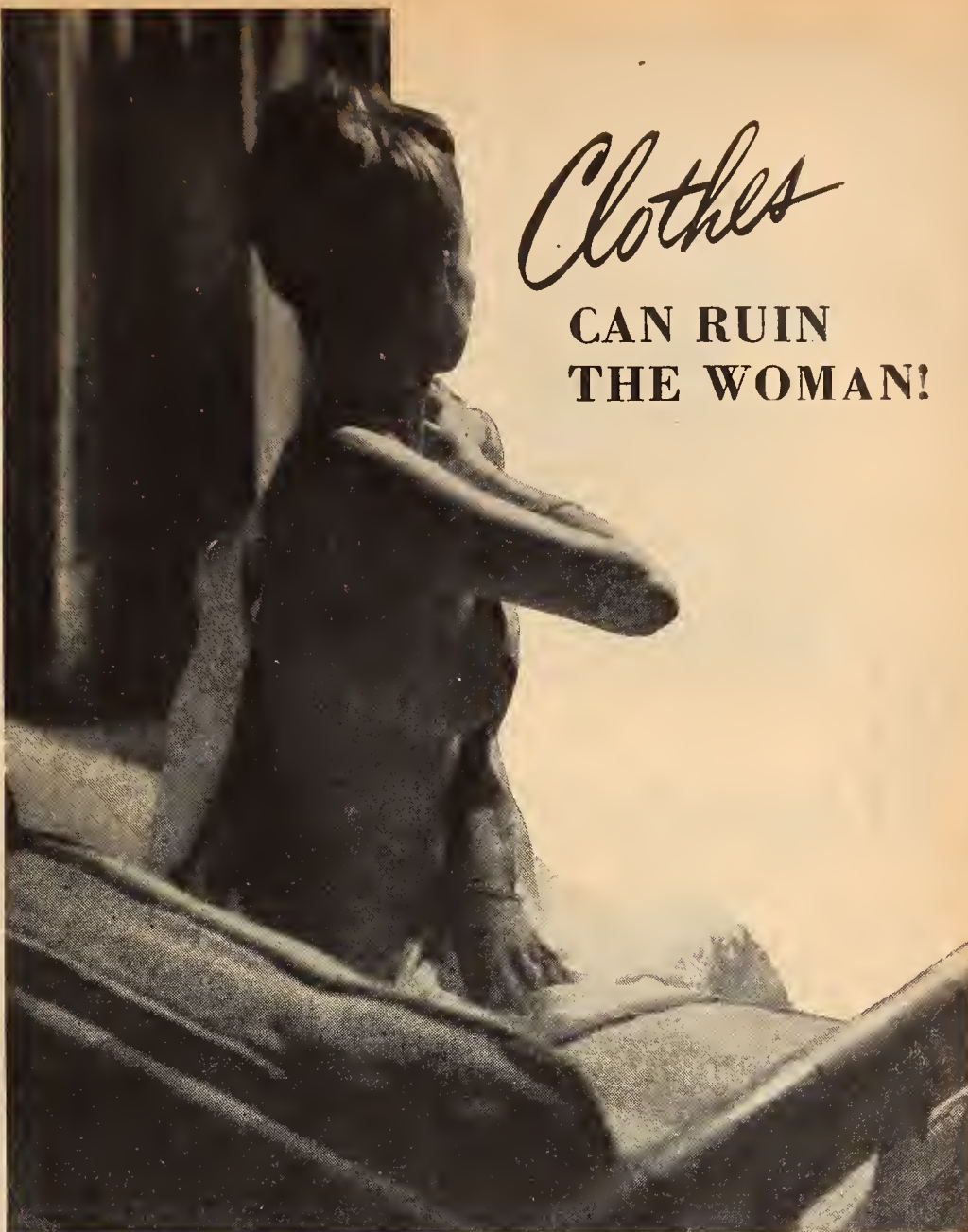
It was R. Hanley Jaeckel's first break-away from home in his young life. Purposely, he carried only a few bucks to eat on. He'd sold his car, the snappy '36 heap, in Los Angeles and mailed the check home to be banked. He thought he'd be berthed aboard ship right away, so he was stony broke when he hit San Francisco. Dick has always held a high disdain for money. He's even sensitive about it. Although his folks, fur magnates, have never had to bother too much about where their next dollar came from, Dick has preferred to act all along like a poor boy.

But he'd never been busted before, clear away from home with the problem of meals and a place to flop. There was some waiting on his shipping papers. Dick checked into a crummy waterfront hotel on the strength of his pay to come, \$8 a week. It was hardly the Waldorf. The rooms had no doors, for one thing, and when the dock wallopers, stevedores and seamen came roaring in at night off a spree anything was likely to happen, and usually did. To anyone else it might have been a sordid experience, but to adventurous Dick it was swell. He battled the fleas and the noisy guests who stumbled into his room. By day he stripped to the waist and stevedored cargo on board the C-1 to earn his check. At night he learned to stay away from the hotel until it was late enough to sleep. With Johnnie McCroskey he sampled the waterfront bars and clip joints, just to get toughened up. That's where Dick had his first fight.

situation well in hand . . .

It was a booze-happy Marine on leave who started it. He was a big guy, but he was out of line, and when he spied Dick and Johnnie come into the bar, he got nasty about "civilian punks." He inferred in blunt language that they ought to be home in bed and not out getting in the way of a Marine on a tear.

"Say that outside," invited Dick, because he was sore. First because of that kid stuff. That was like a red flag to a young bull. Second, because he was a U. S. Merchant Mariner with a Union Card saying "Richard Hanley Jaeckel.



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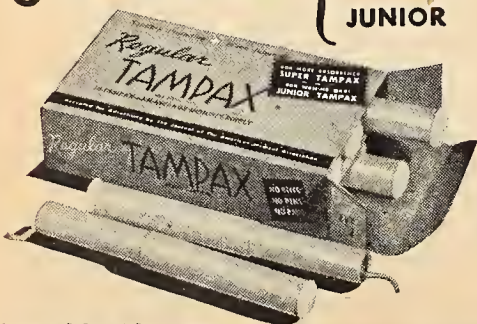
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Member in good standing, Sailor's Union of the Pacific." The Merchant Marine don't wear uniforms on shore leave unless they want to, but that was no sign he had to take any guff, not the way he felt after shouldering plane parts into the C-1 hold all day.

Well, nobody got hurt, but they had it out in the alley, and when it was over, the situation wasn't well in hand for that Marine. But it was for Jake.

Dick's not touchy or belligerent, but he is handy with his dukes and, being an ex-high school football, basketball and track star, he's nobody to pick on. He had to square off again once later aboard ship when a sailor started pushing him around because he looked young and tender. Only the second time victory came high for Dick. The captain called him up and told him sternly that scrapping wasn't done aboard that particular ship. What's more, he fined Dick \$40 in pay. But it was worth that to Dick to slap down any last, lingering hangovers of that "Baby" and "Chicken" stuff.

Seaman Jake Jaeckel was neither rich nor good lookin' as you'd expect a movie star to be by the time his "tub" steamed out the Golden Gate. What few bucks he made stevedoring on the San Francisco Embarcadero and the Oakland docks he had to blow for a durable satchel of gear—dungarees, weather jacket, slicker, socks, shoes and shirts. It set him back thirty dollars, and he stowed it all in one little bag along with a few assorted brands of smell pomades and toilet goos. They've always called Dick "The Lotion King" because he smears himself with the most odoriferous preparations in the drug shoppes.

John McCroskey, Dick Jaeckel and crew heaved anchor in the 5000-ton C-1 after 15 days loading, and they hadn't even cleared San Francisco's beautiful bay before they knew that anything could happen on this cruise—and probably would. They slipped out fast in a fog (a C-1 is a war-built cargo ship not as big as a Liberty tub but faster) with the fog horn giving out with a "Bee—O—Bee—O" blast every couple of seconds, it seemed. Just by luck it was on Dick's watch that they almost smacked this other steamer in the pea soup mist. Dick was standing by watching the helmsman when he spotted the gray hulk sliding right across their bow not farther away than he could spit, it seemed. Then he got knocked to the floor when the engines reversed, and the ship shuddered like it had just suffered a Sunday punch. It seemed to Dick that the two ships peeled the paint off each other if it wasn't blistered off first by the skipper's cussing.

It was mostly a green crew that manned the ship, so the few old timers thought they were in for some fun. Dick was no old salt or anything like that, but he'd been fairly water wise ever since his catboat days as a kid off Long Island. Neither he nor John McCroskey were lubbers enough to fall for the guff that went on. In spite of their training, it took a long time to get wise to all the lines and shackles and hitches and hatches and to savvy automatically the snappy orders the bos'un sang out. But Dick wasn't born yesterday, and he was on the lookout for gags.

He didn't have to wait long. First came along a salty seaman carrying a pole long enough to vault over the bridge. "All right, mate," he told Dick. "Get forward and stand by to pick up the mail buoy." "The what?" said Dick.

"Mail buoy. You'll see it. Just keep a sharp look out at the bow, and when you see the mail bag, hook it with this here pole. Mail buoys are parked along the ocean every hundred miles, you know." "Oh, yeah?" said Dick, giving him his

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toughest look and spitting over the side into the wind. "I'm not expecting any letters."

rest in peace . . .

Of course, Merchant Mariners don't sit around all the time cooking up ribs and practical jokes. Dick had to work like all the rest, and when he finally got back in San Francisco after his 4 months at sea, his clothes were so far gone from rips and tears, so messed up with paint stains that he just tied them all up in a shirt and slipped them over the side into San Francisco Bay with a "Rest in Peace" prayer.

The only miseries he endured were just laughs, really. A piston rod down in the engine room smashed his finger and made him swear blue blazes once when he was oiling the engines. The tub tangled with a few squalls and storms, but Seaman Jake never even had a butterfly tummy until the home trip when they hit a real hurricane that blew waves up to the flying bridge. It reached its peak just after he'd been to mess and gone up to take the wheel. That's when the "S-O-S" came from two cargo ships sixty miles back who cracked into each other in the twister. It could have been that excitement, some bum chow or just a plain case of too much weather for a green sailor.

aloha ho! . . .

That's something Seaman Jaeckel doesn't talk about though—unless he plays truth and consequences. He'd much rather dwell, if he has to, on more pleasant aspects—like Honolulu, Hawaii, the first port of call. Dick had never seen the Islands. So he acted just like any tourist. He charged out to Waikiki Beach, hired a surfboard and skimmed in on the long rollers that are nowhere else in the world.

But it wasn't until his last night on the Islands that Dick got a look at the real Hawaii. A cop he'd met in San Francisco ran into him and Johnnie McC. hanging around the bright spots and gave them the Word. "This ain't the real thing," he explained. "It's just sucker stuff. Come along with me, and I'll show you boys the McCoy."

He steered them off to a Hawaiian family he knew who were tossing a *luau*, which is a combination clambake, jive-jump and old home week. Dick saw the real hula there (and even cut a few grass mats himself). He feasted on raw fish, rice and a dozen exotic chow entrees, and he heard native scat numbers that made the records he'd heard sound phony. He learned that "Aloha" meant everything from "I love you" to "bottoms up" and even "goodbye." He sailed next day with a slight *okolehau* hangover but with some wonderful memories and a new chapter in his education completed. Another one started the minute the "tub" steamed out of Pearl Harbor for the South Seas.

They took on troops in Hawaii and joined a convoy, zig-zagging clear to Eniwetok in the Marshalls and that took a lot of time. With all those GIs on board and time on their hands—guess what happened? That's right—the tub turned into a floating Monte Carlo, only not so elegant.

In no time at all Jake Jaeckel was sharp as a tack on the finer points of pedro, stud poker, pitch and acey-deucey, and his crap rolling arm was well broken in.

Of all the chapters of Dick Jaeckel's seagoing education, however, Saipan is the only one printed in red ink. Dick was a good guesser when he picked that rugged island as one of the C-1's destinations, away back in Frisco. One dawn Dick saw the rugged isle looming out of the clear Pacific sea, and he would have sworn it was Catalina back home, except for all the greenery. The first minute they had off from duty, Dick and John hustled

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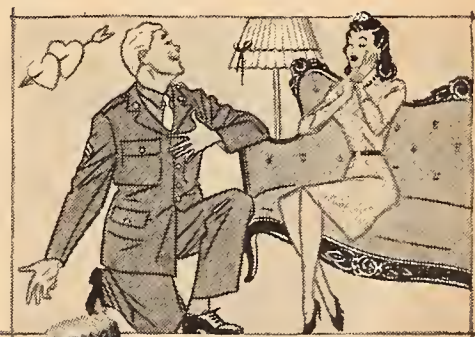


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Gay Plum: Luscious, exotic—yet winsome and young. Intensifies the appeal of dark-eyed beauties with medium complexions.

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PRINCESS PAT
BEAUTY AIDS

ashore lugging sacks for souvenirs, and they weren't disappointed, although they had some trouble with the MPs every now and then.

Dick and his buddy set out to explore the island from the low shelf where the Marines first landed to the high cliff where the last of the desperate Japs took headers into the surf—Suicide Cliff they call it now. Along the way they collected Nip helmets, knives, Jap ammunition and insignia, and stuffed them in their souvenir bag. Dick craved a Jap rifle, but the Marines had got there first.

shooting the works . . .

They made a lot of trips like that—about every day between deck watches. They visited native villages and picked up a few words of Saipanese, or whatever you call it. Dick saw his first women in weeks on Saipan in—of all places—a Jap prison stockade. He saw his first movies in weeks, too, on Saipan at the famous open air theaters which every Hollywood star on tour has visited, from Betty Hutton to Bob Hope. "Jane Eyre" and "Up in Arms" were the hot features.

Six separate times while Dick's ship was lying off Saipan, the Japs came over for a whack at the bomber field. Sometimes day and sometimes night, and it happened so suddenly that every time, it seemed to Dick, it was over before it got started, and he kept kicking himself because he hadn't brought a camera along.

Dick and his mates started "sweating out Christmas" on Saipan away back on December 1. One day the scuttlebutt said they would sail and make it home in time for egg-nog. The next day a black rumor of delay would pop up. Finally sailing orders came through, but that very day so did reports that Japs had been sinking ships between there and Pearl Harbor.

"That means we zig-zag," gloomed Dick. "All over the ocean. Get home around Easter, maybe."

When that was all cleared up, the next word was that their cargo home would be troops going back on leave.

"Well, that means we go convoy," mused Johnnie dolefully. "The creeps—we'll hang our stockings up in a porthole yet—wait and see!"

home was never like this . . .

But just to show how those things work out: What really happened was that the C-1 sailed home riding high and empty and never even stopped at Pearl Harbor, but came straight on into San Fran.

Dick Jaeckel thought he could hardly wait for the train to roll down the Coast back to Hollywood. His pants were bulging from his payoff dough, almost four months of it and quite a wad—every dollar of it earned. A seaman gets two days leave for every week at sea, too, and it added up to almost a full month of liberty for Dick. He twirled his brand new silver Merchant Marine anchor ring and visioned what a kick it would be when he slipped on his comfy old sports jacket and slacks, settled down at home in an easy chair and got ready to tell the gang of JUGs all about it and after that—well—called up a certain Girl and just said casually, "Guess who this is?" Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! You could say that again.

It would be a very nice way to end Dick's sea-going saga, all right. But when I saw Dick, things hadn't quite worked out as expected. "Hollywood," stated Seaman Jake, "is lousy." He looked rested, recuperated and fit as a fiddle and definitely not the type, age nor temperament to take such a bearish view of life. But there'd been some changes made. I guess there are reasons at that. C'est la guerre.

For one thing, the housing shortage had caught up with his mother, Millicent, and

she was living around at friends'. So Dick stayed with his pal, Jay Richards, just back from the Maritime cadet school.

As for the JUGs—heck, there was nobody around. They were all scattered to the seven corners of the world. No bull sessions. Dick fooled around a little, taking in the Palladium, some solid cafes and a couple of parties with his mother, and got on the phone to stir up things, but it wasn't too successful. He didn't even go out to the studio.

So he clipped his leave short by ten days and signed to ship out of New Orleans on a tanker at the earliest sailing. He thought he'd like to cruise as far away as possible—maybe to South America and whatever the tip of that is—Patagonia? (Could be that's where Dick is now.) He'll be an Able Seaman in two more months, and if he feels then like he feels now, he'll go right on striking for mate's papers and sail around for years and years.

Oh yes—I forgot to mention another thing about that sad situation Dick Jaeckel found when he got home. This Girl. It seems she was a casualty of war or rather a bitter example of what a sea-going man is always running up against.

She was engaged. Practically married. I don't know how much that had to do with Dick Jaeckel's outlook—but I could guess. He seemed to take it very philosophically. "Chalk it up to experience," said Dick in a low voice.

Which is another sign the guy's getting grown up, even if he's still only eighteen.

DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY

During the time that World War II claimed 121,363 American lives, 495,000 Americans died from cancer.

Those are statistics. Those 495,000 human beings were not. They were flesh and bone and spirit, men, women and babies, possibly loved ones from your own family, almost half of whom could have been saved if the public had contributed enough money to carry on adequate experimentation and detection clinics.

Last year 18,000 children under 14 died of this disease, one in every eight adults died of it and if this ratio continues, 17,000,000 of today's living Americans will die of cancer.

These are not pretty figures to read. They are not pretty to think about. Especially when not one of us has a guarantee that we will not be that 1 out of 8 to so die.

Cancer can be cured. It can be arrested. But money is needed to carry on the work. April has been designated "Cancer Control Month"—so for every movie you see, soda you drink, magazine you buy, put aside an equal amount to give to the Cancer Drive.

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THEY JUST COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE

(Continued from page 42)

might depend on how Mr. Payne felt about it—

Mr. Payne felt fine about it. He knocked at the door that Saturday night—

"Who is it?"

"Payne," said John. And Gloria opened the door to her future husband.

They looked cute together at the party—he so big, she so little. It hadn't been as strange as Gloria'd expected. They got lost, which was funny, because John kept saying he could find the Ladd place with his eyes shut—

"Maybe you'd better shut them then," she suggested.

But they just went up and down hills and asked people, and finally a little boy said, "Sure. There's a heck of a party around the corner—"

For two people who'd never met before, conversation proved surprisingly easy. They stayed till 10:30, dropped by at the Clover Club for one dance, then he took her home—

"It's been awfully nice," said Gloria. "I had fun—"

"Me, too," said John.

now i know . . .

No sparks flew. It wasn't love at first sight, it was just a date. Marriage? Don't be silly. At nineteen and headed for stardom, Gloria had things to do. Also definite views on the marriage question, packed with good, hard sentiment. No marrying for her, just to be married. When the right man came along, she'd know him. If it meant waiting till she was 30 or older, she'd wait. As for John, his mind was on the house he'd just bought—on Julie, his daughter—on picking up the career he'd dropped when he enlisted in '42—on anything but marriage—

That's how it was when they met, and when John phoned her a couple of days later and took her to the Cugat opening at Ciro's. Just a date. Just good company for each other. From the first he called her Button. Never Gloria. "I'd like you to meet Button De Haven," he'd say. They went to movies and to the beach, and he came to dinner at Gloria's house. Both dated other people. But the better they got to know each other, the better they liked being together—

It took a separation to make them realize what was happening. John left on a camp tour and was gone for two weeks. Gloria went out with other boys, but didn't seem to care about it much. The world was a little askew till the phone rang one night, and she heard John's voice again. Then she went away—to Palm Springs with her mother and sister. And John came down, and that's when they both began wondering—

To outsiders, the whole thing seemed sudden. They met in September and were married on December 28th. To Gloria and John, the only sudden part was the wedding date. They hadn't known each other long, but they'd made it their business to know each other well.

Coming home from the beach one day, John had said: "How would you feel about not dating anyone else?"

They talked it over. It wasn't to be an engagement, just a kind of test. If they missed seeing other people, they'd know it wasn't right. Well, they found it was right, that's the best way they know how to put it. Being together gave them a sense

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of peace, being together made them feel right inside—

They talked everything out beforehand. Their careers. Julie. Gloria's mother. She's very close to her mother. Mrs. De Haven thought John was wonderful, but Gloria was her baby. Her engagement might come as a shock. Gloria wouldn't do anything to hurt her mother. . . They talked out all the problems—present, past and future—and how to deal with them—John with the soberness of experience, Gloria with a wisdom beyond her years. This marriage had to be built on granite, this was for keeps—

Then Gloria told her mother. To her mother, it did come as a bolt from the blue and no one's pretending otherwise. But after the first shock and the hugs and the tears, Mrs. De Haven asked only one question. "Are you sure, Gloria?"

"So sure—"

It wasn't the words so much, as a look in the shining, steadfast eyes. "Then that's all I want to know—"

John phoned his mother in Virginia. "Don't be surprised when you hear I'm engaged, Mom—"

"Wonderful, son. Now we can send you your hope chest." It was a great day for Rosie, John's aunt, who's 70-odd and sews like an angel. She'd started on his linens when John went into the Army. But they sent Gloria something better than linens. It came that night while she was at the movies with John. Mother left it under the little nightlight in the bathroom. "We'll just love having you in the family," it said. "All our love. Mom and Rosie."

They wanted a honeymoon, so they planned to marry when John finished "The Dolly Sisters." Meantime, there was plenty to do. The house, for instance—Colonial with green shutters—the kind of house Gloria'd always wanted to live in—

"Now I know why I bought it," said John.

Decorating had been started along strictly masculine lines. "Now I know why I'm marrying you," Gloria said. "So I can change things—"

They went to the beach a lot. Gloria'd never had much time for sports. Under John's tutelage, she was learning how much fun she'd been missing. At Palm Springs he gave her her first riding lessons. Now he was teaching her to swim. One day he appeared on his motorbike, and her mother and Marjorie watched wide-eyed as little Gloria climbed up, tucked her arms round his waist and went snorting off as cool as you please—she, who'd never even *smelled* a motorbike till that minute—

Often, they'd take Julie along to the beach. She calls Gloria Button too, and they're fast friends. What's more, Gloria and Anne Shirley are friends, which speaks volumes for both. We'd like to quote Gloria on the subject, because we've rarely heard clear, straight, grownup thinking better expressed—

commonsensical . . .

"It's ridiculous to imagine we shouldn't meet. or that we'd meet and freeze each other up. We've got one terribly important thing in common—Julie's happiness. Anne brings her over and the baby sees us together and accepts it as natural. In February, Anne's marrying Adrian Scott. Julie'll spend her time between us. She adores her mother, but she's also fond of me. No one could ever replace her father, but she likes Mr. Scott. That's how we all want it. That way, there's no strain or tension for the baby. There'll be two homes where she's loved and needed, and she'll grow up knowing that the people in those homes are friends—"

Saturday before Christmas, they went to a dinner party attended by a few close friends.

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No matter what color hair you have, you can give it fresh sparkle and achieve a smart new color effect with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse! You can enrich the natural hair color ... give it a "warmer" tone or a "cooler" hue ... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the back of the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give the effect you desire.

After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all soap film! Your hair is glorious with shining new color ... softer and more manageable, too!

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1335-D Chicago (11), Ill.



"When are you going to be married?" someone asked.

They'd given up the idea of waiting for "The Dolly Sisters." It looked as though John might go straight from that into another, and Gloria's schedule was still more uncertain. They'd been thinking of January. John would finish recording on the morning of the 28th, and be free till the 12th—

Up spoke a voice. "What's wrong with the 28th? You'll have almost two weeks."

Out of the hubbub and laughter, the crossfire of questions and answers and suggestions, two voices finally rose—

"I can manage," said Gloria calmly.

"Then what are we waiting for?" asked John.

You couldn't do anything Sunday, and Monday was Christmas. Gloria's family had dinner at John's. He gave her a topaz, to be set in a ring—and a tweed topcoat, made by his own tailor. She gave him a pair of gold cuff links, bought before their engagement was announced. Marjorie had been dubious. "D'you think it's all right, giving a man jewelry?"

"For this man, it's all right." That's when Marjorie began wondering—

The shopping turned out to be a snap. For the wedding, an adorable ice-blue satin suit, blue being John's favorite color. Sidney Guilaroff at the studio was going to make her hat. On Christmas Day, she'd worn the blue angora sweater Marjorie knitted, with a matching band in her hair and a beige wool skirt. John was so crazy about it, he'd asked her to wear it for going away—under the new topcoat. Mother gave her the most exciting thing in her trousseau—a powder-blue maribou jacket that came to her knees. From the age of nine, she'd pined for a maribou jacket. But when birthdays and Christmas rolled around, there was always something else she really needed—

Two whirling days and their memories. Teasing Marjorie, their maid of honor, who was wearing white—

"She'll look more like a bride than I will—"

"What happens if I get nervous and marry the wrong girl?"

Gloria's horrible fear that she'd say something wrong in the responses. She and John getting out their prayerbooks, and rehearsing the beautiful solemn words together. Dinner with John Wednesday, saying good night for the last time as Button De Haven. Going home to supervise the packing, but Mother and Dad and Marjorie had it all done—

Last minute things next morning. Everything perfect, except she had to wear rayon stockings. John always teased her because they bagged at the knees. Imagine walking down the aisle with your knees bagging. But what could you do, if rayon was all you had? Then, an hour before the wedding, Ann Rutherford like an angel to the rescue—

"Hold everything. I've got a pair of nylons for you."

Dressing at the church. Sidney Guilaroff came with her hat—the loveliest miniature picture hat—blue satin crown, black tulle brim, blue roses. Her suit was new and blue, the little pearls in her ears and round her throat were old, the prayerbook was borrowed from Marjorie. John's white orchids were pinned to her shoulder, and she felt fine, thank you, not a bit nervous. Next thing she knew, they had smelling salts at her nose—

oh, promise me ...

The tiny sweet church in Beverly was candlelit, and trimmed with white gladiolas. The family and a few close friends had gathered. The wedding march, and two small boys walking down the aisle, lighting the altar candles. Then Marjorie. Then

IF JUMPY NERVES KEEP ME AWAKE
WHEN I NEED REST INSTEAD
I TAKE A GLASS OF
MILES
NERVINE
BEFORE I GO
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Gloria, on her father's arm, looking as serene as if she'd never heard of a smelling salt. But John says her hand shook the whole time it lay in his, even when he slipped on the plain gold band, with its guard of rubies—Gloria's birthstone. It was a single ring ceremony, because John always wears a ring that belonged to his father—

The little reception at a friend's home. Gloria grabbing the one person John didn't know, and introducing them, so she could say, "My husband—"

Then the goodbyes and the rice and the last hug for Mother, who just waved like the rest, and never shed a tear—and how Gloria loved her for it knowing how she felt. And Mary Ellen and Clarence at the door of their house, welcoming her in, calling her Mrs. Payne as easily as if she'd been Mrs. Payne for a month at least. And dinner at their own table with the Lazy Daisy, and changing for the trip and off to Palm Springs in the rain—

And howling next morning over a corny gag of Dad's. He'd stuck a package in her bag, all done up in tissue and blue ribbons, which turned out to be her mangiest tennis shoes—

"The reason I married you," said John, "is because you're a baggy pants comic at heart. I've been waiting to find someone cornier than myself, which I thought was impossible—"

tapeworm hostess . . .

As it happened, they had only four days at Palm Springs. John was called back. But they didn't mind. All that seemed to matter was being Mr. and Mrs. John Payne. They could honeymoon nicely in a white Colonial house—

Which is what they've been doing.

Sometimes Gloria gets breakfast. She can scramble a mean egg, but hates to clean up. Her eating habits move John to awe. She devours potatoes and laps up desserts, the gooier, the better. She out-eats him at every meal but breakfast, and even there she's beginning to catch up. Her first words in the morning, and her last at night are: "I'm hungry—"

John feels her head. "You couldn't be sick and eat like that. On the other hand, you can't eat like that and be normal. Why don't you weigh 250 pounds?"

He'd rather have her casual than glamorous. Likes her in slacks and sport shirts and sloppy joes. And pigtails. "I look fresh out of school," she protests.

"Is that bad?" asks her husband.

She's a pest about presents. Let Gloria find out that a present is on the way, and she'll give you no peace till she knows what it is. She can't wait for the day. Long before Christmas, she knew all about the topaz and the coat. This burns John up. On their first anniversary—they'd been married a week—he gave her a lovely little tourmaline cross—

"It's a standin for your real wedding present, which isn't ready—"

"Oh, John, it's so beautiful for a stand-in!" Brief pause for decency's sake. "What's the real one?"

"The real one," he informed her grimly, "will be a surprise if it kills us both—"

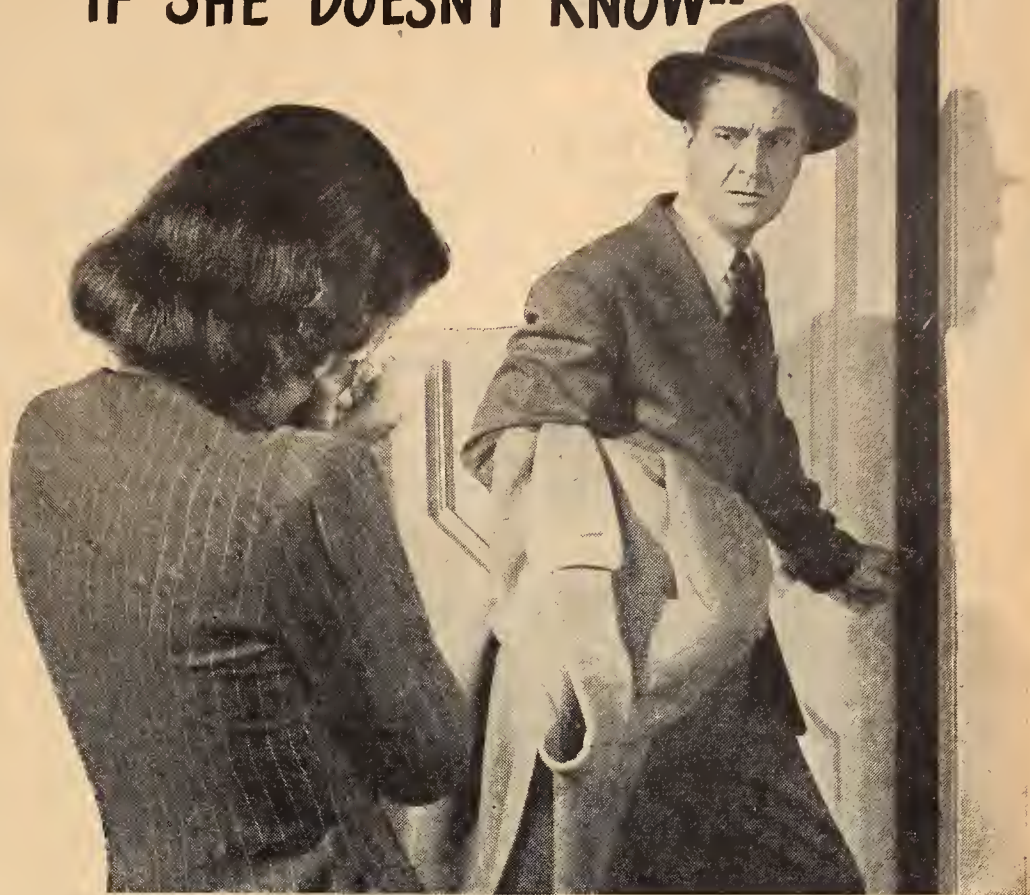
She couldn't budge him that time—had to wait till it came—an old-fashioned diamond pendant on a thin gold chain—

Because John's been away so long, Julie's with them now. Her "Hi, Button!" rings through the house. Five next July, she's the roughneck of the world—licks the tar out of boys three years her senior. Once Gloria buffed her nails to show her how pretty they looked with the grime off. Now they've got to be buffed every day. "Look, Poppy, how pretty—"

"My, what a clean little girl you are—"

This inspires her to stay clean for a full five minutes.

Is a wife to blame IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW--



these intimate physical facts?

YES! She's *decidedly* to blame. Because in this age of enlightenment and frankness there's no excuse for ignorance of facts on proper intimate feminine cleanliness which often can mean so much to womanly charm, health and happiness. There's no excuse for ignorance of *what* to put in her douche.

Mistakes Many Women Often Make

Many women still foolishly use old-fashioned methods of douching with weak, homemade mixtures of vinegar, salt or soda, which DO NOT and which CAN NOT give the germicidal and deodorant action of Zonite. Or they often use overstrong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you'd use this newer, scientific—THOROUGHLY MODERN—method of douching with ZONITE—how much happier your life might be!

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Yet Zonite *instantly* destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, helps guard against infection—kills every germ it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! No germicide kills germs *any faster or more thoroughly* than Zonite. It kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Positively non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous for feminine hygiene. Use Zonite as directed as often as you want without risk of danger.

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Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get **BROWNATONE** today.

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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

All the lessons she'll ever need in child training, says Gloria, come from watching John with Julie. One evening the baby had finished her prayers, blessed her private list of friends and relations—

"Julie," said her father. "It's good to have a nice dinner and a warm bed and people to take care of you, isn't it?—Well, there are children in Greece and Poland and all over the world who don't have those things. So let's bless all the children in the world and ask God to look after them—" "I don't know all the little children in the world—"

"You don't have to know them. Just think how you'd feel without Poppy and Mommy and Button to love you and give you what you need. You'd certainly want God to do something about it, wouldn't you? So let's ask Him—"

When Julie gets hold of something, she hangs on. "I don't know all the little children in the world—"

John stood up. "All right then, I don't want to know you. Good night. I'd rather not talk to a little girl who doesn't care about anyone but herself—"

Five minutes. Ten minutes. "Poppy!" He went in. "Poppy—I don't know all the little children in the world—but I'd like God to bless them—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When we were in California three years ago, my husband worked at the "Bit Of Sweden" Restaurant. One evening, while waiting for him, I noticed a crowd gathering; they were waiting for Spencer Tracy to finish dinner and come out.

When he finally did, he was escorting a tall, slender young woman who seemed to melt into the background. I didn't pay much attention to her until Mr. Tracy looked up from signing autographs and announced, "You'd better get this young woman's signature, too. She's going to be one of your top favorites one of these days."

Good guess, Spencer Tracy, spotting Ingrid Bergman so early in the game. Mrs. J. C. Wilcoxson
Louisville, Ky.

The Paynes are still honeymooning, spending most evenings by the fire with the radio on. They're both radio fans—anything from mystery thrillers to comedians, corny or otherwise—any music from Rachmaninoff to swing. Or they talk about the future—the flowers they'll plant—the patio John's going to enlarge—the spinet they've ordered. John plays by ear, and Gloria not at all. They're both going to take lessons. They're going to build a shack with their own hands above Malibu. They're going to Virginia in the spring to see Mom and Rosie. Till finally Gloria wails, "I'm hungry," and they go to the kitchen to gorge on hot chocolate and cookies.

They've laid down one rule. Never to go to sleep or to leave each other on a disagreement. To settle it then and there, if it means not going to work or staying up all night. There haven't been any arguments yet, knock wood, but when they come up—and they will—you can always talk things out and reach a compromise. You don't have to walk away in a huff. Happy marriages don't just happen. You have to work at them. If that means giving in, fine. You give in a little to save something big—



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Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug, dept. stores.




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DON'T BELIEVE IT!

(Continued from page 45)

she bent the low-slung sizzler into his big brown eyes. "Hey," grinned Bogie. "Turn it off a minute. I got a name for you. 'You're the Look.'"

"Is that so?" drawled Betty. "How about you?"

"Me? Oh, I'm 'the Hangover,'" said Bogie.

Betty has a lot of names, as you might have gathered. Betty, Charlie, Slim, Junior, The Look and just Bacall, like just Garbo. Oh, yes, and Lauren. That's the one officially up in lights from now on, so maybe we'd better use that, although it's not her real handle at all. She borrowed it from her grandmother.

You can tell that from the gold tag-bracelet she wears on her right wrist. It says "Betty Bacall," and it's a gift, she'll admit, from a man. What man? Just a man. The Man, by any chance? Yes, Lauren confesses, The Man. "There's a love in my life," she states openly. Who's that? Lauren levels the Look and then wipes it away with a sweet smile. She's not telling, and she's not kidding, either. Nobody in Hollywood knows who The Man is or where he is. Lauren is close-mouthed; nice about it, but still zipper-lipped. (The Man, of course, as we all know since this was written, is Bogie—Ed.)

Somebody asked her the other day, "Who's your best friend?"

Betty answered seriously. "My dog, Droopy. He's the only one who never betrays a confidence."

So, obviously, Betty can be stubborn about some things.

One of them is going Hollywood, even in a minor way, turning into Miss Movie Star. Betty's against that. Glamour gags her. She's not the type, inside or out. She's not pretty, and she knows it, not doll baby-Shirley Temple-Jeanne Crain-Linda Darnall pretty. Her cheekbones are too high, her mouth is too wide and not even a first cousin to a cupid's bow. She has a scar on her right cheek (a little one). Her blond hair is streaked by the sun, and when you ask her if it's naturally wavy, she says, "Heavens no—that's a permanent!" Her eyes aren't pools of azure but a frank gray. Her teeth are not strings of pearls. She's trim all over but no Betty Grable. I still think she's darned good looking—added up—but Betty says no. "Call me interesting looking," she suggests. Okay.

Anyway, when the Warner Brothers saw the first rushes of "To Have and Have Not" and realized what a prize package they had on their hands, they got ideas. Before the picture was released, she had twice as much publicity as any other gal in Hollywood. It wasn't all press agency, understand. Betty had something—a whole lot. Walter Winchell took one look, spent his whole column on her. The magazines photographed her from every angle. Both the United Press and the Associated Press gave her titles like "Most Interesting Actress of the Year." The snooty fashion bibles named her Model of the Year. Bacall got letters from service guys overseas naming her this and that. One pigboat outfit in Japanese waters broke the silence of the silent service. They voted Bacall "The girl we would most like to sink to the bottom with!"

beauty for the best...

When the tornado first got going, it sucked away every picture of Lauren Bacall in the studio—whisht!—like that. They called Betty into the gallery for a mess of glamour sittings. But first Perc

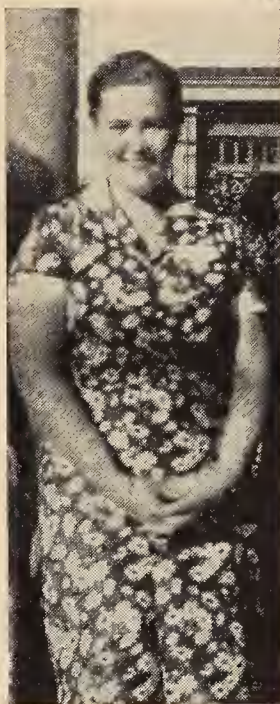
LOSES 45 POUNDS

-and an Inferiority Complex

"My husband's birthday gift to me—the DuBarry Success Course—has brought new happiness to us both," says Mrs. Rita Unger of Hagerstown, Md.

"Just to stand before the mirror and see a figure you're proud of! Just to have the satisfaction of slipping into a size 14 dress after wearing a 38 for years! Just to hear the compliments of your family and friends on how wonderful you look! Those are rewards any woman would be willing to work for. But they came to me when I finished the DuBarry Course, and the weeks I had spent on it hadn't been work at all—they had been more of an exciting adventure."

"I had put on weight after my babies came, until I weighed 178. Then, for my birthday my husband gave me the DuBarry Success Course. (Don't tell me husbands aren't observing and thoughtful!) The very first week I lost 8 pounds, and began to feel buoyant and gay. Today I weigh 133, and my figure is as slim as the day I was married. My skin is lovelier and softer, my hair lustrous and alive, and for the first time I know how to use make-up effectively. With all that weight gone, I have a surprising amount of energy. Thanks to DuBarry, I am getting more out of life than ever before. I can really enjoy my family and my home. Of course, my husband takes the credit, but that's all right with me!"



Before

Photo above shows Mrs. Unger when she weighed 178. Never tired now, she says: "I do my housework in half the time."



After

LOST
45 POUNDS
BUST
5½" LESS
WAIST
6½" LESS
ABDOMEN
5½" LESS
HIPS
7½" LESS
THIGHS
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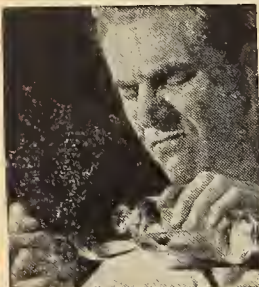
A WORD OF WARNING TO LAXATIVE USERS



Some Laxatives are Too Strong—

It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives!

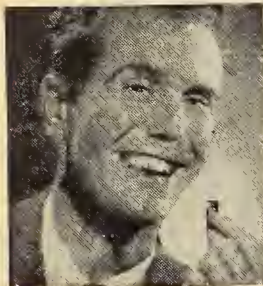
A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild—

A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none

at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!



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Ex-Lax gives you a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time! And remember, Ex-Lax *tastes good*—just like fine chocolate! It's as good for women and children as it is for the men-folks. 10c and 25c.

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Flowerly MANICURE PRODUCTS

Dept. B, 3636 Park Ave., New York 56, N. Y.

Westmore, the beauty expert, stood off and cocked his experienced eye. He knew just what to do. They were yelping for glamour stiffs of Bacall, weren't they? Okay, we'll give 'em the glamour.

"That hair," began Perc, "has more stripes than El Morocco. Better tint it. The mouth—too big. We'll paint that up. That scar—hand me my collodion tube. Tweezers, please, for the eyebrows. Now about the nose—"

"Look," interrupted Bacall icily. "Just wait a minute. Who do they want these pictures of? I mean, whom?"

"Lauren Bacall, of course."

"Then for Pete's sake, don't make me somebody else! What," inquired Betty caustically, "did they sign me for if they wanted somebody different?"

There wasn't much answer to that. It's no use arguing with Betty, anyway, when her mind's made up. They took the pictures plain. There weren't any complaints.

It seems to Betty Bacall that all she has done since the lightning struck her is make photographs. No girl outside of Jane Russell has ever had such a pre-picture hurricane of hurry-up orders for Bundles of Bacall. Because she's grateful to her old modeling alma mater, "Harper's Bazaar," for the break it brewed her, Betty keeps right on modeling clothes for them. I don't know how many publications there are in the USA, but it's a safe bet that 99 per cent of them want a picture of Betty. Recently, it got so that Lauren was watching the birdie between takes, during lunch hours, before breakfast and after dinner. Right before "The Big Sleep" was finished and she fled to New York for a vacation, Betty was about to collapse with the screaming meemies. She was beefing around the set about her weary load, and Bogie Bogart heard her.

"Oh, for God's sake, Charlie, shut up!" he snapped. Lauren did. She just stared. "Listen, Creep," said Bogie pitilessly, "you wanted to be an actress, didn't you?" Betty knew what he meant. She grinned, and then wiped it away. "Yes," she said. "I did. I always did."

She never made a truer confession. There's plenty more back of Bacall than just freak publicity, a hot look and a crazy break. She's had stars in her eyes for years. Now that the stars are right up close—well—Betty's not so sure it's for her for keeps. She can see the tinsel already, which is a good healthy sign. But there was a time when the divine fire burned bright. She acted like the most stage-struck kid ever whelped and it worked, too. What lit the divine flame was a lady who acts on the stage next door to Lauren now. Name—Bette Davis. But I'll get around to that later.

Lauren Bacall is part French and part Russian by ancestry although her folks were settled in the USA several generations before she came along. Betty's an only child, and it's been her and her mother since she was a tot, because her parents split up early. Oddly enough, that's turned out to be sort of a break—that and the fact that she was born right on Manhattan Island, back in 1924. I mean, both circumstances have given Betty a self reliance and older-than-her-years outlook that has come in handy.

hooky'ed inspiration . . .

She was a naturally smart kid, too. Got out of Julia Richman High in New York at 15, without being a girl grind or a book beetle. In fact, at the school she was exposed to before Richman, Highland Manor in Tarrytown, the class prophecy tossed this bouquet at Betty when she graduated, "Betty Bacall—girl most likely to grow up and break men's hearts." Corny, of course, but not so far off the beam, either, as it turns out.

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Betty's mother has been a business woman all her life and still is. She has a secretarial job in a Beverly Hills defense firm now. That left the budding Bacall more or less on her own to obey her impulses during the day, and she never faltered.

One fine day at Richmond High, when Lauren was a fascinating fourteen, she felt much too good to sit in school. So she pretended she was sick. With her best girl friend she hookey'd out and hopped a subway to a Broadway movie. It was Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and Betty and the g.f. sat through it twice. Betty Bacall staggered home in a dreamy daze. Why couldn't she act like that? Darn it, she could, she would!

Well, right after that Bette Davis came to New York in person and in the flesh, straight from Hollywood. When Lauren learned that one of her mother's secretary friends knew Bette's private secretary, she didn't stop until she'd squeezed out a promise to meet her idol. The date was arranged all right, and Lauren took along the girl friend for moral support. She didn't want this to be one of those worshipping an things. She wanted, above all, to keep her dignity and show Davis she was a sincere admirer. That way she might learn a thing or two, not get the old routine.

So the girls showed up at the Gotham Hotel, and Bette Davis was very gracious. But Bacall just couldn't find her tongue, and the poor girl friend lasted until the last minute—then fainted dead away at Davis' feet! It was awful, stark tragedy to Bacall, and she cursed herself (and the girl friend). all the way home. But Bette Davis had managed to put in some encouraging words for an ambitious girl to cling to—and that's really what started all. Even to this day, though, the cat paws right hold of Lauren's tongue when

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day, my uncle, who was employed by a Los Angeles garage, was asked to deliver Jon Hall's car to him and then drive him to the studio.

When he arrived at Mr. Hall's home, attired in his every day coveralls, the actor met him at the door—in a sarong and sandals!

At my uncle's glance of amazement, the star explained, laughing, "Well, I see you're in your work clothes—and I'm in mine!"

Valerie Vacco
Chicago, Illinois

she faces Bette Davis.

They met for the first time in Hollywood in Warner's Green Room, one noon hour. Davis remembered the New York episode and chatted away like the always interesting magpie she is. All Lauren could say was, "Yes . . . yes . . . no . . . uh-huh. . . ." and such drab monosyllabic mutter, and normally she's no dummy at all.

Right after she called the publicity man who'd introduced them. She was in an agony of self reproach. "What must Bette Davis think of me?" she wailed. "I acted like such an awful, horrible, silly jerk."

"Come on by," soothed the press agent. "We'll go down to Bette's set and you can redeem yourself." So they did—but it was the same thing all over. Lauren blushed

like a milkmaid instead of a smart New Yorker, stuttered out her cramped clichés—was all hands and feet—or at least that's what she thought. But if Bette Davis noticed her awe, she never let on. Again she babbled away charmingly and ended up by calling Henry Blanke, the producer, and plugging Lauren enthusiastically for the lead in his next epic, "The Fountainhead," which every actress on the Warner lot is fighting and praying to win.

Betty Bacall had more than hero-worship to kick her along, of course. She knew she could act; she knew she had it in her. She was just one of those people who know from the start. She was blessed with a divine impatience, too. She had natural nerve and a capacity for direct action. So Betty ruled college out because that takes years and years, and getting started in show business is a young girls' game. Instead, Betty took a short flyer at the National Academy of Dramatic Arts at sweet sixteen. But that seemed elementary to her, and besides she wanted action. Besides, too, she wanted a few dollars. In fact, she had to have 'em.

So she went right down in the clothing district and got a job modeling—not deluxe, uptown modeling (as she did later on)—but very obscure dog-meat modeling in the crowded wholesale cloak-and-suit temples. It was tiresome, dull work, but there was a reason: Seventh Avenue was right next door to Broadway, and Broadway was going to be her oyster, or else.

Betty's story gets a little familiar, right here. It's the old, old Broadway beginners' refrain, in fact. But bear with me. She haunted the places stage-struck hopefuls are supposed to haunt—in her noon hours, days off and such. It took her quite a while to discover that the chances of success sitting outside a producer's door were about 100,000 to one. Pounding pave-



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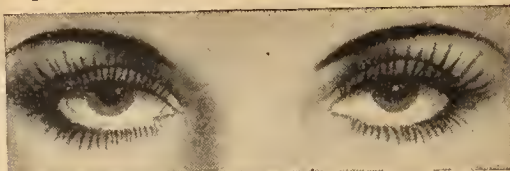


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a close look. She was invited to one of those gala Elsa Maxwell party productions. All the great Hollywood ladies were decked out in the most formal finery, and the jewels were out of the safety deposit vaults. But Betty showed up in a plain number without a diamond in sight, her hair loose, her shapely hands and arms bare of jewels. She looked like a college girl who'd got into the wrong party by mistake. So she went over in a corner and sat quietly like a pussy cat. But not for long. By the end of the evening most of the males were swarming around Lauren Bacall like bees.

Privately, Betty Bacall's no more slinky or sophisticated than the girl next door. A couple of glasses of sherry is her limit in the drinking department, although she's a heavy cigarette smoker when she works (those nerves, again). She likes music (plays the piano) and likes to dance, too, and it's gotten so that when Emil Coleman sees her come into Mocambo, he swings right into "That Old Black Magic," her favorite tune. When she's sitting around the apartment, though, Betty prefers to tune the radio to sombre symphonies and gloom herself into a state of delicious sadness. That's where she is most of the time—home—because she hasn't a lot of friends.

Her fashion modeling background has blessed Lauren with solid taste in clothes and grooming. She always looks sharp as a tack, she likes tailored suits, trim dresses, sweaters and skirts and for let-down, neatly cut slacks, which on her willowy hips look perfect. Her favorite colors are green and brown. She hasn't a mink coat or even a furpiece. Betty treats her taffy top to a permanent wave, but she uses no other make-up come-ons except lipstick, no nail polish and no baubles besides the dog-tag bracelet and a mammoth gold ring that looks as though half the bullion from Fort Knox were in it. You can see it if you look at any of Bacall's pictures because she has never taken it off.

"I used to think I wanted to give my life to acting," recalls Bacall. "Die in greasepaint, and all that. But now I'm not so sure. There's something sort of empty about it, you know," she observes with blunt Bacall candor. "Look at all these movie stars. Happy? Uh-uh. When they get what they want, they don't want what they get!"

"After all," she'll sigh huskily, "women were meant to be wives!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, Peter Lorre made a personal appearance at one of Hartford's leading theaters, his act consisting of both comedy and dramatic scenes. Right in the middle of one of his monologues ("The Man With The Head Of

Glass"), a small child became so terrified that he started screaming, thus creating a terrible disturbance. Whereupon the actor interrupted himself, murmured to the embarrassed mother, "Will you please take that poor scared child out of here?"—and continued right on giving the rest of the audience hysterics!

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POWDER PERFECTION
(Continued from page 76)

then work the powder down between the brows over the nose, lips and chin. Use a generous amount of powder. The powder on your chin should be smoothed into your neck with a circular motion. Go back to your forehead and work the powder across it. Do the same on your cheeks but use a downward motion. A baby brush or the clean back of your powder puff should dust away the excess, leaving your skin as glow-y as a dreamflower. Notice that the eyelids are left untouched. That's so you won't give them a dry look. A clean piece of absorbent cotton will remove powder specks from your hair-line. Didn't think there was so much to powdering your face, did you?

3. **TRUE.** Your powder can do a super glamour job for you. Features that are too prominent (like your determined jaw or longish nose) can be toned down with a darker shade of powder. Apply each shade separately. It requires a deft touch and patient blending so that the powders merge into each other. Dark circles beneath the eyes shouldn't worry you. Cover them with powder.

4. **FALSE.** Choosing your powder should be a careful task. First keep in mind your skin coloring with hair playing a close second. If you are a blond with a heavenly tan, you should cling to a rosy powder. If you have light hair and pale skin, then a light powder with pink under-tones—a peachy powder—should be used. If you are a glamorous brunette, you can play up either the light or dark tints. A medium golden color or a rosy beige will flatter your type. An ivory-tinted powder base with a slightly darker powder is for you, if you're a redhead with a pale skin. Freckles will be blended into the background by this make-up device. To team with your make-up base, there's a new non-chromatic powder. If your skin is sallow, it can be brightened by a clever choice of powder. When summer skips in, don't toss your pale powders to the winds. Mix them with the more tawny shades to produce the effects you want.

5. **TRUE.** Sometimes we take splendid beauty aids like puffs for granted and abuse them. Frequent sudsings will keep them clean and fluffy. If you use the disposable type, keep spares in your make-up kit. Change these every day. Incidentally, that handy compact of yours will keep your precious powder ready for instant use.

Lushly simple, wasn't it? And that's just how easy the steps are to powder perfection. See if you don't achieve head-turning beauty when you spare extra seconds for choosing and applying powder.

SPELLBOUND
PRODUCTION
(Continued from page 39)

vard. The time: From dawn to dark. Refreshments: Doughnuts and coffee. Entertainment: A real Blood transfusion given to a real Marine. Guests of honor: The American Red Cross. Admission: One pint of blood.

There were tears, tears of gratitude and happiness, in the eyes of the Red Cross nurse who hostessed the event, when she said goodbye and gave her thanks to the officials-in-charge at the end of that party! For she left with quarts and quarts and quarts of life-giving blood—blood to make plasma enough to save the lives of hun-

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LINDA DARNELL
20th Century Fox Star

dreds of wounded soldiers, sailors and marines. And in her hands were stacks of pledge cards with the written promise of more blood in the weeks to come!

It wasn't easy to give a party like that. It would have been simpler to have invited a chosen few, stirred up a few Martinis and filled a buffet with expensive, rationed food. But, tired as they may have been at the end of that long, difficult day, the people at Selznick knew they'd given themselves the nicest birthday party they'll ever have. And boys who might have died on a battlefield will return.

And "Spellbound" is the proof that in ten years Selznick Productions has gathered to it some pretty terrific names in show-business. This picture combines the acting talents of Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck with the special talents of Alfred Hitchcock (director), Ben Hecht (screenplay), George Barnes (photographer), Artist Salvador Dali, designer Howard Greer and all working on a story written by Francis Beeding. That's a hard combination to equal.

Most of the skiing scenes in this were filmed in the beautiful Wasatch Mountains, near Salt Lake City. Because of technical difficulties, the scene where Peck saves Miss Bergman from going over a precipice was done at the studio. A hundred-foot ski run, sloping at a thirty-five degree angle, was built inside a sound stage at the Vanguard studio. Real snow (used to the depth of approximately twelve inches) was made by grinding fifty pound chunks of ice in a machine expressly designed for this purpose. More than forty tons of the stuff were used, as a complete change of snow had to be made every hour. For safety's sake,

AUTOGRAPHS!

Of Bacall and Bogart, Hope and Hutton. And Hedy. Of 155 other stars. See page 16.

a comforter-covered rope ladder was stretched taut across the end of the ski run to stop the stars' descent should Peck fail to catch Miss Bergman and pull her down for the scheduled fall.

Ingrid is an expert on skis, but Gregory had never been on them. Clarita Heath Reiter, instructor from Sun Valley, was brought in to teach the actor and to act as technical advisor on the ski sequences. ... No one but the master of ultra-modern art, Mr. Dali, could have designed the sets depicting Gregory's dreams. The artist made more than a hundred sketches, besides five oil paintings in black and white. Some days Dali worked from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M. scarcely taking time out for meals. ... Earl Ray, "breakaway" expert, has a genuine pride of achievement in having produced the workable, hollow plaster statues into which Miss Bergman was fitted for the scene where she becomes a faceless statue and flies into thousands of pieces. The body of the statue, including the train for the Grecian robe worn by Miss Bergman, was done in a single cast in plaster. Cracks were then scored in the interior. Fine wires were imbedded in the statue, and workmen, stationed beneath the raised platform, pulled these wires at a signal from Hitchcock. The only sleight-of-hand involved in the whole scene is when Miss Bergman turns into a statue. Six men worked five weeks to perfect and complete the twenty-four statues needed for rehearsals, tests and takes. And since the models had to be molded by sprinkling layer after layer of thin, wet plaster on Miss Bergman and the robe she wore, it was often necessary for her to stand rigid for as long as two hours at a time.

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MR. STARDUST (Continued from page 30)

brought with him from the Coast had done a quick vanishing act, and he'd been lucky to land a barker's job, with no experience. He thought determinedly, it isn't acting but it's kind of like it. Working on a crowd, making them feel things. It'll be good training.

Probably it was, but it was tough on the voice. For twelve hours a day, Greg and the other 'talker' kept up a grind of chatter alternately—a half hour off and a half hour on. Pay—twenty-five dollars per.

There weren't so many jobs around in those days. When Greg left the Fair, he landed one as guide at Radio City and heaved a sigh of relief. The Peck lecture technique was a definite novelty, and was frowned on by the other guides and the authorities. It was, however, highly popular with the tourists.

"Listen, these poor jerks are worn out already from sight-seeing when I get 'em," he used to say. "They've seen Grant's Tomb and the Statue of Liberty and Times Square, and their feet hurt. They don't give a damn about statistics, they want rest and a little entertainment."

This was all well enough, but it wasn't acting. And Greg had left the University of California with one firm resolve: To become an actor. He hadn't had time to do much about it in college, although he did take part in a few plays there, and loved it. But he was working at half a dozen different jobs to put himself through college, besides being on the crew and taking a pre-med course. He and two other fellows lived in an apartment which they got free in return for doing janitor service. One of their duties was to light the hot water burner in the morning at six A.M., and when it was Greg's turn he was quite apt to oversleep and forget it. Then, come seven o'clock, there would be irate poundings on the door and shocking language from the tenants who found their bath water the approximate temperature of an Eskimo's backyard.

Another of Gregory's activities was managing a parking lot on the days when there were football games. The lot wasn't in a very good location. But Greg lettered an enormous sign which said "Parking—\$1. Stadium just over the hill." It neglected to mention that "just over the hill" was a distance of a mile.

Greg paid for his meals by waiting on table at a sorority house. He didn't think much of sororities—still doesn't.

"They're snobbish and undemocratic," he told his best pal firmly. "They line the girls up at some dizzy tea during 'rushing' and look 'em all over. The ones that look expensive are in. Then they pledge the ones with the best looking legs and the ones with cars. Fine system."

Gregory had another little racket during college—inspecting for an automobile insurance company. When a man would ask to have his car insured, Greg would go out to his place, look the car over, make a lot of impressive looking notes. At the end he was supposed to write a short sketch of the prospective "insuree."

"One guy was very snooty," he remembers. "He acted like a first class jerk. So did I lose him up! I went back and reported that the place was full of empty bottles and his breath reeked of whiskey, and he was shifty-eyed and obviously a bad financial bet. Presto—no insurance!"

You can see that with all these side lines, there wasn't much time for acting ambitions to flower. That was why Greg at last made up his mind to start for New York. But Broadway doesn't exactly put



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out a mat with *Welcome* on it for young men with no acting experience. It was while he was working at Radio City that he heard about the Neighborhood Playhouse. It gave a few scholarships to promising applicants. So Gregory went over to see the director and read a couple of parts for him. The director listened and nodded.

rhythm boy . . .

"You have a certain amount of dramatic ability," he said ruminatively. "Now we'll turn you over to Miss Graham, who will see if you have rhythm. Rhythm is very important."

Miss Graham was Martha Graham, the well-known classic dancer. She looked at Greg appraisingly. "You're very tall, aren't you?"

Greg was used to that. He just said "Yes, ma'am."

"We will try you on rhythm. Go in the dressing room and put on the shorts you will find there, please."

Greg emerged in a moment, tall, muscular and Tarzanish in the shorts.

"Now," said Miss Graham firmly. "Leap. Bound. Run. And roll over."

Greg wasn't happy about it, but he did it. And apparently he did it with Rhythm. Because he passed the test, and he got the scholarship. He took a two-year course at the Playhouse and did stock in the summers. After that, came a really miraculous opportunity. A chance to go on the road with Katharine Cornell's company of "The Doctor's Dilemma." As it turned out, this was even more momentous than Greg thought. At the railroad station in Philadelphia, their first stop, he noticed a strikingly pretty little blonde among the company.

"Who's the blonde dish?" he asked, with what now seems to him astounding coolness.

"That's Miss Cornell's hairdresser and make-up expert," he was told. "Her name's Greta something-or-other. She's Finnish. Cute, eh?"

"That," said Mr. Peck, "is the understatement of all time." He advanced toward the pocket edition blonde with determination in his eye. The determination got him exactly nowhere—then.

You see, Greta had a mind of her own. Also a beau of her own. She saw no point in swapping him for this big Gary Cooper type, who probably couldn't act for sour apples. What was he doing in a Cornell company, when he had never even been on Broadway? He had a nerve.

it's love, love, love . . .

By the time they reached Boston, she had changed her mind a little. They had their first real date in Boston—cocktails at the Copley Plaza. Gregory volunteered to tell her fortune.

"Just a way of getting to hold your hand, my sweet," he confessed airily, later on in their courtship. "I held it and talked along, and hadn't the least idea what I was saying."

"You said I'd marry a tall, dark man."

"And will you?"

Greta wasn't sure yet. Neither, to tell the truth, was Gregory. It was the first time he'd ever been really in love, and it alarmed him.

Gregory had never bothered much about girls. He was a Senior in High School before he'd ever had a date. It took him four months to get up nerve enough to ask for that one. The girl was very pretty and very popular. He used to pass her in the hall at school a couple of times a day, and give her a sideways glance from his dark eyes. After a little, she got so she glanced back. Then he started grinning at her—the fascinating Peck grin. She smiled. He was, he told himself, Making



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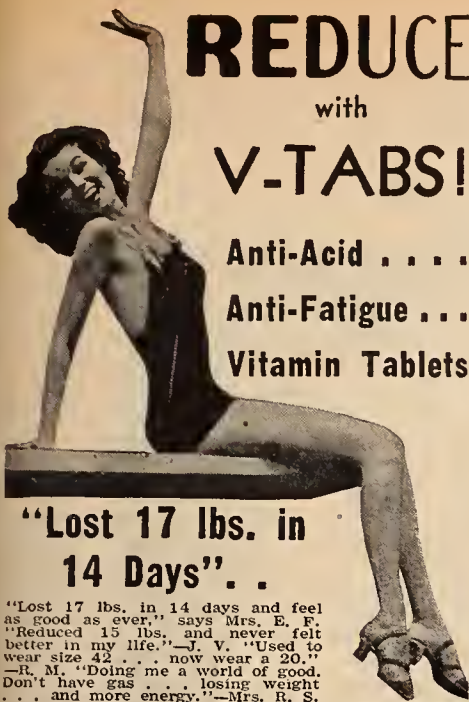
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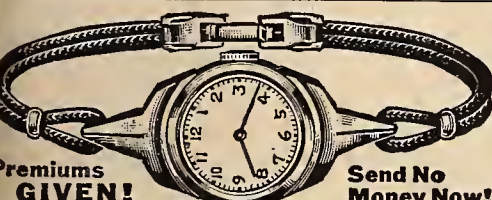
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Progress. Came a day when he said "Hi!" and she came right back with "Hello, there!" It only took him a month after that to get to the point where he stopped her and said, "Look, how about going to a show with me Friday?" He didn't say it very distinctly because somehow his voice had gone way down to his shoes. Other boys' voices squeaked when they got nervous. Greg's went very, very baritone.

"I'd love to go," the girl said, and fluttered her eyelashes slightly.

"Will you go dancing with me after the show?" Greg held his breath. He'd been taking dancing lessons downtown for months now, in preparation for this moment.

"I think that would be divine!" All girlish enthusiasm.

So everything was set. They couldn't miss. Greg borrowed his dad's car and practically polished the paint right off it. He went over and picked up the girl at her house. And embarked on the dulllest evening he ever spent in his life.

"I wasn't very sharp with girls at that point," he admits. "I didn't know how to make with the talk or even with the passes. We covered all the people we knew in the first half hour and then went on to 'What do you think of our team?' The show was good, but we didn't laugh at the same things. And somehow when we got to dancing, the steps I'd learned didn't seem to be the ones she knew. I never asked her for another date, and I guess that was okay with her."

He got interested in another girl soon after that, though. She had twelve brothers, and the first time Greg went to see her he felt like a murderer facing twelve jurymen. But he passed their inspection, and after that they all had a pretty good time together.

In college he dated occasionally, but not seriously. One girl, he always figured, was a lot like another, and who cared? But that was B.G.—Before Greta. Now he suddenly realized that girls weren't in the least alike, and that one girl could wrap the world up and tie it with a pink ribbon just by smiling at you.

You get to know people very well indeed on the road. You see them at all hours of the day and night, under all sorts of conditions. It's a good proving ground for matrimony. Greg and Greta got married exactly one year and three days after they first met. Greta's mother sent them a beautiful handmade lace tablecloth for a wedding present.

"Isn't it beautiful? It must have taken her at least three years to make it," Greta enthused.

Gregory did a slight double take. "Three years? Hey, I've only known you for one year."

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When Frank Sinatra was in Cleveland, the usual throng of bobby-soxers surrounded him. "Give me a kiss, Frankie," one enthusiastic Miss demanded. "No can do," he answered. "Come on, be a sport, fella—but

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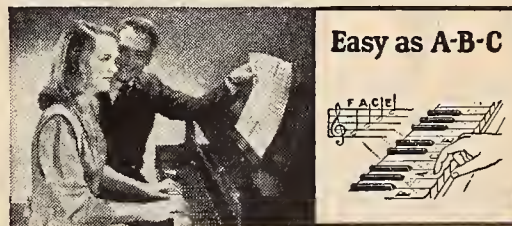
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"Oh, well. She knew I'd marry some-body!"

sad sacks . . .

That first week of marriage, Greg got quite a scare. Greta, who was usually the sunniest, brightest girl in the world, began to go around like a sad sack, no laughs, no animation, no nothing. Greg just plain didn't dare ask her what was wrong—he thought he knew. He thought "Ye gods! The girl is sorry she married me!" He too, began to go around looking very Gloomy Gus. Oh, they were a fine pair! It wasn't till some time later that Greg found out Greta had had the flu that week, with a temperature of 103. She hadn't wanted to worry him, so she stayed on her feet and kept going somehow. "She certainly scared the hell out of me in the process," he says ruefully.

Gregory got a part in a play called "Morning Star" after the Cornell tour was over. It was a very English play, with everyone talking in clipped, British accents. Greg's part was a big one—Emlyn Williams had played it in London—and he was pretty elated about it. "Morning Star" opened in Philadelphia, and the critics came, saw and departed to write the worst notices about Gregory Peck that an actor ever lived through. They did not mince words! "They said I was terrible, and they were right," Greg says. "The show was to open in Broadway the next week, and I knew if I got notices like that my first time in New York, I might as well look for another profession. So Greta and I went to work on it. Every night after the theatre we'd rehearse. I'd play my part, and Greta would play all the others—in a clipped, Finnish accent! We kept that up for a week, and when the play opened in New York, my notices were okay."

The play closed again in three weeks, but Greg got another part immediately on the strength of his performance. It was opposite Martha Scott in "The Willow And I." That closed, too. So did the next one. "Kiss of Death Peck," Gregory began to call himself, only half kidding. But by then Hollywood had waked up to the fact that there was a nice, new, shiny leading man loose on Broadway—one who could really act. Greg was signed, and he and Greta headed for the Coast. His first picture "Days Of Glory" didn't do too well, but Peck did fine. For once when Hollywood said "Sensational!" they really meant it. Before Gregory could recover from his initial surprise, he was cast in one of the biggest roles of the year, that of Father Chisholm in "Keys Of The Kingdom." Next came "Valley Of Decision" opposite Greer Garson, and "Spell-bound" with Ingrid Bergman. His new picture will be "Duel In The Sun."

house on the range . . .

Hollywood was confusing at first. Acting in front of the camera is different in so many ways from acting onstage. Then there was the matter of "rushes." As you know, they're the straight, undoctored film of the day's takes. Greg used to go and look at them with the rest of the cast and then go home and practically beat his head against the wall. He was awful, the picture was awful, the critics in Philadelphia had been right! Until one day Greta said, practically, "Why do you look at them, Greg? There's no law that says you have to, is there?" He stared at her in amazed admiration. There was the Finnish mind for you, direct and to the point. He hasn't seen any rushes since, and he leads a happy life.

He and Greta live in a recently purchased house about five miles from civilization. They have a handsome son, named Jonathan, aged six months, who rules them with an iron hand.

Greg and Greta ride a lot, and swim. One day he and Greta were riding on the desert. She had a fast horse, a big, strapping bay. All of a sudden it shied, and then was off like an outside jack-rabbit. Greg yelled frantically and started in pursuit, but his horse wasn't fast enough. Greta, looking tiny and helpless, disappeared over the hill ahead. By the time Greg got to its summit, there wasn't any sign of her. He was almost out of his mind with worry. For two hours he rode around, calling her name ("I must have sounded like a tenor singing 'Chloe.'") And looking for the body. Until he rounded a corner and met a station wagon. In it was Greta, with three cowboys.

"Oh, there you are, dear," she called airily. "My horse took me back to the stable, and you never showed up. I was beginning to worry about you." Women!

Gregory is a fine swimmer. His facility in that line dates back to a childhood at La Jolla, California. Greg and the other boys used to get up at seven every morning and head right for the beach. There were wonderful caves to play pirate in, and the water was warm and clear and exciting. Their favorite sport was diving for abalone. Abalone is a sort of fish with a hard shell. It fastens on rocks several feet under water. The kids used to take iron bars with sharp points, and dive down and pry the abalone off the rocks. Then they'd sell them to the butcher for a nickel a pound. One time Gregory got his fingers caught under an abalone shell, and he'll never forget it. He was ten feet under water, and he couldn't get loose. He couldn't do anything, in fact, but hold his breath till the pressure in his chest felt like a red-hot iron. At last, one of the boys said "Old Greg's been down a pretty long time." And then three of them dived in and at last managed to pull him loose. To this day the taste of abalone makes Greg shiver.

Maybe it's because Gregory has worked at so many different jobs and lived with so many different kinds of people that he has such a knack of making friends. He isn't aggressive about it, but people find themselves automatically liking this tall young man with the easy smile. When he arrived on the set of "Valley Of Decision," he was at something of a disadvantage. The crew was used to having Walter Pidgeon play opposite Greer Garson, and who was this Peck character anyway? But Gregory went about his business quietly, was friendly in an unobtrusive way, and they began to think he was a pretty good guy. At the end of the shooting, the crew presented him with a sports shirt accompanied by a fancy poem, which Greg treasures beyond gold and diamonds.

eight-baller . . .

There was a little custom that when anyone made a bad "fluff," he would get a large eight-ball hung around his neck. One day Greg started on a scene in the library. He delivered his lines in his best, dramatic manner. It was a long speech, and he felt pleased with the way he was putting it over. No one interrupted, but when he got through, there was a dead silence. Then a member of the crew approached him and solemnly draped the eight-ball around his neck. It wasn't until that moment that he realized he had delivered a speech in the library which belonged to a scene that took place in the kitchen a month later.

It was Tay Garnett who christened Greg "the king-size Sinatra." And presented him with the loudest, largest bow tie in existence. But Gregory can't, in all honesty, be tagged with any other name than his own. He is too definite a personality, too completely himself. He is Gregory Peck—and, gosh, who could ask for anything more?

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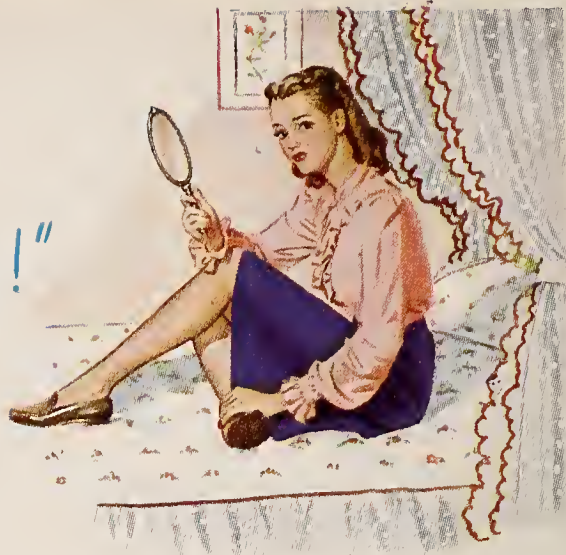
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