

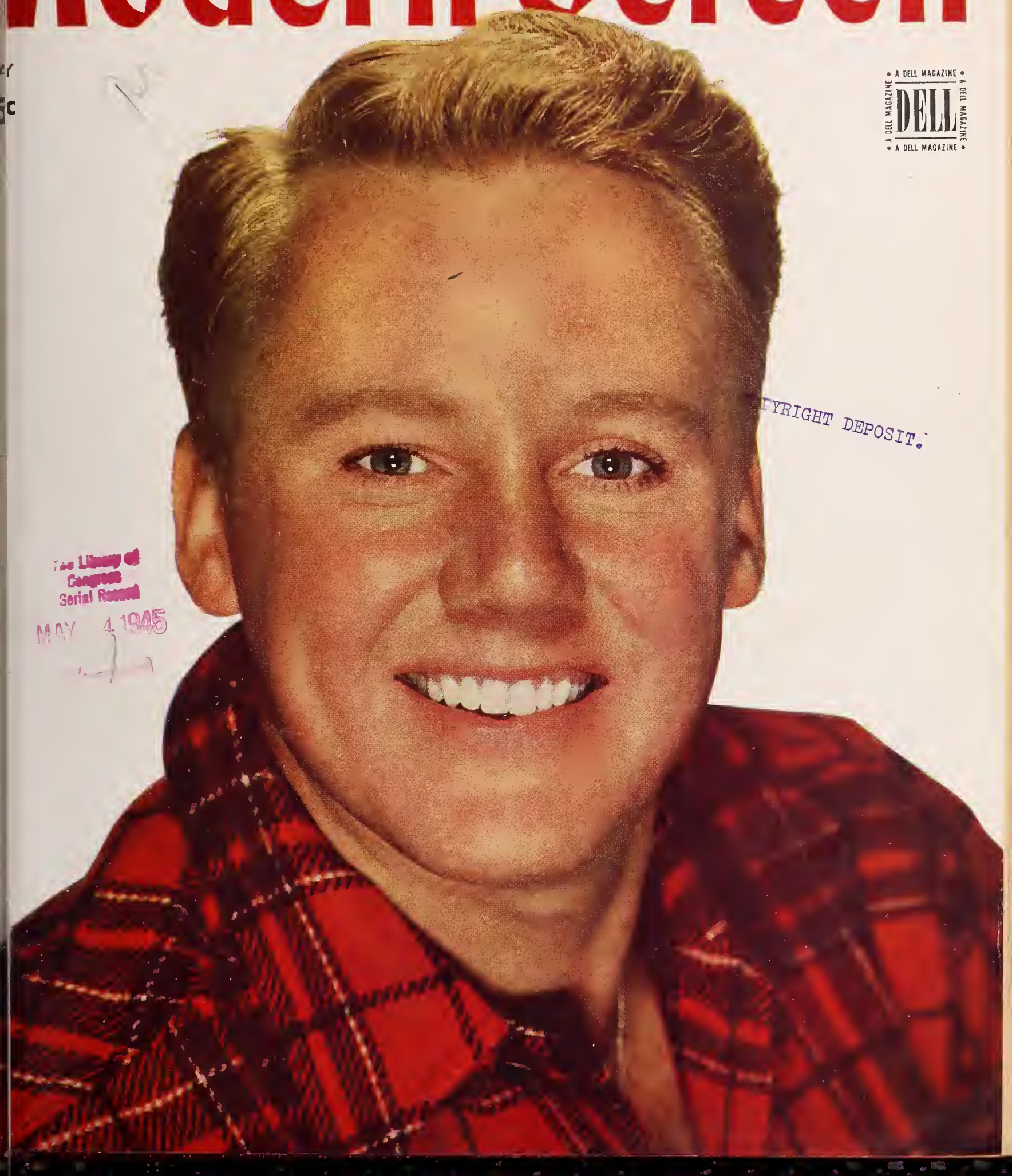
What's My Boy!" by VAN JOHNSON'S DAD

Modern Screen

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

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

M-G-M clicks with "The Clock".

You'll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

He's a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

Well, the story that's told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you've ever seen.

It's a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.



Judy is even better than in her unforgettable "Meet Me In St. Louis". Bob is better than in "Hargrove".

Vincente Minnelli ("St. Louis") directed "The Clock". It's a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.

Besides Judy and Bob, you'll like James Gleason, Keenan Wynn, and Marshall Thompson. "The Clock" packs a sock.

Some pictures that are coming along from the world's leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

"Ziegfeld Follies" is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

"Anchors Aweigh", starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry's comedy "Without Love".

The coming juvenile star is "Butch" (Jackie) Jenkins of "National Velvet".

We're all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.

—Leo



modern screen

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ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Executive Editor

HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Editor

SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor

KAY HARDY, Hollywood Promotion Manager

OTTO STORCH, Art Director

BILL WEINBERGER, Art Editor

GUS GALE, Photographer

Editorial Assistants: Charis Zeigler, Mickey Ghidalia, Marion Dunant
Service Dept.: Ann Ward. Information Desk: Beverly Linet



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A 48-hour pass...a lonely soldier...and a girl in a million!

Two days were all they had...
to make their first date...
to hold hands in a taxi...
to kiss in the park...
to ride home in the dawn
with the milkman!
It's a story as gay as Spring
and as exciting
as love itself!



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS" "HARGROVE"
JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT WALKER

*They
CLICK in*

The CLOCK

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M. Picture

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

CALIFORNIA DIARY

WEDNESDAY—So this won't be a lonesome journey after all. As soon as I got on the train in Chicago today I bumped into **Georgia Gibbs**, the CBS thrush, on her way back West to resume her airings after an illness in New York.

Georgia and I found an enthusiasm to share in **Pearl Bailey**, a great young singer formerly with **Cootie Williams'** band. Georgia caught her at the Blue Angel night club in New York and agreed that her combination of good looks, personality and swell voice, plus a sense of humor, ought to land her in Hollywood before long.

Also met **Jeri Sullavan** in the club car; she's Hollywood-bound for a screen test having given up her CBS sustaining show. Jeri told me the long and complicated story of the origin of "Rum and Coca-Cola," which has become a big song hit and bears her name as part-composer. It's based on a traditional theme that originated in Trinidad. Jeri's happiness is dampened by the fact that she hasn't recorded the tune herself.

FRIDAY—Hollywood greeted me with a sunny smile today, despite all my friends' warnings about the rainy season. My first evening in town was well spent in a visit to the "Case O'Bananas"—that's the musicians' special term for the Casa Manana, a big ballroom in Culver City. The **Johnny Thompsons** drove me out there—Johnny is **Harry James'** ace arranger—and we arrived in time to help the James band celebrate its sixth anniversary.

It was good to (Continued on page 116)

It isn't very often that a magazine can lean back, light a stogie, put its feet on the desk and mutter, "Well, *now* we've got everything." As we say, it's not often, but it is done—and MODERN SCREEN is doing it right now! Because now we've got Leonard Feather, who's not only a musician's musician, and a critic's authority, but also a fella who's just as enthused and just as tickled with really good jazz as you. So since it'll probably be a few issues before you get to know him personally, we'd like to give you now a little official data on MS's own Gentleman of Jazz: Leonard Feather.

He's ass't editor of METRONOME and jazz editor for ESQUIRE as well as chairman of Esqy's annual All-American Concert, one of which he just ran off in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, that's the theme of this first column. You've probably heard him em-cee'ing his own WMCA quiz show, PLATTERBRAINS and his Black & White recordings as pianist and orchestra leader, Dinah Washington, Lena Horne and Dinah Shore have used his original blues numbers and Lionel Hampton popularized many of Leonard's top tunes.

So, as you can see, we think Leonard's pretty much tops in his field. We think he's versatile and talented and a very modest minor genius. We like him and welcome him into the MODERN SCREEN gang. We're sure you will, too.—THE EDITORS.



Swing got swung gaad ot o terrific 3 confab—Ellington, Leonard Feather, D. Kaye.

That Fighting
LADD
 You Love
 Is Gunning For
 Trouble Again!



Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return . . . falling for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

Paramount
 Presents

Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in "SALTY O'ROURKE"

with William Demarest
 Bruce Cabot • Spring Byington
 and Stanley Clements
 Directed by Raoul Walsh

The riotous roughneck of "Going My Way" as the smartest little jockey who ever booted home a winner!

The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a new "Conquering Hero" to hail!



THE THRILLS OF BIG TIME RACING YOU CAN'T SEE NOW!
 Original Story and Screen Play by Milton Holmes

SALOME,

Where She Danced

in **TECHNICOLOR**

THIS IS THE PICTURE...

for which producer Walter Wanger conducted his highly publicized, year-long search for "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" - to portray Salome.



THIS IS YVONNE DeCARLO

glamorous American beauty who was selected from over 20,000 of the world's loveliest women

to play the title role. We predict...that she will be the screen sensation of 1945.

THIS IS THE STORY...

of the West's most notorious town and how it gained its name...when the swaying hips and teasing lips of a woman of fire and fame tamed its boldest hearts - challenged its wildest excitements!



SEE AD ON OPPOSITE PAGE

CO-ED

**That green stuff
doesn't grow on trees,
and it's best not
to whip it up in the cellar—
read on for pin money hints
for you pin-up'sters**

CO-ED LETTERBOX

■ Every now and then I have to turn down a date because I already have one. (Whee!) It's easy when I know the boy quite well, but when it's one I've never dated, I get all fluttery and sputtery and scare him off for good. How to cope? Jane C., New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, N. J.

Work up a stock answer, and when the occasion arises, you'll be able to rattle it off with all the poise in the world. Something like, "Gosh, Bob, you're sweet to ask me, but I'm busy this Saturday. Will you try me again?"

■ All the other gals write asking for advice on wording off the wolves, but what I'd like to know is how to egg 'em on. I have dates fairly often, but it's always strictly brother-and-sister. I'm pretty enough and witty enough. What do you suppose is wrong? Daphne H., Salem, Mass.

Don't be alarmed, pet. It's ever so flattering to be dated just for you, instead of for woo. If a boy you really like shows up, you can easily let him know that an advance or two (Continued on page 97)

■ There's more on your mind than bongs and a beanie this spring; we know that from your letters, and gosh, we're awfully proud of you. You're thinking about college in the Fall; about shouldering some of the family responsibilities, about preparing for a job. Big thoughts for little gals! "We've got big dreams," your letters tell us, "but it takes money to make them real, and money's what we're short on. Aside from printing it in the cellar, how does one get some?"

Ah, there are ways, gals. We can think of a dozen ways. So if you're clamoring for a little independence, for the wherewithal to buy some high-voltage summer clothes, for a seashore vacation, for a ticket to Fort Brogg—read on.

There's Gardening: You can plant your own and peddle your produce, or you might plan and plant gardens for others. You can only do this, of course, where the ground has already been plowed—so in community garden projects—or in spaces where there has been a garden before. Five dollars for a garden fifteen by fifteen isn't a bit too much. For information, quiz the garden club or Victory Garden committee, and drop a quarter on that wonderful little pocket gardening book. Once the garden is under way, you can offer to take care of it (weeding, watering, harvesting) for a flat monthly figure of perhaps \$7 a month.

There's Errand-running: If you've a bike, why not hire it and you out to the local stores three or four days a week after school? Deliver groceries, drugs, flowers—and charge fifty cents an hour for your time. This, plus occasional tips, snowball into a fat weekly take.

Baby-sitting: If you've a knack for this you are practically made, financially. Your family will probably set a ten o'clock curfew on week nights, and of course they won't want you "sitting" every night, but even at that you'll mint money. (Continued on page 77)



JEAN KINKEAD



*The Tale that
Set the West on Fire!*

Salome!...Lure of the West!
Loot of the Lawless!... love prize
of 1000 swaggering gunmen
from Texas to the Rockies.

Walter Wanger
presents—

"SALOME,
Where She
Danced"

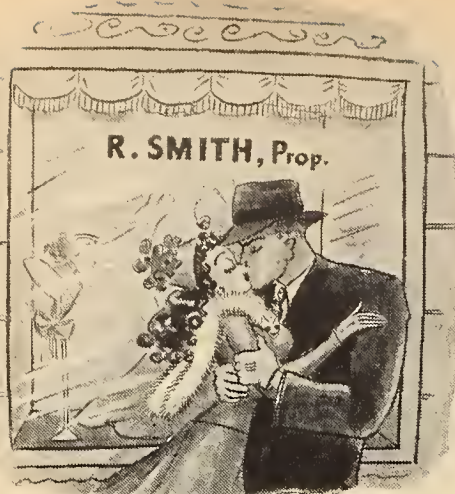
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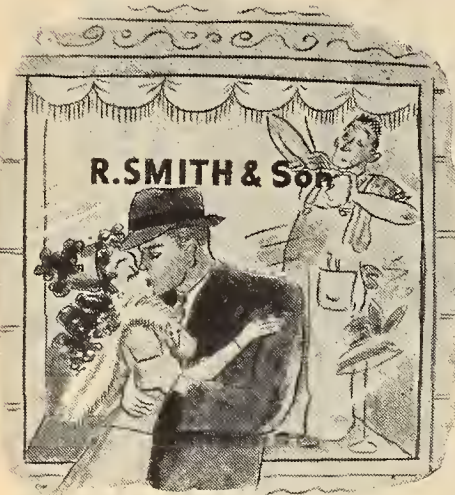
with **YVONNE DeCARLO** *The Year's Prize
Eye-Surprise!* **ROD CAMERON · DAVID BRUCE**
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
and Salome's Seven Ravishing Veils!

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings. From an original story by Michael J. Phillips

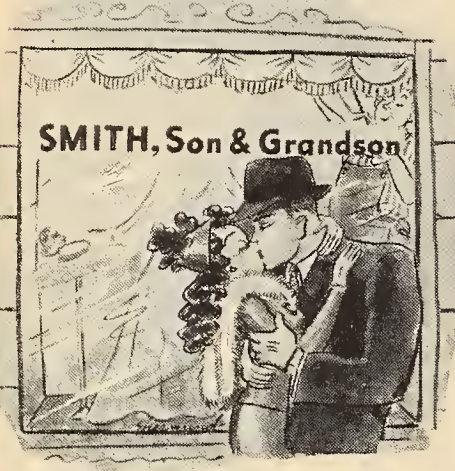
Directed by CHARLES LAMONT Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLITZEN Produced by WALTER WANGER A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Pond's "Lips" stay on...

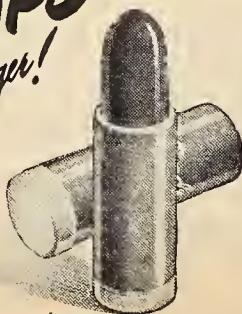


and on...



and on!

But definitely!
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!



Six kiss-provoking shades . . . Try new "Beau Bait"—rich, rosy-crimson!

The BIG case is only 49¢—plus tax

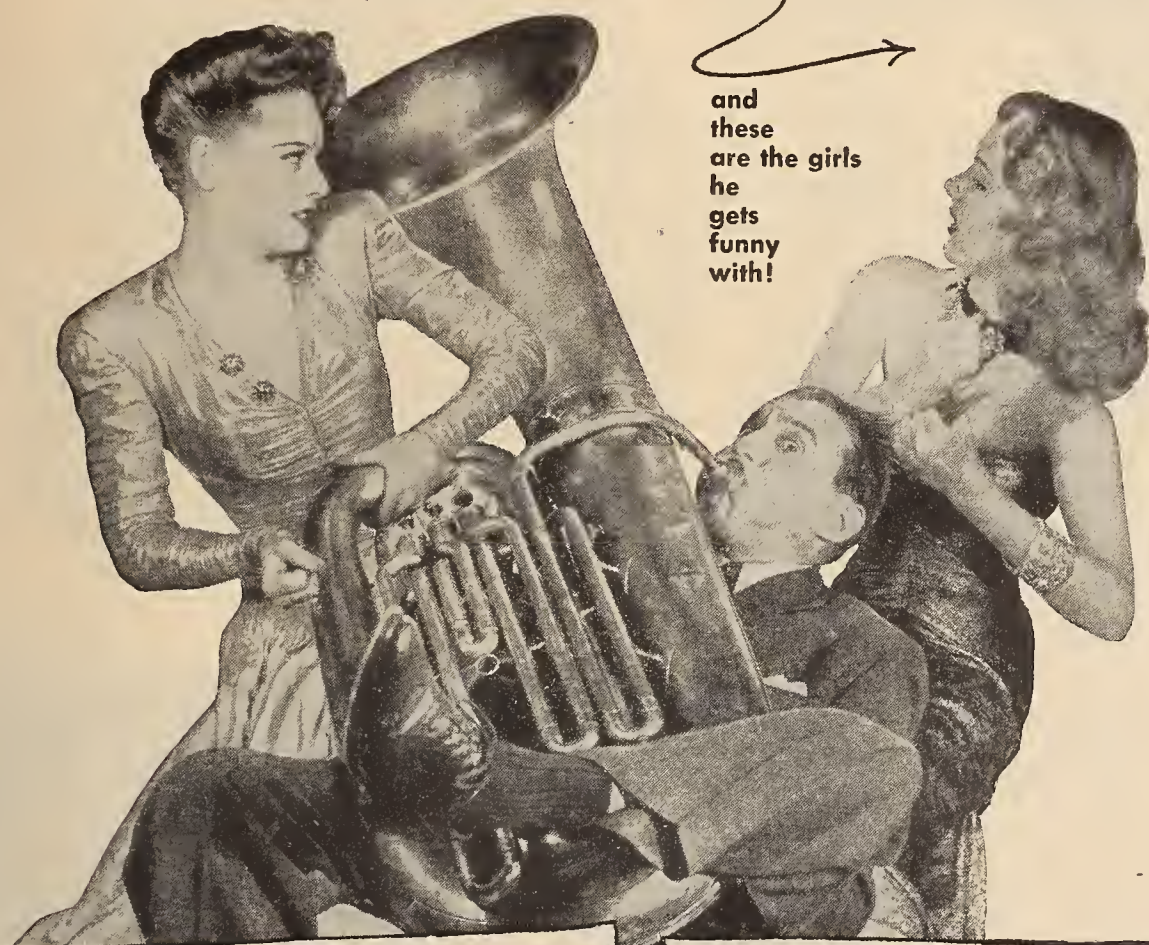
MOVIE SCOREBOARD

116 pictures rated this month

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

Movie	Rating	Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists).....C 3½★		Kismet (M-G-M).....3½★	
Adventures of Mark Twain, The (Warners).....C 3½★		Lake Placid Serenade (Republic).....3★	
American Romances (M-G-M).....3½★		Lost in a Harem (M-G-M).....3★	
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount).....3★			
And The Angels Sing (Paramount).....3½★		Main Street After Dark (M-G-M).....3★	
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M).....3★		Marine Raiders (RKO).....3½★	
Between Two Worlds (Warners).....3★		Marriage Is a Private Affair (M-G-M).....3★	
Big Bonanza, The (Republic).....3★		Mark of the Whistler, The (Columbia).....3½★	
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox).....3★		Meet Me In St. Louis (M-G-M).....C 4★	
Bowery to Broadway (Universal).....3★		Minstrel Man (PRC).....3★	
Brazil (Republic).....3½★		Mr. Skeffington (Warners).....3½★	
Bride by Mistake (RKO).....3★		Mr. Winkle Goes to War (Columbia).....3★	
		Music for Millions (M-G-M).....4★	
Candlelight in Algiers (20th Century-Fox).....3★			
Can't Help Singing (Universal).....4★		National Velvet (M-G-M).....C 4★	
Canterville Ghost, The (M-G-M).....3½★		No Time For Love (Paramount).....3½★	
Carolina Blues (Columbia).....3½★		None But the Lonely Heart (RKO).....4★	
Casanova Brown (International Pictures).....3½★			
Climax, The (Universal).....3★		Objective Burma (Warners).....4★	
Conspirators, The (Warners).....3½★		Pearl of Death (Universal).....3★	
		Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox).....3½★	
Dark Waters (United Artists).....3½★			
Desert Song, The (Warners).....C 3★		Rainbow, The (Kiev Studios).....4★	
Destination Tokyo (Warners).....4★		Rainbow Island (Paramount).....3½★	
Double Indemnity (Paramount).....4★		Riding High (Paramount).....3★	
Doughgirls, The (Warners).....3½★		Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox).....3★	
Dragon Seed (M-G-M).....4★			
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal).....3★		San Diego, I Love You (Universal).....3★	
		San Fernando Valley (Republic).....C 3½★	
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO).....3★		Secret Command (Columbia).....3½★	
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox).....4★		Sensations of 1945 (United Artists).....3½★	
For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount).....4★		Seventh Cross (M-G-M).....4★	
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount).....3★		Show Business (RKO).....3½★	
		Since You Went Away (United Artists).....3½★	
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox).....C 3★		Singing Sheriff (Universal).....C 3★	
Gaslight (M-G-M).....4★		Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox).....3½★	
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic).....3★		Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox).....C 4★	
Going My Way (Paramount).....C 4★+		Song to Remember, A (Columbia).....3½★	
Great Flamarion, The (Republic).....3★		Step Lively (RKO).....3½★	
Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox).....3½★		Story of Dr. Wassell, The (Paramount).....3½★	
Grissly's Millions (Republic).....3★		Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....3½★	
		Summer Storm (United Artists).....4★	
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount).....4★		Sweet and Lowdown (20th Century-Fox).....3★	
Hairy Ape, The (United Artists).....3½★			
Heavenly Days (RKO).....C 3½★		Take It Big (Paramount).....3★	
Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid (Paramount).....C 3½★		Take It or Leave It (20th Century-Fox).....3★	
Here Come the Co-Eds (Universal).....3★		Tall in the Saddle (Republic).....C 3½★	
Hi, Beautiful (Universal).....3★		Thin Man Goes Home, The (MGM).....3★	
Hitler Gang, The (Paramount).....3½★		Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M).....4★	
Hollywood Canteen (Warners).....3★		32 Rue Montmartre (French Films).....3½★	
Hour Before the Dawn, The (Paramount).....3★		Three is a Family (United Artists).....3★	
		Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....3½★	
I Love a Mystery (Paramount).....3★		Together Again (Columbia).....3½★	
I Love a Soldier (Paramount).....3★		Tomorrow The World (United Artists).....4★	
Impatient Years, The (Columbia).....3½★		Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M).....4★	
In Old Oklahoma (Republic).....C 3★			
In Society (Universal).....C 3★		Very Thought of You, The (Warners).....3½★	
In the Meantime, Darling (RKO).....3★			
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal).....3★		West of the Rio Grande (Monogram).....C 3★	
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox).....C 3½★		When Strangers Marry (Monogram).....3★	
		When the Lights Go on Again (PRC).....3★	
Janie (Warners).....C 3½★		Where Are Your Children? (Monogram).....3★	
Jungle Woman (Universal).....3★		Wilson (20th Century-Fox).....4★	
		Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox).....3½★	
		Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox).....4★	
		Woman in the Window (RKO).....3½★	
		Youth Runs Wild (RKO).....3★	

Very FUNNY!!



and
these
are the girls
he
gets
funny
with!

Jack ^(HOT LIPS) Benny

Alexis ^(KISSABLE LIPS) Smith

in "THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT"
(..and the laughs last all day!)

with
DOLORES MORAN · ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER
GUY KIBBEE · JOHN ALEXANDER · Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**
Screen Play by Sam Hellman & James F. Kern • Based on an Idea by Aubrey Wisberg • Music by Franz Waxman

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Princess DIMITRI ROMANOVSKY

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.



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Charm...

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Pronounced
"DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS
PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By **Kerkoff**

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN

■ In these days of the man shortage it seems like adding insult to injury to give us a picture about a girl who has four men in love with her. However, it's a gay and amusing picture, so come home, Paramount, all is forgiven. Susan is played by Joan Fontaine, so you're not surprised at the number of men who want to marry her.

The first man, Richard (Walter Abel), is the go-getter, business type. He loves Susan because he thinks she is so patrician. Susan is an actress, and when she returns from a U.S.O. tour, Richard promptly proposes. Susan, an obliging girl, says yes. That, Richard soon finds, has always been Susan's trouble. She is forever getting herself engaged to one man or another. She even got married once. . . .

That was to Roger (George Brent), who fell in love with her because she was the most naive, innocent and honest girl he had ever met. Roger was a producer, and he decided Susan was just the type to play Joan of Arc in his new show. But after they were married he tried to change all the qualities in her that he had admired her for. Result: Fights, lots of them. Susan loved a good fight. Eventually, however, she got tired of battling, and got a Reno divorce.

Then Mike (Don Dafore) entered her life. Mike was a breezy Westerner with lots of money, who came to New York looking for adventure. Susan represented Glamor to Mike, and they became engaged. But Roger kept bouncing in and out of the romance, to Mike's fury. He was wildly jealous because Susan obviously *liked* having Roger around. With the episode of the jewelled clip, which you'll have to see to appreciate, their engagement came to an end.

Then along came Bill (Dennis O'Keefe). If you like the poetic, dreamy type, Bill is your dish. Susan thought he was hers, until Roger (*Continued on page 16*)



Susan (Joan Fontaine) had 4 men who loved, but couldn't catch her! There was Roger, blase N. Y. producer whom she married—en route to Reno. And Richard and Mike and Bill (D. O'Keefe, above). But no matter how fast the fellas chased—there was always Roger

Back in that strange world called "Home"

A pilot finds his dreams are shattered... a girl despairs of ever being adored... 'til they meet by a miracle of love and keep a rendezvous with rapture!



The story of a hero, facing his greatest crisis when he comes home to love again!



Dorothy McGuire · Robert Young

the Lovers of "Claudia"

Herbert Marshall

"the Enchanted Cottage"

Mildred Narwick · Spring Byington · Hillary Brooke · Richard Gaines

Directed by John Cromwell · Produced by Harriet Parsons

Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero



To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.



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MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

You're a never-fail M. S. reader, so go ahead and perfect-score yourself a perfect 12 percent! Kidding aside, these questions would be tough for anybody not hep to the game, but for you... So do try to pick the correct answer from the four suggested beneath each pic. 9-12 denotes a most super info, 6-9 we-e-ell and below 6? Uh-uh. (See page 132 for the answers.)



1. Never these twain shall meet, even though they're:
a. cousins c. father and son
b. brothers d. brothers-in-laws



2. These smolderings led up to the famous line:
a. "23, skidoo." c. "It's even better when you help."
b. "Wow!" d. "Let's go on for ever."



3. First he sawed her in half, now they're one. Their youngun's:
a. Prudence Penny c. Rebecca Welles
b. Penny Cartwright d. Jennifer Jones



4. Raised on croon and corn, their hearts belong to Daddy:
a. Van Johnson c. Frank Sinatra
b. Van Heflin d. Bing Crosby



5. Greer started a "flat-top" sailor hat vogue in:
a. "Blossoms in the Dust" c. "Mr. Chips"
b. "Madame Curie" d. "Mr. Skeffington"



6. Just back from 4 years ambulance driving in Britain, her estranged husband's:
a. Claude Rains c. Laurence Olivier
b. Robert Donat d. Leslie Fenton



7. The love bugs of the 30's in:
a. "The Mad World" c. "X Marks The Spot"
b. "The Single Sin" d. "Change of Heart"



8. It's 12 years since she played in "Rasputin" with her 2 brothers, now she's:
a. "Ma Mott" c. "Miss Moffat"
b. "The Czarina" d. "The Panther Woman"



9. "Now Voyager" got Henreid a boost, got itself an Oscar for:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| a. Best photography | c. Most expensive wardrobe |
| b. Best dramatic music score | d. Longest clinches |



10. In the early '30's, this was known as "It," she was known as:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| a. Vera Vague | c. Clara Bow |
| b. Hedy Lamarr | d. Barbara Stanwyck |



11. England claims him for her greatest Romeo, Hollywood as its favorite:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| a. Hamlet | c. Simon Templar |
| b. Nero Wolf | d. Sherlock Holmes |



12. You saw right through her in:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| a. "Topper Takes a Trip" | c. "Farewell, My Lovely" |
| b. "Ghost Goes West" | d. "The Invisible Woman" |

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 12)

turned up again. That finished Bill. . . .

So now there is Richard and they are engaged. He wants her to marry him right away. But hold everything! Here comes Roger again!—Par.

P. S.

This is based on an original story by Thomas Monroe titled "The Chameleon" This is Joan Fontaine's first comedy role and puts her in modern dress for the first time in her past five pictures. . . . The outfits are designed by Edith Head. Because of the story, that of a gal with four complete character changes, her clothes had to fit four different types of women. Joan also has eight completely different hair-dos in the picture. . . . Don DeFore was signed to a seven-year contract because of his performance in this picture. . . . Casting director Robert Mayo was given Hollywood's most coveted assignment—that of finding twelve girls with the most beautiful legs in the world. They were to be used for the George Brent audition scene. . . . Joan was a prisoner in her Joan of Arc suit of armor. A clasp became stuck and it was 90 minutes before prop men could release her. They used, yep, a can opener! When the picture was completed, Joan was photographed in her various characterizations of Susan by four of the nation's outstanding photographers. As the intellectual Susan she was "shot" by Paramount's Whitey Shaffer. As the outdoor girl she was photographed by Paul Hesse. Henry Waxman pictured her as the glamorous Susan and Hurrell posed her as the patrician lady. . . . Coming from retirement on his Arcadia, California, fruit ranch, David Abel handled the photographic assignment for the movie itself.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

Are you looking for something unusual? Bored with the strictly routine? Then catch "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." It's completely different—and completely fascinating. Hurd Hatfield gives a terrifyingly real performance in the title role, and George Sanders plays the most cynical character ever seen on a movie screen.

There is a curious attraction to evil. Wickedness in itself has the lure of the forbidden. This is the story of a very wicked man, but you will find it none the less interesting for that. The plot has been changed considerably from the Oscar Wilde novel, but fortunately the Wilde touch has been retained in the epigrams which punctuate its dialog.

The history of Dorian Gray begins on a day when the artist Hallward (Lowell Gilmore) has just finished his portrait. The picture is a beautiful thing for Dorian himself is beautiful with the shining beauty of youth and purity. But that day he meets Lord Henry Wotton (George Sanders). Henry is a brilliant but decadent man, who expresses his evil ideas with such cleverness that they exert a complete influence on Dorian. The boy is moved by Henry's admiration of his looks to make a wish. He wishes that as the years advance, it could be the portrait which would change instead of his own face. Impossible? Yes, of course. But it happens.

Dorian falls in love with a pretty little singer, (Angela Lansbury), and intends to marry her, until Henry persuades him that marriage isn't necessary. The affair ends in tragedy for Angela, but Dorian, under Henry's influence, shrugs it off with

callous indifference. Years of dissipation follow. Strange stories are told in London about his evil habits, yet suspicion is almost allayed by a look at the purity of his unchanged face. And the portrait is hidden away . . . until a day when someone sees it and dies as a result.

When Dorian at last finds love with beautiful Gladys Hallward (Donna Reed) it is far too late. Heaven and hell have fought for his soul and heaven has waged a losing battle.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The portraits of Dorian used in this picture were painted by the Albright brothers, Ivan and Malvine. The last, and most horrible of the series of paintings—the canvas which Dorian rips in rage—took over six months to paint. . . . Ivan Albright was also given the job of making the blue clock (which hangs by the picture) grow gradually older. For the last scene Ivan took a hammer and rapped on the clock. The thing splintered to pieces. Ivan had thought the timepiece was made of blue enamel, instead it was a porcelain antique—valued at four hundred dollars. . . . Hurd Hatfield had to practice for many hours to learn to stab that penknife into the desk in the nursery scene where he murders the painter. When the scene was having its dress rehearsal, Hurd let go the knife too quickly and it flew—point first—toward director Albert Lewin. "Cut!" yelled Lewin, "cut and run for your lives!" Hatfield, seated in his dressing room on the set, was singing "Long Ago and Far Away" when a sailor passing by stuck his head through the door, frowned, and said, "tsk, tsk." "Don't you like my singing?" asked Hurd. "Naw!" answered the sailor, walking away. Later that day Hurd was introduced to the same boy in gob's uniform—it was Frank Sinatra, there for a picture! . . . Hatfield (the guy who came to Hollywood for a week end eighteen months ago!) has a lot of work to do in this one. He's in 355 of the 359 scenes—an unusual amount for a newcomer. . . . Hurd was dining at Romanoff's one evening—couldn't stop glancing at the lovely gal at the next table who seemed to be continually glancing back. Finally, he walked over and introduced himself, claiming he was sure he knew her but couldn't remember when or where. The girl laughed—"I'm producer Joan Harrison—we shared space on a page in Vogue Magazine last month!"

SALTY O'ROURKE

Alan Ladd doesn't look like a tough guy. He doesn't sound like one, either, with that nice, quiet voice of his. But give him a gun and a couple of gangsters to cope with, and he'll have you shivering in no time. The way he does in "Salty O'Rourke" which is tops in entertainment.

Salty (Alan Ladd) is a racetrack gambler. Not a very desirable character on the face of it, but somehow he's a swell person. Take the jam he's in right now. He's got to pay twenty thousand bucks to an unpleasant bookie named Baxter (Bruce Cabot) just because Salty's partner owed it to him when he died. Baxter is the kind of guy who means it when he says "Pay me in thirty days—or else." The "or else" is conveyed by a small, clicking sound denoting sudden death for Salty if the dough is not forthcoming.

Salty and his trainer, Smitty (William Demarest) have to do some fast thinking.



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in

COUNTER-ATTACK

(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

Thrilling with tenseness!
Towering with bigness!
Startling with suspense!



with
MARGUERITE LARRY
CHAPMAN · PARKS

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson

Directed by **ZOLTAN KORDA**

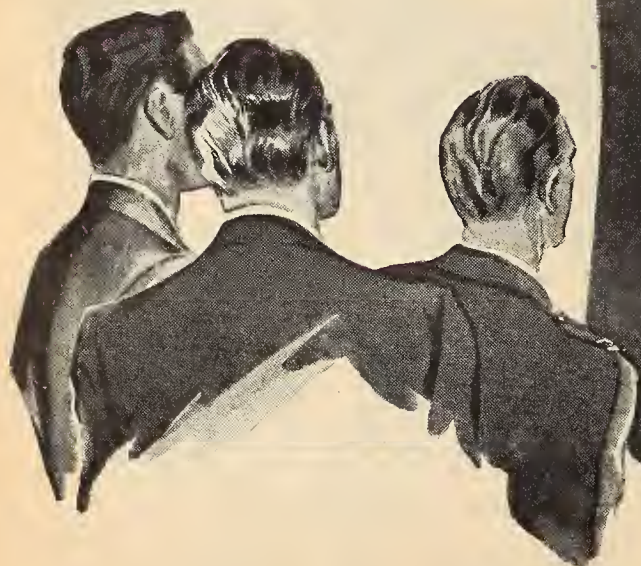


Rhonda Fleming wears

SPELLBOUND

perfume by LYNETTE

*Rhonda Fleming, featured in
Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound,"
a Selznick International Picture
starring Ingrid Bergman
and Gregory Peck.*



Salty does most of it, since Smitty just isn't built for thinking. They locate a tough little jockey named Johnny Cate who has been barred from every track in the country. They have him assume the identity of his seventeen-year-old kid brother. Then they get a horse named Whipper which can cover the ground faster than a stolen car. No jockey but Johnny can ride him, but with Johnny up he's meek as a lamb. They enter him in the famous Delington Handicap, and they're all set.

Until Johnny finds out he has to go to school, since he's supposed to be only seventeen. He starts by insulting the pretty teacher, Barbara Brooks (Gail Russell), then goes on to fall in love with her. Salty keeps having to straighten things out and Barbara misunderstands his interest and falls in love with him. You can't blame her for that—Salty is a very attractive guy, but it complicates his plans considerably. Because Johnny figures Salty is playing him for a sucker, and proceeds to do the same for Salty. Meanwhile, Baxter shows up, and there's a climax which ends in sudden death. Whose death? See it and find out.

Stanley Clements handles the difficult role of the little jockey with exceptional skill. You'll be asking for him again.—Par.

P. S.

Paramount bought this story sight unseen! Matter of fact, the idea wasn't even on paper. It was all in the mind of Milton Holmes. . . . It was a matter of Holmes outlining and acting all the parts of the picture in the DeSylva office—took him an hour and thirty-five minutes but at the conclusion B. G. said, "sold!" . . . This is the second story which the former extra and manager of the Beverly Hills tennis club has written and sold to the studios. The first was "Mr. Lucky" . . . Paramount borrowed Raoul Walsh from Warner Bros. to direct. This was his first directional assignment off the Warner lot in more than four years. He was the ideal choice because he is one of Hollywood's leading racing sportsmen and has owned several big-money turf winners. . . . Walsh and producer E. D. Leshin chose a sorrel named L'Elegant, a one-time Jock Whitney colt, for the picture's equine lead "Whipper." For the racing scenes in the picture, Paramount used a string of 50 racehorses rented from stables in L. A. County and at the Caliente, Mexico, track. Each horse in the picture had to have at least one double and "Whipper" had two. Thoroughbreds could be run only a limited time during the course of a shooting day without endangering their racing usefulness. . . . Real jockeys were used to run the bangtails. Twelve professional riders were employed for the racing sequences. Several of them, such as Ralph Neves, were nationally known riders. . . . Gail was so delighted with the Dorothy O'Hara-designed gowns (her first dress-up role) for the picture that she had the entire wardrobe copied for her personal use.

COUNTER-ATTACK

Suppose you had eight Germans in a cellar at the point of your gun. Your instructions are to capture officers only, in an attempt to get information concerning a coming attack. The soldiers deny that any of them is an officer but you are convinced one of them is lying. How can you find out which one?

That is the problem faced by Kulkov (Paul Muni), a Russian paratrooper, in "Counter-Attack." Kulkov is dropped behind the German lines with a detachment led by Vassilev (Erik Rolf). They are met by members of the Underground and led to the headquarters of the guerrilla fighters. They then attack a factory held by the



INGRID BERGMAN
GREGORY PECK

in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

SPELLBOUND

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Screen play by BEN HECHT

Released thru United Artists

Haunted... by a Memory!

Hunted... by the Law!

Harrowed.. by a Secret they dared not Disclose!

wrestler, is probably the biggest thing in pictures. Davis is six feet six, and weighs 270 pounds. C. B. DeMille discovered him at the Olympic Auditorium and gave him a part in "Reap the Wild Wind." Now Davis divides his time between the ring and the screen. He's the giant porter—in case you have to be told. . . . Return to the screen for Blanche Ring. Fans of the silent films may remember Blanche. For the past few years she's been devoting all her time to the stage. . . . Charles Brown is one of those actors who spend six months on the West Coast making movies then tear back to N. Y. for a six months engagement. He was originally brought to Hollywood to play his part in "Burlesque." . . . One of the good things that the ill wind of war blew our way was Lenore Aubert. The Viennese girl was starting her screen career in Austria when Hitler moved in so she caught the first boat to Hollywood.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND

This picture comes up with a brand new starring combination—one you'll see often. It's Zachary Scott and Betty Field, both of whom know their way around in front of a camera. Add a magnificent characterization of a shrill-voiced old harridan, by Beulah Bondi, and you really have something. "Hold Autumn In Your Hand" is the story of Sam and Nona Tucker. It is a story of hardship and toil and poverty—always poverty. But Sam (Zachary Scott) and Nona (Betty Field) have a quality you can't buy with money. That is faith in themselves and in each other.

Sam gives up his job as a cotton picker to rent a farm of his own. It isn't much of a farm, really. The land has lain idle for three years and is covered with underbrush. But Sam knows that the earth is

rich beneath it. They take the children and old Granny (Beulah Bondi) in a truck with their meager load of possessions. When they get to the farm they find that the "house" is just a tumbledown shack, leaking at every joint. Sam was so interested in the land that he forgot to investigate the matter of the house when he rented it. Granny's wails could be heard for miles when she saw the place!

Their neighbor, Devers, is rich but he won't even lend them a cup of milk for little Jot, their small boy. He resents Sam's youth and hopefulness, and even when Jot develops the dreaded "spring sickness" or pellagra, he will do nothing to help them. "Lots of milk and vegetables," the doctor says, but where can they get them?

Sam is offered a job in a factory, unskilled labor, at seven dollars a day. He ought to take it, he knows that. It is duty to his family to take it, and yet the stubborn core of determination in his heart says "hang on a little longer." Nona stands firmly by his side in this. No matter what happens, she is willing for Sam to stick to the farm, and she tells Granny so in no uncertain terms.

Sam's decision is tested by disaster in every form you can imagine, but he and Nona never lose faith. It is courage like theirs which has made America the country it is.—U.A.

P. S.

Eugene Lourie, art director for the picture, attempted to make his locales authentic. But war-time difficulty in transporting acting and technical crews plus the fact that the flood scene had to do considerable damage to the land made it impossible. Instead, Lourie found a setting of cotton field and river in the Madera Valley in California. The company established

headquarters there for three weeks. There were other location trips—one to Firebaugh, 26 miles from Madera, for the cotton picking scenes in which 175 actual cotton pickers were used; a week at Lake Malibu for the Devers' farm; a week in the San Fernando valley for the town and graveyard sequence; and several days in a dry riverbed near Universal City for a muddy road locale. . . . The Special Effects Department faced a terrific problem in providing director Renoir with a heavy rain and electric storm preceding a flood which devastates the countryside and completely ruins the cotton crop. Flood backgrounds were secured by damming the San Joaquin river to increase the current's flow and by floating down river trees, bits and pieces of houses, livestock and debris of all sorts. . . . The Tucker house in the picture has an interesting background. Renoir and Lourie found an old barn near Ventura, bought and dismantled it. They arranged for rebuilding of it at the studio. The set was mounted on wheels and carried north to the Madera Valley for use there and later it was brought back to Hollywood for interiors on the sound stage.

PILLOW TO POST

Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman? No, no, this one is different. The traveling salesman in this case is a girl named Jean (Ida Lupino) who sells oil well supplies for her father. At least she's supposed to sell them. So far she hasn't made a sale. She has a good prospect now, though. Slim Clark (Johnny Mitchell) who owns an oil company in Clayfield.

Unfortunately, Clayfield is an Army town, and there isn't a room to be had, unless you're an Army wife. Jean isn't any kind of a wife, but she's got to have a room

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon.
I have everything arranged just the way you like it."

so she can stay in town long enough to clinch the sale. She has a date for dinner with Slim that night, and he obviously thinks she's quite a dish. If she can only get a room.

By accident, she hears about one that's vacant in an auto court. Only you have to be married to an officer to get it. So Jean goes out looking for an officer, and eventually encounters a Lieutenant, a handsome one named Don (William Prince). She explains to him that if he'll just pretend to be her husband for a few minutes she can get the room, and he will never have to see her again. Don would like to do it—after all, she's a very pretty girl. On the other hand, the Army views such goings on with a stern and forbidding eye. Suppose his commanding officer, Colonel Otley (Sydney Greenstreet) should show up? "Oh, but he won't!" Jean assures him. Oh, but he does, and that makes it necessary for them to stay "married."

When Slim shows up for his dinner date with Jean, he is astounded to find that she has suddenly acquired a husband. He and Don don't get along at all, and at the end of the evening, no large and impressive order for oil well supplies has materialized. So Don and Jean go back to the auto court and their "wedding night." You can imagine some, but not all, of the complications.

The housing shortage has certainly been God's gift to Hollywood. But even if the fundamental situation is slightly frayed around the edges by now, you'll enjoy "Pillow To Post." Ida Lupino handles the comedy adroitly.—War.

P. S.

There was almost as much uproar in connection with the filming of this as occurs in the script. Ida Lupino was "captured" by an army of admirers while on location—was missing for almost a day—Bill Prince was accidentally locked up in a steam-bath part of a night—the jitterbug routine between petite Ida and Johnny Mitchell was done on one of the hottest days in the San Fernando Valley history and left Mitchell (an ex-Montana cow-puncher) collapsed from the heat—and to add to the studio headache, 280 pound Sydney Greenstreet discovered tiny motor scooters the solution to the gas problem! Then there were a few "minor" incidents like Ida's car being stolen by an unknown admirer who thought he might get a date with her when he returned it; and the theft of the front door to her home; and a bathtub skid which left her with a sprained neck ligament and the memory of a narrowly escaped brain concussion. No sooner was Ida back to work than Bill Prince was threatened with appendicitis and had to be packed in ice in his dressing room between takes—that was just prior to Greenstreet's bout with the flu.

Officials were about ready to bill the picture as "Whew! We Made It!" . . . Since most of the action took place in a ten unit auto court and none such was available, art director Leo Kuter designed one and had it built on the huge Warner's stage six. Each of the ten bungalows was a completely furnished and liveable unit—homeless waifs among the studio personnel stood around the stage looking longingly at the compact little apartments!

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

There have undoubtedly been lots of different reasons for girls joining the WAC. Patriotism, boredom, yen for a uniform—any number of others. But here's a new one. Valerie Parks (Lana Turner) becomes a WAC so she can get half a million dollars.

It's this way. Val is a playgirl. Champagne, nightclubs, Palm Beach—those are

P-s-t, Sally— Hold that Rumba!

Time out for 30 seconds—
to keep you from dancing
your charm away!



Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but you knew the reason why?



Mum to the rescue! And not too late even though you're dressed. Isn't it well worth 30 seconds to guard your after-bath freshness with Mum? No risk now of underarm odor to come!

On with the dance—you're near and you're dear to the one you love! And you're taking no chances with happiness like that. Not while there's Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encores the whole evening long!



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

MUM'S QUICK—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

MUM'S SAFE—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S CERTAIN—Mum 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.

Lipstick I. Q. Test

FOR SMART WOMEN



WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIMETABLE?

Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of "endurance records"—clings to your lips for many extra hours.

WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIPSTICK COLORS?

Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red-Red—bold, dark and handsome. Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.



WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?

When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive cream base protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.



WHAT'S HER NAME? This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece—Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick—gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

the important things to her. The trouble is, they all take dough, lots of it, and dough is the thing she is rapidly running out of. Up in Vermont there is half a million dollars sitting around in a bank vault, waiting for the day when the bank trustees decide she should have it. So far they've held it, because of her playgirl status. So why not join the WAC, and convince them she's a fine specimen of patriotic American womanhood? She can always develop housemaid's knee, or something, and get out later.

But once Val is really in the Army, she likes the darn thing. Of course basic training is tough. And she makes an enemy the very first day—a girl named Leigh Rand (Laraine Day) who is a Colonel's daughter and thinks she knows the Army cold. In spite of these disadvantages, Val is happy for the first time. She and Ann Darrison (Susan Peters) become intimate friends, with Ann doing her best to keep peace between Val and Leigh.

It's funny about those two. They're both clever and attractive and good at every job they're assigned to, but they just can't get along. Maybe it's because Leigh is secretly jealous of Val, or maybe it's Val's quick temper. Anyway, even when they get to Officers' Candidate School, they are still rivals and enemies.

Then Val gets in a mess—a bad one. It's through no fault of her own, but Leigh can't, or won't, understand that. And it gives her a hold on Val which threatens everything the former playgirl now cares for. It takes the tragedy of Ann's heart-break over her husband's death to bring the two of them together—for the honor of the Corps.

You'll be fascinated with the way the inner workings of the WAC are shown in this picture. And when you see Lana in her uniform, you'll probably rush right out and join up yourself.—M-G-M.

P. S.

WAC Lieutenant Louise V. White was technical advisor on this. Her greatest problem with the forty Ziegfeld Follies WACs was their hair. WACs aren't permitted to wear their hair below the collars so the chorus gals had to roll their long bobs and many of them were constantly coming unrattled. The girls had to line up each morning in full uniform and stand for inspection à la regular Army. First came Lt. White inspecting the hair, then a man from make-up with a bottle of polish remover and a rag (WAC's must not wear bright polish) and then a girl from wardrobe to check stocking seams. Lt. White was thrilled with the way the girls did their close order drills—wished that all WACs might first be precision dancers in a chorus. . . . The girls found themselves talking in the slang of the WAC before the picture was half completed. Some of them even coined new phrases. Lana Turner's new name for Air Corps pilots seemed the best of all—she calls 'em "air males." While the picture was in production, Lana got a letter from a company of Army nurses in New Guinea which told of the girls' favorite island pastime—swimming in the beautiful blue Pacific waters. Seems the nurses had only shorts and bras made of toweling, however. So Lana shipped a case of the most glamorous bathing suits she could find—one for each nurse! . . . Lana has bought half interest in a song written by Negro singer Bill Daniels. The song's titled "Mad About You" and any proceeds to come Lana's way will go directly into a trust fund for her small daughter, Cherry. . . . Susan Peters left on an Eastern business trip at the completion of her part in the picture—it was her first glimpse of Chicago and New York.

MEDAL FOR BENNY

Do you know what a "Paisano" is? Paisanos are half-Spanish, half-Indian, and you find a lot of them in California coast towns. They're indolent and charming and they never worry about tomorrow as long as there's a jug of red wine around. Dorothy Lamour makes a lovely, voluptuous Paisano girl, with handsome Arturo De Cordova playing opposite her.

The principal character in "Medal For Benny" never appears on the screen at all. You see, Benny has disappeared from the town of Pantera before our story opens. His departure is regretted by the Paisanos but applauded by the police, with whom he was usually embroiled. He has left his father, old Charlie (J. Carroll Naish), no word of his intentions. Even his sweetheart, Lolita (Dorothy Lamour), doesn't know where he went. Lolita is being ardently courted by Joe Morales (Arturo De Cordova), but she assures him that she will remain faithful to Benny.

Besides, she doesn't think Joe would make a very good husband, attractive as he is. Joe is always dreaming up fancy schemes to make a lot of money without doing any work. The schemes always fail, since Joe's ideas aren't very practical. To Lolita's disgust, he gets old Charlie to invest sixty dollars in a motor launch to use for fishing. The first time out, the motor drops right through the boat's rotted bottom, into the blue Pacific.

Joe and Lolita quarrel over this sad event, and Joe takes out a girl from the neighboring town. She tells him that she saw Benny a few months ago, and shows him a ring Benny gave her. Joe recognizes it as a ring Lolita gave Benny before he went away. He reports this to Lolita, and she is completely disillusioned, and decides she really loves Joe after all.

The next day a terrific piece of news hits Pantera. Benny is dead! Not killed in a barroom brawl, as they might have expected, but in the Army after disposing of a hundred Japs. A whole regiment and a real live General are coming to Pantera to give old Charlie the posthumously awarded Congressional Medal. The rest is pathos and humor and drama, all done with a subtle touch you will appreciate.—Par.

P. S.

Frank Butler wrote the screen play on this one, but basic ideas are from the Steinbeck-Jack Wagner twenty page outline. Wagner got the inspiration twenty years ago when he returned to France and found his home town of Salinas bursting a few arteries over its acquisition of a hero, Sergeant Blank, winner of a Congressional Medal of Honor. . . . Dorothy Lamour's counting on this as a permanent release from her sarong. Went about happy as a lark at her first chance to really act. She and co-star de Cordova formed a mutual admiration society on set. . . . J. Carroll Naish, who just about stole the show, is a one-man stock company that's played more nationalities than any man on the screen. . . . Up came another child wonder when nine-year-old Fernando Alvarado had to depend on ability instead of cuteness. . . . This was Rosita Morena's first bad girl role. She has a weekly broadcast to Latin America, by the way. It was her first English-speaking role in six years. . . . Three locations did it for this one—the one at San Fernando Mission and Paducah Street à la squalid Mexican style gave Lamour a chance to cuddle Mexican babies like a veteran office-seeker. The shot of her playing with a photogenic goat was a honey. . . . At San Bernardino Air Depot, Dottie was going strong on assembling layettes for the enlisted men's crop of gurgling cherubs.

Are you in the know?



What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- ☐ Colorless nail polish
- ☐ Ammonia and water
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They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal *daintiness*.

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A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

- ☐ Wedded to flat heeled shoes
- ☐ A frilly dilly
- ☐ Posture-perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatterers. Shun frilly clothes. And never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're posture-perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the little cares of problem days—with Kotex. Unlike thick, stubby pads, Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't cause revealing lines. And that special *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.



If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- ☐ Should you just stand there
- ☐ Walk slowly on
- ☐ Feel offended

Now—A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin



When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring *real* comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing!*

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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

RAWLINGS-VOGUE STUDIOS

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TO OUR READERS

■ Charles E. Johnson never took a screen test. He never drove a Lincoln, gave his autograph, nor spent an evening in the Mocambo. He's just a middle-aged guy who played a great game of ball when he was younger, worked hard all his life and hates to shave on Sundays. He could be your father. Except that he happens to be Van



Johnson's! . . . On page 48 Charles E. Johnson tells the story of how he raised his son. We believe that it is the finest story that has ever appeared in MODERN SCREEN. And I'll tell you why . . . Any magazine that's worth its salt has to believe in something. MODERN SCREEN believes in the dignity and worth of the American family. MODERN SCREEN believes also that stars are real people with real families. Wonderful—but real. Which goes double for Van and his dad! . . . You will read *yourself* into this story. Like all American fathers, Van's dad never made a fuss over his boy. Probably no one ever caught father and son in a heart to heart talk. None of the trimmings of

being a parent. But when the time came, when he was left alone with his boy, he cooked for him. He saw to it that he went to school with his teeth brushed . . . or else. And Van had the best Christmas tree in town . . . Yes, you will read yourself into the story. And maybe you will cry a little. *I* did.

Executive Editor



Jeonne, the G.I.s' top thrill, hasn't found "The One" but, oping "Seventh Heaven," colls Lon McCollister. "Chico," is his "Dione."

**Presenting Jeanne Crain, her lilt and laugh, her
beauty and yen for books 'n' things—her life story.**

Jeanne Brain

Jeanne used to think that her sister Rita was twins. Not twins with Jeanne or with anyone else. Just twins by herself.

Where the notion came from, she had no idea. Unless from hearing Mother say, as she frequently did, "I always wanted twins." That's why Mother dressed them alike for so long. Till Jeanne, the shy, quiet one, said: "I think my clothes ought to be different from Rita's."

You could see it was a shock, and Jeanne hastened to explain. "I'm nineteen months older, Mother. It makes me feel babyish—"

"But I didn't know you minded. I thought you liked it—"

"Oh, I *did*—when we were little. But now—well, I think I ought to be myself—"

It kind of broke Mother's heart. Jeanne's red-brown hair was as blonde as Rita's then, and Mother loved it when people took them for twins. But she understood and respected Jeanne's feelings, and that was the end of dressing alike. Rita was disgusted. Even today she wouldn't mind dressing like Jeanne.

They were just about as different as sisters could be—



It's Bing for craarin' and Coleman for swing, tha' she likes her Cugat, too. While clubbing with Paul Brooks, or other beaux, likker's taboo! (Time out for Trac'ing, H. James' harn.)



Only beauty tricks are: 41 hours sleep and castor-oil facials. Hates clowning, loves singing, flannel pajamas, fruit and drawing. Flabbergasting new poppa Dana Andrews on "State Fair" set.



Jeanne admits expecting to look like Lamarr at rushes after being "mauled into beauty," is usually disappointed. Director Cukar once requested her to remove her eyelashes as they were "photographing too artificially." She couldn't. They were her own! (Grid Queen at Inglewood High.)



Jeanne dreamy and withdrawn, her nose forever in a book—cocky little Rita, always ready to wrestle with the world on its own terms. Calling for them at school one day, Mother found Rita with a dozen girls around her. Jeanne stood way off by herself under a tree. Years later, Mother told her about it. "It made me feel so sad—"

"It didn't have to, Mother. I never felt lonely by myself."

Yet, for all the difference between them, they were also as close as sisters can be. From the first, Rita belonged to Jeanne. "We have a baby sister for you," they told her, and she took it literally. When they brought Rita home from the hospital, she held out her arms and couldn't understand why her property wasn't handed over. As the years passed, their relationship shifted a little. Rita turned protector, worried over Jeanne's shyness, elected herself buffer between her gentle sister and any winds that blew. Of course, if she teased Jeanne to quit reading or drawing for something more boisterous, that was her privilege. Just so nobody else tried it. . . .

Her talent for leadership was balanced by an intense admiration for Jeanne's talents along other lines—

When she was three-and-a-half, Jeanne almost died. Double pneumonia and empyema kept her in the hospital for four months, and she came out weighing twenty-eight pounds. To amuse her, Auntie Bee—as she called her cherished Aunt Elizabeth—taught her to read. Rita didn't learn to read till she went to school. What for, when all she had to do was hand Jeanne a book, and out would come a wonderful story about Jack and Jane and Terry? Pretty soon Jeanne was reading her the funnies. And not only that, she could make pictures of cows and horses and people, even of Rita. And then one day she wrote a letter to Granny, and put it in an envelope and addressed it herself—

"Is it good enough for the postman to take?" breathed Rita. "My, but Jeanne's smart, isn't she? She's so smart that when she goes to school, I think she'll teach the teachers—"

They lived in a white stucco house in a quiet section of Los Angeles, called View Park, not far from Inglewood. Jeanne's favorite reading (*Continued on page 103*)

Jeanne Brain



Pin-up statistics: 114 lbs., 5' 5", *curves*—and "changeable eyes." From anticipated studies of astronomy, psych., French, she's shifted to Spanish with a tutar. (At finals for "Camera Queen.")

At 14, Mam used to come on her chatting away with "Margie," the little playmate who wasn't there! She soon outgrew fantasy, though, to skip three grades and finish high school at 16.



A sports-praficient sentimentalist, she collects old-fashioned music boxes and keeps hinting for a chaise longue. (At a toothless 9 months.)



Still an unspailed kid, she's irritated by old friends who expect her to give up studying back and forth in the family car with Mam and to "make like a star." (At 3 yrs.)



POSTSCRIPTS ON THE



New house is tops with Glo, with room for John's record collection storring V. Monroe plus a bor for his molteds. Swimming pool, corrol, and guest house ore to be odded. Frequent guests are the James's ond Hoymes's plus G's Mo. Mother Payne sends weekly coke packages

PAYNES

First we played

Cupid, then wrote up their

marriage. Now we

bring you our newest Mr.

'n' Mrs. — in color!



When not working, Glorio pours John's morning coffee, markets, gives command performances, and listens to her favorites: Crosby *and* Sinatro, Ello Fitzgerald. She's planning a trip East in order to meet Mo-in-low.



John, soon to be seen in "The Dolly Sisters," does chores in ploids and cords, hod Glorio trade her flossy wardrobe for strictly tailored numbers.

Mrs. P's new title thrills her as much as hubby's lush diamond pendant gift, chilling to radio thrillers. Loves beating poker-sharks Fred MacMurroys.



To the Fans:

Van thrives on mobs, just hopes they keep a'comin'. That's Mrs. K. Wynn to his right, Mrs. Danny Kaye below.

God Bless 'em!

by Hiedda Hopper

You're star-makers and star-

breakers, loyal and brash—H'wood would vanish without you!

■ The other night after a preview I was just getting my jalopy warmed up in the parking lot at Carthay Circle, when I spied a mob swirling my way that looked like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

They flowed around parked autos, climbed over and crawled under, all chasing a tall, tow-headed guy that I recognized right away. Every now and then they caught him, engulfed him to a chorus of squeals, shrieks, shouts and girlish giggles. Then he'd break away, dodge a few steps closer and get swallowed again.

I settled back to see the fun. After all, an old gal

like me, I knew, was in no danger from rabid fans. Not with Van Johnson around!

After a few more scrimmages, Van hopped over the bumper of my car and into his own, the fans in hot pursuit. I had to laugh. His tie was gone, his collar ripped. His coat was buttonless and half off. Scarlet lipstick streaked his face like a Comanche's on the warpath. His hair pointed in all directions, even his hands were scratched and bleeding. He was dripping with sweat. He looked like he'd just taken on Notre Dame singlehanded, or got run over by a Royal Tiger tank. But you (Continued on page 132)

It took veteran Hattie MacDaniel to overcome pride and prejudice and prove that great ladies are born, not made!



Clark's recovered from that cab kidnapping, not to say his fan rating which is *unup*. Photog Ball'ing with Lana:



Local-bay-makes-good D. Margan was trapped in a Wis. elevator for 5 trips 'til he gave with "Desert Song."

By Virginia Wilson



James Craig supplanted Bob Young in her affections during "Lost Angel." Leaving him broke her heart when she went off to Wash. for her "March Of Dimes" appeal.

Curious but calm, her only outburst to date stemmed from Bd. of Ed's edict banning her school attendance. M-G-M still the storm by providing a private prof. classroom.

■ It was a high desk. Too high, when you were only eight years old. Too high, that is, if you sat on a chair. But if you stood up, in your teddy bear slippers and your quilted housecoat, it was just the right height for a drawing board. You put the big empty sheet of paper on the desk, and you got out the crayons and went to work with your tongue sticking out a little to help concentration.

"Margaret, honey, are you drawing again?"

"Yes, mother." Margaret's big brown eyes were serious. "I'm drawing something very important."

"What is it, honey? Let's see."

"It's a picture of a girl. And this time she's going to be really beautiful, Mother. You know how it usually is—the boys I draw all turn out to be pretty and the girls turn out to look like boys. But this girl is going to be a—uh—a glamor girl." (Continued on page 98)



M. never sees her own pix—says she knows the plot, so no suspense, may have her own air show. See her in "Far Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." (Beau Jackie Jenkins.)

LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE

She couldn't have a pony in the closet or a whole steak—but who's worried? Not Missy O'Brien!

A match-maker, she ogles eligibles for Aunt Morisso, but her eye's on "Lossie" director Fred Wilcox 'couse he comes to visit—with the do!





1916—Mother missed that lt. Oomph gal, Theda Bara, in "Romeo and Juliet" with Horry Hilliard, but caught her in "A Fool There Was." With the big rag-and-bone scene they put on a record of Kipling's poem—that was William Fox's ideo—and it "wowed" 'em!



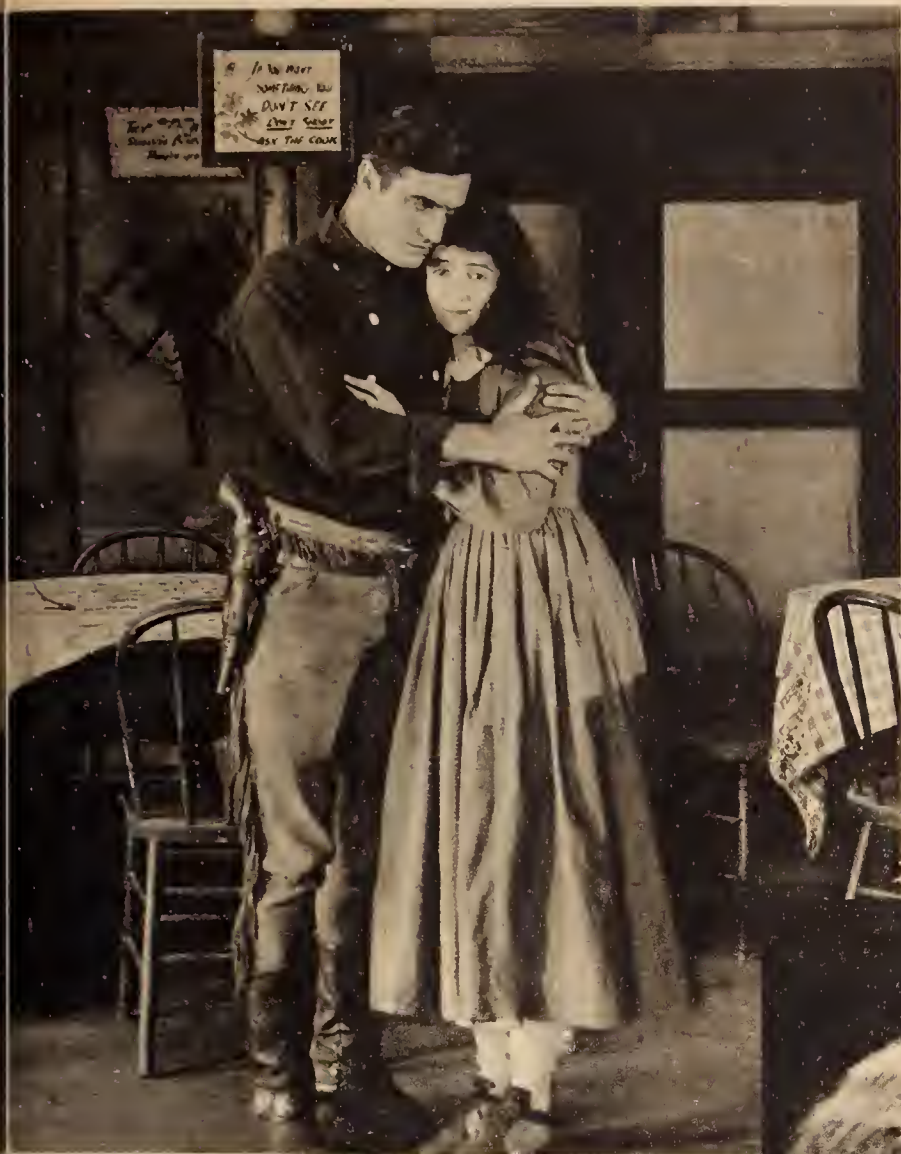
"Hoppy birthday, dear studio, and I hope you live to o thousand. I'm proud to be chosen to talk about your four-star career but there's just one hitch. My memory's not os old as you! So where I don't remember, my mother's kindly helping me out."



1917—A Bill Farnum movie meant a big night in St. Louis—dinner downtown, then to the Fox in time for the show before the picture. Mother says when Miriam Battista wept onto the screen (like here in "Fires Of Conscience"), the audience went A-a-ah! But Farnum was the main attraction. Lived like a king, now he plays bits.

MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

1926—In "Sandv," here's where we yelled, "Watch out, he's behind you!" The man's Ben Bord, who married Ruth Roland, the serial queen. Lookit Madge Bellomy's hair-do, will you? And that casual-an-purpose nude shoulder! Bet they'd never let *me* get away with it!



1927—Bawled sa hard aver "Seventh Heaven" gat myself all smeared up in my candy bar. Never missed a Gaynar picture after that. One reason I hated talkies at first was because they squeezed Charlie Forrell out. But USN Lieut. Farrell's doing fine far himself naw in the South Pacific.



—How I loved Tom Mix! Saturdays, Mather'd take me sister to the carner movie—I still remember Tam in "Cupid's idup." But the minute a kid caughted she'd yank us aut. Be- e my little brather died af whaaping caught before I was barn.

When a studio like 20-Century's

been around 30 years, it's time

to pop the wine corks and crow.

Meet your hostess, Betty Grable.



Before her marriage, she dated Pvt. Bobbie Breen—whose autograph she once begged for! She just finished "Junior Miss," the pic S. Temple was *aching* to play, still gorges on sweets to up those 110 lbs.



She's just inherited the \$200,000 fortune of her aunt and uncle, comes into control next year when she's 21. At 24 she'll get late father's Texas oil properties.



As a frosh, Joyce played the title role in UCLA's production of "Alice In Wonderland." A talent scout spied, signed her. Says she, "That's 'cause I was the only one *without* a mask!"

'JANIE' GETS MARRIED

*Mebbe she's quit movies and mebbe we'll never
get over it but Joyce Reynolds' a Mrs. now and oh, such joy!*



The home-loving type, she confused execs by asking for a bit role in "Son Antonio" in order to get back home where the pic's being filmed! Don't miss her "Janie Gets Married."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Word has just come to us as we go to press that Joyce is retiring from the screen in order to care for her health, seriously impaired by that recent attack of the flu. So while we hate to see you go, good-bye, Joyce, and good luck.)

■ The telephone rang in the Reynolds' apartment one afternoon. When Joyce answered, her best friend, Mary Jane Jensen (wife of Lt. Owen F. Jensen, Jr.) said, "I hope you don't have a date tonight because Owen is here from El Toro, and he brought my cousin, Bob Lewis, with him. Let's go out on a double date."

Joyce had seen pictures of this highly-touted cousin, and she had heard a dozen stories about him. Ordinarily, she would have begged out of a blind date, but the Lieutenant was from Houston, Joyce's home town, and you know how it is with Texans—they believe in one another.

The marine fighter pilot turned out to be even better than As Advertised. He was tall, curly-haired, with a terrific drawling sense of humor. After he had acknowledged his introduction to Joyce's mother and to Joyce, she said, "Mary Jane tells me that you're from Houston, too."

"Ah'm just beginnin' to realize how little I saw of the scenic beauties of mah own home town, since Ah'm just now meetin' you for the first time," said the gentleman from the South.

Right off the bat, they discovered that they had one thing in common: That passionate love of horses that only a Texan can feel so deeply.

Joyce practically grew up on a horse. Her first, when she was little more than an infant in San Antonio, was a plump black-and-white circus pony that would bow, shake hands and cakewalk. After that she rode a sorrel gelding, and when she came to Hollywood, horseless, she managed on (Continued on page 83)

So Nice To Come Home To

■ Last summer, in New York, a group of his advisers were remonstrating with Frank Sinatra. "But, Frank, this affair is important. You've got to see these people."

Frank shook his head. "Fellows, I'm sorry, but I can't be around tomorrow afternoon. I wish," he added reasonably, "you had asked me about my plans before you went ahead and made arrangements."

One of the men said, "We hadn't made any other dates, so we thought it was all right to go ahead and promise your time to these people."

"Well, I made a date of my own, and I've got to keep it. Sorry I can't help you fellows out, though."

There was a little silence during which his friends exchanged glances. They didn't see what could be as important as this business conference.

Frank blurted out, "I promised to take Nancy, Jr. to the circus. She's so excited she hasn't talked about

anything else for weeks. I'm just not going to break my promise."

Someone said Nancy wouldn't mind going the next day, or the next. Kids got distracted easily and didn't remember things like that.

"I don't know about other kids, but I *do* know about Nancy. I made her a promise and I'm going to keep it, regardless of business engagements." And keep his word to his daughter, he certainly did. And took her girl friend, Mary Anne, too.

They fed the elephant peanuts; they prowled through the sideshows to see the fat man, the bearded lady, the fire-eater and the sword-swallower. They had a stupendous time. After that, there was the three-ring main show. Nancy, having a few peanuts left, fed them to one of the clowns to whom she took a fancy. She asked her dad why he didn't sing with the band, and was pleasantly (Continued on page 87)



Nancy, the Sinatra Mam, is moonin' the blues: Over unkind rumors that her brief hospital stay was due to a nose-babbing, because she rammed into Dick Powell's parked car during a driving lesson.



Margaret O'Brien, youngest celebrity ever to appear in "Who's Who," portied recently with Nancy, Jr., discussed circuses—and Sinatra! Dad praved a gaad spart at that Broadway show when star Lou Holtz called from stage. "And what business are you in, son?" Next pic: "Anchors Aweigh."

by **F**redda **D**udley

**Frankie'll never be a "Sundays Only" dad—
not with circuses to visit or baby tears to lullaby away.**



She's pink champagne and dream-
ing by the fire and quicksilver.

She's June Haver.

by Abigail Putnam

■ Lieutenant Arnold Von de Lohe, stationed at Camp Deedrick, Maryland, wrote to LIFE magazine, when it published some pictures of Twentieth Century's dynamic elf, "I want June Haver for Christmas."

A noble sentiment, but one dispatched without considering that June Haver on the highest Christmas tree on the highest mountain on earth would provoke such a rush as would make a Grable-Turner-Goddard-Lamarr meeting on the corner of Hollywood and Vine look like a WCTU convention.

Take, for instance, that long-ago Valentine's

BLONDE OF THE YEAR



June, now in "Where De We Ga Fram Here?", was "farmed out" to a B'way musical for experience. She almost-steadies with Bill Eythe, paints, collects figurines—and Sinatra discs.

Day, when June was fifteen. The stampede to June's house started the instant school was over for the day. The first boy to arrive parked his galoshes in the hallway, hung up his lumberjack, and strolled into the living room bearing a three-pound pink satin heart of candy under one arm.

June, thrilled to the core, deposited the gift on the library table, and invited the boy to join her before the roaring fireplace. Two seconds later the front door bell rang again. June's mother answered, and there was Beau No. 2. He shed his galoshes and coat, and he strolled into the living room bearing, as token of his esteem, a five-pound red satin heart filled with candy. He and the first boy were buddies, so the threesome before the fire was chummy, and the hot chocolate that Mrs. Haver had prepared was yummy, so the afternoon looked very copasetic. Then, the doorbell rang again.

There will be a brief pause while Mrs. Haver goes to another closet to secure additional coat hangers for what is obviously not a committee meeting of June's admirers, but a full-fledged convention.

Thirty minutes after the first guest arrived, there were seven pairs of snow boots in the hallway; one hour after the initial gift of a heart box of candy, there were eleven boxes stacked on the living room table; and ninety minutes after the first cup of hot chocolate had been served, the boy with whom June was supposed to be going steady, arrived.

He stood irresolute in the hallway, moving a stricken glance from (Continued on page 93)



That's my Boy!



The years have dealt gently with Charles Johnson, giving him long, quiet hours to spend, scissors and paste in hand, with his many scrapbooks, recollections of a baby son in his heart.

Van Johnson's earliest memories are of a simple frame house on Ayrault street in Newport, R.I., though it wouldn't have been home except for Dad—anti-theater at first, but now a loyal fan.

■ My home in Newport, R. I., is unpretentious. It's just an ordinary tan house, with a comfortable front porch where you can sit and rock in the summertime, and a yard in the back just about big enough for a gang of kids to swat a ball around in. Nothing unusual about it except that it *was* Van Johnson's house. Still *is*, for that matter. He haunts the place, that big kid. I keep tripping over his ukulele and his megaphone. Every time I open a closet, a track shoe falls out. Anyway, that house is Newport's new showplace, and it's a funny thing—but I kind of like it.

In the old days, when Van and I would watch the Sunday drivers peering at the big estates, I'd





by Charles E Johnson **as told to Jean Kinhead**

**Van Johnson's pop looks back and finds the years
gay and heart-warming with memories of his "Red."**

That's my Boy!

feel like shouting right along with him, "Yaah, rubbernecks!" But now that they're looking at *our* house, I feel kind of warm and proud. Sometimes I want to open the front door and say, "I'm his dad. Come on in and look around." And once or twice, I've done just that. You ought to see the way the kids touch his chair and his books, as if they were solid gold. And when they ask me about him, their eyes are so big, and their voices so low. Gosh, does a fellow's heart good.

People ask me if Van was a good baby. That beats me. Did any father ever admit to having a bad baby? Sure, he was good. And from the very beginning we understood each other. When he was three, his mother and I separated, and Van stayed with me. It sort of scared me, at first. I mean, heck, what does a man know about bringing up a kid? Then my mother came and lived with us, so that relieved me of chores like sewing on buttons and stoking in oatmeal, and left lots of time for picnics and skating on the little pond near our house.

You know, there's a rumor around that I was a terribly strict, long-faced father. A sourpuss with a switch in one hand and a copy of the Bible in the other. Maybe the columnists figure that that makes a better story than the truth, I don't know. It doesn't bother me when I read it because Van knows how it was and that's all that really matters. As a matter of fact though, I was strict about only a few things, and one of them was that he take care of his health. I didn't let him eat bags and bags of candy the way other kids did, and I made him chew his food well. Then, I was insistent that he be in bed early every night. I guess most mothers would die over this, but I never bundled him up in the wintertime. He wore warm clothes, but he never looked stuffed with sweaters the way so many children do, and he almost never wore a hat. The result was—and I'm kind of proud of this—there were literally years in a row when Van wouldn't be absent from school. And I really and truly believe that he wouldn't have pulled



Van started playing the field of hearts early in life. He was just 6 when he discovered Miss King, the first-grade schaalarm, and conceived the first of his many "violent" attachments. (He's the cherub in the back row, 4th from right.)



Despite the "Ramea" tag, he was popular with "the fellas," captaining the basketball team. Naw maid Essie's another fan, comes to clean his Brentwaad apt. 3 times a week—and make up the twin beds he alternately sleeps in!



Red's pals, spotting that charm beneath his shy seriousness, were legion, and proved the forerunners of today's "swooners." Only the fact that none of his pix ore shown in Mexico explains his not being recognized there on recent trip.



He'd already started murdering the King's English at 15, still does with his "I'm to sign a cigarette *testament*," or "Hurry, we're wasting high time." But 15 wasn't too young to work after school helping Dod.

Portrait of a star—18, a h.s. graduato.



A dram., football letter man, a dreamer



Still studying song and dance, the violin.



Dreams poy off—an extro in "Pol Joey."

Na boak warm, he can still qualify as a sec'y.

ROGERS HIGH SCHOOL										
REPORT OF JOHNSON, CHARLES V.					GRADE XI.					
SCHOOL YEAR 1922-23					FIRST HALF			SECOND HALF		
SUBJECTS					First Term	Second Term	Average	First Term	Second Term	Average
ENGLISH 3B.-3H					P	P	P	P	P	P
Typewriting 2B.-2H					C	C	C	C	C	C
Stenography 2B.-2H					C	C	C	C	C	C
P. H. Drawing 2B.-2H					C	C	C	C	C	C
Bookkeeping 1A.-1B					P	P	P	P	P	P
*The column marked "Year" will be used only when the full year average has been secured for the year in which					37.1					
DIPLOMA POINTS SECURED					37.1					
					FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM	THIRD TERM	FOURTH TERM		
					O	O	O	O		
					O	O	O	O		
					O	O	O	O		
					SATISFACTORY	SATISFACTORY	SATISFACTORY	SATISFACTORY		



One of the many "kid crush" sketches which papered his walls—Garbo. Next starrer's "Thrill Of A Romance."



Graduation left him free to dabble at short story writing, sketching. He tried to satisfy his wanderlust by learning foreign cookery and 7 years later, he and "most interesting person" June Havoc bought a sleep while appearing in "Pal Jaey."

through that accident last year had he not had that wonderful background of health.

I was strict, too, about honesty, about respect for older people, about neatness of appearance. For the rest, I didn't much care. Broken windows, an occasional fling of playing hookey, stray dogs and cats brought in to be fed—those were things to be dealt with lightly; to be chuckled over quietly when he was in bed. I honestly don't think I was strict. Golly, I never spanked Red once in his whole life. He was my buddy, you see, and for the most part all it took was a look to straighten him out.

When anyone asks me whether it was terribly hard to be both father and mother to the kid, I say, well it was and it wasn't. Every once in awhile I'd feel kind of futile and dumb. Like when he started school. I wasn't sure what kind of clothes the kids wore or anything. Women know all that stuff instinctively, I guess. It was so important that he look all right that first day because youngsters can be so cruel to each other if one of them is a little bit different. I scrubbed his cheeks and his

ears and slicked down his hair, and told him to put on his brown pants and sweater. He had his breakfast and I took him over to school, standing a minute after the big front door had swallowed him up. That evening I asked him how it had gone. "Fine," he said. "Did your teacher say anything to you?" I asked. "No, dad," he said. "Are the children nice?" "Sure." I breathed a great sigh of relief. My son had gone into the world, had accepted it and had, in turn, been accepted by it. It was a big thing.

Sometimes on his birthday or on Christmas, I'd wish I knew more about fixing things sort of fancy, but we got by. On his birthday, his grandmother would bake a cake and sometimes the kids would come in, and it would turn into a party. There were never any of those big Jack Horner pies in the middle of the table, nor anyone to play the piano while the youngsters played musical chairs, no funny hats or paper candy cups. But they could make noise and sit on all the furniture and have second and third helpings of soda and ice cream if they wanted. I guess Van thought his parties were okay.



Dod Johnson once played pro baseball, where he learned the exercises Von now does to strengthen those torn right arm muscles.



Both Johnsons have worked out on these exercisers but note the inspiration—that pic of popo in the 1900's.

I never wanted Van to feel that Christmas at our house was less wonderful than in the houses where there was a mother and a father. I couldn't have stood that. Maybe it wasn't quite the same, but our Christmases were pretty good.

When he was little and still believed in Santa Claus, I'd pop him into bed right after supper on Christmas Eve and go to work. First the tree. The very biggest, fattest tree that our little living room could take care of. His grandmother and I would string it with popcorn and cranberries, weigh it down with colored balls and lights, tinsel and candy canes. It was a tree for children such as they have in the old country. Nothing sophisticated about it like the ones you see now that are all silver and blue lights. I don't suppose it was a very beautiful tree really, but if you could have seen Van's eyes Christmas morning! Underneath the tree I'd lay a big square mirror and surround it with mounds of artificial snow. I'd plant a few little branches of evergreen around to look like trees, and put little five-and-ten figures of of skaters on the mirror-lake. (Continued on page 78)



There's more to this son-dod tie-up than cords or phon-ing. Von hates holidays—"They're for families ond I'm always oloine." Will it be for long—or for keeps?

That's my Boy!



Dropping in at Ed. Al Delacorte's N. Y. home, Loddie proudly showed snops of Alono, while promising Al's 2-year-old Petie o sister like her—soon!

ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

Those wounded GIs caught some of the glamour, the warmth of the Ladds, but they never saw the tears.

■ You know how hospital corridors are. Long and narrow and sort of frightening. Alan and Sue were used to them by now—they'd walked through miles of them on this trip. The corridor in this Army hospital at Walla Walla wasn't any different from the others. Nurses hurrying by in white, starched efficiency. A Gray Lady with an armful of books. A doctor who waved at them and disappeared. Then all of a sudden . . .

"Hey, Sue, look out!" Alan called. Because something was coming up behind them at a terrific rate of speed. Terrific anyway, for a hospital. It was a wheel chair, actually, one of the self-propelling kind, but you'd have thought it was a P-38, the way it was zooming along. The Ladds stepped to one side, and as it whirled by they saw the triumphant grin of a freckle-faced kid in it. He shouted "Hi!" at them nonchalantly, and then turned the corner and was gone.

"Well, get *him*!" said Alan, laughing. "The little devil can go faster in that wheel chair than I could on a motorcycle."

Sue's pretty forehead was puckered in a frown of recollection. "Alan, I've seen that boy before. Only I can't remember where."

Alan thought again of the freckled face and triumphant grin. The kid *had* looked familiar.

"I've got it!" Sue said abruptly. "Remember when you were based here in Walla Walla, while you were in the Army? Remember the boy we used to come over and visit in the hospital? The terribly thin one that was so sick?"

"So sick! He was dying! Everybody

1. The Ladds were among the 35 Hollywood Hall of Famers invited to the President's Birthday Ball, who were on the streamliner which chugged into Wash.'s Union Station 5 hours late, thus making them miss not only the welcoming ceremonies, but their much-needed rest periods as well.



ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

said so. I'll never forget the way his ribs stuck out, or the look on his face."

"I know. But this is the same boy."

"It can't be!"

At that moment the wheel chair reappeared and descended upon them like a runaway tank. Just short of them it stopped on a dime, and the urchin seated in it laughed with delighted exuberance.

"Didn't recognize me, I'll bet!" he said, and puffed out his chest. "I look some different from last time, hey?"

He certainly did. He looked wonderful. "We're damned glad of it, kid," Alan said, and shook hands.

"You know, you and Sue helped a lot." The boy's blue eyes were serious now. "Honest, the way you two used to visit me and kid with me was swell. I sure did appreciate it. Well—I'll be seeing you around!" And the wheel chair whizzed off.

"Things like that make you feel good," Alan says slowly. "Seeing a boy as sick as that one was, around again. Seeing the guts he has. The guts they all have."

Everyone who entertains in Army hospitals comes to feel like that, but the Ladds had a better chance than most to observe the patients first hand. You see, Alan and Sue didn't "entertain" in the sense of singing or dancing or anything like that. They just went through the wards and Alan would start on one side of the room and Sue on the other. Alan would go up to the first bed and say "Hello. My name's Ladd. What's yours?" Sometimes the soldier would recognize him right away as a movie star. Sometimes not. It didn't matter which to Alan, because he wasn't there as a star. He was there as a personal friend, the kind who drops in to shoot the bull for a few minutes.

Of course, the fact that he used to be in the Army himself helped. He spoke their language, and that's a thing you can't fake. He knew GI slang, and the Army routine, and when he said hello to a boy with one arm he said it in the same tone he'd (Continued on page 129)



2. After settling the redcap shortage by lugging their own luggage, the whale gang scooted out to Walter Reed Hospital via a 60-miles-per-hour motor escort. To cover as many wards as possible, the group broke up into units, chatting, story swapping, signing, signing, signing autographs—and refusing plentiful GI smokes.



5. At the Wardman Park Hotel, demands came fast and furious—for his chewed gum, smoked ciggies, crumpled hankies! Laddie, who says if folks ask for his autograph, they'll get *his*, not a rubber stamping, embarrasses easy. Like visiting the suite of that slew of WAVES—after Sue decided there was safety in numbers. . . .



3. Laddie managed those 14 balls (lasting till 4 ayem), by hopping cop-escorted cabs. At one hotel, he gave with his *repertoire*—"My Ideal" and had the gals swooning for more. "But it's the only one I *know*," he protested. "Well," they shouted, "just stand there and let us look at you!"



4. At the star-honoring dinner held at the Mayflower, puckish Danny Kaye spoon-fed Kay Kyser's Georgia Carroll, just to get the reaction of the gallery—Alan and Alberto Barreto of Inter-American Affairs. Sue swears Georgia's one reason she wouldn't let Alan come East alone!



6. White House festivities centered in the East Room where the Roosevelts charmed the charmers with their simplicity and warmth. Mrs. R. captivated the Ladds by asking after Alana and grinning when Alan retorted that if the 13 R. grandchildren were anything like The Kid—wow! (See B. Granville?)



7. Swinging homewards, Laddie caught a breather in N. Y. He'd lined up another month of hospital trekking and rarin' to go again, stopped in to renew acquaintance with Petie (held by Pop Al). There's no point, figures the champ, to a short life or a merry one unless you share it!

“If I could be with you . . .”





That's baby Kerry on Dad's lap just after he finished "Anchors Aweigh." It's rumored that Gene is to be in Washington for the duration.

■ Betsy was in New York when Gene got the nod from his Uncle Sam.

She'd been expecting it right along. But, like so many things in life, it happened at the *one* moment when she wasn't expecting it. Because everything had been arranged for Gene to go overseas and entertain the troops as soon as he'd finished "Anchors Aweigh." That's why she was in New York, seeing about a play.

Career vs. marriage had never been a problem to Betsy. As compared with Gene, the stage came off a poor second-best. The stage meant New York. She thought it was horrible to be in New York when your husband was in Hollywood. She'd go even farther—didn't care about working in Hollywood (*Continued on page 123*)



By Jeanne Karr

Entire family went barefoot the day Gene pocketed *all* the famed Kelly shoes for the duration. Gob Kelly was nabbed by the cops after his induction physical because he cut a corner—not only was he without a license—but they couldn't recognize him in his old clothes! Lately toured Navy hospitals.

Home with Kerry and a trunk of Gene's dance-battered shoes,

Betsy Kelly dreams of the swellest gob she knows.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Laddie croons; twins for

the Jess Barkers; Durbin tops

Frankie's Hit Parade!

Now that the disheveling "Lost Weekend" is over, Ray's getting to his barber again. Ginger's been bragging about that film her Ma had made of all the Rogers-Astaire dances.



Most of F's mail is agent-handled; super-hot notes get personal answer—from Nancy! That Lynn orchid's a valentine from B. Walker.

■ Never got such a turn in my life as I almost did when I came near to having to explain the facts of life to 'teen age Elizabeth Taylor. Perhaps, I should say, the facts of chipmunk life.

I ran into 'Lizbeth on the M-G-M lot and, of course, she had that pet chipmunk with her. Can't say I'm crazy about the little animal, cute as it is. Chipmunks are too much like rodents to me. But that's beside the point. The little girl is crazy about her pet, and when she approached me with an innocent look on her face, I suspected nothing.

"Miss Parsons," said the little star of 'National Velvet,' do you know a lady chipmunk from a gentleman chipmunk?"

Gasping twice, I managed to get out a quick "No" and wondered whatever made the child want to know.

"A fan wrote me that she has a lady chipmunk that she would like very much to have marry my 'munk so they could raise a family. But, gee," frowned Elizabeth, "I don't know whether I have a gentleman—or not!"

She doesn't know! Brother!

(Continued on page 62)

John Garfield, "mud circuit veteran," has been entertaining at the front with only short visits home. Shown here with Judy Garland, who's just announced her plans to marry Ben Vincente Minelli, director of "Meet Me in St. Louis."





HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family.

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—very feminine, very lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" Pond's complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says. "it's the *grandest* cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

Charming **HELEN RANDALL**—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—of Philadelphia's Main Line
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—of the Spreckels of California
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—internationally famous beauty
MISS. CONSTANCE McCORMICK—of the Chicago McCormicks
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—of the great Wilmington family



AT THE BLOOD DONOR CENTER—Helen assists in making hemoglobin tests. Ever since the war began she has worked loyally as a Nurse's Aide. There are many Nurse's Aide duties needing volunteer workers. Ask your local chapter how *you* can best serve.



BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big luxury-size jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

GOOD NEWS

The most thrilled girl in Hollywood is Deanna Durbin—and no wonder. Frank Sinatra wrote her a fan letter—or if it isn't a fan letter, both Deanna and I will eat our newest chapeaux.

Frankie had just seen, and heard, "Can't Help Singing" and he wrote Deanna, "I had scheduled that song of yours and Jerome Kern's, 'More and More,' for my next broadcast—but after hearing you sing it, lady, I dropped it like a hot potato. It made me feel that I want to hear 'more and more' of Durbin singing it—and 'less and less' of Sinatra!"

Which is certainly mighty modest of Frankie.

Speaking of letters, Mickey Rooney wrote his Ma from France: "I'm glad I've seen all the places I've seen. But I'm so homesick, if I ever get back to California, you'll never see me East of Hollywood and Vine. Your loving son, (ex-wanderlust) Mickey."

Now that the Army has John Hodiak, Ann Baxter's mother may relent and let the kids set the date for sometime right after he finishes his training. I hope so. They are sooooo in loooooove.

Glenn Ford's first day back in the movies was spent back in the Marines! And here's the way it happened.

Glenn's first picture, after getting out of the Marines, is "Stolen Life" with Bette Davis. The first scenes were to be shot on location at Laguna, a lovely beach spot about five miles from the Marine training base, Camp Pendleton.

The company was no more than set up for the first day's work when six or seven young Marines showed up and perched themselves behind the camera lines to watch. (Continued on page 64)



Lena Horne, of "Ziegfeld Follies," and one-time chorus girl at Cotton Club, loves chatter about daughter Gail, 6, who plays house after school with M.S. photog Gus Gale's kid. (That's Carlton Moss, with Lena.)



At "Armed Forces Radio Show," Bing got the laugh from Dinah when he tripped over cable, fell flat on stage. Show was so popular B. Hope had GI's seated on stage.



Cowboy King Roy Rogers rode the table side-saddle in a radio interview with Paula Stone. Roy has more than 100 suits and not a tux or pin-stripe among them.



Settings and accessories
by Lord & Taylor

Two's company! And jolly company they are, tucked away beneath their brother and sister North Stars. There's a pink one for sister, a blue one for brother... and twin bathrobes made of North Star Nocturne fabric.

North Star baby blankets, like the grownups in their family, are all-wool to the last fluff. They wash and wear, stay soft and snuggly. Attention: Grandmas, aunts, and fond uncles! It's a lucky, lucky baby who finds North Stars waiting in his hope chest! And lucky Daddy and Mommy, too, who know the solid satisfaction of a whole wardrobe of North Stars for every bed in the house... an investment that gives years and years of pleasure and comfort.

NORTH STAR
All wool Beautynaps
BLANKETS

Iris (Pictured) is a "pocket edition" of your standard-size North Star... made of the same fine fleece wool. Soft shades of pink and blue or white.

FREE! "Sleep, Baby, Sleep"... an engaging, informative booklet on baby's sleep problems, nursery, layette. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 233 South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota.

GOOD NEWS

"Boys," said Jesse Hibbs, the assistant director, "if you've come over to see Bette Davis I know she'll be glad to meet you just as soon as she arrives."

"Well," drawled the Marine spokesman, "we don't mind meeting Bette. What we really came over for was to see Glenn Ford. That mug used to be in the Marines with us—and he told us he was an actor. We've come over to see if he is any good."

Five minutes later Glenn showed up and there was a heck of a reunion. But Glenn couldn't work in a single scene that day. The heckling was terrific from the sidelines! Every time he tried to make love to Bette, the Marines let go with a long-drawn out G.I. whistle. They just "loooved" his studio make-up and his "dude" clothes. So the director let him go back to Pendleton and spend the rest of the day with the boys!

* * *

I'm going to take off my hat (the one with the flower garden on the brim) and doff it to this new crowd of young glamour girls in Hollywood. Recently, I attended a cocktail party where such (Continued on page 71)



Shirley's penning her autobiography. "My Young Life," with the help of Betsy Emmons covering everything up to "Kiss and Tell." Guesting with George Burns and Gracie Allen.



The gang held their breath during the Bergman visit to the Bergen show. 'Cause at rehearsals, Annauncer Van Zell had been saying *Ingrid Bergman* and *Edgar Bergman*!

Vivian Blaine, the "cherry blonde," and Manny Frank celebrated their first manth as Mr. and Mrs. at the Macamba. Vivian is in "State Fair" and "Nab Hill."





at Boyd, whose husband is in the U. S. Coast Guard, poses in a room that any young couple would love, featuring Bates' "Cabin in the Pines." This spread also comes in blue or brown on tan

His Dream of Home is Bright and Shining

Ask any soldier. When he dreams of home it's always in terms of bright, warm colors—sharp contrast to the cold khakis and grays that form his wartime environment. Remember that when your husband or son is headed homeward. Plan now to refurbish your house in the refreshing shades that a color-hungry man needs . . . the gay, cheering colors you'll find in Bates' matching bedspreads and draperies. Though they represent a minor investment, they perform major decorating miracles. And they're practical, too . . . wrinkleproof and easy to launder. Many Bates patterns are unavailable now because the fine cotton yarns we use have been largely allocated to essential war needs. But they'll be back at your favorite department store as soon as government restrictions are lifted.

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



Bates

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

Spring goes to your head



Sparkling, soft, shimmering, silken . . . the adjectives pile up when the talk is about the tresses of Dolores Moran, Warner pretty. Brush work helps keep her glassy hair so handsome. Profit by her example!

Read all about it: Carol Carter treats herself to a home permanent wave . . . and it's a great success! She gives lots of hair info. too.

■ "Nothing is as beautiful as Spring," sings the poet. Lilacs bloom, birds fly, theater managers dust off their cold-air units! You throw your winter bonnet on the closet shelf, pack away your babushka . . . and toss your curly locks in the soft breeze. That is, if your tresses are as smooth as Dolores Moran's. If not, you had better get busy bringing a touch of Spring to your head.

Incidentally, Spring has already crowned my head with curls. Not that I'm bragging, mind you. Seems a "hair-care" story was slated but how could I speak with my own locks straight and lank? So in the line of duty I gave myself a home perm. And a great success it is!

The whole job took less than three hours. A shampoo, of course. Then I reached for the wave kit, a neat box with a curly-haired blonde highlighting the cover. In practically no time, I was as pretty as she . . . at least in the coif department. This kit is supremely complete: Three ounces of salon-type Cold Wave solution (I found two-and-a-half ounces enough, but could be you have heavier hair), a neutralizer to protect natural luster, plus fifty curlers and end tissues. There are enough curlers to "do" the thickest hair and the end tissues catch every last wisp and help transform it into a smooth ringlet. Tucked in the kit is a professional applicator to make moistening uniformly exact. And did I mention that complete instructions come with all this wealth?

After moistening my locks with the solution, I put them up in curlers and end papers. Then I V-Mail'ed and read the latest Hopper and Parsons. Next came application of the neutralizer and, eureka! a permanent! I really thought it only fair to try this before recommending. And here you have it . . . complete enthusiasm! No discomfort, no heavy rollers, no heat. No more guess work—the new formula means soft, long-lasting curls on any type of hair. No more budget-bogging (Continued on page 121)

THIS HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 30 YEARS!



Lewis Stone and Estelle Taylor turn on the heat in "A Fool There Was"... an early Fox Release

Styles change in love and movies. But for 30 years, 20th Century-Fox has been delivering the hits to the Movie Fans of America!

Now, we invite you to celebrate with us the climax year of three decades of history-and-hit-making.



TALLULAH BANKHEAD CHARLES COBURN
ANNE BAXTER WILLIAM EYTHE
ERNST Lubitsch's
A ROYAL SCANDAL
with VINCENT PRICE
DIRECTED BY OTTO PREMINGER

WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!

(Here are just a few!)

Betty Smith's
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Betty Grable • Dick Haymes
Billy Rose's

DIAMOND HORSESHOE
in Technicolor!

Fred MacMurray • Joan Leslie • June Haver
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
in Technicolor!

George Raft • Joan Bennett
Vivian Blaine • Peggy Ann Garner
NOB HILL
in Technicolor!



When you see this sign...



see the picture!

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

■ Cottons are back again, welcome as V-mail in your letter box. Welcome as the first sun-drenched April morning. Welcome indeed. And if we say so ourselves, the ones we chose for you are special. Lollipop colors and soft, blurred shades; lean-making stripes and certified checks. Slick office-going cottons, trousseau stuff, school-house glamour. We're awfully proud of us for finding 'em; you'll be awfully proud of you, wearing 'em. Just lookit! June Allyson is wearing 'em for you; she's proud of them, too!

You've Got a Job: Turn up at your desk looking crisp as a new dollar bill. Easy on your boss's eyes and disposition; rough on the heart of the lovestruck office boy. What are you wearing? A new butcher linen by Dorris Varnum of Jonathan Logan. Its coolie collar, oriental monogram, slim, uncluttered lines are Chinese as Shanghai, eye-catching as cute Madam Chiang. An expensively-detailed little dress that you'll wear and wear, and it's priced so that you can afford more than one. Colors from an artist's palette in rich combinations like turquoise and brown. The Coolie hat in matching fabric that June is carrying completes your China-Girl look.

You've Got a Date: A picnic by a brook with a long-legged sergeant. The Sunday afternoon you've both been dreaming about for months and months. A couple of new campaign ribbons on the guy; on the gal (that's you) an adorable striped Sacson. Sorry, no picture. No room. Completely feminine in a very (*Continued on page 70*)



Look lettuce crisp from job-at-nine to date-for-dinner in a China inspired butcher linen by Jonathan Logan. June loves the stand-up collar, the tiny sleeves. Coolie hat to match by Rega Accessories.

Cotton pickin' season's here, gals! Look, little-money

lovelies—picked for slickness, for glamour, for you!



By Jean Kinkead
and Toussia Pines

Lucky boy to be with you in this irresistible Peggy Poige striped seersucker! It's got everything! Wide eyelet ruffles to make you pretty, slimming striped skirt, fresh, scrubbed look—the Works!



Here's a lovely that you can whip up yourself! It's a MODERN SCREEN PATTERN, easy to get, easy to make. Make it in Amertex cotton for countless wearings.

June says she feels like a smoothie in this wing-sleeved spun rayon by McKettrick Classics! Comfort in its round neck, easy, slim skirt, button-down front. Mint-julep coolness in frosty white embroidery!

Newest Make-up Idea... A Broadway Hit!

TWO MAKE YOU TWICE AS LOVELY



IMOGEN CARPENTER
STARRING IN
BROADWAY'S MUSICAL COMEDY HIT,
"MEXICAN HAYRIDE"

"JERGENS TWIN MAKE-UP makes you twice as lovely as cake make-up alone!" discovers glamour-wise Imogen Carpenter. How? . . .

First: sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake, containing special skin-softening oils. For smooth and luminous new complexion beauty!

Then: fluff on the matching shade of velvetized Jergens Powder. For twice the loveliness . . . the Broadway-star way!

That's Jergens Twin Make-up—Cake and matching Powder, both in one box. A \$2.00 value for \$1.00.* . . . get your shade today!

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

MODERN SCREEN FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 69)

subtle way with its bow neck, sweet wing sleeves, pertly cut skirt. The fabric is waffle piqué, which is scarce as a carton of smokes, and it comes in a delicious shade of raspberry on white; is terribly effective in black on white. Price? Cheap.

You've Got a Baby: And next to his pop he's the handsomest fella! Still you don't want him getting all the attention when you wheel him downtown. Give him a run for his war bonds in the darling little side-buttoned job shown on page 69. We love the high sweetheart neckline, appreciate the big patch pocket that's perfect for clothes pins, safety pins, the flotsam and jetsam of motherhood. And you'll love the fly-away shoulder bow! It's another MODERN SCREEN pattern, which means it's easy to make and wear, and it's all yours for a mere twenty cents. We made it in an Ameritex check, which would be a swell idea for you, too, 'cause Ameritex on a cotton means that it won't shrink, won't fade, will stand up under hundreds of washings and will always look terrific! Want the pattern? See below.

You've Got a Crush: You like the way he smacks a baseball from Ebbets Field to the Polo Grounds practically; you swoon over the way the hair grows on the back of his neck. Briefly, he's strictly slaughterhouse, and half the senior class is mad for him. Problem: How to get him looking your way. Best solution we can think of is our Peggy Paige honey in Dumari seersucker. Irresistible is the swoopy neckline, the precious eyelet trim on collar, cuffs and pockets. Head-turning are the contrasting stripes, the skirt that's as full as the law allows—which is full enough for swish. Here's a dress a guy could love. A dress he'll love. And you can buy it out of your allowance, even if it's wee.

You've Got a Trousseau: Lucky you. A wonderful guy, and a wonderful excuse to go spreeing. If you've gone a little nuts over fluffy, bridey things, let us suggest at least one sleek, clean-cut dress that will pack and iron like the proverbial hanky. Such a one is the beautifully simple McKettrick (see page 69) that takes to accessories like nothing on earth. Try it in lilac with long black gloves, a cartwheel hat; in luggage spiked with dead white. It's at home in a club car, at a family dinner, at a nitery. A lot of dress for under ten dollars.

Gosh, people, your letters have been lovely, and you know—it gets easier and easier to choose clothes for you as we grow to know you better. You're so nice and honest about your figure dithers, so cute about your guys on leave.

A note or a postcard to Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., will bring an answer to every one of your clothes questions. Want to know the sizes, colors and prices of the dresses on these pages? Stores at which you can buy 'em? Anything fashion-y at all? We couldn't be more anxious to help you, so let us, won't you, please?

* * *

Here's how to get that make-it-yourself lovely on page 69. Send 20c to MODERN SCREEN PATTERN SERVICE, Post Office Box 224, Station G, New York 19, N. Y. Comes in sizes 10 through 20. BE SURE TO INDICATE YOUR SIZE AND ASK FOR PATTERN NUMBER 1666. Complete directions for cutting and sewing will be yours practically by return mail.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 64)

young girls as Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Bonita Granville, Lana Turner and several others were present.

None of the girls accepted a drink of anything stronger than something ending in "cola" and yet they gave no indication of being prudes. In fact, they were far gayer and more vivacious than some of the ladies present who were indulging.

Maybe it's old-fashioned—or not—but I noticed that the men liked and admired them for it!

June Allyson, who is trying hard to get her weight up from 98 to 105 pounds, just laughed when someone told her that a cocktail whetted the appetite. "But the 'fat pills' I take taste better," she chuckled in that husky voice of hers, "and there's no hangover with a pill!"

June looked like a debutante in a soft navy suit with a striped blouse and no hat. When Norma Shearer came in looking so radiant, so young and happy with her husband, Lt. Marty Arrouge, June said:

"There is the perfect example of the way I want to look. I've seen Miss Shearer often at parties and in night clubs and I've seldom seen her drink much, if anything. She's as beautiful and fresh looking today as she was when she was eighteen. I'm not a prude. But I think every drink a girl takes eventually shows up on the screen!"

As for Gloria De Haven, another gal who doesn't indulge, her groom, Johnny Payne, kids her by saying, "She's so definitely on the wagon she has saddle blisters!"

* * *

Barbara Whiting, who is a ripe 13 years of age, knocked her teacher cold when she put the name of Errol Flynn opposite the word, "virile" in a definition test!

* * *

Hang onto your throb-y notes, Bing and Frankie. Here comes Alan Ladd as a crooner. Honest, I mean just that. When he was on his recent hospital, camp and theater tour, Alan gave out with "My Ideal" so ideally that the bobby sockers started writing Paramount demanding that he be put in a crooning picture.

Not that I want to be smart—but the story didn't surprise me too much. I remember the very first "press" notice I ever received on Alan came from the North Hollywood High School (long before he became a star) listing his name as the star singer in "The Mikado."

* * *

A man who should know swears up and down to me that Turhan Bey is really just

SWEET FIFTEEN!

It's coming, pals, and fast! We're celebrating 15 wonderful years in June. Pass the word, then pass your newsstand. It's MODERN SCREEN on May 11!

By Carol Carter

"Help!"

... and it's you
to the rescue!
Learn First
Aid essentials.



All in fun, Columbia's Penny Singleton bungles a bandaging job on Arthur Loke. But for real emergencies, you'll learn First Aid!

■ Don't be a goon! It's the alert citizen who realizes that accidents will happen. Little brothers do fall out of apple trees, Sis just might drive the old Ford right through the back of the garage, and even *you* could burn your fingers dragging roasted potatoes out of the ashes. All of which can be pretty grim . . . unless you know First Aid!

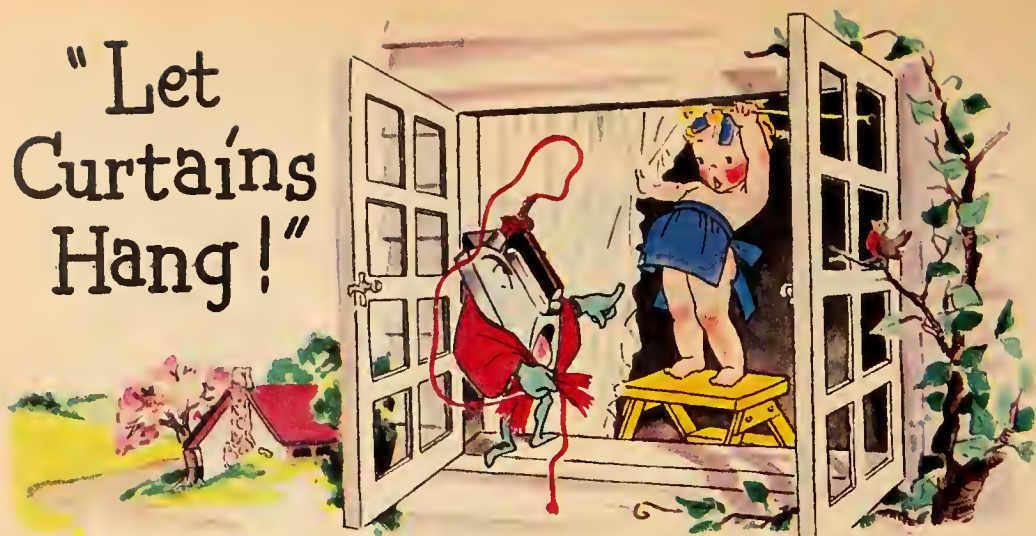
It isn't medical treatment. But First Aid does save life, it keeps the victim comfortable until the M.D. arrives, and prevents further injury (remember Van Johnson's motor accident?). Every one of us should be prepared to help on the home front. Have on hand the materials ordinarily needed for minor accidents. It's a good idea to invest in a civilian First Aid Kit.

There are many excellent kits . . . for home, work, school, automobiles, and soon probably special outfits for helicopters. Check for these supplies: Adhesive tape, scissors, thermometer, sterilized bandages of assorted sizes, sterile absorbent cotton, eye dropper, aromatic spirits of ammonia, sodium bicarb, aspirin, petroleum jelly, ointment or jelly for burns, mild tincture of iodine and First Aid Book. Kits vary but these are essentials.

Of course, you realize the importance of cleanliness. Never allow anything that's not utterly sterile to come in contact with a wound. Otherwise, there's danger of infection. Home-made bandages are simply makeshifts and are not safe dressings for wounds. Use only sterile gauze, bandages, absorbent cotton. *Don't* wash the wound. Sterilize it with iodine or mercurochrome (except areas near eyes or body openings), then apply a dressing of sterile gauze. Never touch a wound with your bare fingers. Speaking of cleanliness, learn to use a good disinfectant 'round the house. It's a great ally when you're warring on germs! For an antiseptic solution to wash the skin mix two teaspoonfuls of disinfectant with one pint of water. It's that easy.

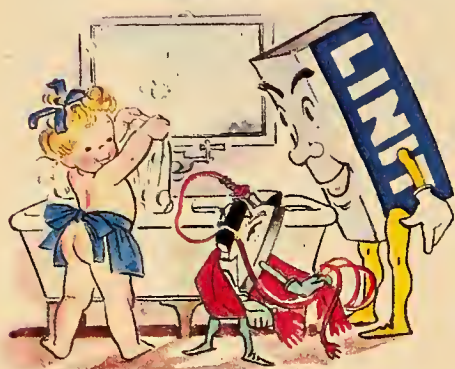
Believing that you can't be too careful, here's one important warning: *If in doubt, better do nothing than do the wrong thing!* Doctors tell me that good intentions but lack of knowledge often cause more harm than good. But you really want to help, you say? All right then, buckle down to it. Learn First Aid from Red Cross, local school or church groups. Have on hand the First Aid essentials. Be a useful citizen!

"Let Curtains Hang!"



says Sad Iron

"... it's my iron decision that curtains are silly!
Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."
But Miss Sunny Monday is counting on Linit—
The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.

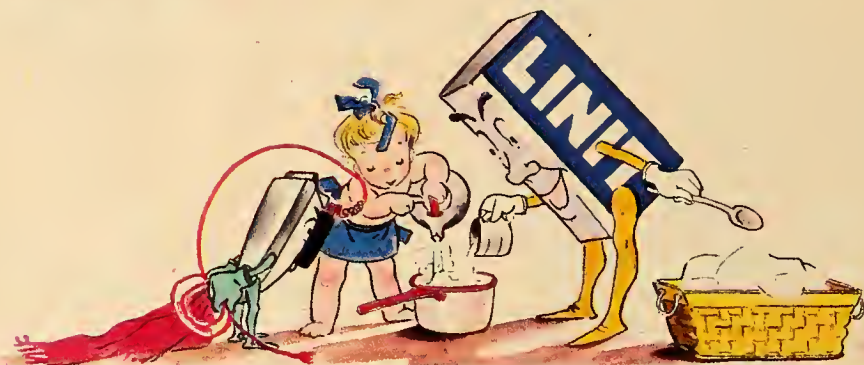


And now

"Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
a curtain's complexion!"

Here's how —

"We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.



Quick mix —

"He blends half cupfuls
of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!"

Clicks!

Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!



If you have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.



20 years old in spite of the fact that Turhan says he is 24!

The loudest off-screen laugh in Hollywood belongs to Louise Allbritton. I like Louise. She has charm and humor. But she should sometimes remember, "A gentle voice is an excellent thing in a woman."

Edith Head, Paramount designer, is a brave woman. She took her life in her hands and named the seven stars with the most beautiful curves "between the neckline and the waist."

Dorothy Lamour
Veronica Lake
Ginger Rogers
Ann Sheridan
Joan Bennett
Olivia De Havilland
Betty Grable

What? No Lana Turner, Lauren Bacall, Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard, Linda Darnell or Jane Russell? My goodness!

This may interest Van Johnson (who seems to interest everybody!). The little high school girl who came to my house to give me an interview on "Why you are the school girls' dream boy," is getting plenty of plugs from service men about doing a picture with you.

Remember, Van, after that interview she came out to the studio and had her picture made with you and that story went out all over the world?

Now many of the boys in the South Pacific are writing and suggesting that you use your influence to get her a job in one of your pictures. In case you want to follow up, her name is Janice Deisiger and she's a student at University High School.

I know my young readers are going to be sorry that Joyce Reynolds is giving up her motion picture career. I wanted to get the real story for you, so I telephoned her mother. She said, "Joyce had a bad case of flu brought on when she was making 'Janie' and she's never really recovered. She is a good actress and ambitious," her mother said, "but she feels as I do that we must abide by the doctors' decision and have her take a long, long rest." There were reports over Hollywood that her illness had come following her marriage, but this her mother vehemently denied. One thing Joyce won't have to worry over is salary checks because she is one of the few heiresses in our midst. She recently inherited a sizable sum from her aunt and uncle.

Laugh of the month: Paul Henreid, who made his big hit lighting two cigarettes in love scenes with Bette Davis, was smoking old stubs on the set of "Spanish Main."

Wow! Does Dorothy Lamour look sensational in a champagne net gown on the set of "Masquerade In Mexico?" Dottie's skin is made up exactly the same color which means that you can't tell where the dress leaves off and Lamour begins—or vice versa. Incidentally, this set, supposed to be a monastery converted into a millionaire's home, cost



It's a wonder Jenny Jones, steady with Henry Wilson, can sit after those daily 9 hours of riding and dancing lessons. She's just taught her sons riding, says gents must be able to seat a horse!



The Gregory Pecks stand united on 2 big issues—they love any and all movies, they're going to play matchmaker between their 6-month-old Jonathan and the Ronald Colman infant, Juliet.



Teresa Wright, (Mrs. N. Busch), about to give her 11-year-old stepson, Peter, a new brother or sister, sent Dot McGuire, who replaced her, congrats on her work in "Enchanted Cottage."

Janet Blair, who drew 2 Hayworth roles while Rita was "expecting," will annually sponsor any youngster her ex-voice teacher picks. (With Hubby Sgt. L. Bush.)

Amazing new ink ends most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



*Her pen was getting her quite vexed—
It clogged, it gummed, it acted hexed!*



*'Twas then she heard of Parker Quink
And tried this pen-protecting ink...*



*The solv-x in it cleaned her pen—
So Quink's the ink she'll buy again!*

Every drop of Quink contains
solv-x—protects pens
4 ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes... keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.



Stop most pen troubles before they start—switch to protective Quink today. Quink is the only ink containing solv-x, yet it costs no more than ordinary inks! Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying. Perfect for every type of pen. 7 permanent colors. 2 washable. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK
CONTAINING SOLV-X!

HAPPY MONEY

You dreamed about it for a long time before it happened. And then when it did, you couldn't believe it. But you did. You heard it, you saw it; with your very own right hand on your very own MODERN SCREEN, you swear it! Well, stop right there. Get your breath and your money, too. Just pen and ink it and send that story of your own encounter with a screen star to: I Saw It Happen Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Remember, make it simple and clear—an honest description of the amusing, touching, or dramatic experience of which you were a part. If you want to win the five dollars that we send for every tale printed, do be sure that you make the celebrity count, not the fact that you just happened to be there! Good luck!

\$97,000. It's made completely of pastel plaster—which is not a priority material.

Everybody in town who could beg, borrow or steal tickets went to the Command Performance of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dinah Shore playing "Dick Tracy" for our boys overseas.

But what went over the air couldn't have been half as funny as what couldn't be seen. Bing had a picture of Bob in the n-u-d-e (taken one day when he was sun bathing) that he kept showing to the service men in the front row. Bob insisted that the picture was his face, all right—but Bing's bay window! Finally, after Bing had passed it to the fellas in the front row, Bob dived right over the footlights to retrieve it—and the show couldn't go on for 20 minutes.

Later, the three young sailors who had captured the upsetting photograph came backstage and presented it to Bob. "Thanks, boys," he said, "I suppose you are the Andrews brothers?"

It was twin boys for Susan Hayward and Jess Barker. There hasn't been a sign of a tiff out of them since the good news was announced. Remember, there were so many rifts when they first married that Susie actually filed for a divorce—which was called off two days later.

But remembering those hectic times, Susie kids Jess by saying, she'll name the youngsters, "Bing and Bang!"

Vignette On Bing Crosby—Man of the Hour:

He likes you best if you can make him laugh. Yet he won't laugh at off-color stories.

He's just one beat off being straight-laced—and admits it.

He seldom calls anyone by a nickname. Even his crony, Bob Hope, is usually "Robert" or "Hope" to Bing.

His appetite is a see-saw affair. He likes ice cream cones and caviar equally well.

He can't stand to live by a clock. When the twins were born and two weeks later, Dixie was ready to come home from the hospital, Bing kept her waiting two hours because he said he wasn't wearing a watch "and it didn't

look like four o'clock!"

There's a wall of reserve around him that sometimes even those closest to him cannot penetrate. This has led some people to think he is cold. He isn't. It's just that there is a certain part of Bing that belongs to Bing alone. Perhaps it is a sanctuary he must have in the gold fish bowl where he lives with the world looking in.

He is deeply religious—but can't talk about it.

He dresses like a racetrack tout.

He is one of the richest men in Hollywood and thinks anybody is a fool who loses over five dollars in a card game.

But the real test is that he is a grander guy now—when he is completely on top—than he has been in his whole life.

* * *

Jennifer Jones took a smart wardrobe with her to Arizona for "Duel In The Sun." No, she won't wear it in the picture because she plays a native girl. But for off-screen wear she selected some honeys. I happened to run into her the day she was shopping in Beverly Hills and among other things, she selected:

A pink gabardine suit with a candy-stripe tie and the new tight, wide cuffs.

A Mexican slack suit with black trousers, tomato-red jacket with black sombreros embroidered all over the coat.

A pale green linen dinner dress with a white coat trimmed with little "lettuce" buttons. (Jennifer looked like a nice, crisp green salad in this).

The only hat she bought was a big sunflower yellow straw to keep off the Arizona "tan" while she's making the picture.

* * *

If Richard Jaeckle doesn't get back from overseas soon, he'll find his pretty mother is stealing the acting honors in the family. Millicent, as everyone (including her son) calls her, starred in a Los Angeles show called "Let's Marry" and plenty of movie scouts were in the audience looking her over. And I don't mean for mother roles, either.

DON'T BLUSH, BUT—

We'd like to sort of slip this in when you're not looking, for you may have heard it all before, and, well, everybody's busy—you just haven't had time to do anything about it! Anyway, that Nurse's Aide uniform may be getting the finishing touches on your ironing board right now. Or perhaps you're doubling up with that part-time nurse to care for Dad at home, 'stead of claiming a hospital bed. Golly, maybe you're even marching off as a registered nurse to the boys who see halos when you help 'em!

On the other hand, we'd like this in big, bright letters as bold as the Red Cross symbol itself, just in case you don't know that 1945's first crop of Yanks-to-go-over got a raw deal—eleven units went overseas without enough nurses! And don't think we're exaggerating—10,000 nurses are needed now! So do what you can, whether you play the "extra" in your neighborhood hospital or a stellar role at the front. Your Red Cross is waiting—and so are your boys!

LARAIN DAY, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY"

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury Wonderful Skin



If you wonder how so many of your favorite stars manage to keep that enchanting, just-stepped-out-from-a-rainbow look...you'll find a clue in Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives complete beauty care...the newest Hollywood "facial."

One miracle cream to cherish your skin forever! To do so much more for you than cold and cleansing cream can do!

You'll know when you feel your skin respond to its *cleansing, softening, smoothing* effects. Use it as a *powder base*; as a *night cream* against dryness. And only Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

For new beauty, try Complete Beauty Cream now. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!

How those 'Queens of Beauty— *Powers Models* Wash *Their* Hair



Miss Carolyn Cross, stunning Powers Model, noted for her exquisite loveliness, keeps her hair shining bright for days with Kreml Shampoo

You, Too, Can Give Your Hair This '10-Minute Glamour-Bath' Right At Home!

Just leave it to these 'million dollar' Powers Models to find a way to make their hair look even more ravishingly beautiful. These smart Powers girls wash *their* hair with Kreml Shampoo.

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp 'spick-and-span' clean—but it brings out the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen—it leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set in a stunning hair-do.

So buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today at any drug counter and 'glamour-bathe' *your* hair like beautiful Powers Models do! Just see if you too, don't agree there's no finer shampoo than Kreml Shampoo.



Advices Beautifying Kreml Shampoo For Children's Hair

John Robert Powers, a foremost authority of feminine beauty, advises even his child Powers Models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo. This remarkably beautifying shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals—it never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it *espe-*cially fine for shampooing children's hair.

Kreml SHAMPOO

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



INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi, gang:

I've been seein' stars, and the funny part of it is that no one hit me, either! Seems everywhere I go . . . bang . . . there are my favorite people. Ran smack into Gene Kelly with Nancy Walker coca-colaing at the Lincoln Grill . . . and less than ten minutes before that I was charmed by darlin' little Margaret O'Brien who was delighting audiences on the Kate Smith broadcast together with Lee Bowman and Janet Blair. And not more than two weeks after that noticed Bacall and Bogart stopping traffic on 5th Avenue. And best of all, Laddie and Milton Berle kidding each other to death on the latter's program. Know what all this stardust meant to me, though? Just a chance to get some new and exclusive info, for YOU. And did I? Wow! So if there is anything you want to know about your favorite pic or personality . . . I'm glued to my desk waiting to tell. Direct your letters and stamped, self-addressed envelopes to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.

By the by, this is what is known officially as a retraction. Actually, it gives me much joy to announce that contrary to what I said in my February column, the theme music you kept hearing in "Laura" was written especially for that pic by swell musician David Raskin and has just been released as a pop tune with out-of-this-world lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

Betty Paris, N.Y.C.: IS THERE A FAN CLUB FOR MARK DANIELS WHO WAS "ALAN" IN "WINGED VICTORY," AND GUY MADISON, THE SAILOR, OF "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY?" Uh-huh—Doris Brown, 628 West 151st Street, New York City, has Mark's club, and Dorothy Nachman, 1445 Minford Place, Bronx, N. Y. has Guy's.

Miriam Armstrong, Newark: SOME STATISTICS ON BOB MITCHUM WHO PLAYED "BOB GREY" IN "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" AND "JIMMY" IN "THE GIRL RUSH." Bob was born in Delaware on Aug. 6, 1917. He has light brown hair, grey eyes and is 6', 185 lbs. of handsomeness. Yup, he is married and has two children. Write him for a picture at United Artists, Hollywood, Calif., and watch for him in "G.I. Joe."

Irene Cunningham, Chicago: WHAT WERE THE SONGS SUSANNA FOSTER SANG IN "THE CLIMAX?" They were—"The Magic Voice," and "Someday I'll Know," from the operetta "The Magic Voice," written for the picture by George Waggnar, and "Now At Last" from the operetta, "The Boulevardier."

Don Wade, N. Y.: DID CORNEL WILDE REALLY PLAY THE PIANO IN "SONG TO REMEMBER?" Nope—that was Jose Iturbi at the keys, and for a special treat watch this space next month when I will list the entire score from that picture.

C.B.: MAY I HAVE FRANK SINATRA'S BIRTHDATE? Sure thing . . . December 12, 1917.

CO-ED

(Continued from page 8)

Friday and Saturday nights, the lid is usually off, and you'll most likely be allowed to stay out lateish, provided the people for whom you sit convoy you home. If you're really money-mad, offer to do the dishes and mending for additional dough. Rates for straight sitting vary in different localities from thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. If you throw in extras, you should get anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents an hour.

Other ideas: Is there a war plant near you? Why not look into an after-school shift? How about Thursday nights and all day Saturdays in a nearby department store? If you're sharp with a Corona you might do typing at home. Sell news items to the local paper or high-pressure them into letting you do a column of school scoops. Knit sweaters to order for sweater gals from six weeks on. Are you too, too bright in French or math? Spread some of your brains around for a nominal fee. Bathe dogs, do marketing, paint furniture—there's no end to the things you can do and the green stuff you can earn.

The way to get started is to run a standing ad in your town paper itemizing your services and giving your rates and phone number. Then equip yourself with a good-sized date book, a couple of pencils—and, say, move over Mr. Rockefeller!

* * *

If you're woozy-witted deciding which college or which job or which guy, give us the facts and let us help. Unsnagging your dilemmas is our business, you know, and honest to John, we love it. For a strictly-between us reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16 N. Y. If the whole world can know, skip the envelope and we'll print the answer in our mail box.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One windy day while visiting the observation platform at La Guardia Field, I noticed a group of teen-agers around one of the exit gates. When I asked the reason for this gathering, I was told that Tyrone Power was due on the next plane. At the edge of the crowd was a young girl, much shorter than all the rest. She tried in vain to get a place where she could see her hero to advantage, but the taller fans wouldn't budge an inch. Due to a high wind, the plane was overdue, and when it finally arrived the girls could hardly wait. The tiny girl, still unable to find a place where she could see, had disappointedly started to leave. As she walked slowly along, she saw a man's hat being buffeted along in the brisk wind. Off she went, chasing it with all her might, and forgetting her keen disappointment in her breathless run.

Finally, a tired and windblown little girl turned up at the office, hat in hand. A young man came up to her and smilingly asked, "May I have my hat, please?" The girl was speechless with delight. It was Ty Power, her idol, and his charming wife, Anna-bella, whom she surely never expected to see—actually talking to her!

Margaret Becker,
Corona, New York

BELITA, STARRING IN MONOGRAM'S "GOLDEN GIRL"



BELITA—
"I Kiss your darling HANDS"

YOU: Can I have such soft hands, Belita?

BELITA: Indeed you can! Just use Jergens Lotion.

YOU: Is Jergens really *your* hand care, Belita?

BELITA: I've used Jergens Lotion for years.

Here's Why, 7 to 1, Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion

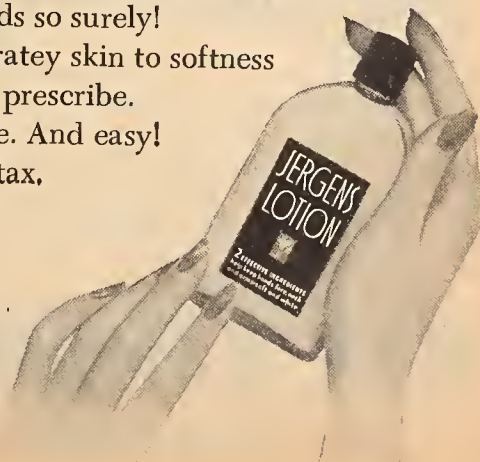
Helps protect against rough hands so surely!

Jergens Lotion wheedles even gratey skin to softness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe.

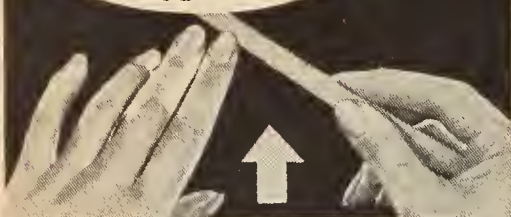
So it's like professional hand care. And easy!

No stickiness! 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

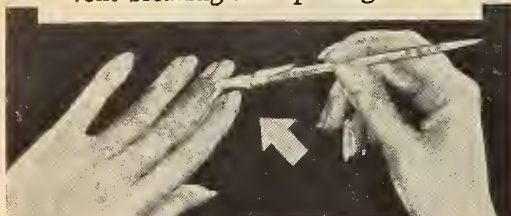
FOR THE SOFTEST,
 ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION



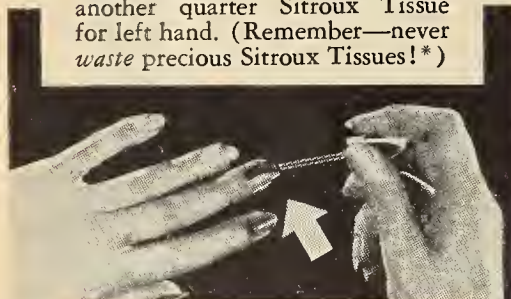
TIPS ON FINGERTIPS



After removing polish . . . round nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—*never* waste precious Sitroux Tissues!*)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, 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. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

THAT'S MY BOY!

(Continued from page 53)

Then we'd fill his stocking and, invariably, my mother would fill one with coal. That was her Christmas joke. You see, in Sweden, the naughty children find coal in their stocking on Christmas morning instead of goodies. We would fill another one too, of course, with fruits and newly-baked Christmas cookies; with marbles and a rubber ball and a top and all the small things that little boys love so much. Then we would stack his gifts around the tree.

big moment . . .

He would be up at dawn Christmas morning. I'd hear him padding around his room, then pussy-footing through the dining room, then standing stock-still, and I'd know he was looking into the living room. We'd get up then, and he would open his gifts and produce things for us that he'd made in school. A paper Christmas bell it was one year, I remember. And once he bought me a bright red tie. I don't exactly recall just when he stopped believing in Santa Claus, but I know that one year I came home from work and he had the tree up and the little mirror all arranged exactly as I always did it. When he saw me, he stood up, and we sort of looked at each other and didn't say anything. That was another big moment.

Right through those younger years he'd bring his report card home to me every

month to be signed, and it was invariably a thing of beauty. 98's and 99's and Excellent in Effort. I got to thinking I had a genius on my hands and it worried me. Who the heck wanted a genius? "Look, Red," I'd say. "Let's skip the books to-night. Let's go to a show." I needn't have worried. In due time, came Boy Scouts, came athletics, came girls. By the time he was in high school he had more on his mind than studying and he was bringing home C's pretty regularly. I felt better.

It was along about then that he began to be interested in movie stars. He started out drawing their pictures (did you know Red's an artist of sorts?), and pasting them all over his walls. I used to look in there and think, "Well, that new one of Garbo does it. He can't possibly squeeze in any more." And be-gosh, the next day he'd have five or six brand new ones up. Who were they all? Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich. Oh, and Norma Shearer. He used to think she was swell. He had scrapbooks full of them too, and the Lord help anyone who laid a hand on them!

We both liked the movies and Friday nights we'd go. Me, I'd like to see the picture and get out. Not Van. He'd sit through it twice every time. Ask him how he could enjoy it when he knew everything that was going to happen, and he'd shrug those big shoulders and say, "Gosh, I don't know. I like it even better the

FREE OFFER!

We just love to give presents! Look what we've got for you this month! A copy of either SCREEN ROMANCES or SCREEN ALBUM—free, for nothin'—just for filling out the Questionnaire below and whipping it off to us quick like a bunny. Both these mags are terrific—full of pics of the stars, stories, fun! But we have only 500 of them—so hurry, hurry, hurry! Send in your answers no later than the 20th of April.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>So Nice to Come Home To</i>
(Frank Sinatra) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Little Miss Remarkable</i>
(Margaret O'Brien) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>To the Fans: God Bless 'Em!</i>
(Hedda Hopper) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Blonde of the Year</i>
(June Haver) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>That's My Boy!</i> (Van Johnson) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>P.S. on the Paynes</i>
(Payne-DeHaven) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"If I Could Be With You . . ."</i>
(Gene Kelly) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>On Tour with Sue and Alan</i>
(Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Jeanne Crain, Life Story</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Mother and I Remember</i>
(Betty Grable) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Janie Gets Married</i>
(Joyce Reynolds) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Good News by Louella Parsons</i> | <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 the order of preference

What are your 3 favorite dance bands? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference.

My name is
My address is
I am years old.

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



Paper-picker! You wouldn't think, to look at her, that Mary had just collected *more waste paper* than any child in town! Paper which our Government needs so desperately. Now Mary is floating off to a well-earned sleep . . . supremely relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the *dream* mattress. (Made, of course, by Simmons.) If *you* own a Beautyrest today, count yourself lucky. For Beautyrest boasts 837 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Cherish your Beautyrest, for we're *all out* on war

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'P. S. BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK! THE NEED GROWS EVER GREATER!

HANDY ADVICE *by* ARLENE FRANCIS



**"So make sure you have soft, smooth Hinds hands,"
says Arlene Francis, star of Hinds "BLIND DATE"**

MONDAY NIGHTS—BLUE NETWORK



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when you find yourself looking into the eyes of the man you've been waiting for all your life . . . make sure that your hands as well as your eyes say "Remember me." They will if they're adorably Hinds-soft and smooth!

"AS SMOOTH AS A DOVE'S WING"

. . . he'll think when he clasps your soft hand. And you'll think how wise you've been, using Hinds regularly. Wonderful, softening, soothing Hinds that doesn't let roughness get a look-in!



3 YOUR HANDS MAKE ROMANTIC MAGIC

because in Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream are ingredients for which science says skin has a particular liking . . . Try Hinds. See the thrilling way chapped, rough hands respond.

THE FACTS BEHIND HINDS CLAIMS

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roughness,
redness

-for children's
tender skin

-for dry skin

-for a powder
base

HINDS *for* HANDS

his wonderful housekeeper. He is very happy, I think, except that now and then he gets homesick for the East. For the changing seasons he loved so well. For snow. They had a Christmas pageant in Hollywood in which they blew tons of white cornflakes into the air to simulate a snowstorm. "It hurt my eyes, it was so phony," he wrote me, "and I had to look away."

Someday when he's really well again he'll come East. They wouldn't let him make the trip for the premiere of "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" for fear the excitement wouldn't be good. But each month he's better. The awful incessant headache is going away. His blood count is up again, and he can give blood to the Red Cross bank once more. He'll come East again, and his room is waiting for him. His whole elephant collection is there in his room, his diploma hanging on the wall, his rowing machine and his barbells, just where he left them. And his Dad is waiting too, anxious for a good look at that long, red-headed kid everybody's talking about.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Chicago, the windy City? Migosh, I felt like a ping-pong ball with the dt's! And if you're wondering what brung Beverly Linet there, rest easy—'twas Lon McCallister! Yup. Y'see, kids, Lon and I had become really good friends during

the years I've been dishing the dirt at the Information Desk, and somehow there it was, the week before Christmas, and I'd been talking to him long distance and before I knew it, it was Chicago, I was there, he was there—and my heart stood still.

I hit town about ten in the morning, kissed my uncle and aunt and proceeded to call Lon at one hour intervals until I finally corralled him at midnight. Seems he'd been shuttling between performances of "Winged Victory" and Christmas shopping and hadn't gotten one of my messages! We gabbed for a while then he said, "Watcha doing tomorrow?" I fluttered, casual like, "Oh, nothing. Nothing really important, that is." So he said, "Would you like to take in a preview of 'The Glass Menagerie,' the new Eddie Dowling show?"

Well, that started it. The pink-champagne, life's-a-pretzel feeling. There was meeting Barry Nelson and Dick Travis. "Entertaining" Lon at my aunt's luncheon by leading him, in my confusion, into the master bedroom. Guzzling Pepsis at the Chez Paris and malts at Walgreen's and basking in Lon's reflected glory down Michigan Boulevard and signing autographs with him and . . .

Well, it's all over now but the sighing, with very little energy left and buckets of memories. Funny ones, gay ones, stand-out ones, like rushing for a last goodbye at Lon's theater with 15 minutes to train time and another week of talk still unspoken. And . . .

Oh, well . . .

Beverly Linet,
MODERN SCREEN.

JANIE GETS MARRIED

(Continued from page 43)

several week ends to get to Caliente to see the racing. A Warners' Studio official, meeting Joyce on the lot one Monday morning, asked, "Did you have fun in Caliente yesterday?"

Joyce's brown eyes snapped a pair of startled shutters. "I didn't see you," she said.

"I didn't see you, either," grinned the official. "But I heard you when your horse won the third race."

She confided to Bob that first evening, "As soon as I can afford it, and when I have a place to keep him, I'm going to buy a palomino."

"For me," announced Bob, "a Texas cow pony every time."

"Speaking of transportation," said the Jensens wearily, "you two horsey folks might think up a way for us to get to the movies. We're out of gas. And there just aren't any cabs."

"Shucks, let's be practical," said Bob. "What's wrong with thumbing?" The very first car stopped, collected the quartet and took them to a movie several miles east. There they saw (spying on another studio's product), RKO's thriller, "The Fallen Sparrow."

"A four feather picture," applauded Bob.

They had little thin hotcakes and coffee in Pancake Alley (at La Brea and Wilshire), then hitchhiked back to Westwood Village.

Reporting the details of the evening to her mother as Joyce brushed her hair that night, Miss Reynolds decided that here was something very special in the date-able line. She merely told her mother, "Mary Jane's cousin is a right sweet boy." That's the way they say it down Texas way, chil-lun.

morgenthau vs. cupid . . .

Two weeks later (as soon as Bob could get leave again) he returned to Los Angeles for another Saturday night date. In the meantime, he had seen Joyce in "The Constant Nymph" and had discussed the problem of properly entertaining an actress with some allegedly informed brother officers. He had also developed a consuming interest in publications in which pictures of or articles about Miss Reynolds might appear. Lacing through such pages, like hand picking on the lapels of a good suit, was the word Mocambo, repeated and repeated.

"I'd like to take you," he told Joyce after greetings were exchanged, "to the Mocambo."

If Joyce had been a squealer, she would have uttered a hoot audible in Kansas City. Being the quiet type, she twinkled and said, "Mmmm. Wonderful."

A year ago, Joyce was as celebrity conscious as your 12-year-old sister. When Lana Turner arrived at the Mocambo, gorgeous in a long black dress—her hair covered by a net of pink flowers—Joyce tugged at Bob's sleeve and joined him in appearing NOT to be staring, while trying to memorize Miss Turner's every charm.

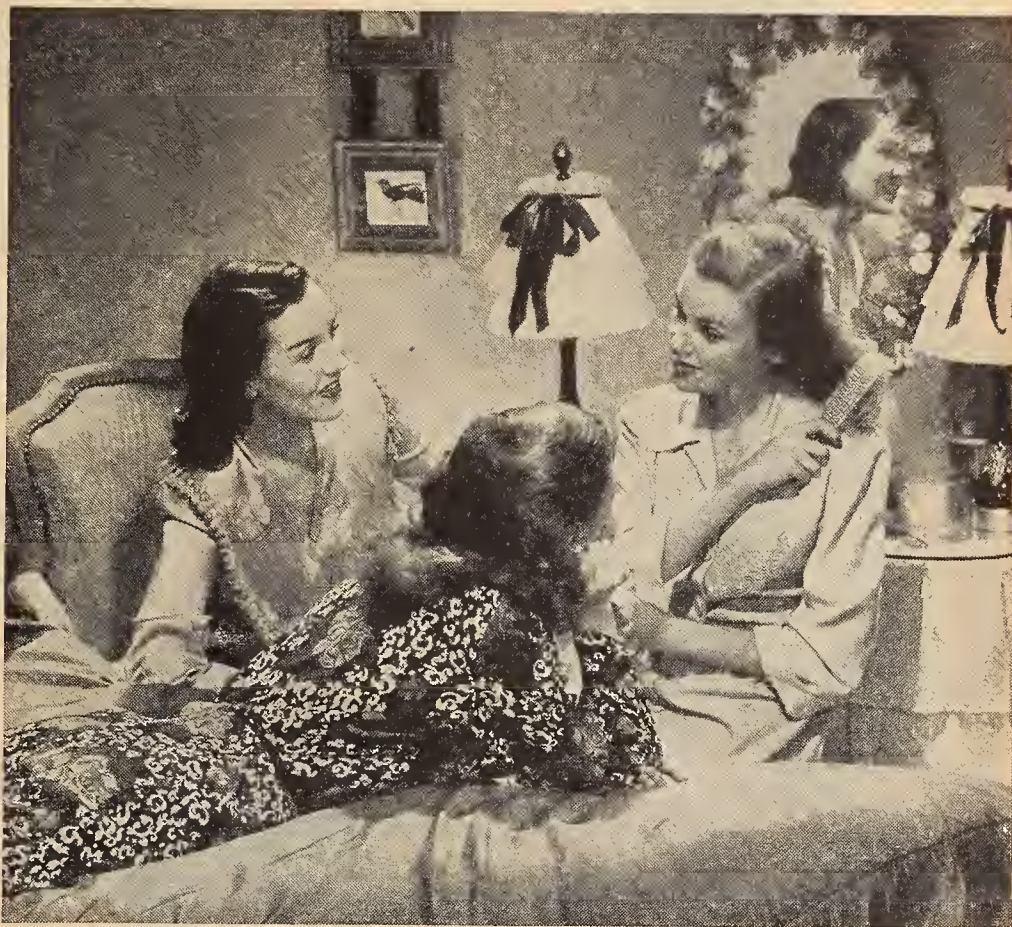
Altogether it was a lovely evening . . . until the check arrived. By that time, Joyce and Bob had been joined by two friends, whom Bob had invited to have dinner with them. He had planned on spending between twenty and twenty-five dollars on the evening—which is purple plutocracy on a Lieutenant's pay—but when he turned over that crucial oblong of cardboard, he thought for an agonized moment that they had simply charged him the financial total of his serial number. Well, not quite that bad.

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WONDERFULLY—sensationally—effective, by actual laboratory test! No wonder women are all so keen about the marvelous new Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed right in!

Think of it! No fuss, no nuisance of a separate deodorant powder! Marvelous!

And besides this daintiness extra—at no extra cost—Modess gives you other tested extras: 3 out of 4 women, in a nationwide poll, voted it *softer to touch*; 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found it safer, less apt to

strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

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PLEASE NOTE: Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."



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Congratulations to Modess for a famous first.
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Have you discovered Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y and easily it flows on? How fast it dries?

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However, a quick mental inventory convinced him that he was several, yea many, dollars short. Giving his brother officer the eye, Bob & Co. withdrew to the Gentlemen's Lounge for a Morgenthau meeting. "Gosh," gloomed the man on whose ducats Bob had been counting, "we've done the town. I was going to ask you for a short term loan."

So they returned to the table, wondering how KP was going to seem, so many months after boot camp. Bob took Joyce out on the dance floor, wondered if his face was going to set fire to the joint, and asked if she had—er—come equipped with any mad money. "Because you're going to be mad at me in a minute."

Joyce happened to have nearly ten dollars in her evening purse.

On the way home, a certain Marine Lieutenant, feeling very nonplussed, still couldn't help laughing. "I think I lost forty pounds, sweating that one out," he said. "Will you ever take a chance and go out with me again?"

Joyce had been suppressing hysterics. "I've never told anyone else this story, and I wouldn't tell now except that I think you have a right to know. Maybe you think you were embarrassed tonight; wait until you hear about my most embarrassing moment."

It happened when Joyce was a sub-sub-deb. She was invited to a supremely swanky party in one of the most beautiful homes in Houston. Although Joyce knew her young hostess very well, she had never met the hostess' father or mother. So, the night of the party, Miss Reynolds—gowned out in a new party dress, her hair done a new way, and her escort the current cream of her dreams—arrived on the doorstep of a mansion she had long admired from a distance.

She rang the doorbell and a tall, distinguished-appearing man answered. In her best Manners for Adults, she said, "Good evening, Mr. So & So. I should like you to know Mr. Et Cetera (her boy friend)."

Gravely, the boy shook hands with an immaculate white glove proffered by the tall character who took the boy's top coat and Joyce's wrap and said that dancing was in the ball room, refreshments in the solarium.

The Personification of Dignity was the butler.

"Talk about embarrassment. I wanted to crumple up and blow away like ash from a good cigar," bemoaned Joyce.

Bob looked down at her and grinned. "Thanks," he said, taking her hand. "Thanks for being such a swell sport . . . and telling me that to make me feel better."

After that, every week that Bob could possibly get away, he and Joyce had a date. Because they both were crazy about Spanish food they found a small cafe called "El Carmine" where they could have Saturday night dinner. The cafe is hung with serapes, the music is completely South of the Border, and the tostados, tortillos, enchiladas, and tacos are the best to be found.

One night Joyce wore her new fur coat. "It's the one thing that I always said I was going to buy the instant I could afford it," she told a chuckling Bob. "Maybe you think it's silly, but that's the way I am. I get something in my mind, and I plan, and figure, and plot until I can make the dream come true."

"I don't think it's silly," said Bob in a tone far more serious than Joyce had ever heard. "You're lucky that you can make your dreams come true so fast. Some of us have to, well, sort of postpone things."

"Oh sure," she said blithely, not scrutinizing that statement, but simply accepting it at face value as small talk.

good luck, god-speed . . .

Whenever they could, they spent an evening at Cocoanut Grove, dancing to Freddy Martin's orchestra. If you want that out-of-this world look to cross Joyce's face, just put on a recording of Martin's version of Tschaiakowsky's Concerto.

And then, as Joyce had known it must, the wonderful week end dates came to an end. She promised that she would write at least once a week. And she said that last night, "You'll be fine, I know. I have confidence in you. But . . . sort of be careful, won't you?"

He had left a package marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas." Which proves that Bob still had something to learn about his brown-eyed Texas Tomato. She can't leave packages alone. The next day she flirted a quick eye over the strings and calculated that by slipping a little here, a little there . . .

"Joyce—you leave that package alone. Don't you go spoiling Bob's surprise weeks and weeks before Christmas."

"All right, Mother."

Two days later. "Mother, er—what became of my package from Bob?"

"Never you mind. That is to be opened at Christmas time."

Then there came the day when no letter had arrived from the South Pacific for nearly three weeks. Joyce was sick with worry. "Why don't you open your Christmas package?" Mrs. Reynolds suggested. "That will make you feel better."

So, three weeks before Christmas, Joyce lifted the lid of a jeweler's box to reveal a large gold cross. She strung it on a black velvet ribbon and even wore it to bed that night. The next morning there was an air mail letter beginning, "Well, as you have probably guessed, I have been pretty busy around here. . . ."

Instead of writing once a week, Joyce began to write three and four times a week. And she could hear the postman coming four blocks down the street; he seldom disappointed Joyce—usually there was a letter.

In some of those letters, Bob wrote about a possible post-war future. He had been in the midst of his pre-medic work at Rice Institute in Houston when war broke out and he joined up. He said that he rather thought he'd like to go back, some day, finish his studies, take his internship, and practice. "Because a man can live such a useful life in that profession. After having seen so much destruction, I'd like to work in a constructive field."

Late in the summer of 1944 there was another interruption in the mail service. Joyce began to count days in hours, and weeks in minutes. Her mathematical calculations were growing astronomical when That Letter finally arrived. Snatching it out of the postbox, she ran upstairs. Mrs. Reynolds came into the living room to find her daughter crying. "Baby . . . is it bad news?"

"I d-d-don't know yet. I haven't read the letter," said a logical Miss Reynolds.

remote control romance . . .

No, the news was NOT bad. First, Bob told about having seen "Janie" at his South Pacific base. It was announced over the loud speaker that, in the audience, was a prominent buzz boy who would be very happy, indeed, to see "Janie." The loud speaker suggested that Lt. Bob Lewis stand up and take a bow, on account of being Joyce Reynolds' fiancé. He went on to explain that—although he was being kidded at the time—the title was one that appealed to him mightily. Furthermore, he was being sent back to The States, and when he arrived. . . .



April Showers



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Enjoy a Perma-Lift brassiere—America's only bra with "The Lift That Never Lets You Down"—Another Hickory Success.

A. STEIN & COMPANY, Chicago, New York

And so they were married in the Westwood Community Methodist Church on January 11, 1945. The Reverend Herman N. Beimfohr performed the double ring ceremony; matron of honor was Mary Jane Jensen, of course, and best man was Lt. George A. Baldwin, one of Bob's Marine Corps buddies.

Joyce wore a gold suit, very simple, very smart, with black accessories. Just before the ceremony she received an heirloom handkerchief from Bob's mother—"something old" to fulfill the requirements of tradition. She borrowed a blue garter from her matron of honor, and practically every other item of bridal equipment was new.

So far the newlyweds have only two problems to solve. First, Joyce must be restrained from picking up some of her husband's more colorful expressions. Having learned, in Texas and in the South Pacific, some highly seasoned Spanish expressions, the lieutenant was horrified one morning to hear his wife using the terms he had tossed off in a moment of exasperation when the car refused to start. Joyce had started a run in a stocking and deemed the situation appropriate for some of her new vocabulary. "EEK! Don't everRRRR say that," gulped the bilingual Bob.

"You said it. I think it's pretty."

"Look, honey. Nix. Nix. Nix."

"What does it mean, Bob?"

"We haven't been married long enough for me to explain to you. Just skip anything I say in Spanish."

And their other problem is that crazy character, Gammie. Gammie is about 22 ounces of grey, curly-haired toy French poodle. He was purchased with the first thirty-five dollars that Joyce ever earned, and he was named by Charles Boyer. "Gammie" is short for "gamin"—French for urchin, which Gammie certainly is.

He decided the first time he set eyes on Bob that here was a menace to his being monarch of the Reynolds menage and resented it at the top of his pipsqueak lungs. Bob, who thinks nothing lighter than a St. Bernard can be classed as a dog, looked down disdainfully at this canine canipion. Then he picked Gammie up and regarded him sternly. Gammie blinked hopefully, then tentatively tried to lick Bob's hand. Peace negotiations are continuing but they weren't furthered by Gammie's completely destroying one of Bob's sox and ruining a high mirror polish on Bob's regulation shoes.

Observed Bob, "I won't feel like a bona fide member of this family until Gammie greets me with a wag instead of a bark," but the look he bestowed upon his wife marked the statement as pure platitude.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Outside of the CBS Playhouse one afternoon, I noticed a crowd clustered around a figure in a very bright plaid sport coat. After quite a struggle, I reached the inner circle of the spectators. Since I stood in back of the celebrity, who was busily signing autographs, it was impossible to see who it was. Turning to the person next to me, I said, "Nobody but Crosby could wear a coat like that and get away with it." The sport-coated figure turned, and I found myself looking into the dancing blue eyes of Frank Sinatra as he shouted, "Oh yeah!" Bill Brennan, Everett, Washington

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 50c plus tax

HOUSE OF LOWELL, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

(Continued from page 45)

amused when he said the band didn't want him. That, she couldn't imagine.

dusty daddy . . .

Finally, the trio started homeward, dusty, bedraggled, tired, but blissfully happy. When Frank opened the door of the suite he, Nancy, Sr. and Nancy, Jr. were occupying, there sat the entire business conference, patiently awaiting Frank's return. The business conference, consisting of the biggest big-wigs from the Max Factor Company which sponsors Frank's Wednesday night radio show, as one Adam's apple, swallowed hard. The business conference, as one giant caterpillar, raised its eyebrows.

For Frank, Nancy, and Mary Anne each carried a huge balloon in one hand and a white cornucopia of pink cotton candy in the other. Each face shone with summer perspiration, and each chin was gaily bearded with remnants of the cotton candy.

"Nancy and Mary Anne," said Mr. Sinatra with supreme dignity, "I want you to meet some friends of mine." And he introduced the little girls around the circle. Then he excused himself, took a quick shower, and returned to the business conference.

In years to come, when she grows old enough to realize the extent of her father's fame, the things that Nancy Sinatra most cherishes will be memories of circus visits, movie treats, and holidays spent with Frank. She is now only four and one-half, but when she is forty-four and one-half, she will be able to say that Frank, aside from his glamour, separated from the roar of his fans, considered without the glare of his fame, was a typical American husband—deeply in love with his wife—and a typical American father—devoted to his two children.

Nancy will remember her electric train trouble. It developed last Fall, so when her dad came home from the studio one day, she asked him about it. "It won't go," she blubbered, "and when it gets to here, it just sparks."

Frank got down on his hands and knees and surveyed the problem. When a few twists of a screw driver didn't accomplish much, he began to take the track apart and string it through the house. Then he examined every switch, every contact, every plug. That done, he started on the engine, removed its innards, and finally discovered what made it fail to tick. All this work required every moment of his spare time for a week, and during that time the track, and parts of the engine, were scattered through two rooms. Guests stepped over the dismembered transportation system, and Nancy, Sr. swept and dusted around it until it was again assembled in good working order.

When the wonderful instant of complete recovery arrived, Frank set the locomotive with its string of cars in place, and turned the switch. Nancy's brown eyes danced. Taking her father's hand, she pressed a honeyed kiss into its palm.

Nancy is demonstrative, lavishly affectionate, demanding and giving a wealth of love. She adores her dad, her mother, and most insistently, her lusty young brother, Frankie. Frankie was a year old on January tenth; he now weighs thirty pounds, which is to say that he is a combination of round cheeks, shining eyes, and dimpled body. Nancy likes to kiss the delicate curve of his chubby neck. Frankie turns his head so she can muzzle

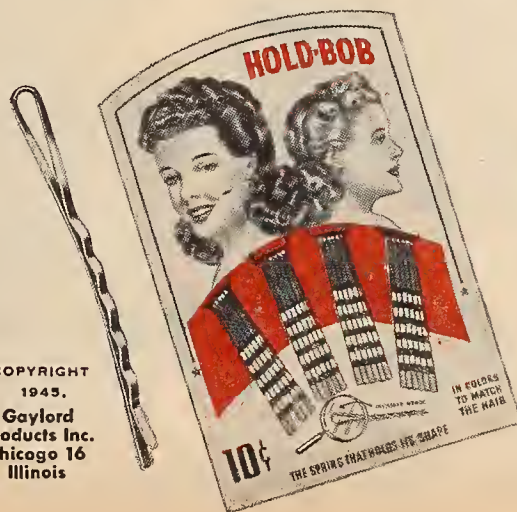
(Continued on page 90)

Mary went Dancing on Saturday Night...



—and **HOLD-BOB** pins held her Ringlets in Tight!

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



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HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that **HOLD**"

■ "Hello, mother! The dessert won't jell! What'll I do now?" This is young Marilyn Maxwell, just a few years ago, taking her daily telephone cooking lesson from her mother who was then an organist in one of the Fort Wayne, Ind. theatres. The telephone company undoubtedly declared extra dividends, but the cooking lessons were a success. "I used to get so excited waiting to see if my mother and my two brothers liked what I'd cooked that I couldn't eat a bite myself!" declared the golden-blonde, feminine (oh, very!) co-star of "Between Two Women" in her dressing room at the Capitol Theater in New York. Recently she's learned to cook game. Not only that, but she goes out and shoots the chief ingredients!

"John (Conte) has always been a hunter and since we were married I've learned to hunt and fish. I love it! Our ranch is loaded with deer and I've learned to cook venison steaks. Then sometimes we get a wild duck or a pheasant. Pheasant is marvelous—we hang it in a cold place for three days, then dress it and stuff it with wild rice, celery and apples. Venison steaks are easy to do. I sprinkle the steaks with a special tenderizing salt which you can buy in a health store and let the steaks stand while the pan is heating good and hot. I sear the steaks quickly, turn them over and pour a cocktail glass of port wine over them and cook 5 minutes. That's all there's to it!"

Just sitting there and looking at Marilyn's lithe figure and beautiful face, you'd understand why a group of American soldiers in Belgium have selected her as their dream girl, but when you begin to appreciate all her knowing ways in the kitchen, it doesn't seem unreasonable that she should also have been chosen as the favorite actress of the Grandmothers of America! This pleases her very much.

Marilyn was born in Clarinda, Iowa and lived in St. Petersburg, Fla. and Fort Wayne, Ind. before she became a soloist with bands—Amos Ostat's, Buddy Rogers' and Ted Weems'.



Marilyn Maxwell, co-starring in "Between Two Women."

and she can cook, too!

Courtesy Knox Gelatine

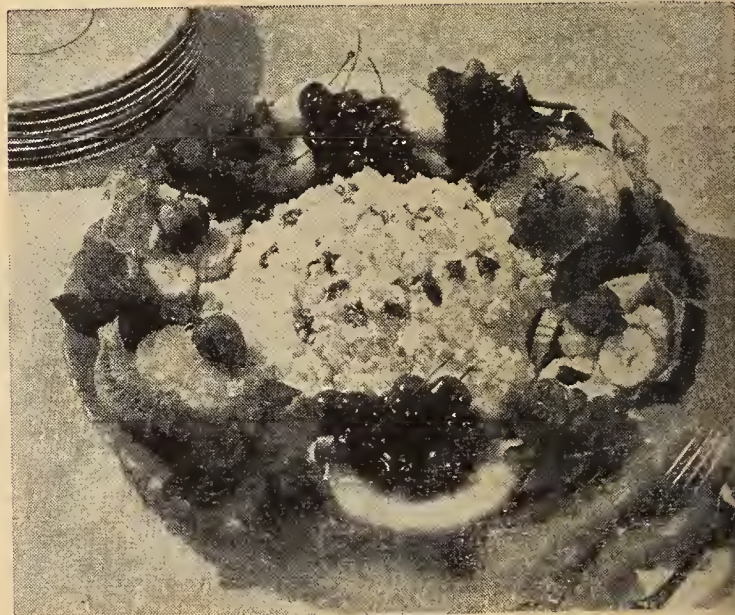


Prune Oriental Cream, fluffy textured, richly flavored. When you taste this you'll be sorry you've ever made unkind remarks about "the lowly prune!" Prepare in advance, collect compliments later.

Isn't this de-lovely? A cottage cheese and pecan flavor team ably supported by an all-star cast of fresh ripe fruits. Crisp young vegetables, right out of your victory garden, would be yummy, too!

Star-cook Marilyn Maxwell hunts

**her own roasts—wild duck, deer
and pheasant—and cooks 'em too!**



Courtesy National Dairy Council

by Nancy Woods

While she was singing with Buddy Rogers' band, Mary Pickford, who was visiting her husband, urged her to try for a screen test, but Marilyn felt that singing, rather than acting, was the thing she liked best. Later Ted Weems urged her to try the movies. She yielded to the "Go west, young woman" advice and arrived in Hollywood with her mother in February, 1942.

Came 1944 and Marilyn's horoscope (she's inclined to believe in astrology) was looking very romantic! She started work in a picture, "Lost in a Harem." So did John Conte, "the singing M.C." "John and I always refer to the picture as "Found in a Harem," Marilyn laughed. They were married in September at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Now they have an 850 acre ranch, 60 head of cattle and a help shortage. That means that Marilyn has to do the cooking several nights a week.

"I'd like to give you a recipe for an egg dish—it really hasn't a name—I just call it 'John's Favorite Breakfast'." As Marilyn gave us the directions, we sensed that, in imagination, she was way out in that ranch house in California, preparing breakfast for her ever-lovin'.

"Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with fine toast crumbs—about a half inch thick. Spread with a layer of sliced Canadian bacon—that's John's first choice—ham or sausage. Then add a layer of very thinly sliced ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Over that goes a layer of sliced American cheese. Next I put four or five whole, unbeaten eggs on the cheese and season them with salt, pepper and a little paprika. Last of all, I pour a half recipe of white sauce over the eggs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes or until eggs are set. John likes hot biscuits with this."

Marilyn gave us, too, a very easy and delightful apple sauce pudding. Simply place a quart of apple sauce in a buttered baking dish. Roll enough graham crackers to make about 1½ cup crumbs. Mix with ¼ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg. Sprinkle over apple sauce. Bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven or until crumbs are brown.

John is of Italian descent and Marilyn is eager to learn to cook some of the Italian dishes his mother prepares so beautifully. Chicken Florentine, for instance. So we foresee some serious telephoning between the two Mrs. Contes, but within a year Marilyn will do the best spaghetti sauce on the West Coast!

Marilyn was one of the very first girls to entertain soldiers and she's met thousands of them. She can tell you one of their hopes for the post-war world is good, home-cooked food! So girls, now's the time to improve your technique. The leaflet we have for you has that recipe for Chicken Florentine. Then, for sultry days heading our way, you'll want Cottage Cheese with Fresh Fruit and Prune Oriental Cream shown on the opposite page. If you're victory gardening, there'll be young peas, onions and carrots for a vegetable stew, topped with tiny egg dumplings. And Marilyn's very easy recipe for chocolate ice cream.

We'd love to send you the recipes, but be a pal—think of our help shortage and send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address: THE MODERN HOSTESS, Dept. MM, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.



"The House will please come to order!"



That's the stuff, Son . . . this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap.

At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.

So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy . . .

That's Fels-Naptha!



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

this soft, warm spot, then he giggles in loud glee at the tickling sensation of her kisses. When she stops, his face sobers and he regards his sister seriously. As she bends down, he turns his head again and begins to grin in anticipation. This game goes on for hours.

But it is not only her brother whom Nancy beguiles with her kisses. Her father is teaching Nancy to be a little lady. One thing he will not tolerate is a loud, coarse tone of voice. Nancy's voice is naturally sweet and low, but at times, in excitement, she is inclined to yell.

One morning early, she was shouting some unintelligible gibberish to the nurse. Frank called from his bedroom, "Nancy, come here, please."

She strolled in, looking guilty. She understood clearly what her error had been. She climbed up on the bed as her father said sternly, "Nancy, I've told you that I don't want you. . . ."

By that time his daughter had her arms around his neck and promptly cut off the sentence with a kiss. Frank went on, when the osculation was over, "I want my little girl to be . . ." Again the reprimand was terminated by a kiss.

He gave up. Later he said to Nancy, Sr., "I don't know how to handle that young lady, sometimes. I just don't know how you can correct a child when she's kissing you."

Disciplining Nancy, however, will never be much of a problem. All her father has to do is to look at her sternly and say, "Nan-cy!" and she hops. One day, she played too roughly with the baby and scratched him. Her father said just three words, "You naughty girl," and Nancy went to her room in desolated tears. She stayed there, too, until her father went after her, and assured her that he knew she hadn't been wilfully or intentionally dis-

obedient, but merely careless.

biased music critic . . .

A visitor said to Nancy one day, "Which one of your father's recordings do you like best?"

The small music critic gave the problem a moment's thought. "I believe I like the Brahms' 'Lullaby' best," she said. The question had been asked in the first place to tease Nancy. Frank had just sung "Nancy With The Laughing Eyes," and the visitor thought this song, dedicated to Nancy, would be her favorite.

So the visitor pursued, "What about that song about a certain little girl?"

"Oh, that! Well, the Brahms is *regular*, but the Nancy song is *special*," said Nancy, distinguishing nicely between what belonged to the world, hence could be compared to other music, and what belonged to the family, hence was beyond comparison.

Nancy has seen only one of her father's pictures, "Step Lively." In this, you will remember, there occurred a scene in which Frank was put to bed as a gag. The gag turned sour and before the action was over, the hotel doctor had administered a dose of foul medicine to the "ailing" guest.

Nancy sat through the entire picture without a word. Afterward, as she rode home, she was obviously pondering a problem.

When Frank arrived, he demanded, "Well, how did you like the picture?"

Sorrowfully, she answered, "I didn't like it. I can't stand to see you take medicine."

Frank explained that it was just a joke and that the tablespoon contained, not castor oil as Nancy had suspected, but water.

Nancy still shook her head. "Even if you *aren't* just saying it to make me feel better, I still don't like it."

The two Nancys frequently wear mother-daughter peasant outfits, tailored for them at a Beverly Hills shop. However, small Nancy is still built like a pencil, utterly lacking her mother's pleasant curves. This fact caused her a good deal of skirt trouble. At crucial moments, the pint-sized pleated garment was likely to hug Nancy's heels with disrupting suddenness. One morning she scanned her father's suspenders covetously. "Now, *that's* something like it," she murmured.

So her next outfit is to be complete with suspenders—specified by her dad.

The first gift her father ever bought Nancy was purchased four months before she was born, and it was—of all things—a book. As soon as Nancy's eyes could focus on a page, Frank began to show her pictures and to teach her the names of animals, colors, and other objects. As a result, Nancy at less than five years of age, speaks like an adult. She can count to one hundred, although she is inclined to add twenty-ten, thirty-ten, forty-ten, fifty-ten, sixty-ten, etc. to the usual scheme of numbers. Nowadays, when Frank comes upstairs to read her good-night story (when he is able to be at home) she catches him instantly if he tries to leave anything out. She has been going to nursery school since last Fall and is a proficient picture-colorer. "I color better than anybody else, almost, in my school," she told her father, who promptly cautioned her against self-praise. He said it wasn't nice; that she should compliment the other children, but she should be critical of her own work.

Nancy sighed. "Well, I'm a better colorer because I'm carefuller around the edges," she maintained.

bring on the family tree . . .

The first gift Frank bought his young son was a rattle with a musical attach-

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ment inside that, when agitated, gave forth two separate and distinct tones. It stunned all three older members of the family when they discovered that Frankie, aged six months, was shaking the rattle and humming—clearly on pitch—the two notes.

Frank has always brought home musical gifts, and his son's quick ear for music is likely to stimulate all manner of purchases. Wherever he goes, he picks up music boxes. From Boston he brought a silent butler that plays "Auld Lang Syne." From Chicago he brought Nancy a miniature china spinette that plays "Silent Night." From New York he brought Nancy, Sr., a powder box that plays "I Love You Truly," and from Philadelphia he brought a circular cake stand on a base that plays "Happy Birthday To You."

For a week before the baby's birthday, Frank mystified the family by teaching Frankie a new trick. Holding the chubby young master on his knee, Frank would strike a match, then say "Blow" and blow out the light. After two or three evenings of this, the sprout got the idea. When Dad said, "Blow," Junior sputtered enough to extinguish the flame.

Came then, Frankie's birthday. To the table was brought a white cake boasting one pink, glowing taper. Everybody made a wish. Frank moved the cake over for his son's convenience and said, "Blow." One-hundred-percent success.

Looking at her young brother fondly one day, Nancy, Jr., observed in regard to her mother's sister, newly married, "I suppose *she* has gone to the hospital to get a baby, hasn't she?"

birds 'n' bees . . .

Nancy, Sr., and Frank exchanged glances. "Goodness, no," said the mother. "She has just gone on her honeymoon."

"What's a honeymoon?" Nancy asked.

"It's a vacation that two people take to celebrate getting married," explained the older Nancy.

Junior thought that one over. "Well, I'm not going on a honeymoon when I get married," she announced. "I'm going straight to the hospital and get fifteen children."

Incidentally, little Frank has a habit of slowly moving his chubby left hand to the lobe of his left ear and holding it, when he becomes embarrassed or confused. When strangers speak to him and try to make friends, he doesn't cry or squirm; he looks at the newcomer with great, solemn eyes, gently massages his ear lobe, and considers the situation gravely. Then a slow grin dawns.

He has another mannerism, and this one is not original, but inherited intact from his dad. When he is thinking about some of the mysteries of the world in which he finds himself, Junior slowly rubs his right thumb back and forth across his lower lip. This habit is identical to Frank, Sr.'s pre-occupied gesture when he is studying a score or making a business decision.

Christmas, last year, was really a festive occasion in the Sinatra household. Months before, Frank had exchanged a word with Santa Claus to the effect that a playhouse would be welcomed by Nancy: A playhouse large enough for her to enter and live therein the secret and exciting life of an imaginative small girl.

Christmas Eve the house was filled with guests. Someone said to Frank, "Are you going to trim your tree tonight?"

Nancy, Jr., answered that one quickly. "Santa Claus trims our tree. Daddy just gets the decorations out and leaves them in a convenient place."

The children were tucked in early, but guests continued to arrive. Everyone was very gay, everyone was making plans for a quick ending of war and a year of hap-

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

"I adore the softer look and 'finish' my skin gets from a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says beautiful Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, who is the glamorous young heiress to one of America's great names and fortunes. "No doubt about it—the Mask makes a noticeable difference in my complexion—and *quickly!*"



"Quick way to look my very best!" — Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

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pininess ahead. Not until nearly five A.M. did the last carol-singing guest leave.

Shortly before six, through the silvered light of early dawn, a small night-gowned form tiptoed to her mother's bed and climbed into its warmth. In a voice that quavered with excitement, small Nancy whispered, "Do you think Santa Claus has been here yet?"

"I don't think so," Nancy, Sr., answered. "You go back to sleep for awhile."

The breathless whisper persisted, "Could I ask Daddy if he thinks Santa has been here yet?"

That was too much for Dad. Remembering the tremulous heart, the shaking ecstasy of his own childhood Christmases, he climbed out of bed, put on a robe, and volunteered to go downstairs.

He came back in a moment with the joyous announcement: "He's been here."

Lifting his small daughter out of bed, he carried her to her own room to get her robe and slippers. As he bundled her up, he realized that she was trembling with anticipation. Small quivers of excitement shook the warm body, and her eyes were great pools of eagerness.

nifty st. nick...

Frank switched on the living room lights, but only the electric tapers on the huge Christmas tree in the corner sprung into brilliance. And around that tree there was everything of which a small girl could dream: Dolls, a rocking horse for Frankie, books, building toys, musical toys—and a dream of a doll house.

Exhausted after investigating stockings, opening packages (Nancy, Sr., received a Baum Martin coat and a sunburst lapel pin splashed with diamonds and rubies with earrings to match), and trying on all wearable gifts, the entire family returned to bed at nine o'clock and slept until noon.

Neither Frank nor Nancy has made any plans for the future of their children. A friend asked Frank, "Do you ever think that you want Nancy to attend some special school, or adopt some certain career? Have any secret ambitions for Frankie?"

Frank shook his head. "In the entertainment business, you just live from day to day. I'm going to give them everything in my power—but I'm not going to worry about the how, when, or where until the time comes."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One torrid day, while strolling through a bazaar here in India, I spied a fellow with a peculiar insignia. I purchased something at a stand and turned to see this fellow once more. The stranger suddenly looked up, caught my stare, and laughed. That did it! The cavernous mouth, those twinkling eyes, made something snap. I shouted, "Hey, fellows, here's Joe E. Brown!" Needless to say, the old Indian merchant was completely flabbergasted when the excited Americans rushed to buy his previously unpopular handkerchiefs. Later, as Joe E. Brown started down the dusty jungle road, he turned, waved and gave us that famous grin, though still tired from autographing handkerchiefs.

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BLONDE OF THE YEAR

(Continued from page 47)

Mrs. Haver's sympathetic face to a row of seventeen pairs of galoshes, and then to a table growing bowlegged beneath seventeen assorted heart-shaped boxes of candy. He swallowed hard. "I—er—I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Haver, but I can't stay. I won't even have time to take off my boots. Would you mind asking June to step out here for a minute?"

dear valentine . . .

June flew out to the entry and started to say something about of course he had to come in for a moment, but he interrupted. "Valentine greetings," he said, thrust a tiny gold heart box into her hands, and shot out of the house like a hive-tipper escaping a swarm of bees.

June's jaw slackened, and her heart had a headache. Slowly, she opened the smallest box of all; within was a gold heart-locket on a slender gold chain. She still has it, a precious momento.

The vanishing Valentine giver was not the only humble Haver suitor. She had been in Hollywood only a short time when, the first Friday of each month, June began to receive red roses. After several months of this, the color of the roses changed—subsequent offerings were tea roses, and a card written by the florist explained that the giver of the roses had learned that June's favorite color was pink or an orange-cast rose shade, so the flowers sought to comply with that taste. Oh, lovely!

At Christmas time, June received a gasp-getting red alligator bag, constructed like a concertina—that is, capable of impressive expansion—and closed with a war-time-precious zipper. "Yipe," said June, "am I ever grateful." But she was somewhat embarrassed, too; it seemed a little anti-Emily-Post to be accepting such lavish gifts from a stranger.

A few weeks ago, the social nuances were satisfied; the donor of June's flowers and other gifts was no stranger, but an ex-neighbor. He wrote a long letter explaining his admiration for June. Seems that when they were both kids, he lived across the street. "I really resented you," he wrote, "because you were such a junior genius." She played the piano magnificently (at the green apple age of seven she made a piano solo appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Goossens), and this boy's mother used to mention June in such sentences as, "Why won't *you* practice the way June does?" and "Why aren't *you* as interested in music as June is?"

In short, June was a murder-maker as far as this boy was concerned. But now that he has grown up and has developed a taste for loveliness served with or without music, he confessed that he was glad he didn't turn out to be one of the principals in the Junior Javelin Murder during those painful days long ago.

To date, June's favorite all-time gift is the hula skirt she received a few days ago from Farley Granger, who is stationed in Honolulu. Farley, incidentally, is now 6'3" tall—"just Fred MacMurray's height," observed June pensively one day, scanning the Mt. Everest altitude of Mr. MacMurray's head. June, all 5'2" of her, appreciated the solid sense of one of Farley's letters in which he said, "Get out the highest platform shoes you own and save your coupons for a pair of real spike heels, because we're going dancing as soon as I can get home."

By no means is June always on the receiving end of the gift racket. She is

"Always tastes best!"

says

LENORE AUBERT

See Lenore Aubert in

"HAVING A WONDERFUL CRIME"

an RKO-Radio Picture



"THE TASTE-TEST CONVINCED ME," says Lenore Aubert, "that only one cola can really be voted best-tasting. I tried leading colas in paper cups and found one tasted far the best. It was Royal Crown Cola, my "quick-up" favorite ever since." Try R C today!

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

always seeing some item that was obviously designed, manufactured, and placed in a window display for the possession of some friend or relative. The entire Haver family is a corporation of enthusiastic gift buyers. Christmas, with them, is a frantic holiday festooned with slip-ups and fractured secrets.

Consider, for instance, that situation of two Christmases ago. Mrs. Haver had said from time to time, throughout the years, "Some day I'd like to have a diamond bracelet. Nothing Mae-Westian, of course, but something simple, in keeping with the rest of my possessions."

So June and her older sister (and adored buddy) Dorothy, talked it over and found that, by pooling their resources, they could buy a very dignified and charming bracelet. They went shopping. They considered this bracelet and that. Finally they found one that was stunning, but it was just a little more than they had amassed. Not until two weeks later would they have the necessary amount. So they decided to wait and buy the jewel of their prideful choice.

At the end of the two weeks, the girls—abubble with excitement—descended upon the jeweler and stated importantly that they wanted to see a particular bracelet again. They had decided to purchase it, they said. The jeweler was apologetic and regretful. Only the day before, that bracelet had been sold.

There was another bracelet, almost as lovely, available, so they took it. On the way home they spent a good deal of time assuring one another that *this* bracelet was really the smarter—the other had been a little heavy, not quite as interesting, not quite as *right* for their mother. At home they hid their purchase and answered the call to dinner looking quite smug. It was a very gay dinner; everyone

laughed uproariously at the quips of every one else. High good humor bounced around the room like circus balloons in a high wind.

Finally Mrs. Haver capitulated. "I can't stand it another minute," she exploded. "I was going to keep it secret until Christmas, but I can't." She brought out a long, slender jeweler's box. "With the Christmas money I've saved from other years, and with other gift checks, I bought myself a diamond bracelet. From myself to myself—Merry Christmas."

double trouble . . .

June and Dorothy exchanged a long, stunned stare, then they howled with delight. The bracelet Mrs. Haver had bought was the one they had wanted! After a surprise of such magnitude the girls couldn't keep their secret either, so they hauled forth their purchase and presented it. Then everyone cried a few happy tears.

Last Christmas, June and Dorothy had purchased, among other things, a set of twelve cocktail napkins embroidered with pink elephants—for their mother. A week before the holiday, June, Dorothy, Mrs. Haver, and Evelyn (the youngest Haver) were shopping for friends when Mrs. Haver passed a linen shop, exclaimed, and retraced her steps.

The girls, tasting calamity, walked slowly on. "Come on, Mother," they urged. "Come on back—I want you to see something," she called. "There are the most unique cocktail napkins here. I think I'll run in and buy a dozen."

The girls descended on their mother. They said time was a-wasting, and that the napkins could wait until after Christmas. They said they didn't like the design very well, anyhow. . . . Come on, Mother!

"You'll like them when you get used to them," said Mother, marching into the

store. So the girls had to tell her.

Furthermore, to render the holiday a complete concerto of confusion, June and her mother had combined resources to buy Dorothy a handsome set of gold bird clips. "At least we'll have ONE secret," June opined.

The following day, Mrs. Haver and Dorothy were shopping for June's surprise gift. The merchandiser, who had sold Mrs. Haver and June the clips, passed them in the store aisle and called out cheerily, "I know your daughter is going to be pleased with those gold birds."

Grinning at Mrs. Haver, Dorothy said, "Merry Christmas, Mother!"

The Christmas gift that June remembers most tenderly, however, is an intangible one. As unreal as the Christmas spirit itself, yet it remains as real in memory as the sound of sleigh bells or the fragrance of mountain pine. While June was growing up, she always spent Christmas Eve singing in a Children's Hospital. One year she had been knocking herself out in a ward, singing merry little jingles and carols, when a ten-year-old colored girl was wheeled in.

A young intern was keeping an eye on his small patient, and a nurse was also in attendance. June went on with her program, but—after her next song—the newest member of the audience lifted a thin hand and beckoned weakly. June tripped over and leaned down to the patient, who slid one arm around June's shoulders. The girl was too weak to speak aloud, but she whispered, "Please sing, 'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?'"

Defeating by sheer will power the catch in her throat, June sang every verse she knew. Then the little girl, eyelids heavy over great brown eyes, was wheeled away. She lapsed into a coma a few moments later and died the following day. Having

His heart in his eyes . . .
his eyes on your lips . . . your lips
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WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

10c-25c
SIZES

checked up by telephone, June hung up after hearing this news, and went out to the kitchen where she told her mother thoughtfully, "I'm glad I had the privilege of giving the little girl her last Christmas present. It's odd what things turn out to be important in this world, isn't it?"

To this day June is repelled by the odor of iodoform, not only because of this experience, but because of an earlier happening equally heart-wringing but without—luckily—a tragic denouement.

When June was eight, she came romping home from school one day to be told that her mother was in the hospital. She had been badly injured in an automobile accident. The three girls, white-lipped and with hearts turned to resounding gongs, rushed to the hospital. Mrs. Haver had suffered a frontal concussion so her face had turned a mottled purple and was distended with swelling. June managed to swallow her sickness, to be fairly cheerful, and to promise to come back the next day, but when she left the room she cried wildly and said she knew her mother was going to die. No one could talk her out of it. "Her hair is all falling down and even if her face is bruised, there isn't any color in her lips. I know she's going to die," she wailed disconsolately.

Actually, although she had been painfully pounded, Mrs. Haver was in no critical danger. But, when the girls' father reported June's agonized words, she managed a smile and said she'd fix everything. The next afternoon, when June arrived, she found her mother's hair brushed and tied back with a gay pink ribbon, and Mrs. Haver was wearing cardinal lipstick. June relaxed; the world again moved in its orderly orbit.

jaywalking June . . .

June, herself, had a narrow escape from an automobile. Emerging from the judge's chambers the day her contract with 20th Century-Fox was approved, she darted across the street without seeing a taxi cab preparing to plunge from its parking spot. Mrs. Haver, a few feet behind June, saw the whole thing and screamed. June summoned all her adagio ability and leaped to the safety of the curbing, but the taxi—screeching past—slapped the skirt of her coat as the paw of a lion might score a near-miss on his trainer's coat tails.

With spaghetti-limp knees, Mrs. Haver managed to join her daughter on the safety of the sidewalk. Closing her eyes and exhaling a long breath, Mrs. Haver said, "Oh, baby! Just when you're getting your big break. . . ."

" . . . I almost got my final break," June finished the sentence.

The Havers, as even the most casual observer would instantly guess, are a singularly devoted family and every indication is that Dorothy's husband, Bill Flynn, has been absorbed into the family with a speed typical of the Havers.

June was Cupid in this deal. While she was singing with Ted Fio Rito's band, one of the members (Frank Flynn) said repeatedly, "When we get to Los Angeles, you MUST meet my brother, Bill. He's just right for you. Because he's a 'cellist, he'd appreciate your musicology; because he's hep, he'd admire your enthusiasm. Oh, you've got to meet Bill."

So, when the troupe reached Los Angeles, Frank took the Havers (Mrs. Haver, Dorothy and June) and hurried out to visit the celebrated brother who answered the door wearing leather house slippers, a handsome pair of slacks, a swagger house jacket, and smoking a pipe. Which is to say that he strongly resembled "Esquire's" version of the sharp young man about town. June and Dorothy exchanged glances spelling out "wow!"

After a certain amount of chatter in the

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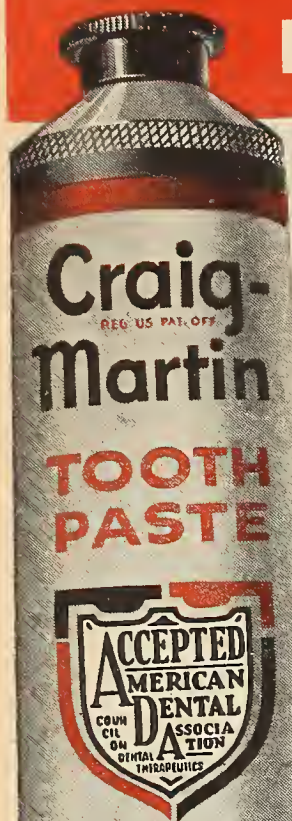
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apartment, Bill asked the group to join him for luncheon and managed to get himself seated next to Dorothy. "Hmmm," thought June, "what goes on here? Frank said Bill would be just right for me."

However, Dorothy and Bill, by that time, were deep in various conversations which—when boiled down—amounted to that age-old query, "Where have you been all my life?" It was love at first sight. They knew that they would be married eventually, but the war was resting a clammy hand on Bill's shoulder, so they decided to settle for a long engagement.

In the fall of 1943, Mrs. Haver and June went East on the location jaunt for the filming of "Home In Indiana." (Since that time, June has made "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Where Do We Go From Here," and at present she is working with Betty Grable in "The Dolly Sisters.")

One morning they received a phone call from Dorothy in Los Angeles, saying that Bill was there on leave and that he was going to be sent overseas before the Havers could all get together for an old-fashioned family wedding... so, did they mind if she was married September Thirtieth at the Church of the Good Shepherd?

The day of the wedding, Mrs. Haver caused an acute Haver handkerchief shortage. She and June, watching the clock, said to one another, "Now she's getting dressed to go to the church." "Now she's marching down the aisle." "Now Bill is slipping the ring on her finger."

As soon as he was married, Bill was shifted first to one base, then to another, with Dorothy going wherever he went. She, June and Mrs. Haver kept up a frantic letter-telegram-telephonic marathon in an attempt to arrange a meeting somewhere. Finally they discovered that all four would be in Chicago for a simultaneous twenty minutes.

chicago shenanigans...

Naturally, June's train was late. She and her mother nearly drove the conductor crazy, asking him when they would really, positively, absolutely get into Chicago. The seconds raced, the moments zoomed, the hours lightened, while the wheels of the locomotive made a circle about as fast as the growth rings in a redwood.

Finally, in contradiction to their gloomy view, the train arrived in a driving rain. As they passed the Arrival & Departure scoreboard, they noted that Dorothy's train, too, was late. So they stood on one foot and then the other until—in the dim distance fogged by rain—they made out a tall form in uniform beside which trotted a drenched, but widely grinning Dorothy.

Bill is currently in England, flying a C-47. His squadron's won a Presidential Citation, and Bill has won an Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters. Quite a guy.

A good deal of June's life has been spent in stations and on trains. Even her 18th birthday found her taking a dim view of the situation from a seat in the club car. "Here I've been looking forward to my 18th birthday for at least 10 years, and what happens! I spent it in a miserable old train on my way to Chicago," she groused to her mother.

But when they arrived that night, they were met by a flock of 20th Century officials and whisked to the Pump Room where June was given a birthday party to make a Maharanee seem miserly. There was a magnificent birthday cake, of course, but best of all, there was iced champagne.

All her life June had heard about champagne, so it represented the utter zenith of success in her mind.

She loved it. And why shouldn't she? Champagne is June's kindred element: like June it is tops of its type, it is effervescent, sparkling, fragile. June Haver is The Champagne Kid.



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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 8)

wouldn't be repulsive. Don't sit a million miles away from him in the car. Give him a couple of soulful looks during the evening. Instead of jabbering your head off as he's taking you to your door to say goodnight, tell him softly how wonderful the evening was and what fun he is to be with. Next month you'll be writing in for advice in warding them off.

■ When a boy cuts in on a dance, should you say anything to the deporting lod? Helen McP., Doylestown, Pa.

Actually, he should thank you for the dance, but we think it's just as right for the gal to do the thanking. Not in so many words maybe, but give him your flashiest smile and say, "That was lovely." Or just squeeze his hand a little and whisper, "Nice!"

■ I like Johnny very, very much, and I think he likes me. He has taken me out a few times, and it has been more fun each date. His school gives a big prom in the late spring, and I'm dying to be invited. How could I subtly hint at it? Georgio A., Houston, Texas.

Subtle hints are generally fatal. Things appear to be going so nicely right this minute that we'd just let nature take its course. Continue to look and be your cutest self, and don't get tense and frenzied as the prom date approaches. If he hasn't spoken up by, say, two weeks before the party, you might drop some bombshell like, "The family wants me to go away with them the week end of the twenty-first." Force his hand, capitalize on the old war of nerves. He'll undoubtedly ask you, but if for some reason he doesn't, be completely nonchalant and unruffled.

■ What is the age at which a girl should be allowed to date? Bobs' Mother, Los Angeles, Calif.

The dating age seems to vary throughout the country, ranging from twelve or thirteen in parts of the South, to sixteen in some sections of the East. We think fourteen is a good age to begin having house dates and doubles. It might be a good idea for all the mothers in your neighborhood to standardize on the dating age, curfew, and number of dates a week.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Yes, sir, I saw it happen! When I was just about fourteen, a friend and I haunted a local food show in Atlanta, Georgia, trying our darndest to get a glimpse of lovely Irene Rich who, it was rumored, ap-

peared for just a short time each evening for Welch's products. We were beginning to doubt the truthfulness of the rumor until one evening we DID get to see her! There she was coming through the crowd clad in a breathtakingly beautiful gown, looking every bit as gorgeous as on the screen. When she arrived at the Welch booth, she mounted a small crate so as to be above the crowd and get to everyone who clamored for her autograph. Then IT happened! The crate gave under her very slight weight and she toppled over right into my arms!

We were both stunned and embarrassed but she thanked me in that wonderful voice of hers, and I haven't yet forgotten my close brush with glamour.

Frances R. Hill,
Frederick, Oklahoma

"MINE IS A STORY no pictures can tell"

—says Mrs. Louise Sullenger
of Dearborn, Michigan

"I am sending you two snapshots," writes Louise Sullenger, "one, of the woman I used to be—one, of the woman I am today. They tell you something of the physical change in my appearance. But no photograph can reveal the buoyancy, the zest for living, that now fills me with eagerness for the adventures of each new day.

"No one need tell me what an overweight woman thinks about!" says Mrs. Sullenger. "I know all the tortures of buying a size 40 dress. I know the misery of refusing invitations because of being ashamed of my appearance. Not so long ago, I was wallowing in self-pity, with only one remaining grain of resolution: I would try the DuBarry Success Course.

"In ten weeks from the time I started, I lost 25 pounds and got back the waistline I had as a girl. Then I bought a new suit—size 14!

"But no words and no pictures can express how it feels to look into the mirror and see reflected a shining, radiant face—to feel that all of life is still before you, and to know that you have the energy, the courage—yes, and the beauty to enjoy it."



These are the snapshots Mrs. Sullenger sent to Ann Delafield—the one above showing her "as she used to be," the one at right showing her on finishing the Success Course.



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LITTLE MISS REMARKABLE

(Continued from page 39)

So Mrs. O'Brien watched, while Margaret drew slow, conscientious strokes on the white paper. Strokes that brought into being a girl with long, tawny hair and oblique green eyes and a necklace of obviously expensive pearls. In short, a Glamor Girl. "Like a movie star," Margaret explained helpfully.

Let's pretend . . .

Because to Margaret, a movie star is Lana Turner or Greer Garson, or somebody like that. The fact that she herself is rapidly turning into America's Sweetheart and is co-starred with some of the biggest names in Hollywood, doesn't mean a thing to her. Not that she doesn't like it. She's crazy about it. Acting is like eating ice cream every day in the week and twice on Sundays. It's wonderful because it's what she likes best in all the world. It's a game of "Let's Pretend," but instead of playing it by herself at home, she plays it at the studio on a great big set made just for the game, and with people like Judy Garland and Robert Young and June Allyson to play it with her.

Once in a while the "Let's Pretend" game gets almost too exciting. Like the time during the shooting of "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." There was a scene that sounded as if it was going to be wonderful fun. Margaret and Jackie Jenkins (her favorite co-actor) were to be afloat on the deep in a wooden bathtub. They were supposed to be asleep and not know the tub had floated off. The scene was to be shot on the lake at Metro, and Margaret looked forward to it with con-

siderable enthusiasm. She isn't sure just when she stopped *pretending* to be scared and started being really and truly frightened. But all of a sudden, it was as if they were on a real ocean, floating around in this flimsy old tub. The waves were like towering, grey cliffs, ready to fall on them and bury them forever. The tub whirled madly, and Margaret and Jackie clutched each other in panic.

"We're supposed to be scared," Margaret said, trying to keep her voice from shaking. "They want us to be scared, for the picture."

"Not this scared," quavered Jackie in a small voice.

Margaret's heart banged madly in her chest, like the hooves of a runaway horse. How fast could your heart go, anyway, without stopping entirely? Sometimes people died of fright, and maybe it was because their hearts beat so fast that they cracked right in two. Would it be better to die of fright, or to drown, Margaret wondered unhappily.

The tub gave a horrible lurch. It felt as if it was going to turn over. Margaret said a quick, little girl's prayer. "Please, God, take care of Jackie and me, and make this silly old bathtub act like it's s'posed to." Then above the slap of the waves came another, a familiar sound. A voice yelled "Cut! That's it, boys." And Margaret's breath, which had been chasing itself like a kitten after its tail, came out in a long, relieved sigh. She and Jackie sat up, and the waves magically died, and a few feet away was the boatload of expert swimmers assigned by

Metro to guard its bathtub full of valuable property. As the tub was pulled ashore, Mrs. O'Brien came up hurriedly.

"Were you frightened, honey? The waves got pretty high."

"We-e-ll, we were a *little* frightened," Margaret told her, with dignity. "We wouldn't have wanted the tub to turn over and spoil the take."

Life on the set isn't usually quite that thrilling. But it's always fun. Margaret begins getting ready for it the moment she wakes up in the morning. She knows what scenes she'll do that day, because she's memorized them the night before. The hard way. You see, when you've just had your eighth birthday and you haven't really started school yet, you can't learn your lines by reading them, the way other people do. You learn them by having your mother read them to you, over and over, and they sort of percolate around in your head all night and by morning you've turned into the person you're going to play that day.

For instance, if you're Tooty, the problem child of "Meet Me In St. Louis," you don't help mother and Aunt Marissa get you dressed. Of course not, because then you wouldn't be a *problem* child. You stall around and hide your shoes and throw your brush across the room, and when they expostulate, you widen your brown eyes at them and say, "But I'm practicing my part!" Anyway, that's what Margaret did. Until after a few mornings of this sort of thing, Mrs. O'Brien said firmly, "No more nonsense. You're Tooty on the set, but at home you're Margaret



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who gets a spanking if she doesn't behave." Oh, well, it was fun while it lasted!

Margaret can dress herself, but it's a long and involved process, so it's simpler on working days for her mother and Marissa to do it for her. One thing she is very particular about is her hair. It's shining brown and very, very straight, and she likes to wear it in two plump pig-tails. Shoes are important to her, also. She loves to have them match her dresses. Her favorite costume is a blue dress that they bought when they were in Mexico City, blue shoes to go with it, and a blue ribbon for her hair. Decked out in this finery, Margaret looks down her small nose at any amount of ermine and sables and orchids which happen by.

That trip to Mexico City was quite a thing. Margaret had a beautiful time. Her favorite spot in the city was, curiously, the shrine of Gaudalupe, the Mexican Virgin Mary. Margaret is very religious and she loved the legend of the robe which hangs in the shrine of Guadalupe. Mrs. O'Brien overheard her telling a friend her version of the story, like this—

"You see, there was this Indian boy, and he was a very good boy, only nobody knew it. This was way back in the Spaniard time. One day he was just dying and the vision of Guadalupe appeared to him. He told people and they laughed, but he opened up his robe, and there was the vision, painted-like, on the inside of it. When the Pope heard about it," Margaret added meditatively, "he was kind of startled. But they hung the robe in the shrine, and they let me right in close to see it."

no spik englis . . .

Margaret didn't spend all her time at the shrine, of course. She and her mother and Marissa saw a lot of the country around Mexico City. One day they drove up into a hill village, and while the others attended to some business, Margaret played happily with a group of bronzed, pleasantly dirty little Mexican children. By the time they were ready to go home, Margaret had gone native. She'd grabbed an old black scarf Marissa had left in the car and put it over her head. Gold earrings, from heaven knows where, were decorating her small ears, and she had discarded her shoes entirely and was running around barefoot. Anyone who came along and addressed her in English got a cold reception. "No spik Englis," Margaret informed them, with a baleful stare, and would then proudly rattle off the half dozen Spanish words she knew, regardless of the fact that they made no sense whatever.

One night in Mexico City, Mrs. O'Brien asked the hotel to provide a trustworthy nursemaid to stay with Margaret for the evening. The nursemaid arrived—calm, capable, and named Guadalupe after the Virgin. Margaret loved her on sight, and Guadalupe obviously thought this little girl came straight from heaven. She couldn't be separated from Margaret while they were there, and when they finally came back to California, Guadalupe came right along and is now as much a part of the O'Brien household as Maggie, the Chinese cocker spaniel Margaret adores, or Francesca, the canary.

Francesca is chartreuse, with intelligent black eyes. She is definitely a one-woman canary, and ignores everyone but Margaret with monumental disdain. Margaret picked the canary out herself—almost drove the man in the pet shop out of his mind, before she finally selected Francesca. The next thing was training the bird, and she has really done a fine job of it.

"It isn't so hard," she explained to someone who was impressed by the



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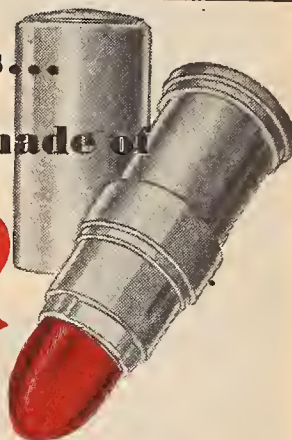
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canary's tameness. "We kept her in a small room at first, and so she got used to not flying around. I talked and talked to her, and she understood me."

Apparently, she does. Anyway, she lights on Margaret's shoulder and eats birdseed from her hand and seems to enjoy the whole situation. When they came to New York, Francesca came with them and livened the journey for Margaret.

"We let her fly around the compartment, and she never once tried to fly out," Margaret said complacently. "She likes us."

Of course, once in a while, Francesca, like all pets, gets a bit temperamental. She describes chartreuse parabolas through the air above Margaret's head and won't be coaxed down by offers of any amount of birdseed. But her young owner has evolved a system to handle this situation. Margaret turns out all the lights (she can see in the dark like a cat, this child) and then spots Francesca and sneaks up on her quietly. Presto—one caged canary!

Margaret loved their recent trip to New York. Everything was so exciting. She had lots of little boys and girls to play with, and she'd rather have playmates than anything. Elsa Maxwell gave a birthday party for her, which made her blissfully happy. There was an enormous cake and lots of presents. Margaret acquired a beau at that party. This isn't a gossip column, so we won't tell you his name, but he was a year older than Margaret, and he fell pretty hard. Took to calling her up several times a day, and following them around town. He finally sent her two dozen American Beauty roses. Margaret eyed them dreamily.

"They're not only awfully pretty," she told Marissa, "but they make me feel so popular."

kid stuff . . .

Young Walter Winchell, Jr., called at the O'Brien suite one day to escort Margaret to a children's party. She wasn't dressed yet when he arrived. Girls never are, they love to keep men waiting, of course. So Walter had a talk with Marissa.

"How old is Margaret?" he inquired.

"She just had her eighth birthday."

He looked slightly disillusioned. "Really? I thought she was nine. I'm ten, myself."

"Sometimes she seems older," said Marissa hastily.

"Oh, sure." He brightened. "In pictures you'd think she was seventeen or something, the way she steals scenes." He brooded a moment. "Say, will we have to dance at this party?"

Marissa wasn't sure. "I can't dance a step," Walter told her, worried.

Marissa grinned. "Neither can Margaret. She's taken a few lessons—Norma Shearer has had some of the kids over at her house on Sunday afternoons with a teacher, but I don't believe Margaret could cope with a partner."

"We'll sit them out," Walter said in a relieved tone.

One night the O'Briens went to the St. Regis, where Margaret was fascinated by a ventriloquist act which featured a dummy called "Alkali Ike." The next morning she named her pet doll Ike, and for days she drove her mother quietly crazy by talking out of the side of her mouth in a hoarse "Alkali Ike" voice. It was all right when just the family were there, but it had a sinister effect on visitors who weren't used to Margaret's imagination.

In Hollywood, the O'Briens live in a small apartment. Very small, in view of Margaret's star status and the amount of "keeping up with the Joneses" usually done in the cinema city. But Mrs. O'Brien

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doesn't want her daughter to get any delusions of grandeur. She is to live a simple, normal life like any other little girl of eight. She has certain duties to perform—she sets the table and straightens up her room and occasionally thinks up transparent excuses to get out of these tasks, even as you and I. One thing she likes to do is mix salad dressing. She does it with a grave, headwaiterish air, and the dressing is wonderful. Margaret always has an enormous appetite. She doesn't like milk or vegetables, but she eats quantities of fruit and cottage cheese. Of course steak is her favorite food. This proved a little embarrassing one night when they went out to dinner at a restaurant. Steak was on the menu and Mrs. O'Brien said, "You and I might have one between us, honey."

starvin' star . . .

Margaret assumed the expression of a blind man who has just been robbed of his life savings. She looked pathetically at the waiter. "Im so hungry," she said, with a heart-breaking catch in her voice. "I really need a great, big, juicy steak all to myself." The waiter gave Mrs. O'Brien an accusing, so-you're-trying-to-starve-the-kid stare, and Margaret got her steak.

But don't think she always gets her own way. Far from it. Each case is decided on its merits, and mother can be very firm indeed. One time Joe Pasternak presented Margaret with a pony. "Darling, it's too bad, but you can't possibly keep it," Mrs. O'Brien said regretfully. "We have no place for it, and it costs a fortune to board a horse at the stables."

"We could move to a house, mother. With a stable and a meadow where the pony could run around. Then I could have a collie dog, too!" This last has been her ambition for a long time.

"I'm sorry, honey, but it's impossible. Maybe in a year or so. But now we're better off in the apartment."

Margaret didn't give up so easily. The next day Mrs. O'Brien came downstairs just in time to hear her daughter talking in a low, confidential voice to the manager of the apartment house. "You see, Mr. Pasternak gave me this pony. It's a very well behaved pony, and I thought maybe you wouldn't mind if we kept him in the hall closet. He's a small pony and it's a large closet." Her brown eyes were so pleading that it's quite possible the manager, hypnotized by their gaze, would have said, "Go right ahead, Margaret. Anything you want," if Mrs. O'Brien hadn't intervened.

Margaret is learning to ride horseback, and she has a naturally good seat and what riders call "good hands." No wonder, for her mother was a circus rider for four years and had an idea, originally, that Margaret might become one, too. But that was before Destiny—and Hollywood—took over. Margaret's first experience with a horse was nearly disastrous. She climbed on, and the groom let go of the animal's bridle. The horse promptly bolted out of the ring while everyone gasped and gave small, helpless screams. Margaret kept her head. Instead of trying to stay on while the horse bolted, she waited until he slowed down for a corner and slid off into the grass by the road. She was only bruised and it was by far the wisest thing she could have done.

poor horsey . . .

"It wasn't the horse's fault," she told her mother. "He thought I knew how to ride."

She had a little trouble riding a calf one time, too. She got on confidently enough. *Anybody* could ride a calf. But the calf had other ideas. "He kept putting his head down," Margaret explained, ag-



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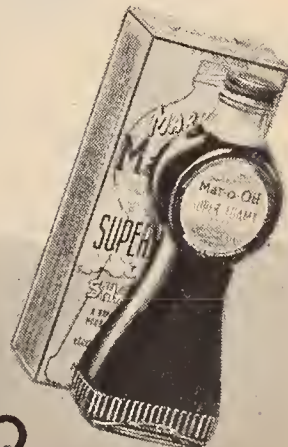
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became beautiful because she was beautiful inside. She thought it was a lovely play, but being heroine put no ideas into her head.

At twelve, life became real and earnest. High school loomed ahead, and with it, the frightening discovery that she'd have to choose her own courses.

"But how will I know what to, choose?"

"There's only one way," said Mother. "Think how you want to earn your living later on, and choose accordingly."

"But how can you tell? Suppose you change your mind?"

Mother laughed, which right away made the whole thing less terrifying. "You don't have to sign a contract, darling. Lots of people change their minds—"

"Well," said Jeanne slowly, "all I ever wanted to be was an artist."

The Sister who taught art at St. Mary's was wonderful. They painted lovely Madonnas in oils, and Jeanne read all the lives of the old masters, and thought how she'd start off as a humble apprentice to some great-souled DaVinci or Michaelangelo whose prize pupil she'd be, and then in the end she'd rise to fame herself. Only all the great painters were men, which worried her, till she discovered Madame Vigee-LeBrun and took heart. "If *she* could," thought Jeanne, "I can." Of course Vigee-LeBrun was no Raphael, but you could always start modestly and go on from there . . .

Yes, and you can dream just so long. One day Jeanne woke up, having read a book by Dean Cornwell about the artist in the modern world. It seems the Renaissance had been dead these many years and there were no great masters you could sit at the feet of, and to make any money you had to draw advertising posters or design costumes, which was a far cry from Madonnas and held no appeal for Jeanne at all. What to do now? She was lost in the Twentieth Century. She should have been born four hundred years ago—

"That would make you dead," said Rita, the practical, "and you wouldn't be going to the Junior Prom—"

The girls at St. Mary's and the boys at Loyola sort of grew up together. The first dance you went to was the Loyola Junior Prom. If you didn't have a date, the Sisters arranged one for you. A charm expert came to explain about make-up and clothes. You brought your dress to school for approval—the neckline mustn't be too low, and there had to be some kind of sleeve, even just a puff . . .

The brother of one of her classmates asked Jeanne to the Prom. Rita and Mother went shopping with her. "We want it to be the prettiest dress in town," Mother said. They must have shopped for three days and at last they found it—blue silk net with pink rosebuds, yards and yards round the bottom. Silver wedge-heeled slippers, a little silver bag and, to cap it all, a black velvet cloak, the hood lined with white fur.

first date . . .

She started dressing two hours ahead of time. She was scared to death. When you're fifteen and haven't danced very much, the big mystery is following. How can you be sure you'll know how? (A little powder and lipstick. She felt funny about the lipstick, but that's what the charm expert said.) Suppose she stumbled, she'd die of embarrassment. (Her naturally curly hair was easy to fix. The dress was perfect. No jewelry. As little decoration as possible, Mother always said. Just the corsage of lovely pink rosebuds the boy had sent.) If only her heart would stop pounding, if only the first dance were over, and she *knew* she could follow—

Granny and Auntie Bee had come over,

and they were all gathered round to see her off. They didn't say much—the boy was waiting—but she could tell they thought she looked all right—

Well, there was nothing to it, no mystery at all—you simply followed. She had a perfectly wonderful time. It was a program dance, and her card was filled, and they had sandwiches and punch and 12:30 came too soon. Mother hadn't waited up on purpose—when you're old enough to go to a dance, she said, you're old enough not to be waited up for. But Jeanne woke her, and Rita came in, and she told them all about it in detail, and then she put the program card away with her treasures.

There was a beauty contest for Miss California at the Coliseum that summer. One of the bandleaders was a friend of theirs and invited them down. To the Crains, it was just a Saturday night's outing. They didn't know Fate was around, pointing a finger. "That poetic-looking child with the chestnut hair," said Fate. "Time we got her started out as a movie star—"

For ways that are dark, Bret Harte's Oriental has nothing on Fate. That character seemed to be starting Jeanne out in reverse. True, she was picked from the audience as a contestant. True, she won third place and the title of Miss Long Beach, though they should have disqualified her for not being eighteen. True, the winners were treated to a day at RKO, and someone came over to Jeanne at the luncheon table and said, "Orson Welles would like to talk to you. Could you have tea with him this afternoon?"

If the girl had said Joe Smith, it would have been exciting. So there's no word in the dictionary to describe the impact of the Wellesian name on Jeanne. At home, they never missed one of his programs. He was a god and a shining light and he'd asked Jeanne to tea. Yet only her eyes betrayed what went on inside. "I think I can," she said quietly.

Mother could always tell when something big had happened to Jeanne. Not that she squealed or leaped or went into frenzies. Flushed cheeks and starry eyes were the only outward signs. Except for one thing. She always came running—calling "Mother!" before she got there.

"Mother! I had tea with Orson Welles. He thinks I might do for Lucy in 'Magnificent Ambersons'—"

That night they got the book from the library, and read it through again. Mr. Welles sent a script over and set a day for the test. Mother went along, but waited in somebody's office. Close enough to be a bulwark, she said, and not close enough to get into Jeanne's hair . . .

There was no rehearsal, and she'd never acted before except in "Scarface." She'd never even thought of being an actress, as Rita had. When the test was over, Mr. Welles said he'd call in a day or so. But when he called, he asked for Mother—

Jeanne listened tensely. "I see—" "I understand, Mr. Welles—" "I'm sorry too, but you've been very kind—" "Yes, of course I'll tell her—"

tried and found wanting . . .

She turned from the phone to her daughter's stricken face. "It's not as bad as all that, darling—" Mr. Welles was disappointed, yes—the quality he'd seen in her hadn't come through on the screen—she was either too young or too untrained to project it—But he thought she had possibilities and advised her to study—

Jeanne burst into sobs, which wasn't like her, ran to her room and wept scalding tears into her pillow. She'd had her chance and missed it. Some people never got a chance. Orson Welles himself had given her one, and she hadn't been good enough. That was what hurt most, that

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she hadn't been good enough—

Mother must have told Rita and Dad, who tried to act as if nothing had happened. So did Jeanne. But in the middle of the night, Mother heard her crying again and came in—

"Darling, you must stop. It's not the end of the world. He said he still believes in you—you can try again—"

That was where Fate bowed out and Jeanne took over. That's when she made up her mind to be an actress. A challenge had been hurled, and a challenge does something to Jeanne. When anyone says, "You can't," she says, "I will."

She began reading plays like mad. At Inglewood High School she went in for dramatics, and Miss Lawrence, the coach, gave her lots of encouragement. To please Dad, she and Rita had transferred to Inglewood, where he taught, though leaving St. Mary's was almost like leaving home. When the bell rang that first day, Jeanne forgot where she was and knelt down for prayers.

grid queen . . .

But Inglewood High was nice too, and there were exciting new things like football games. Jeanne wondered if she ought to use make-up like the other girls, but some of the boys seemed to like her not using it, so she didn't—because they expected her not to. In February she had all her credits, but took a couple of special courses so as to graduate with her class in June. And she was elected Grid Queen. The votes were counted at a Friday evening football game that Jeanne wouldn't go to—she felt a little shy. Then the crowd came up to the house and put on a rib—said what a shame she hadn't won and carried on for an hour before they broke down and told her. At the big game she was carried around by four stalwart

I SAW IT HAPPEN



George Brent stepped out of the stage door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building and was besieged for autographs. Many handed him slips of paper, all with the inscription: "Please send an autographed picture to the address given here." After wearily signing autographs for a solid hour, Brent hopped into his roadster with a "thank you" to his fans for asking for his signature (indeed a rarity). Halfway up the block, some of the tiny scraps of paper flew from the window of the slowly moving car. With many stars, I am sure, the precious little papers would have just lain in the street—not so with George Brent! He stopped the car, got out, picked up all the white scraps, waved to the wide-mouthed fans, and rode on his way.

Speak against Brent, brother, and here's one Brent-convert you will have to contend with!

T/S Stanley Weitz,
San Francisco,
California.

players in a sedan chair, and felt 90% thrilled and 10% silly.

In the Fall she was going to Stanford, and take a lot of dramatic work. But in April everything happened at once—

It was just that they had nothing special to do that Sunday. Earlier in the week,

a friend had phoned and told Mother about this Camera Queen contest at Long Beach. Mother told Jeanne, and Jeanne said no. She didn't like contests, especially in bathing suits—

"You wear them on the beach," Rita argued.

"That's different. Everybody wears them on the beach. Nobody pays any special attention to you—"

So the subject was dropped—for good, Jeanne thought. Only the minute they got home from church Sunday morning, Rita started in again. "I've got a hunch about it, Jeanne, and you know my hunches. Please—just this once—and I'll never nag you again. You ask her, Mother, she'll go if you say so. Besides, it's such a lovely day for a ride—"

Mother looked uncertainly from girl to girl. "What can you lose, Jeanne?"

So she gave in, and Rita ran for the teal blue bathing suit that turned Jeanne's eyes green. Dad saw his women off with an indulgent smile—silly business, he thought, but let them enjoy themselves. Not that he thought Jeanne would enjoy it much.

At the place where you registered, she got cold feet. "It's awful to make yourself so conspicuous—"

Rita brushed past her. "I'm going to cross the Rubicon for you. Then you can't back out—"

She went up to the desk. "Are you entering?" asked the man.

"No, but my sister is, and she'll win, too—"

From then on, she watched her charge like a hawk. Till Jeanne sighed: "If only I had a gardenia for my hair. I'd feel sort of more dressed—"

"Keep an eye on her, Mother," warned Rita and was gone. Back a few minutes later, she tucked the flower into Jeanne's



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hair. "There you are, lamb. All ready for the slaughter—."

Fifty girls on a rose-bowered platform. One girl in teal blue, a gardenia in her hair. Number 19—a favorite from the start. The crowd clapped like mad, egged on by a blonde child in their midst. "Yell for No. 19," yelled Rita. And no matter how loud they yelled, you could hear Rita's voice above all the rest.

the winnah . . .

The semi-finals. The finals. And then the winnah! Jeanne Crain. They gave her a cup, cameras clicked all over the place, people closed in for autographs. Rita dashed to a phone to call Dad, and dashed back in triumph, reporting that even Dad was thrilled. In the car, going home, Jeanne was spent but happy. She turned her weary head to smile at Rita. "My public," she murmured.

A friend who heard the story and saw the pictures knew Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt then held an option on "Song of Bernadette." "He ought to see Jeanne," said the friend. "Jeanne's the type for Bernadette. I'm going to call him—"

A week later, Jeanne was in the Reinhardt living room, reading a scene from "Bernadette" to the producer and his wife and a few others. When she'd finished, they all talked in German, which she didn't understand, but their faces looked pleased and the family friend said that Reinhardt wanted to test her.

Just before they left, Mrs. Reinhardt gave her two tickets. "For the play at our theater Saturday night. I'd like you to come."

She went with a boy from school. During intermission, a man came up. "I'm Ivan Kahn of Twentieth Century-Fox. I wonder if you'd be interested in a screen test—"

"Well—*naturally*," said Jeanne.

He took her phone number and said he'd call on Monday. And then it got a little embarrassing. All the studio talent scouts cover these shows as a matter of course. But when you're standing there with a boy, and two more men come up and ask if you'd like a screen test, making three altogether, you feel sort of self-conscious. The other two were Solly Bianco of Warners' and Milt Lewis of Paramount. Jeanne said naturally she'd like a test, only Mr. Kahn had talked to her first.

Then she looked at the boy, and they both laughed. And she asked him not to say anything at school, because she hated talking about things like that—anyway, till you had something to talk about.

Except to the family, of course. That night Mrs. Crain heard Jeanne come running, calling "Mother!" before she got there—

Rita was hardest to hold down. Jeanne finally had to make her vow to keep mum—

"All right," she vowed. "But if I explode into many small pieces, they'll be on your head."

The call came Monday morning. Monday afternoon she read a scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Thursday, she tested. In the mirror she didn't know herself. All that make-up and a slinky hairdo and an evening dress that would have looked wonderful on a Ziegfeld girl. Her heart sank. "It's not me they want. It's somebody else entirely—"

They signed her, though. Mother went with her, and she felt all tight inside, but looked calm where it showed. And that night they had dinner and general rejoicing at Granny's. Rita went kind of crazy. "My sister's in the movies," she kept squealing. "Wait till I tell the girls I've got a sister in the movies!"

Mr. Zanuck came back from the Service, but Jeanne couldn't know that would make

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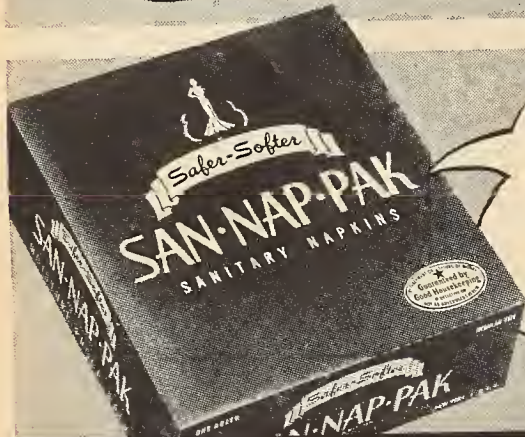


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any difference to her. He didn't know she was alive—

too much nothin' . . .

Sometimes she thought nobody else did, either. Except the dramatic coach. Twice a day she'd go out to work with the dramatic coach, just to show she was eager. But after four months the eager wings drooped a little. She got awfully tired of flapping them in one room . . .

When the message came, she was out in the backyard, drying her hair . . .

"Mr. Zanuck's office calling. Mr. Zanuck wants to see all the people they signed while he was gone. Can you be here in an hour?"

It didn't enter her head to dress up. She went as she was, in slacks, with a kerchief round her hair. There was this long green office, and she thought she'd never get to the desk, but in two minutes she was talking to Mr. Zanuck as if she'd known him always. Right away he asked how old she was and where she'd gone to school. In a couple of sentences he found out she knew French, and talked it to her. She had a wonderful time, didn't feel awkward a bit when he asked her to get up and walk around the room so he could see what she looked like. She even asked him about her hair—people were constantly saying she wore it too long—

"I don't want you to change it at all," Mr. Zanuck said. "I like you as you are." Which was a great relief.

Then he said he wanted her to test for "Home In Indiana," and gave her the script. She fell in love with the part—especially because of the pigtails and blue jeans and no make-up. Three days later they sent for her, and—that's the funny thing about studios—they don't come right out and say, "You're going to do it." They call you in and start talking about clothes and profiles and tell you to stand over there and turn around, and you're afraid to believe you've got it because anything can happen. Of course in the end you're just as happy, but it's not as exciting as if they said, "It's yours," or shouted, "Eureka, a star is born!" and you fainted or something. . . .

location lark . . .

After that, it was one thrill on top of another. Going on location to Kentucky, when she'd never been out of California before. Learning to drive and ride. She wouldn't tell them she'd never been on a horse, she just climbed up and hung on. Acting in her first picture. Strangely enough, she wasn't nervous at all—probably because of no worry about clothes and make-up. And because she and Lon McCallister got along so well together that they felt more like Char and Sparke than themselves. Then, later, the opening at Indianapolis and a big banquet and selling seven million dollars worth of War Bonds and auctioning off a filly named Jeanne Crain. Right after the dinner she and Mother had to catch a train, so they never did see the picture till they got home. By then Rita'd seen it thirteen times. Even Dad had gone three times. And Grandfather, who once owned horses, was specially pleased by the way she handled them. Jeanne didn't think she was as good as they thought she was, but she was glad they thought so.

Since then, the best thing has been "State Fair." And working with Mr. Cukor in "Winged Victory." He taught her so many things—like how to cry from inside, which she'd never been able to do, because she'd never had very much to cry about.

When Mr. Perlberg sent for her, she had no idea what for. That's why she left his office and walked down the hall in a kind of trance, with the script hugged.

up to her. Somebody stopped her—she still doesn't know who—

"What's this great light in your face? Been seeing visions?"

For a moment she didn't answer. Then she hugged the script closer. "Mr. Perlberg just gave me 'State Fair.' With Dana Andrews. And Dick Haymes. In Technicolor. And two songs to sing—"

He looked at her and smiled—the gentlest smile. "It's wonderful, isn't it," he said, "to be Jeanne Crain—"

happily ever after . . .

Two years ago they bought a white house in Westwood. Now they've got a fireplace in the den as well as the living room, and a bedroom for each of the girls. Rita's at UCLA and full of college spirit. Nothing's nice but college, nothing matters but college, she talks college all day long. In a way, they're both living two lives. Jeanne, who planned on college, knows all about it through Rita, who thought she might act and hears all about acting from Jeanne.

Otherwise, things are pretty much the same. Except for Jeanne's sleeping habits. Mother has no trouble getting her up at 5:30 when she's working, and can't get her up at 11 when she's not. Unless she's on a picture, she does her own room, sets the table, helps with dinner and the dishes. Doesn't mind drying, but hates to wash. She'd still rather draw than anything else but act, and Rita's still her model. She takes lessons in sculpture, and hopes to build herself a studio some day. Evenings, she'd read if they let her, only Rita makes her quit to play gin rummy. They go to the movies a lot—to all the good ones and some of the bad ones, just to see how good the good ones are. And Terry still dances the polka, and people still don't believe it when you tell them . . .

Her best friends at Loyola, whom she'd normally go out with, are in the Air Corps. There's no special boy, though she used to see quite a lot of Lon when he was here. They'd lie on the beach at Malibu where he lives, and discuss philosophy and read Conrad together, because he's so mad about the sea. Now they write to each other.

Once in a while she likes to dress up and go dancing—especially the rumba. Her favorite formal's blue and silver with ruffles all the way down the skirt and little wings in the back. She doesn't have many or very expensive clothes—at 19, you don't look particularly natural, all dressed up. But when she's about 25, she'd like to start being quite well-dressed. All the jewelry she owns are a few little keepsake bracelets. She thinks lots of people look well in costume jewelry, but not herself, and of course she can't afford anything real. She does have a special perfume, though. Mother gave them the idea that it was kind of mysterious and romantic to use just one, so people would remember you . . .

"her ideal . . ."

Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck are her movie ideals. She's never met Miss Bergman and, to tell the truth, she doesn't know Mr. Peck very well, either. But he's nice to everyone, and he must have seen her hanging adoringly round the set of "Keys of the Kingdom." Because he spoke to her once, and she got so flustered she couldn't think what to say, except: "It must be wonderful to work with Ingrid Bergman."

She won't say what his answer was. But she sleuthed and found out.

"Yes," said the nice Mr. Peck. "You know what they call her, don't you? They call her the Jeanne Crain of the Selznick lot."

See THE DIFFERENCE! *Feel* THE DIFFERENCE!



My one cream instantly beautifies your skin — and the "Patch Test" proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how

that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your *entire face* when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. *For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty!* (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder.

Make the "Patch Test" Tonight!

See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and compare!



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

HOW TO KEEP FRESH



Be flower-fresh! Take your bath. Then sprinkle every inch of your skin with lovely Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Now you're one sweet spring song! Exquisitely dainty. Fresh as a beautiful flower.

HOW TO FEEL SMOOTH



Be a smoothie! Give those chafable places, those little trouble spots, some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Sprinkle it on before you dress. All day long benefit from its silky-smooth sheath of protection.

HOW TO STAY DAINTY



Be a fastidious lady! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It keeps your skin cool and comfortable . . . and sets your daintiness on high with its flower-fresh scent, the fragrance men love.

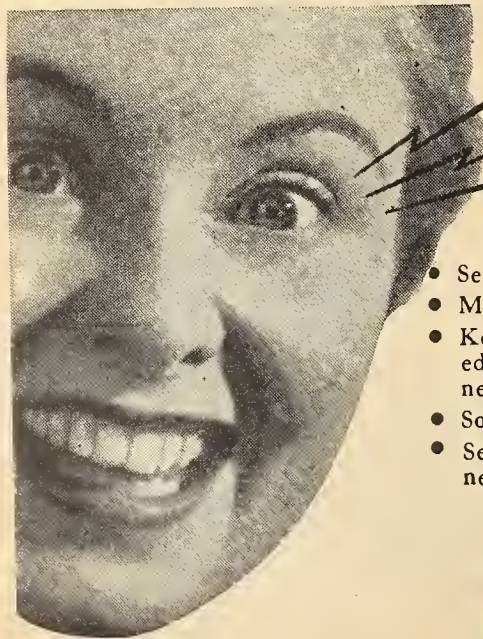


Such an
inexpensive
luxury—
10¢ and 20¢
sizes

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

BUY AND KEEP BUYING MORE WAR BONDS



COLOR
COLOR
COLOR
holds the eye!

- See how vivid Roylede captures your attention.
- Makes decorating easy. Just fold the border down!
- Keeps the kitchen sparkling. Colorful double-thick edge won't curl in steam or heat. No laundering needed.
- So much, for so little! Only 6¢ for 9 feet.
- See the rainbow of merry colors at your 5 & 10, neighborhood, or dept. store, today.

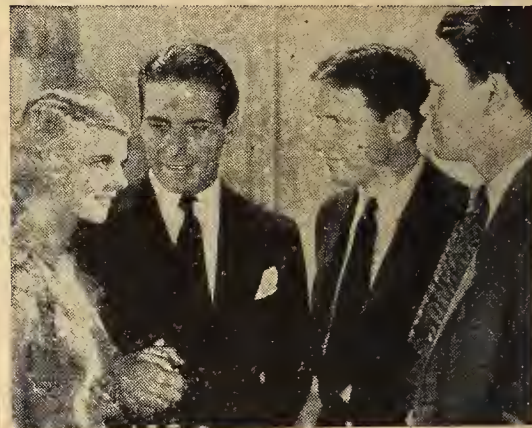


MOTHER AND I REMEMBER

(Continued from page 41)



1928—They tell me Edmund Lowe got to this sitting lode, scrambled wildly into his costume to keep Vic McLaglen from copping all the space. Actually, though, they were good friends. Vic once socked a guy who was heckling Eddie. Here's fiery Lili Damita, when she was tops at Fox and before she married Errol.



1929—From here on, you'll recognize these faces. The girl's Claire Luce with on i, not the Congresswoman. And isn't Bogey the glamor boy! The Fox lot on Pico opened that year, still the prettiest in Hollywood, if I do say so.



1930—I remember all the publicity about Connie Bennett's contract, and asking Mother if there was really all that money in the world. We'd moved to H'wood, and I worked in kiddie revues. Mother made my costumes, says she never *could* get them short enough to suit me.



1931---Here's another picture I loved, and every one of us at TC-Fox today is thrilled over the truly talented Jimmy Dunn's great comeback in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Those were the days when Mother and I hounded Groun-mon's Chinese and gawked at the foot-prints. Never expected to plant my legs there.



1934—I remember Worner Boxter best in "Cisco Kid," the first outdoor all-talkie. It made history. Raoul Wolsh was directing and plying Cisco, when a jockrobbit smashed through his windshield in Zion Park and he lost an eye. Worner replaced him as Cisco, Irving Cummings as director, and both copped Oscars.



1935—Big year for the studio. Shirley was undisputed queen of the lot, Fox merged with Twentieth Century, Dorryl F. Zanuck became production head—o lucky break for lots of folk, including Betty Groble. Used to think no child could ever be cuter than Shirley, till o certain Victario Elizabeth Jones came along.



LILTING LOVELINESS FLORAL FRESHNESS

Rain-washed petals of a rose — fresh and fragrant after your shower and over-all dusting with a LeSonier Powder Mitt. The Mother's Day gift de luxe.

AT GOOD STORES
EVERYWHERE

LeSonier
REFILLABLE POWDER MITT



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LE SONIER, Inc., New York — Boston

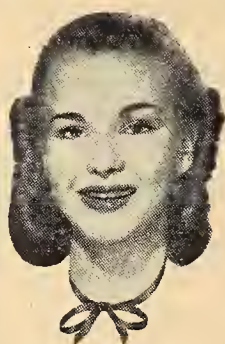
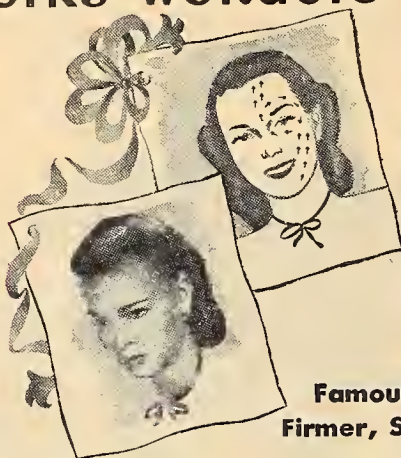


1936—Sundays we'd go to a show, see those billboards advertising Simone. But when the picture came out, all the raves were for a good-looking boy who appeared in just one scene at the end. Boy by the name of Ty Power



1937—If you think Ty looked good in pictures, girls, you should have seen him in his Marine Lieutenant's uniform! Spent his last leave in New York with Annabelle before she went overseas to entertain troops. Now he's on duty in the Pacific area, flying transport plane DC-3.

This complete 8-minute '**BEAUTY-LIFT**' works wonders for face and neck



**Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear
Firmer, Smoother, Fresher with Each Treatment!**

Here's a *complete* de luxe 'Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream — one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history!

This *homogenized* facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness—after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the *natural* beauty of the skin.

The HOPPER Method—Why It's So Active
Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in dia-

gram). Gently press an *extra* amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so *evenly*—so *expertly*—leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured — is because it's *homogenized*! Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years.

Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.



1938—I've always been crazy about Alice and her lovely voice. Imagine the thrill when TC-Fox signed me years later and put me into "Tin Pan Alhey." It was Alice who helped me over the jitters. She's still my best friend and our babies exchange Xmas and birthday gifts.



1939—Instead of "Hella" on the phone, Peter, my nephew, says "Ameche." Mather takes him to movies Saturdays—says it's as bad as when we were little kids whaoping it up and down the aisles. Each week she swears off. Till Peter calls. "Ameche, grandma. What'll we see today?"



1940—Bays are writing like mad for pin-ups of Linda in her can-can costume from "Hangover Square." Hank enlisted as Apprentice Seaman, now he's full Lieutenant an Admiral Haaver's staff in the Sa. Pacific. Asked his wife to send garden seeds, case he's land-based.



1941—Mather'd like me to make ane pic where I dan't spend mast af my time getting sare at the guy. Chief Basun Mate Vic's an taur with the Coast Guard show. He's writing his autobiography called "The Great Conceit." It goes: "We met, we married, we divarced. That's all!"

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Glamorous Singing Star of Stage and Radio

"Long ago I began using a deodorant daily, just as I brush my teeth and comb my hair daily. After I tried them all I decided Arrid was the best deodorant because it prevents dress discoloration and prevents perspiration offense."

Gertrude Niesen

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

*Anybody
can see FIBS are
easy to use!*



• Any woman who chooses Tampons can tell at a glance the tampon that is bound to be *easy to insert*:

It's FIBS*, of course, with the smooth, gently tapered ends . . . so very different from any other leading tampon you've ever tried in the past.

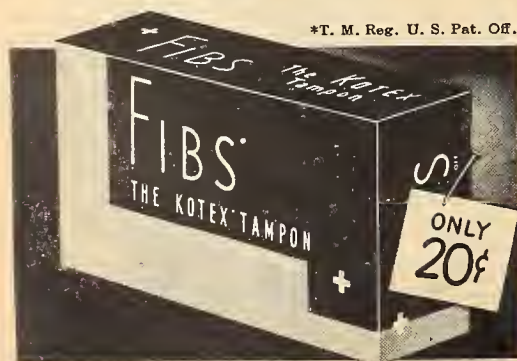
No need to take anybody's word for it. Your own eyes tell you it **MUST** be so. Your first experience with FIBS *proves* it's so!

FIBS are "quilted," too!

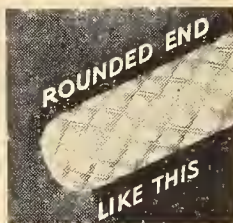
For gentler comfort, for greater safety in *internal* protection, Fibs are "quilted" to prevent any danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes.

Besides, Fibs *don't fluff up* to uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

**The next time you buy tampons
be sure to ask for FIBS!**



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



1942—Day after Pearl Harbar, I ran into Jahnny Payne. "Shores of Tripoli" (with Maureen O'Hara) was just about finished. He told me they were changing the ending. "But for the Japs it's just the beginning." A few months later he was in uniform—served for two years—honorably discharged because of a back injury.



1943—Never *can* decide who's lovelier, Maureen O'Hara or Jeanne Craine. In '25, 3-time Oscar winner Walter Brennan (with J. in "Home In Indiana") shared casting woes with Gary Cooper—was "discovered" 12 years after his pal! Walt calls his Oregon ranch "High-Handed Manari!"



1944—We were all so excited over "Wilson," we kept running down to the set every chance we got, never mind our own pictures. Bill Eythe begged to be in it, if only as a door-knob in the White House. Day after the preem, we knew it was really tops, serenaded the boss: "Hat's off to Zanuck, and Twentieth Century-Fox!"

Perfume Stick

Another EISENBERG ORIGINAL
created by the famous dressmaker
especially for YOU.



Carry it in your purse. Dab it on your skin for lasting fragrance and freshness. Your choice of three exclusive scents. In smart plastic case. \$1.50 plus 30% Federal tax.
Exclusive at one store in a city or . . .

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- ☐ STIRRING—light, nostalgic
☐ STARTLING—heady, dramatic
☐ EXCITEMENT—fresh, buoyant

Bright Sparkles in your hair



LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO REVEALS A BREATH-TAKING BRILLIANCE

This amazing new creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin, brings natural lustrous loveliness to your hair after only a single shampoo. Lathers instantly—even in hardest water . . . thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp . . . leaves hair fresh, glistening, so easy to manage. No lemon or vinegar after rinse necessary. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere . . . one dollar.

Mail 25c for a generous size trial jar.
Sorry, only one jar to each family.

Lustre-Creme

by KAY DAUMIT

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CHICAGO 11





1944—Dick's in "State Fair" now with Jeanne Crain. June's my "Dolly" sister. In make-up and costume, they say we really look alike. Incidentally, we're both mad about avocados, keep a salt-cellar in my dressing room and devour them between takes. Doesn't cost us a cent, though—Harry James lets me pick 'em off his tree.



1945—Bill Eythe saw Lon M. on his way East. Says he's proud as a 4-star general because he's just been promoted—to a pfcl! Bill was supposed to get three months off. Had just about time to say Hi! to his folks when they called him back to play Dr. Jeff Turner in "Dragonwyck."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was just after Jeanette MacDonald's concert in Cincinnati, Ohio. The crowd gathered about her taxi and she was waiting for a path to be cleared. As I stood near the car, I heard a boy's shrill voice say, "Miss MacDonald, I may be just a green country boy, but you're the most beautiful person I've ever seen." To which Miss MacDonald aptly replied, "For a country boy, you're not so green!"

Joan Culbertson,
Cincinnati, Ohio



CALLING DR. JONES



A wise doctor helps Jane overcome the "One Neglect" that mars so many marriages

What's wrong, Doug... don't you love me any more?

There's no use talking about it, Jane. Maybe if you saw a doctor...



Tell me, Dr. Jones... is it Doug's fault or mine?

I think it's your fault. Husbands seldom forgive... ignorance about Feminine Hygiene



I never dreamed... what should I do, Doctor?

I advise Lysol solution. Used for douching it's antiseptic; cleanses and deodorizes



...Besides, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues... follow the directions. It's easy to use...and economical

Thank you, Doctor...



SOMETIME LATER

Hey, mate, how about a dine-and-dance date this P.M.?

Of course, Doug darling...

Ummm... Everything's wonderful since I've been using Lysol regularly



Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche regularly and thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its slow "surface tension" means greater spreading power; reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Non-caustic—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution.

Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes effectively. Lasting—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

For new FREE Booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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Facts You Should Know
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Intimate Feminine Hygiene

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Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication

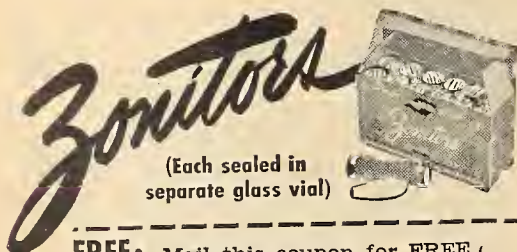
Today many highly intelligent and exacting women are enjoying a higher standard of antiseptic feminine cleanliness they didn't dream possible—easier, daintier, more convenient — powerfully germicidal yet harmless.

Thanks to Zonitors—these women no longer use weak, homemade mixtures or overstrong harmful poisons!

No Burn — No Smart

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow white vaginal suppositories—ready for instant use—so easily inserted. They immediately begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours yet are safe to most delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous.

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor and immediately kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF THIS! Zonitors kill all reachable living germs and keep them from multiplying. No greasy, sticky residue. Follow label directions.



FREE: Mail this coupon for FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. 9530-B, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 6)

see Harry again, for the first time in a year, and to find him in exceptionally good spirits. He threw out that typical James greeting, "How ya be, Leonard?" and followed it up with, "Here, try some of the best birthday cake you ever tasted." It was, too.

We tried to figure out who of the original 1939 James band was still left, and found that Al Monte, Harry's assistant manager, is the only remaining member of the initial James line-up. "What frantic times those were," recalled Harry. "I remember the first date the band ever played, at the University of New Hampshire. There was a raging blizzard and we barely made it at all—finally got there four hours late!"

It's a far cry from that first James band to the bunch Harry heads today, which seems to me to be his best ever. With men like Willie Smith, the terrific alto sax man; Arnold Ross, a great young pianist; Corky Corcoran playing more tenor sax than ever, and other great soloists, such as Allan Reuss, guitar; Ray Heath and Juan Tizol, trombones, and Harry himself playing some fine jazz on the jump numbers, this band has everything. Johnny Thompson's arrangements, and others written by Billy May and similarly talented writers, make the James band jump more often and more excitingly than it did in his "You Made Me Love You" phase.

On the way home I saw or heard about some curiosities of this mad town. This is the city where they have a "Corn-egie Hall," a place called "Dyspeptic Bill's," a "Coo-Coo Nut Grove," a "Hangover Club," and a real estate agent whose name is Jackson Diggs. Solid, Jackson!

SATURDAY—Spent a delightful evening visiting one of Hollywood's most charming and sweetest-natured people, Lena Horne. I've known her since her Charlie Barnet era, and if success has done anything to her, it's made her more modest and unassuming than ever. Lena's home, believe it or not, is on Horn Avenue in Beverly Hills. Met her two delightful children, Teddy and Gail, and her mother. Heard some of the special discs she recorded for the Army. With her movie work held up while they find her a suitable story, Lena's been spending a great deal of her time entertaining in camps.

SUNDAY—Shorty and Jean Cherock took me out for an afternoon at Horace Heidt's ranch. Shorty, who's rapidly becoming one of my favorite trumpet men, will have left Heidt by the time you read this and will be breaking in a new big band of his own.

Horace, who plans to disband his own orchestra, has every reason for wanting to take it easy. As we drove through the gates of his "Double-H Ranch" in the San Fernando Valley, I could see that he has what most traveling bandleaders would consider the nearest thing to paradise in the way of a home. Acres and acres of perfectly kept ground, a gloriously furnished home, plus swimming pool, aviary, an open-air bar, and numerous cows, horses, turkeys and rabbits. (Horace says he expects to have 10,000 rabbits by my next visit.) With the smart, chic Mrs. Adeline Heidt and their twin sons to make it a happy family, this is a home to be proud of. Horace has so many outside business ventures, such as a ballroom (the "Trianon" in South Gate) and even a Horace Heidt School for Stammering, that he hardly needs the band, anyway. As I basked in the sunshine and picked oranges, tangerines and grapefruit off branches, I

reflected that it pays for a smart business man to be a bandleader; and I wondered whether, some day, Shorty Cherock might have a swimming pool.

TUESDAY—Lunch with MODERN SCREEN's own affable Sylvia Wallace at the Brown Derby, where I also ran into Bob Chester, latest of the many bandleaders to renounce the road and settle down in California. Bold told me he's just reorganizing a band, but strictly for jobs in and around the coast. Also just in town to make their home here are Bobby Dukoff, the fine tenor sax man who just left Jimmy Dorsey, and his wife, singer Anita Boyer.

Held a rehearsal of the Esquire All-American Jazz concert this evening. Like all rehearsals, it was a panic, with the promoter, the publicity man, the producer, the Union man and a dozen other interested parties all wrangling back and forth. Duke Ellington arrived late and imperturbable as ever, and once he took charge things began to sound organized. Billy Strayhorn, Duke's pint-size assistant arranger, had to be cajoled into playing piano on a couple of numbers. Can't understand why he's so reluctant, since he's a great pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Well, the concert went off wonderfully, after the usual round of last-minute crises. Billie Holiday, Art Tatum and the Ellington band were the biggest thrills for me. Billie scared everyone to death by arriving at the Philharmonic about five minutes before she was due onstage. Danny Kaye did a successful emcee job; people thought he would try too hard to gag up the show, but he didn't. Later went with Kitty Kallen, my date for the evening, to a midnight recording session at which Anita O'Day was doing four sides under her own name for Capitol. She had to fly out next day to rejoin Stan Kenton's band in Kansas City. I left around 3 A.M.; heard later that the recording went on until almost 6.

THURSDAY—There's a little strip of ground along Vine Street, between Hollywood and Sunset, where you can stand in mid-afternoon and meet just about every-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Bob Hope happened to be stopping at the hotel which was being managed by my brother-in-law, so I had my first chance to see a celebrity, and, incidentally, a swell one! Bob had a sleek and shining automobile at that

time and it was the delight of every bellboy and garage assistant to take a peek at it every so often. One particular bell-hop developed an insatiable desire to actually go joy-riding in this jewel of a car. He borrowed it and the inevitable happened: Crash! Bang! The car was a mess! Bob Hope took it in his stride. He went to the management without hesitation and surprised the apologetic staff by saying that the whole incident was to be forgotten, and if the bell-boy were fired, he and his friends would never patronize the hotel again. Result: one lucky and happy and Hope-worshipping bellboy.

John Schneider,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVICE FOR ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS. YOU CAN NOW ENJOY A PORCELAIN-LIKE SOFTER SKIN

HAVE you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself, beauty, and which gains admiration and is pleasing to look at. All you must do, is to follow the simple rules of nature. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking and pleasant to look at. A lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it, and you owe it to yourself to give yourself a chance to enjoy a healthy, beautiful complexion. Medical science gives us the truth about a

lovely skin. There are small specks of dust all around us most of the time. When these little specks, which are in the air, get into an open pore in your skin they can in time, cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores, begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you all of the misery of pimples, irritations, or blemishes. When you neglect your skin and abuse it by not giving it the necessary external care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries which cause embarrassment, self consciousness, inferiority, and make you feel like a prisoner within yourself. When you know that your skin is smooth, white, and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality and your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it only costs you a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, more healthy and lovely. Many never realize or even suspect that the difference between having a glamorous complexion and being ordinary is just the difference between having blackheads and pimples, and not having them. A little care and the proper attention with the double Viderm treatment can mean the difference between enjoying fine skin or missing out on many pleasures because of an ugly, abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is made under the supervision of a doctor and costs you only a few cents for a treatment which you can give yourself.



Just write or mail the coupon below, and you will receive two jars of the double Viderm treatment with full directions which are written by a doctor. One jar contains a jelly-like formula which is a highly concentrated soap which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon the pores. This is used after you wash your face in the usual way. After you use the special Viderm skin cleanser, you apply the Viderm fortified, medicated skin cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin. This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of abused skin and it must amaze you, too, or it won't cost you a penny. You must be absolutely pleased and delighted within ten days, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Send for it now.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day, until your skin is as smooth and clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send your name and address, or if more convenient, mail the coupon to the New York Skin Laboratory, Dept. MS-5, 206 Division Street, New York 2, N. Y.

NEW YORK SKIN LABORATORY, Dept. MS-5
206 Division Street, New York City 2, N. Y.

Name
Street
City Zone
State

Kindly send me one jar of Viderm Medicated Skin Cream and one jar of Viderm Skin Cleanser along with full, easy directions on how to use them. It is understood, the Viderm treatment is guaranteed and I must be delighted and pleased with it, in every way, or my money is to be cheerfully refunded. I will pay two dollars on delivery of everything.



"Of course you know
about MIDOL—but
**HAVE YOU
TRIED IT?"**



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.



★ **MIDOL**

Used more than
all other products offered exclusively
to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

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one in music business. It's the unofficial Tin Pan Alley of the coast, right outside an office building where most of the song publishers are located, and right down the street from NBC, CBS and a big record shop called Music City. Strolling down there this afternoon I ran into Wingie Manone, just back in town after a short-lived venture with a big band in New York; Ray Bauduc and Gil Rodin, two alumni of the old Bob Crosby band who, recently out of the Army, are now starting a band of their own. Also met Bill Harty, Ray Noble's manager, who advised me to look out for Ray's new Columbia record, "The Charm of You," and Dave Dexter, of Capitol records, who said he's waxing an all-star session with Al Casey, Sid Catlett and Willie Smith.

Right next to this strip of sidewalk is the Tropics, where you can find just about everyone at the bar or in a booth during the late afternoon. I wandered in and immediately found Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra discussing an Army broadcast they're to do together.

FRIDAY—This morning I made a record session for Black & White Records, reuniting the talents of the original Spirits of Rhythm, Leo Watson and Teddy Bunn. Leo, who is best known for his "Shoot The Likker To Me, John Boy!" on an old Artie Shaw record, had everybody in hysterics with his weird scat-singing. He ought to be known as the James Joyce of Jazz. He sings just as though he were blowing a trombone, and although the words and syllables that roll out are meaningless, they have a colossal swing and beat. The special version of "Honeysuckle Rose", ("Honey-Sock-Me-On-The-Nose") ought to be a hit.

SATURDAY—Went over to CBS to catch the rehearsal of the Danny Kaye-Harry James show. As I walked in backstage Harry was hollering, "Hey, somebody take care of this, there's a serviceman outside with 16,000 medals on and they won't let him in because he hasn't got a ticket." The ushers declared the theater was full up, but Harry still saw to it that the disappointed soldier got a break.

Pretty soon, Harry told me, he's going to line up some ideas for a record album—something to show off every facet of the band's talent, with a sextet number, a classical adaptation, ballads, jump tunes and everything. From there he slid easily into his favorite topic of baseball, and of how the manpower shortage might affect the baseball season.

Later on, to kill time before the show, Harry and Danny Kaye and a couple of guys from the band started on a wonderful burlesque jam session for their own private amusement, playing some real corn on 25-year-old tunes, with guitarist Allan Reuss on the bass fiddle, and Harry and Danny taking turns at the drums (Harry, of course, is really a good drummer). Wish some of his fans could have heard this.

MONDAY—Over to Shepp's Playhouse, in L. A., for the opening of Eddie ("Begin the Beguine") Heywood and his marvelous little band. Vic Dickenson, the trombonist, has as much agility and inspiration as Tommy Dorsey and Jack Teagarden put together! Eddie told me he expects to start on his first movie soon. This is the most original small orchestra to come up since John Kirby's and it can't help going places.

TUESDAY—Caught the Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest rehearsal and broadcast. I've seen Helen as a brunette, a brownette and a redhead, and can't quite get used to her as a blonde. Visiting Dick was his ex-manager, "Bullets" Durgom, now in the Army. After the show I had a dinner invitation from Mr. & Mrs. Dave Barbour. Dave is the former Benny Goodman gui-



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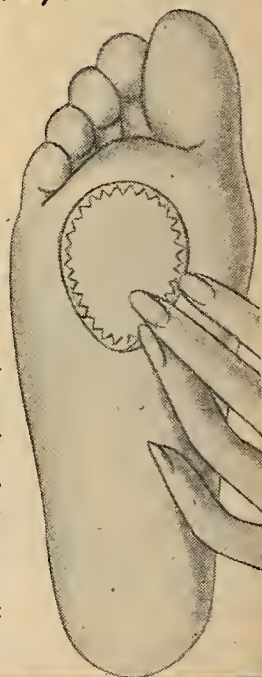
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tarist, now playing on "Blondie" and a lot of other network shows; Mrs. Barbour is, of course, the blonde and gorgeous Peggy Lee, who left the Goodman band to marry Dave in 1943 and is now the proud mother of 18-months-old Nicki Barbour.

The Barbours seem to be one of the happiest families in the music business. Peggy is semi-retired except for an occasional record date; last week she did four sides for Capitol and Dave got a band together to accompany her. Two of the tunes were Peggy's own "What More Can A Woman Do" and "You Was Right, Baby!" and they'll both surprise you.

FRIDAY—Dropped in on Charlie Barnet at the Orpheum Theater and sat talking so long backstage, despite my determination to make an early night of it, that Charlie finally said, "Come on out to my house and we'll play some records." He has a neat little home in the Valley, with a well-stocked bar, and phonographs all over the place—but hardly any Barnet records; mostly Delius, Ellington, Debussy, Ravel, etc. Charlie, too, has settled down out West and will only make occasional brief trips out of this territory. Barnet is a strange character, much less wild than his reputation. Most people are either nuts about him or hate him; personally, I see eye to eye with him on so many matters musical that we can't help but get along.

SATURDAY—Lunch with Jimmy McHugh, who wrote "Exactly Like You," "Sunny Side of the Street" and don't ask me how many other evergreens of jazz. Telling me he wants to have his own publishing house, he scared me by announcing that he had just offered one publisher a million bucks, cash, to buy his business.

AUTOGRAPHS:

Good deed Dottie? Here's something that's good for you and others, too. Have your screen favorite sign on the dotted line. You have the autograph; your quarter increases the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund. See page 140.

Guess there must be money in songwriting, at that. Jimmy reminisced at great length about the old Cotton Club days; he played a big part in discovering Duke Ellington, and wrote all the hit songs for the Club during Duke's first triumphant years there.

TUESDAY—This evening I made a belated trip to the Palladium to catch Gene Krupa. I was somewhat perturbed to find Gene conducting so much and playing drums so little, also to hear the string section scraping away on things like "Clair de Lune" and a lot of other items that just don't seem to connect with the Krupa name. But Gene is firmly sold on the idea that versatility is important, and feels that he's expanding his musical scope. Personally, I got my biggest kicks out of the trio numbers, with pianist Napoleon and tenor saxman Ventura supported by Gene at the drums; and I'd trade the whole string section for that one hot fiddle solo played by Remo Biondi on "Hodge Podge."

WEDNESDAY—Shorty Cherock made some fine records this morning on a session I helped to organize. We used Willie Smith, Corky Corcoran and Harry James' excellent rhythm section, waxing four numbers for the Signature label, including two of my own: "Snafu" and "The Willies."

THURSDAY—Well, it's goodbye to California, and don't think it hasn't been swell. I've heard an awful lot of good

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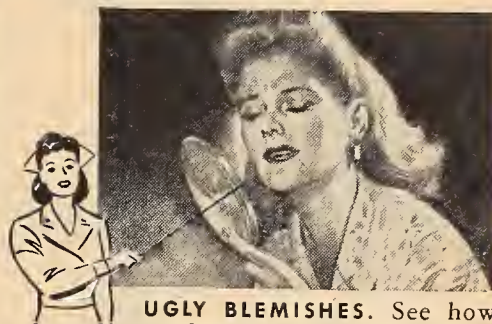
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Her hairbrush knows

why he gave
her the
"brush-off"



SCALP ODOR—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. *He's gone.*

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—and not know it.

But it's easy to be safe—just by using Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. Especially developed to keep hair and scalp fresh and clean, this gentle shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. Its delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears, leaving the hair soft and fragrant.

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feet with refreshing
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in sections. Take a small strand, form a circle at the end and wrap the curl around this circle toward the scalp. Fasten the curl in place with hair pins or bob pins.

Which is your style? Most any that pleases you . . . and suits your type! Leaf through these pages, find the movie coif that clicks with you, and then adapt it, bearing these "don'ts" in mind. If you have a long, narrow face, don't wear a pomp, don't wear hair high on top unless it's soft and fluffy at the sides, don't wear it severely sleek, don't wear a long, straight bob. If you have a broad, short face don't wear bangs, don't wear your hair fluffed out at the sides, don't part it exactly in the center, don't wear a short bob.

Brilliantine is tops for luster and sheen. If your hair splits at the ends, use a little brilliantine on the tips. Take as much as would cover a dime, rub it in the palms of your hands, then lightly touch the ends of your hair. To keep escaping tresses where they belong, there are dandy comb-like retainers with split teeth that slip neatly into place and hold your hair in a firm but loving grip. If you're in a gay mood and want to wear flowers or a bright bow in your hair, these gadgets are ideal.

With Spring, hair goes up and hats tilt at a more cock-eyed slant. Lacquer will keep back wisps neat. Some gals dispose of the back hair problem by nets—coarse, brilliantly colored jobs or fine ones that team with hair shade. To keep your hair supremely neat, buy bob-pins with a strong spring.

SPRING SONG—It's the season to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your new objective. You have the rules. It's up to you to give them a chance!

Keep them coming! I've got the names of hair-care products and if you have problems of face or figure, send them along. But do play fair. Don't forget to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend and I had gone into a crowded drugstore in Niagara and were waiting to purchase merchandise when an attractive young man rushed past us and practically knocked me for a loop. Without so much as a "pardon me" or an "I'm sorry" he disappeared into the throng. I paid little attention to the incident until, upon leaving the store, the same young man approached and asked if I were the young lady who had been practically knocked over. After I answered that I was, he apologized and said that he hoped that he hadn't hurt me. By that time I was gasping for breath, and I'm afraid that my eyes were doing a good imitation of Eddie Cantor, because it had at last dawned on me that this nice looking chap seemed very much like our hometown actor, Franchot Tone. After convincing him that I was still in one piece, we said goodbye and walked jauntily down the street. Later, when Franchot Tone made a personal appearance at our high school, I found out that it really had been he, and then I got his autograph on my handkerchief.

Dorothy Dodge,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



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IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

(Continued from page 59)

either, as long as she had Gene. It was more fun to concentrate on being Mrs. Kelly, wife and mother.

on with the show...

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of this World," scheduled for winter production, written by MODERN SCREEN's Zachary Gold and Allen Marple. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. How she got the other part was a beautiful accident. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play!" It was all very exciting and story-bookish, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how you handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess."

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play—"

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October—though not so beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saying in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back, "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: Here I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of dislocated. When



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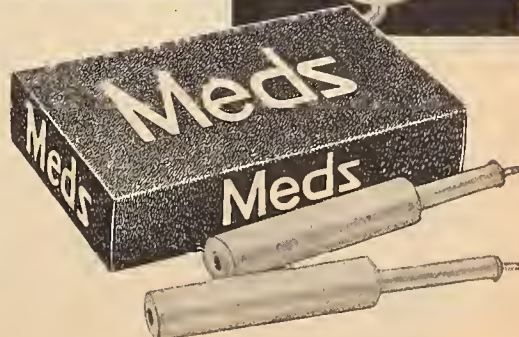
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music, and enjoyed a lot of wonderful hospitality in these all-too-brief three weeks. Best band I heard: Ellington, of course—as always. Best small band: Eddie Heywood. Best local radio show: "Music Depreciation," a good carbon copy of "Lower Basin Street" on the local Mutual station. And now, I'll get back down to earth and find out what's been happening along Fifty-second Street!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's a swell way for you record collectors to build up a library of nothing but the best. Each month Leonard Feather will do the same job for you that he did for Look Magazine—make up a three-way list of the 10 best popular songs, the 10 best hot jazz items, and the 10 best albums of all kinds—of that month. If you can't get a particular record from your local dealer, one of the following may have it: Decca Records, Inc., 50 W. 57th St., N. Y.; RCA Victor Division (Victor and Bluebird records), 155 E. 24th St., N. Y.; Columbia Records, 799 Seventh Ave., N. Y.; Asch Recording Co., 117 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Hit Record Distributing Co., 7 W. 46th St., N. Y.; Blue Note Music & Recording Studio, 767 Lex. Ave., N. Y.; Capitol Records Distributing Co., Inc., 225 W. 57th St., N. Y., or 1483 No. Vine, H'wood, Cal.; National Records, 1841 B'way, N. Y. 23, N. Y.; Savoy Records, 58 Market St., Newark, N. J.; Jump Records, 1132 Tamarind Ave., H'wood 28, Cal.; Session Records, 125 No. Wells, Chicago; Black & White Recording Co., Inc., 21-17 Foster Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

POPULAR

- I Didn't Know About You—Duke Ellington (Victor), Woody Herman (Decca)
- I Wanna Get Married—Gertrude Niesen (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)
- I Begged Her—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
- Don't You Know I Care—Duke Ellington (Victor), Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
- More and More—Perry Como (Victor), Horace Heidt (Columbia)
- Saturday Night—Hal McIntyre (Bluebird), Woody Herman (Decca)
- Every Time We Say Goodbye—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Stan Kenton (Capitol)
- Dream—The Pied Pipers (Capitol)
- Let's Take the Long Way Home—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca)
- I Wonder—Louis Armstrong (Decca), Louis Prima (Hit)

HOT JAZZ

- Roy Eldridge—Fish Market (Decca)
- Harry James Sextet—Confessin' (Columbia)
- Artie Shaw—S Wonderful (Victor)
- Cootie Williams—Somebody's Got to Go (Hit)
- Joe Turner-Pete Johnson—S. K. Blues (National)
- Joe Marsala—Don't Let It End (Black & White)
- Ike Quebec—Tiny's Exercise (Blue Note)
- Johnny Guarnieri—Gliss Me Again (Savoy)
- Charlie Lavere—Lazy River (Jump)
- Pete Brown—Pete's Idea (Session)

ALBUMS

- Marian Anderson—Songs and Spirituals (Victor)
- Walter Gieseking—Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor (Columbia)
- Mary Lou Williams Trio (Asch)
- Bloomer Girl (Decca)
- Three Caballeros (Decca)
- Stiff Smith Trio (Asch)
- Art Tatum Trio (Asch)
- Bunny Berigan Memorial (Victor)
- King Cole Trio (Capitol)
- Meade Lux Lewis (Asch)



WOMEN in your '40's Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52—are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times—all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham's Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling thru" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against such symptoms. This great medicine helps nature and that's the kind you should try.

INEXPENSIVE: Pinkham's Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness. Follow label directions.

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

SPRING GOES TO YOUR HEAD

(Continued from page 66)

... any income stretches easily to accommodate a low 98c!

WASH 'EM. Neat curls deserve frequent cleansings. Take your choice of A-1 shampoos. The first step in the all-important process is to brush hair vigorously to pep up circulation. When you've swept away all the extra dust from your locks, dunk them in a soapy suds and scrub well. A good lather is so essential! Work the shampoo well into your scalp. Now for a Hollywood idea. . . rinse, then treat yourself to a second lathering.

Keep at the rinsing until your hair is "squeaky clean." Rinse in warm water for softness and fluffiness. Exception: Rinse very coarse, naturally curly hair in cold water if you want to straighten it out. Bleached hair will be less spongy if the shampoo water is only slightly warm and the shampoo applied very gradually and immediately worked into a lather.

About emergency shampoos: Ever been caught short with not-too-clean hair and an unexpected phone call from some GI who has just hit town? Then you should know about a new dry shampoo powder. Dust it on, brush out powder, dirt and oiliness. Ten minutes work will fix you up with a shining coiffure.

HOW'S YOUR COLOR? Add glamour to your crowning glory by trying a color rinse for your shampoo finale. If yours is just hair-colored hair, if it's mousy brown and you prefer something more dashing, invest in a rinse. Cost to you is but a few cents. Benefits for hair include sparkle and luster! Fact is, after a shampoo, a rinse is a grand aid in cutting any soap residue that just might dull your halo. Or, would you prefer to tint and wash your tresses in one easy step? Then take note of the cake shampoo that comes in many shades. Doesn't permanently change coloring, but it sure enough brings a colorful glow.

BE THEY OILY? Oily tresses have the darnedest tendency to soil more quickly, so frequent washings are much in order. Many special cleansers can be used as often as twice a week. Tween soapings, try a drying tonic or astringent applied with a bit of cotton or a toothbrush reserved for that purpose. After an application, wipe off any excess tonic with cleansing tissues. Lo and behold, what shining locks you have!

BE THEY DRY? Nothing very inspiring about winter-ravaged hair, is there? A dried-out thatch of dull, toneless wisps is certainly off-key in Spring. Before your next shampoo, treat yourself to a hot-oil treatment. Massage the warm oil well into your scalp with a rotary motion. Wring a towel out in hot water and wind it around your head so that the oil can work more effectively. After the lubricating job, rinse your locks in cold water (that's so the shampoo on your oil-laden curls will lather easily) and proceed with your washing.

THE FINISHED PICTURE—With a little practice, you can set your own hair in "pin-curls." Or sometimes it's easier and more fun to pair off with friend Sue and set one another's hair. Have the hair uniformly damp with a good setting lotion. With the finished "do" in mind, part hair

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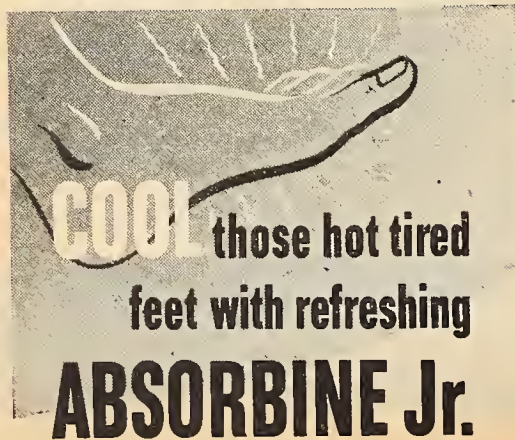
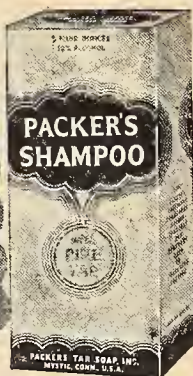
SCALP ODOR—that's what her hairbrush would have told her if she had checked up. Too late, now. *He's gone.*

So many women don't realize that the scalp perspires, too . . . that hair—and particularly oily hair—absorbs unpleasant odors. Yes, you can have scalp odor—and not know it.

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PACKER'S
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SHAMPOO



in sections. Take a small strand, form a circle at the end and wrap the curl around this circle toward the scalp. Fasten the curl in place with hair pins or bob pins.

Which is your style? Most any that pleases you . . . and suits your type! Leaf through these pages, find the movie coif that clicks with you, and then adapt it, bearing these "don'ts" in mind. If you have a long, narrow face, don't wear a pomp, don't wear hair high on top unless it's soft and fluffy at the sides, don't wear it severely sleek, don't wear a long, straight bob. If you have a broad, short face don't wear bangs, don't wear your hair fluffed out at the sides, don't part it exactly in the center, don't wear a short bob.

Brilliantine is tops for luster and sheen. If your hair splits at the ends, use a little brilliantine on the tips. Take as much as would cover a dime, rub it in the palms of your hands, then lightly touch the ends of your hair. To keep escaping tresses where they belong, there are dandy comb-like retainers with split teeth that slip neatly into place and hold your hair in a firm but loving grip. If you're in a gay mood and want to wear flowers or a bright bow in your hair, these gadgets are ideal.

With Spring, hair goes up and hats tilt at a more cock-eyed slant. Lacquer will keep back wisps neat. Some gals dispose of the back hair problem by nets—coarse, brilliantly colored jobs or fine ones that team with hair shade. To keep your hair supremely neat, buy bob-pins with a strong spring.

SPRING SONG—It's the season to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your new objective. You have the rules. It's up to you to give them a chance!

Keep them coming! I've got the names of hair-care products and if you have problems of face or figure, send them along. But do play fair. Don't forget to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A friend and I had gone into a crowded drugstore in Niagara and were waiting to purchase merchandise when an attractive young man rushed past us and practically knocked me for a loop. Without so much as a "pardon me" or an "I'm sorry" he disappeared into the throng. I paid little attention to the incident until, upon leaving the store, the same young man approached and asked if I were the young lady who had been practically knocked over. After I answered that I was, he apologized and said that he hoped that he hadn't hurt me. By that time I was gasping for breath, and I'm afraid that my eyes were doing a good imitation of Eddie Cantor, because it had at last dawned on me that this nice looking chap seemed very much like our hometown actor, Franchot Tone. After convincing him that I was still in one piece, we said goodbye and walked jauntily down the street. Later, when Franchot Tone made a personal appearance at our high school, I found out that it really had been he, and then I got his autograph on my handkerchief.

Dorothy Dodge,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



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IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

(Continued from page 59)

either, as long as she had Gene. It was more fun to concentrate on being Mrs. Kelly, wife and mother.

on with the show...

But his going away put a different face on things. They talked it over and decided it would be silly for Betsy to sit around twiddling her thumbs, waiting for Gene to get back. There was a play called "Out of this World," scheduled for winter production, written by MODERN SCREEN's Zachary Gold and Allen Marple. Maynard Morris, the agent, had always wanted Betsy to do it. So, with Gene on the last lap of "Anchors Aweigh," she went to New York to be interviewed by the authors.

Though she'd made her mark on Broadway in Saroyan's "Beautiful People," she'd never been interviewed. How she got the other part was a beautiful accident. One night she'd gone to meet Gene at Louis Berger's, their favorite Broadway eating place, and a man had been sitting at the table with him, and the man was Saroyan. When Gene introduced them, Saroyan said, "She's got to do the lead in my new play!" It was all very exciting and story-bookish, clear through the opening night and the lovely notices in the papers next morning.

Then she married Gene, and for three years the stage was out of her life. She had no idea how you handle an interview. But it worked out fine, because this was the author's first play, and they were almost as nervous as she was.

"What are we supposed to ask you?" they asked her.

"I don't know. My name, age and experience, I guess."

"Well, we know your name and your age is too young to matter and you played in Saroyan's 'Beautiful People.' What next?"

"Next, I think I'm supposed to read something from the play—"

So she did, and they liked it and signed her for the part. Rehearsals were to start December 1st. She had to wait around New York while certain details were ironed out, and that was all right, because New York was beautiful in October—though not so beautiful as when Gene was there, too. She spent most of her time at Louis Berger's, because it felt more like home than her room at the hotel.

One day Louis said, "I see in the papers that Gene's being drafted. Gene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Betsy. "I don't know about Mr. Rockefeller, but it's always saying in the paper that Gene's being drafted."

Still, she wired him. "Oh, that's nothing," he wired back, "I haven't heard from my draft board."

Next day he phoned. She knew right away what it was, because he wouldn't phone except about something important. Those Greetings had come. Her main feeling was: Here I've wasted three weeks in New York, when I might have been with Gene. She couldn't get train reservations, so she took a chance on a plane, and was lucky enough not to get bumped off.

He met her at the airport. Neither of them said much. Gene hates what he calls slush. Besides, he'd been ready, willing and able for a long time. Betsy doesn't suppose many men leap with joy exactly when their time comes—especially when they're married and have children. Still, there's one big compensation. Being out of it makes them feel kind of dislocated. When



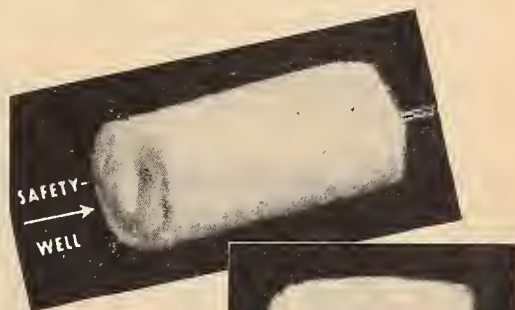
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they go in, something clicks into place and feels right.

Almost the worst thing for Gene would be leaving Kerry, who was so cute and funny at two-and-a-half. On the other hand, he was infinitely better off than lots of fathers who'd never seen their children at all, whose children wouldn't know them when they came home. Kerry knew Gene so well and loved him so dearly, he was such an inseparable part of her life that she couldn't forget him, no matter how long he'd be gone. Not with Betsy around, she couldn't—

They didn't have long days together before Gene left, because he was working like mad on the cartoon number of "Anchors Aweigh." To get it done in time, he had to work nights and Sundays. Every evening Betsy'd go to the studio and have dinner with him. They liked it that way—doing the things they'd always done, not trying to cram the time with a lot of gay fun that wouldn't have come natural, anyway. On one or two rare evenings at home, they had their close friends in—the Whorfs, the Hume Cronyns, Phil Silvers, Saul Chaplin who plays the piano so beautifully. They'd sing or sit round the fire talking, and whoever got hungry went to the kitchen and foraged. It had always been their favorite kind of evening. They wanted nothing different.

Gene passed his physical, asked for the Navy and got it. There were things to be arranged—none of them very important, still they had to be talked over. The house was easy. Nothing easier than getting rid of a house in wartime. Then about taking Mamie to New York. Mamie was wild about Kerry and vice versa. But Mamie had a sweetheart in Oakland and Betsy had a fixed idea. She had to save money. The big thing in her life while Gene was gone would be not to spend money. She'd find someone in New York to take care of Kerry. If not, she could always park the baby with her mother for a while—

There were also the cars. One car ought to be sold right away, but which? Gene left it to her. She hated selling the honeymoon car. It was all tied up with their wedding in Philadelphia and the cross-country trip to Hollywood and tumbleweeds. Gene promised to show her tumbleweeds in Texas and they wore their eyes out searching for tumbleweeds and never saw one. She couldn't sell that car. The other—?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



On a train that was chugging along towards Plattsburg one day, I found myself seated next to a gray-haired, elderly gentleman, who was coughing terribly. He managed to sputter a weak request for a glass of water, so, of

course, I quickly brought him one. That started our conversation, and when he asked me to have lunch with him, I was delighted by the opportunity to continue our pleasant talk. While we were eating, he kept talking about the movies and motion picture stars. I was growing quite curious about the source of all of his fascinating information, so at last, I asked him how he came to know so much about them. In a quiet voice he answered, "I'm Monty Woolley."

Irene Braverman,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"But you gave me the other for our six-month anniversary—"

"Yes, and it's newer—"

In the end, though it hurt to be sensible, she sold the honeymoon car. It was only a symbol, after all. Whoever bought it couldn't buy her memories with it—

The last day came. Betsy didn't give Gene a present. There was so little he needed, and so many people wanted to give him things. She'd thought of a writing kit, though if anyone hated letter writing worse than she did, it was her husband. They were always excusing themselves to each other for not writing more often to their families. "It doesn't mean a thing," Gene would say. "They know we love them—"

Just the same, she'd practically decided on a writing kit. Then a friend phoned and said, "Can I give him a writing kit?" and she couldn't say no.

gift in a million . . .

One gift that touched both Betsy and Gene deeply came from MODERN SCREEN's own Gus Gale, as thoughtful a guy as ever snapped a shutter. He showed up with his camera, took four pictures of Kerry that turned out to be dillies, and did them up in a little cellophane booklet for Gene to carry in his wallet. Service, that's us. Not that we're swiping the bows. It was Gus's idea. Only when we heard Betsy's fervent, "I love that man," we could have kicked ourselves for not thinking of it first.

The last night was like so many other nights—the warm friendliness of firelight and music and sitting around with the people they were closest to. Some left early—the Kelly's idea of early being around one. A few stayed on. At three, it seemed a brilliant idea to stay up all night. At six, Betsy said, "If I'm going to get Gene downtown by eight, maybe I'd better sleep for half an hour." At six-thirty, Gene followed suit. Just forty winks. Wonderful what forty winks'll do for a guy—

Gene was on a cornbeef-hash jag at the time, so Mamie fixed one more breakfast of hash and poached eggs and Betsy sat opposite, with Kerry between them, beating her spoon against the highchair. Then, in Mamie's arms, she was yelling, "Bye, Daddy," and throwing kisses as they drove away. And then Betsy and Gene were saying goodbye—in the car, because there was no place you could park—

She'd heard that the worst moment was when you went home alone for the first time, and the house felt so empty. Herself, she can't put a finger on any worst moment. All the moments were part of the one enveloping fact—that Gene was gone—

She was very good—didn't cry for over a week—just started packing for New York. It wasn't time to go yet, but seeing your things standing around half packed sort of gave you a sense of movement, which was helpful. Then one night Saul played "If I Could Be With You." It meant nothing special to Betsy and Gene, it wasn't *their* song or anything, but Gene sang it so well that the gang always used to make him sing it alone. So when Saul played it that night, Betsy cried. That's all. Nothing to dwell on. Betsy doesn't like slush, either.

One fine thing happened. Gene was sent to boot camp at San Diego, and rehearsals for the play were postponed—first to December 15th, then to January 3rd. Which meant that, for the time being, she and Gene were only three hours apart. She kept thinking how lucky she was that the play had been postponed, and started marking off days on the calendar. Because, after three weeks, boots get a 12-hour furlough.

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She wished she had more to do. With Gene gone, even the marketing didn't amount to much. She hated going to bed, because she couldn't sleep. For hours, she'd lie reading. Mornings, Mamie'd bring Kerry in, shrieking, "Mommy! Daddy!" Finding no daddy, she'd stand bewildered, then she'd remember. "Daddy Navy," she'd squeal.

As a movie actor, Gene's had plenty of pictures taken, any of which his daughter was welcome to. But the one she adored was on the cover of a magazine. Crumpled and smeared with kisses, it's seen its best days, but Kerry refused to have it moved from the table by her bed. She'd pet it, cuddle it, make sheep's eyes at it. "Daddy loves Kerry," she'd coo.

mama goes spartan . . .

Now that the responsibility was all hers, Betsy worried more about the baby. In matters of discipline, she and Gene hadn't always seen eye to eye. If Kerry wanted the ashtrays off the table, Betsy'd say, "Let her. They're so pretty and shiny, of course she likes them. I don't care if she breaks them, it's nothing, she's so little." Not that Gene was exactly a Spartan parent. He didn't care either, if she broke them. "But she's not too little to learn there are things she mustn't touch—"

Subconsciously, Betsy must have known he was right. Now that he wasn't here to hold the balance even, she tried to do it herself.

But there were long stretches of the day when Kerry didn't need her. They'd have breakfast together, then the bus would call to take Kerry off to nursery school. At noon, she'd be back. But after lunch it was Mamie who put her to bed for her nap. Kerry's no dope. She knows she can't bully Mamie. When Mamie says, "You go to sleepy," she goes. When Mommy says it, Kerry doesn't believe her.

At last the three weeks were up. Gene expected to be off by noon, so Betsy took a train down the night before. With a perfectly good bed in a perfectly good hotel, she couldn't sleep. By eight, she was frantic. What was she going to do till noon? Grabbing a book, she threw herself down on the couch and next thing she knew, Gene was waking her up. It was two o'clock. "If I hadn't fallen asleep," she assured him, "I'd have died."

together again . . .

He looked brown and fit and not a bit

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I saw it happen at a GI dance in Honolulu. The music was hep, and, as usual, the Hawaiian, Haole, Chinese and Korean girls were outnumbered at least five to one. One very pretty native was the belle of the ball.

It seemed to be the ambition of every soldier, sailor, marine, and coastguardsman to jive with her. I spotted her while she was dancing with a boy of approximately the same dimensions as Lou Costello and maneuvered in their direction. But I was out of luck, for a handsome sailor swished her away. A few whirls soon proved that her partner was no mean dancer. Yes sir, he was solid! No wonder—that sailor was Cesar Romero, a great guy on the screen, on the dance floor, or on the deck.

Sgt. Michael Armstrong,
San Francisco, Calif.

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different, except for the funny haircut. Even the sailor suit didn't seem strange, he'd worn one so long in "Anchors Aweigh." First thing he wanted was a chocolate soda and some razor blades. Just walking down the street hand in hand with him was wonderful. They'd walked dozens of times hand in hand down dozens of streets, but that's one thing separation does for you. Lifts the simplest everyday acts above the everyday level, brings their sweetness alive, makes you feel you'll never again take them for granted.

She told him all about Kerry. Then about the picture. Stanley Donen, his assistant, was still working on the cartoon number. Betsy knew all about it. A trained dancer herself, she's what she calls the "big consultant type wife." Anything that came up, Stanley'd phone her, and she'd write it down to tell Gene.

He told her about camp. How much easier it was for him than lots of the kids who were younger and so darn homesick they couldn't see straight. She'd heard they razed movie actors, was it true? No, Gene said. Only time they tried to rattle him was when he was doing his washing the first day, and he looked up, and there stood forty fellows watching him wash his clothes. So he went right on washing, and that was that. A few of them asked for autographs. Not for themselves. "Because I told my girl you were here and she wouldn't believe me." The best thing about camp was the sense of comradeship that bound you together, all the truer and stronger because it was never mentioned. One night a kid was playing the harmonica, and they asked Gene to dance, and he felt it had nothing to do with the movies. He was one of them, so they asked him—same as they'd have asked any fellow who knew how to dance.

Back at the hotel, he was so tired that he fell asleep before dinner. And after dinner it was soon time to go back. Betsy stayed overnight and got up in the black six o'clock, and went home alone.

But before they parted, Gene surprised her—about letters. "I guess it's different when you're in the Navy," he said, "I wish you'd write me some letters. And I'll write, too."

To normal letter-writers, that may not sound cataclysmic. But it was to the Kellys. They wrote though—Betsy more often than Gene, who was busier—and found that the postal system had distinct advantages over Western Union or even the phone.

Not till the Monday before Christmas, did they know for sure that Gene would get home. Betsy's great problem was the tree. Should she trim it herself or wait for him? He wouldn't be in till Saturday night, and there might be other things he'd rather do. So she trimmed it herself, keeping Kerry out of the living room by main force.

Then the waiting, and the phone call from half an hour away—he'd hitched up with some of the boys—and at last the car stopping outside, and the sailor-suited figure running up the walk, and Kerry hurling herself at him like an animated cannonball.

a sailor from santa . . .

They had a party that night and stayed home all day Sunday. Gene's heart was broken because he had no presents for them. There just hadn't been any time for shopping. Why he minded was because Betsy's silly about presents—goes gaga over anything done up in tissue and ribbons. But all the present she wanted that Christmas had arrived done up in a USN sailor suit. And if that's slush, there's nothing she can do about it.

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more pictures of Kerry. There was also a navy blue sweater her mother had knitted and lots of candy for Gene's notoriously sweet tooth. And several friends sent promissory notes for an extra-special gift the Christmas after war's end. Gene got an extra special wallop out of those.

Christmas Eve they made calls, and wound up singing carols at Saul Chaplin's. And on Christmas Day Betsy had another present for them both—a present of time. The last train for San Diego left at seven. So she'd saved all her gas ration stamps to drive Gene down. That way, he wouldn't have to leave till 1 or 2 in the morning.

Stanley Donen went along, and it turned out to be an adventure. The top of the car was ripped, and before they'd gone far, it started drizzling. Well, Stanley'd brought some mending tape, just in case, and Betsy was supposed to hold it and keep it from twisting, while the boys covered the rips. Only the stuff wouldn't stick—

"Gene, my hands are freezing—"

"All right, honey, let go—"

hot chili and fun . . .

And with that, the whole top ripped off and went sailing down Vermont Avenue, and Betsy stood helpless with laughter while the boys tore after it—for all the world like a Mack Sennett comedy. And they had to drive topless all the way to San Diego, with nothing to keep them warm but their own hilarity and some hot chili at a drive-in.

Word came that the play had been shelved. Betsy was sorry, of course, but she couldn't seem to get really worked up about anything that didn't have Gene as its focal point. He was still in San Diego. More than acting in any play, she wanted to stay put while he was so close.

One week-end in January, she expected him home. He phoned—said he'd be in around dinnertime, but that wasn't all. The naval base at Anacostia had put in a request for him. He'd be leaving for Washington at noon next day.

There's nothing to tell about it. They felt like any man and girl—like the millions of men and girls who love each other and have to say goodbye without knowing when they'll see each other again.

Business matters have come up to keep Betsy in Hollywood. Her things are still standing around, half-packed. She's hoping to get to Washington while Gene's still there. Meantime, there's one thing about his being in the Navy. She gets to wear his clothes—his mufflers and sweaters and shirts. Some of her friends disapprove. They don't think she looks her smartest in them. But Betsy doesn't care. When your husband's away, you're entitled to all the comfort you can get from the feel of his blue muffler round your neck.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



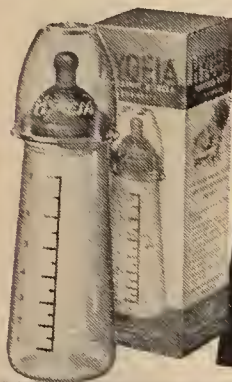
In Waycross, Georgia, I went to see a "Donkey Baseball Game." There was one participant who had the crowd in hysterics. His ambition was to hit the ball, make the donkey run the bases, and still remain on the

donkey's back. But he, like the rest, ended up on the ground! It was Dana Andrews, on location for "Swamp Water," being filmed in the Okeefeenokee swamp.

Margaret Walker,
St. Simons Island, Ga.

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ON TOUR WITH SUE AND ALAN

(Continued from page 57)

use to a boy with two. Pretty soon the guys would be gabbing away as if they'd known him all their lives.

Sue, on the other side of the ward, would be having just as good a time. They were so happy to see her, these kids. They got out pictures of their wives or girls, and Sue, who likes people—all people, listened to every detail with absorbed interest.

merry mix-up . . .

One time she thought she had run into a little trouble. She went up to a bed and said to the young man in it, "Hello. I'm Sue Carol. Alan Ladd's wife."

The boy looked up at her. "I'm sorry." His eyes conveyed nothing.

Sue swallowed. Obviously he didn't want to be bothered. "Uh—I didn't mean to intrude. I'll go along now."

He sat up then. "No, no, I just said 'I'm Sorry.' My name's Howard Sorry."

Sue giggled like mad. She said, "Let's get Alan over here, and you give him the same routine." So she sat and chortled inwardly while Alan turned spectacular shades of crimson just as she had.

The soldiers loved having the two of them there together. A family. It made the ward seem more homey, somehow. Like when the orange juice was passed out, and Alan was handed a glass. He doesn't like orange juice. "Could I have milk instead, please?" he inquired.

Sue descended upon him, very wifely. "You drink that orange juice," she said severely. "It's full of vitamins."

The ward howled with laughter. "Tough guy Ladd! So you're henpecked, too." And Alan grinned and meekly drank the juice.

Doing the wards this way had been Alan's idea and he'd met with a lot of objections. Everyone had been pretty skeptical about how it would work. "Can't you do anything?" the authorities inquired. "Put on some sort of act?"

"Let's try it my way a couple of times and see how it goes," Alan suggested in his deep, quiet voice. Well, there was no question about how it went. It was terrific. The Ladds covered the hospitals in the whole Northwest—they figure they

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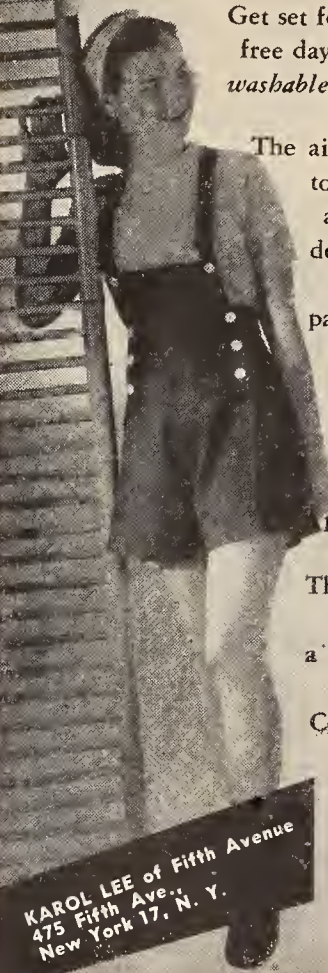
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



Roddy McDowall was in Cincinnati and I was there with bells on. I found a seat in the first row and started a conversation with the lady who was seated next to me. I told her of my excitement at the

thought of seeing a real movie star. She smiled and said that after all they were just like other people. Finally, Roddy came out, and wild applause rang through the crowd. Only the woman at my right failed to clap. "Didn't you like him?" I gasped. "Well," she replied, "should I clap for my own son?" What a surprise! She invited me to come backstage with her, so that I might meet Roddy personally. Naturally, I accepted. And Roddy was so perfectly friendly and natural that it was one of the pleasantest experiences I've had.

Jack Mullaney,
Cincinnati, Ohio

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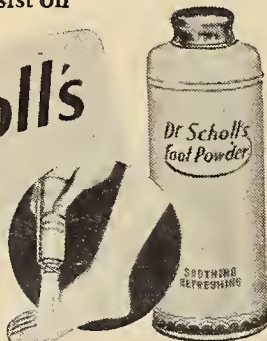
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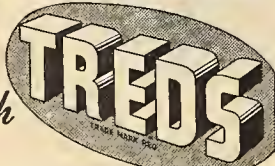
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traveled about twenty thousand miles all together. And the report from every single hospital was not only favorable but enthusiastic.

There was one case that makes Alan feel sort of warm and glowing every time he thinks about it. A boy who'd had a piece of shrapnel in his brain. The shock had affected the nerves controlling his speech, and he could say just two words. They were "Oh, Gosh." He used them to convey joy, despair or boredom by varying the inflection. But he couldn't say another single thing. Well, it seems he had always been a fan of Alan's. So the doctors brought the Ladds around to cheer him up. Alan chatted with him a while and the kid said "Oh, Gosh" in a number of tones. Then all of a sudden he began talking along perfectly normally. Seeing Alan there in the flesh had, in some miraculous manner, released the mechanism in his brain. "Just that one thing would have made the whole trip worth while," Alan told Sue that night.

What the boys got the biggest kick out of was having him sit down and play poker with them. "That deadpan look gives you a head start," they'd grumble, kidding. Of course he could only play a few minutes in each ward, there were so many people to see.

"Come on, honey, we've got to go," Sue would urge from the doorway.

AUTOGRAPHS!

"He loves me, he loves me not—" Oh, well, never mind, you can get his autograph, anyway. Just fox him by peeking at page 140.

"Women are always like that when you get a poker game started," someone would moan. "You aren't going to quit when you're ahead, without giving us a chance to get our dough back, are you, Ladd?"

"Next time!" Alan would say, and grin. Sue pulled a trick on the boys that really had them fooled. She'd stand up in the back of the room and say sort of surreptitiously, "Hey, any of you fellows want to see a picture of a nude woman?"

paris postcards . . .

They'd look at her, completely shocked. Because here they had just been thinking how sweet she was, how much like their own wives and sweethearts. But they were curious, too. They would sidle over to her, and one of them would take a quick look at the picture she held in her hand. He would roar with laughter and say, "Come on, you guys! Get a load of something really hot!" The picture, of course, was of little Alana in the bathtub, looking very blonde and completely cherubic. That got over big, with the men whipping out pictures of their own offspring, and comparing notes with Sue on the amount of spinach consumed for dinner.

Alan had one experience that will always stick in his memory. They visited a hospital filled with nothing but amputation cases. He was talking to a Special Services officer outside the building when a truck-load of men came by. The truck stopped with a jerk and the men yelled, "Hey, Ladd, come on and go swimming with us." "Some of the patients," the officer said casually. "Sure, I'll go," Alan said, and climbed on the truck. He had kind of a sinking feeling, though. This was, he felt, going to be embarrassing all the way around. Well, he needn't have worried. He was never with a crowd in his life that were more fun or more boisterous. Alan

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WAKITA, Dept. 85, Box 22, Station Y, Bklyn 4, N. Y.

would be at the edge of the pool and a guy with one arm would shove him into the water and go in after him. They played basketball when they were through swimming and wore Alan out completely.

The Ladds were in Santa Fe at the start of the Christmas holidays. The hospital there was having a contest for the most beautifully decorated ward, with a prize of a radio-phonograph. You've never seen such decorations in your life! They were all made by hand—the boys worked for weeks. In every ward was a big tree, and the ornaments were silver and scarlet and turquoise, made of every available material. The ward that won the prize had a huge Santa Claus at one end, carrying a pack full of discharge papers!

repertoire of one . . .

You've probably heard about Alan's singing. At a recruiting center, Kay Kyser thought it would be a good gag to get Alan to make with the voice. Imagine everyone's astonishment when Laddie finally came out with "My Ideal" in the kind of voice gals swoon over. Now wherever he goes he is swamped by requests for a song.

Alan finished making "Salty O'Rourke" just before he started on the tour and in it he plays a race track gambler. So who should he meet at Buckley Field hospital but a famous ex-jockey. The jockey started talking handicaps and post positions and Hialeah and Santa Anita. The catch being that Alan has been to the races just once in his life and doesn't know a handicap from a steeplechase!

It was a swell trip, that hospital tour. Tough, sure—in a way. They covered a lot of territory, in trains that weren't streamliners, or even a reasonable facsimile thereof. The roadbeds felt like a roller coaster gone mad. At the hospitals they spent their days in the wards, from nine in the morning to eleven at night. They saw some heartbreaking sights, but the kind that make you grit your teeth and say, "We've got to make it up to these kids!" And they learned what all of us must learn—that the wounded boys don't want to be pitied. They want to be treated just as they always were, and they want to get back into civilian life and get a job and marry their girls. Let's remember that, and do our part, as Alan is doing his.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I often visit the RKO theatre in Boston. When Betty Hutton was playing there I made a point of being close by. I decided to wait outside of "Dinty Moore's" where she happened to be eating. I waited

for an hour, and during that wait noticed a little ragamuffin of a boy trying persistently to get in, and just as persistently being told to get out. The boy ran off, but soon came back with something huddled under his arm. He went up to the door again, and, much to our amazement, was admitted. Presently, Miss Hutton came out smiling, her blonde hair gleaming in the sun. She turned and said to those clustered around her, "Look, he gave me a corsage." They crossed the street and Betty put her arm around the tiny boy. Just a minute before they stepped out of sight, she stooped down and kissed the little fellow. Don't say Betty Hutton isn't sentimental!

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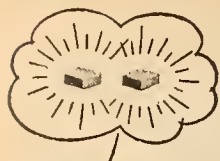
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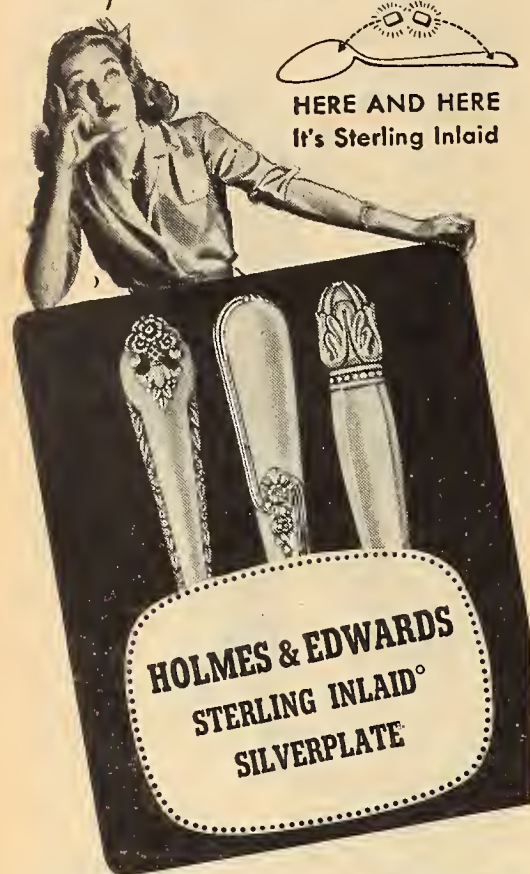
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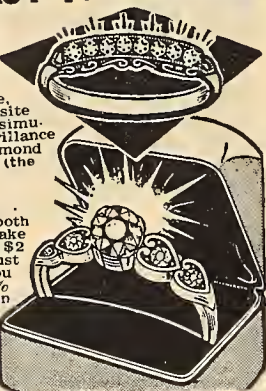
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TO THE FANS, GOD BLESS 'EM

(Continued from page 37)

never saw such a happy grin.

He saw me laughing. "Hi, Hedda," he yelled happily. "Isn't this terrific? Isn't it wonderful?"

Sure it was. It was swell. He wasn't kidding, either. Van loved every minute of the mobbing he got. But only a few months ago Van himself was one of those star-worshipping kids. He stared, drop-jawed, whenever he saw one of his movie idols. He lost his tongue when he met them. He asked for autographs. He was a fan. Now it was happening to him and—no doubt about it—Van Johnson was eating it up, loving it.

But as he eased his car through the mob I couldn't help thinking—"How long will this last? When will the honeymoon be over? Or will it?" Already I knew. Van had abandoned his house in Mandeville Canyon and fled to the Beverly Hills Hotel because adoring girls were always breaking in his house and embarrassing him when he came home. (They heard he couldn't make his bed—so they were doing it for him!) I made a mental note to check up on Van a couple of years from now. Sometimes stars change—and sometimes they don't. It depends on the star. I'll say it does!

love 'em and leave 'em . . .

I remember a famous husky-voiced star when she first came to Hollywood, ready and willing to do whatever the ballyhoo boys wanted her to do—just to get fans to notice her. And I remember the same pretty lady, now rich and famous, and an episode I witnessed not too many nights ago in Hollywood.

She and her husband were coming out of the theatre when a young girl stepped up to her. "I hate to trouble you," she began, "but here are some pictures I've taken of you with my own camera." She was proud as Punch. "Will you autograph them for me?"

The actress reached out her hand and looked at the pictures. She asked, "Have you got any more?"

The kid glowed like summer sunshine. "Oh, yes," she said, and fished some more out of her pocket.

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said the girl. "That's all I have."

Whereupon Miss Aren't I Wonderful ripped the bunch to pieces and tossed them in the gutter! And her husband muttered something about, "She doesn't have to submit to that sort of thing any more. She's out of pictures now." All I can say is, that as far as that heartbroken little admirer was concerned, she certainly was out of pictures. As far as I'm concerned, too!

Some stars regard fans as horrid little pests, as persecutors, nuisances, bothers—the curses of fame. Others appreciate them as friends. Still other stars sum up their loyal subjects like some men look on women—"you can't get along with 'em, and you can't get along without 'em." I could write a book on the subject and say

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QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 15)

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

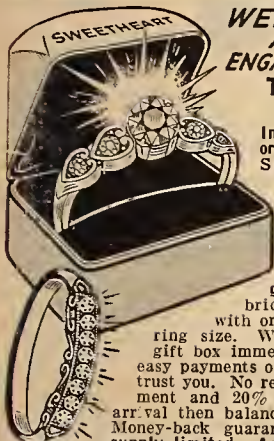
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a lot on all sides (but I won't, so relax). The truth is (and plenty of stars are smart enough to realize it) that without fans there wouldn't be any stars.

I remember something Joan Crawford said a very long time ago. She was mobbed at a preview, pushed around and mugged up considerably in the lobby of the old Egyptian theatre. A friend of hers, not in the movies, was horrified. "But Joan," she protested, "how can you stand this? Doesn't it scare you to death?"

Joan Crawford smiled wisely. "No," she said, "but it will when they stop bothering me!" That's a classic remark in Hollywood now. I'll bet I've heard it tagged on a hundred stars since then. But Joan said it first, and she meant it. No Hollywood lady has ever had as many millions of adoring fans as Joan Crawford. She's had more fan clubs than any star in Hollywood. She's been a top star for over fifteen years and she still is. She's had fans to her house, met them in their own home towns, listened to their advice, helped them with their problems. She has dressed to please them, played parts they asked for. She has repaid their loyalty with more hidden acts of kindness than you'll ever know about. Joan has been imposed upon, too, plenty—

Like the incident with that girl who was a particular Crawford fan because everyone told her she looked exactly like Joan—same wide, blue eyes, chiselled face. Joan was unusually nice to her, had her out to the house and everything. But her amazing resemblance gave the gal ideas. She started passing herself off around Hollywood as Joan Crawford's sister. Still Joan didn't mind. Until she also started charging things such as silk evening gowns and fur coats at the swank department stores. Then "Joan Crawford's sister" was disowned in self defense.

But that's a rare case. The point is, that Joan Crawford, who never was a

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Cary Grant visited the Welch Convalescent Hospital recently. As secretary to the Commanding Officer, I was the lucky one to page Cary Grant for the long distance phone call that had come in for him. He was most

cordial when I asked him if he'd like me to get the party on the line for him. As he stood there at my desk, the office and hallway quickly filled up with people. After much delay, the operator signalled for Mr. Grant, so I gave him the phone. There was still quite a delay before the connection was actually made. The place was quiet, everyone was staring at him until we were beginning to feel embarrassed for him. Cary must have felt the same way, because, looking at the phone in a quizzical way, he said, "Purely selfish, these things; send people rushing after you, then make you wait for an hour or two. Yes, sir, they are funny, everytime you pick up the receiver someone says something." We all laughed and that broke the tension. Later on, I was astonished and thrilled when I happened to see him in the service club and he remembered me, even spoke to me by name, thanking me for my courtesy. He's swell!

Sarah Alberson,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was at the Michigan Theatre, and we were going to see Vaughn Monroe in person. After staying to see two performances, we decided to go backstage in order to secure the star's autograph. Many other fans were waiting, so we joined the eager crowd. Vaughn Monroe had slipped out in his car a while before, but now, look who's in that car! It was the leader, himself, and in quite a hurry. Our congregation stopped him with anxious tugs at his coat as he tried to get by. I, myself, was frantically pulling at his coat sleeve. Mr. Monroe apologized and said that it was but a moment or two before he had to appear again, and he hadn't even changed yet. But he underestimated our persistence, for while Vaughn Monroe's theme song played on the stage, the maestro, himself, was backstage signing autographs. To me, that was courtesy de luxe—and a swell guy!

Nancy Korey,
Detroit, Michigan

great actress (I think she'd be the first to admit that) was—and is—a great screen star and has been for over 15 years, largely because she had a vibrant personality and something that went directly to her fans and never left them. She's a movie fan's star, the best example I know. When Joan's career sagged several years ago she never lost a fan. And she never lost a contract, either. Did her friendliness pay off when she needed it? Could be.

In contrast, let me tell you a little incident I was mixed up in once, and the star in question is certainly not what she used to be at the box-office, which may or may not prove a darned thing.

It happened at the premiere of "Gone With the Wind." You can imagine how the thousands of fans crowded around that event, how eager they were to see their favorites in the flesh. I was out in the crowd with those fans that night. I know the adoration they lavished on every great name from Hollywood, way down there in Atlanta, Georgia. Hollywood stars were kings and queens with that hospitable southern crowd. They could do no wrong. But they did! For my money one did.

Some fans were having a hard time getting a good look at their favorites. A few of them ganged up on me. "Hedda," (that's what they called me and it gave me a kick, the friendly way they said it) "Hedda, won't you ask them to turn around this way so that we can see their faces?"

I said, "You bet I will." The first star I approached was Virginia Bruce, to my mind, one of the great natural beauties of Hollywood. I explained the request. "How about turning around and giving them a smile, Virginia?" I asked. "These kids are wild to see what you look like." She gave me a blank stare.

the little things count...

"Why should I?" she asked blandly. "They saw me when I came in, didn't they?" And she glided off, very regal. The next star who walked by was that fine colored actress, Hattie McDaniel, who won an Oscar for her part in "Gone With the Wind." I repeated the fan's request I'd made to Virginia Bruce. "Why, sure, Miss Hopper," said Hattie, smiling courte-

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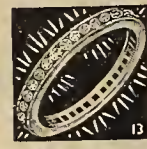
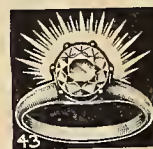
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ously. "And I wonder if you'd introduce your friends to me?" So I did. And they were thrilled—both the fans and Hattie. And I couldn't help wondering to myself who was the greatest *real* lady in that test—Virginia Bruce or Hattie McDaniel?

Well, let's face it. Frankly, I'm on the fans' side in the perpetual tug-of-war that goes on between the great screen idols and their beloved subjects. Maybe it's the ham that's left in me, but I like people, I like crowds. Whenever somebody flatters me with recognition or praise, I tingle from my screwy bonnet to my wrinkled rayons. I had to struggle all my life to make the grade and I appreciate the symptoms of success. I remember once I stepped in the elevator at the Empire State Building (to be a fan myself and get a rubberneck look at Manhattan). I said something to the starter, and the woman behind me, who hadn't seen my face, cried, "Why Hedda Hopper!" She recognized my voice from the radio. Was I thrilled! I beamed like a new bride.

For years I've haunted the fan mobs on the fringes of all big Hollywood events. I waded right in among 'em and ask 'em questions. When I'm in New York I tip them off when a star's about to arrive and tell them where she's staying. Some of my best friends are fans (I'm not a glamour gal to them. But I *am* Hollywood Information. So we get along). More than once a fan has tipped me off to a big Hollywood story, too. The time Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz ran off to Connecticut and the preacher, a fan found out and tossed a scoop right into my lap. But this isn't my story.

What I started to say was that fans are just people—like you and me. And everybody's a fan of somebody. Every movie star in Hollywood is a swooner—openly or in secret—for some other star (and sometimes they're their own greatest admirer, too!). We're all fans, and all with our special reasons for being fans. I went to a preview at Grauman's Chinese one night and in the famous forecourt where all the footprints and handprints and noseprints are, I did my usual buzzing around among the mob. I saw a sweet old lady and a dainty young matron watching everything eagerly. I always ask fans whom they come to see (there's always a special one) so I asked them and they said "Lon McCallister."

At that time I didn't know Lon McCallister from Joe Doaks, so I just smiled a blank smile and moved on. But after

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In September '42, Tallulah Bankhead came back to her home town of Jasper, Alabama. She was making her last appearance at the city auditorium and made her entrance greeting friends right and left while an elderly vendor

hovered about the entrance selling his popcorn and peanuts. Suddenly Tallulah spied him and ran through the crowd to give this man a big kiss. As the famous actress walked away, tears slid down the lined face of vendor and a smile betrayed his happiness. She had been one of the best customers during her miniature days in Jasper. Tallulah each order (To gotten! e 2nd choice.)

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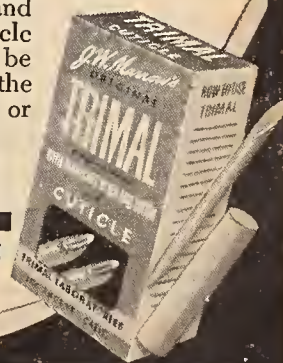
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All movie fans aren't don't get me wrong. Sta the good nature of a puppy patience of Job blow up in rageous situations. Fans can pants off their idols. They can hair, bust into their homes, damage property, make them very uncomfortable. But are those particular (and fortunate) rare) pests true admirers? I wonder.

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But you can! Just turn to page 140, then send a quarter rolling for that autograph.

smiling affably and stunning all his fans with his charm. Near the door a girl looked at him, gasped when she saw who it was and went, "Oh! O-H-H-H!!—like that—and swooned away right at his feet. Clark never turned a hair or missed a stride. In a second he was in the theatre, where he was aiming.

easy does it . . .

But when Clark's trapped he's a good sport, one of the best. You see, he's wise enough to know that it doesn't cost anything to be gracious and that a grin takes less effort than a scowl.

Barton,
r, Georgia

be gracious and that a grin takes effort than a scowl.

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his fingers numbed, even though he missed the show. Some other stars I know would have called the cops.

Dennis Morgan had something like that happen to him a year ago when he went back to his home state, Wisconsin, and got trapped in a Milwaukee hotel elevator. Denny's the home-state-boy-who-made-good in those parts, you know, and the crowd spotted him in a department store, followed him to the hotel and jammed in the elevator with him before he could duck. Once inside, they issued an ultimatum: Morgan didn't leave that elevator until he came through with a song. Denny's a reasonable guy, like Gable. He launched into "The Desert Song" while the car rocketed to the roof and then plummeted back to the basement. After five round trips they let him go, a little elevator-sick, but happy about the whole thing.

The funniest episode of that nature, though, happened to Dana Andrews, and it still makes Dana blush to tell it. Dana's a star who has made it the hard way, and that's the kind of star who appreciates his fans. Besides, Dana's one of the most normal, good-natured guys I know. Just the same, the situation was a little trying.

He was on a bond tour and lodged in a southern city hotel. He barged in his room one day, after being out, in a terrific hurry to make a change of clothes and hustle back to his bond-selling chores. Two dusky chambermaids were fussing about his room. But there was something about their complexions that didn't ring true. Dana stopped in his tracks and took a good look. He knew blackface when he saw it. "All right, girls," he grinned, "wash off the cork. I know you."

They laughed their confessions. They'd made up as chambermaids to get in his room. They wanted to meet him. He was their favorite star . . . etc., etc. But none of this quick glimpse stuff. These fans wanted a long visit, a sort of double date that they could talk about for months and months.

"That would be swell," said Dana, "only not now. Look, I'm in a hurry." And he explained his tizzy. "So you-all run along now and—some other time."

"Uh-uh," said the girls. "We aren't leaving."

Dana explained. He cajoled, he threatened, he pleaded. He tried to kid them out of it. They just smiled and sat, as determined young gals can. When he said wildly that they'd have to leave, he had to change his clothes, they just giggled.

striptease à la andrews . . .

Dana was desperate. The minutes were ticking off. The only way, he figured, was to scare them out. He took off his coat. They thought that was fine. He jerked off his tie. Not a move. He unlaced his shoes. They just stared. He ripped off his shirt. They perked up. They guffawed—the little devils—when he reached shakily for his belt buckle. Dana knew when he was licked. He grabbed his change of clothes, fled to the bathroom, locked the door, shaved, showered and dressed. When he breezed by and out, the girls were still sitting there, grinning like pussy cats. What a tale they had to tell the gang—about Dana Andrews' desperate striptease!

All movie fans aren't little angels—don't get me wrong. Stars blessed with the good nature of a puppy dog and the patience of Job blow up in some outrageous situations. Fans can pester the pants off their idols. They can get in their hair, bust into their homes, damage their property, make them very uncomfortable. But are those particular (and fortunately rare) pests true admirers? I wonder.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a bond rally, the Lt. Commander spoke heroically of the wounded Navy Seabee, Fireman I/C George Wendelken. Seabee severely wounded and paralyzed, had to be left in a ditch while the few remaining men went for aid. He asked for a rifle, saying as long as he could still use his arms, he could get the enemy.

Later, more dead than alive, he was rescued. Back in the States, he was offered a medical discharge, and the film world offered him a salary running into four figures. However, He preferred to remain in the service.

Now, with the aid of braces, Seabee Wendelken tours the war plants, and with that same mischievous, lovable grin and smile, asks us to buy "more War Bonds." Who is Seabee Wendelken? Remember "Freckles" from "Our Gang Comedies?" That's he.

I. Wexler,
Tarrytown, N. Y.

Remember the time when Bob Taylor was sailing to England to make "Yank at Oxford" and two Brooklyn high school girls stowed away under his stateroom bunk, only to be dragged out at the last minute? That caused Bob plenty of embarrassment, and I thought he was pretty swell about the whole thing, in spite of all the ribs and gags he suffered because of it.

I was in Bill Eythe's dressing room just the other day when his telephone rang. Long distance—a famous name orchestra leader calling, charges reversed—would he take it? Bill was puzzled but he did. He knew the band leader, thought maybe he had some business about a picture. But the voice on the wire was an ambitious fan who gave Bill a sales talk about sponsoring his career in the movies. (An actor's about the last person in the world, too, to help anybody get a Hollywood break). That was a shabby trick. It cost Bill money. It didn't get the trickster anywhere, either.

I remember when the late Jean Harlow used to have her lovely clothes ruined every time she appeared in public. I saw her almost snatched naked once at a President's Birthday Ball appearance and if it hadn't been for Larry Barbier, her M-G-M protector, who tossed his coat around Jean, she would have been seriously embarrassed. Joan Blondell once had a beautiful ermine wrap that Dick Powell gave her for an anniversary (in happier domestic days for them both) and she wore it proudly to a premiere. It had a row of cute little ermine tails and when Joan got through the mob they'd all been snatched off—every one. Funny thing, a few days later Joan Blondell spotted some of her ermine tips flying from the radiators of hopped up high school heaps racing around Hollywood! Only that wasn't funny to Joan; she could have wrung those little ruffians' necks, and I don't blame her.

Frankie Sinatra was almost throttled a dozen times by bobby-sockers yanking at his famous bow ties before he got wise and had some break-away ones made that came apart in the middle and slipped right off at the slightest jerk. Tough on the wardrobe but a darned sight easier on Frankie's Adam's apple! Van Johnson has had three wrist watches smashed.

But two of the brassiest babies I ever heard about picked on Ann Sothern and Ann Sheridan, two as good-sport gals as I know in Hollywood. Sothern's bold beau simply announced that he was going to come out and move in with her. She assumed he was just another letter crank and forgot it. But soon packages began to arrive at her house. Then came a trunk. Then came some furniture—honest! Then came the fan himself, nutty as a fruitcake, of course. Then came the cops. What else could Ann do?

Sheridan's absent lover was even more screwy. Annie came home one day from work to find her house looking like an upside-down cake. Drawers were topsyturvy, everything inside out and all her valuables gone. She was robbed, cleaned like a carpet. She buzzed the police at once and they caught the culprit three houses down the block, loaded with Sheridan swag. The judge gave him five years in San Quentin, but he didn't mind a bit. In fact, when they told him that one of the houses he'd ransacked was Ann Sheridan's he beamed like a kid who'd seen Santa Claus. He sat right down in the pokey pen in hand and wrote Ann an ardent letter.

"What a thrill!" scribbled the smitten second-story man. "To think that I robbed your house! I'm crazy about you, Kid. This is the greatest break I ever got, Baby. What a wonderful surprise!"

And he still writes Ann faithfully from the Big House. He asks her to send him autographed pictures and everything. He's happy as a lark with his memory. He signs all his notes, "Your Burglar," and he swears the first thing he'll do when he gets out of stir is to come see Ann Sheridan—an event which Annie is not exactly looking forward to, I can promise you!

A whole lot of the messes with fans that stars find themselves in, however, can be laid right at their own Hollywood doorsteps—or sometimes the steps of their eager press agents. Much too often the poor fans take the rap as trouble makers, when it ain't necessarily so.

wife wanted . . .

Cesar Romero stuck his neck out a couple of miles when he bought his Brentwood house, a big, rambling affair, and let it be known that the place contained an unfinished bridal suite, just waiting for the happy girl. Cesar stuck out the neck a few more miles when somebody talked him into unburdening himself in print to the effect that he was looking for a wife. Not only that, but the darned fool described her in detail, right down to weights, measurements, and complexion. Find her, said Cesar in a reckless magazine piece and I am a married man. A few weeks after that one, Senor Romero was one unhappy man. In fact, he couldn't come near his nice, new house. A certain out-country lady took his lonely bachelor appeal very seriously, packed up her things and arrived. Said she logically, "I answer every description. I AM the girl." And nobody could talk her out of it. She parked her bags on Cesar's doorstep and the poor guy couldn't come home for days and days until they finally talked her into reason. By that time Cesar was very bitter about everything, especially fans. But he had no one to blame but himself.

Fayé Emerson (now Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt) got in a jam long before her dog, "Blaze," hopped across the country on an A-priority. Before Faye joined the Royal Family, she let it be known that her mother and father had separated early in her life and that she had a stepsister whom she hadn't seen since she was six years old, had no idea where she could be, would love to see her. Right away the press agents pounced on that one. What's

a better publicity angle than a long-lost relative search? It made a feature for the newspapers and in no time at all Faye had no less than fifty stepsisters, each one insisting that she was the real McCoy. Some, spurned, threatened to sue and all sorts of mixups badgered Faye, to her sorrow. Finally, for a happy ending, the real stepsister did turn up and all was rosy-dosy, so maybe it was worth it. But you can't blame that on fans. *Cherchez le press-agent, kids!*

It was the same idea when Ginger Rogers got tangled in a lawsuit with an admiring London bobby (cop to you). He wrote Ginger a letter (which she never saw until too late) wanting to be her body-guard. Rogers' studio saw a publicity story, so they published the letter. So the bobby got canned from the London police force. So he sued Ginger. Can you blame him?

I remember how burnt up Bob Taylor was when he made that European trip. After a strenuous time in England, Bob planned an incognito visit to Denmark. He booked passage on a plane and took off, dead sure no one knew he was coming. To his amazement, when the ship swooped down at Copenhagen, 10,000 fans were waiting to maul him! It was a long time before Bob figured that out. Later he discovered that a promoter for the airline had a big sign in lights on the wings of that airship. It said, "ROBERT TAYLOR FROM HOLLYWOOD!"

There's one thing I think movie fans can plead guilty of in a game of truth and consequence. They're fickle, most of them. There are exceptions, of course. You take a Joan Crawford fan, a Garbo, Hepburn, or Irene Dunne fan and you've got something pretty solid and durable. Judy Garland's first fan is still her best. His name's Heinz, and Judy has called him "Pickles" for years and years. He lives in New York and has never failed to meet her train when she makes a visit. He follows her to her hotel and they have a long chat the first thing. If Pickles ever fails to show up, Judy Garland is going to be a very unhappy girl. He's more than a fan, he's a sort of walking good luck charm. But most fans add up to what a girl expressed in an ardent note to John Hodiak the other day.

"Dear John," she wrote, "you make me swoon, like Frankie Sinatra did, before Van Johnson came along!"

good-bye cesar, hello clark . . .

I saw a circle of sweet young things crowded around Cesar Romero a few years

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Shortly before Christmas, my two girl friends and I were strolling down Vine Street. Suddenly, all three of us did a turnabout as if we had seen a mirage. One of our favorite actors had passed us by. After securing his autograph, we began to carry on a conversation. Instead of being stiff and formal, we all found ourselves very much at ease. At his request, we joined him as he went window shopping and wound up in a coffee shop. We talked about everything from Brooklyn (our home) to what to buy for Christmas. We shall certainly always remember the friendliness and charm of the screen's newest hero, Turhan Bey.

Viola Pollich,
Los Angeles, California

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Bing Crosby
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Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

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Errol Flynn

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Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
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Joan Leslie
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Myma Loy
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Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Michael O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
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Loretta Young
Robert Young

ago. You'd have thought his autograph was the most desirable thing in the world. Suddenly, they all squealed and ran. The last one actually grabbed her pad and pencil out of poor Cesar's hand as he was writing. Why? They'd seen Gable arriving. His signature is worth more on the collector's market. Walter Pidgeon once was asked to sign a book on two pages. Intrigued, he asked why.

"Aw," explained the kid. "It takes two Pidgeons to trade for a Mickey Rooney, and that's what I want!"

There's another rap I'll have to pin on fans in mob scenes. They give stars gray hairs—with their reckless actions—not about the stars' safety, but about the fans'. I got in a cab with Gary Cooper in New York once and almost jumped out of my skin when Gary shouted. "Don't start!" to the driver. "I'll take it easy," said the cabbie, shifting into low. "DON'T MOVE AN INCH!" yelled Gary. Then he hopped out and disentangled a boy's leg caught in the back bumper. If the cab had roared away he'd have been killed and who would have got the bad publicity? Three guesses.

black-balled angel . . .

There's not a sweeter lady with fans in Hollywood than Greer Garson. But on a bond tour in a Midwestern city not long ago, Greer found her automobile smothered with kids, eager for a look at her. Through a slip-up, there wasn't any police escort and the back kids were pushing the front ones right into the wheels. Greer jumped out in a flash and ushered the endangered children back from the car. That night a local woman's welfare organization called at her hotel and ripped her up and down. They were sore as all get-out. Who did Greer Garson think she was, anyway, the irate names screeched, to come to Mudville and push children around the streets? Honest, that actually happened. So sometimes it is to wonder, very much to wonder. Sometimes a star can be an angel on earth and still find herself doubling in horns and a forked tail—through a silly misunderstanding like that.

Greer Garson isn't the only natural angel who really gives of herself to her fans and admirers. There are plenty more—and a few devils, too. Let's see—

I'd put Marlene Dietrich, that grand old Army gal, and Madeleine Carroll at the top of the list, and I'd vote them a Congressional Medal, too, if I had my way. They rate it for the wonderful comfort and joy they've brought our fighting GIs ever since the shooting started. I must have had a thousand letters from soldiers and mothers and everyone else singing their praises. What an army of fans they'll have as long as they live! Madeleine always was friendly, but it took the challenge of war's misery to bring out the real Marlene.

Bing Crosby blossomed as a friendly "Der Bingle," too, when he met his Army fans. But Bing's still naturally too lazy to exert himself when he meets the people around Hollywood, just as Gary Cooper's still too shy, although he's improved with age that way. A most misunderstood man is Charles Boyer, who's supposed to be cold and aloof, but I've seen Boyer act as chivalrous to a couple of freckle-nosed autograph hunting fans as he would to a duchess. He's always polite and obliging if you catch him—but try and catch Charles, an artful dodger. Walter Pidgeon is another gentleman, kindly, pleasant, considerate and humorously twinkle-eyed no matter how many fans storm him or where. He's stopped traffic more than once in Hollywood and New York.

You can put Ann Sheridan high on the honor list, especially since she's known Steve Hannagan, that jovial greeter who knows the worth of public friendliness.

Bette Davis used to be touched with temperament now and then, but at heart she always was warm-hearted and her work at the Hollywood Canteen has mellowed her right into a pal-gal. I don't know any actress who genuinely loves fans and fan-rushes like Virginia O'Brien; she eats it up. And little Diana Lynn squeals louder than the fans when they gang her. Ann Shirley's twice as gracious now as she was when she was Mrs. John Payne, and Gloria DeHaven has taken on some of John's sullen attitude in public since she became his better half. Alan Ladd is marvelous—one actor who calls his fans his friends and really means it. And I've been soft on Lucille Ball ever since I heard about her visit to the little crippled Pittsburgh girl who had never walked in her life. She knew Lucille had been crippled, too, as a girl, and she wanted to see her. Lucille took time off to spend an afternoon lending her the courage and hope of her own brave fight.

And then there's lovely Ingrid Bergman. The other day, 10 fighter pilots, all veterans of rugged missions, called at my house (how they ever found it I'll never know; my friends say I live at the ends of the earth). It was their first leave in Hollywood. They all wanted to meet just one person. They had a mass crush on Ingrid Bergman—and I didn't blame them a bit.

I called Ingrid. She was back East on a war bond tour. I never saw such disappointed faces. When she got back I told Ingrid about it. "It will probably happen again," I told her. "How about it? Can I bring them over? Do you mind?"

"I should say not," she replied. "You bring any soldier who wants to see me up to my house. They're always welcome." She sat down and wrote some notes to the disappointed flyers and I sent them on. Now, there's a gal!

thanks a million . . .

I wonder how many stars remember what they owe their fans? It was "Goodman's Four Hundred," those noisy rooters at the Paramount Theatre in New York, who started Benny the Good on the road to fame and fortune. It was nothing but female fan letters which lifted Helmut Dantine out of his nasty Nazi roles and forced Warners to give him romantic roles. I could go on and on, but I promised I wouldn't write a book. That's for my old age.

So I'll wind up with the story of Sonja Henie's favorite fan. He was a very unusual and exciting fan, because wherever Sonja went on her skating show tours, a tree of orchids arrived in her room the minute she stepped into her hotel. She traveled all over the United States and everywhere it was the same. A new city, a new hotel, a new orchid tree! But no card. A mystery fan supreme, but obviously an ardent one. Orchid trees Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby. Sonja was intrigued—who wouldn't be?

Well, one night in New York she stepped out at the Stork Club and during the evening her escort said he had a friend who'd like to dance with her.

Sonja shook her pretty blonde head. "I'm too tired to dance," she said. "I'll meet him some other time—how's that?"

The escort shrugged. "Whatever you say."

But in a minute a couple of waiters came up. They were lugging—that's right—a tree of orchids. They plunked it down before Sonja Henie and right behind it was a very handsome, very smiling, very attractive man. Her fan—the orchid man.

So Sonja danced with him. That's not all. Pretty soon she married him. His name was Dan Topping.

You never can tell about fans!

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