

Modern Screen

AUGUST

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• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
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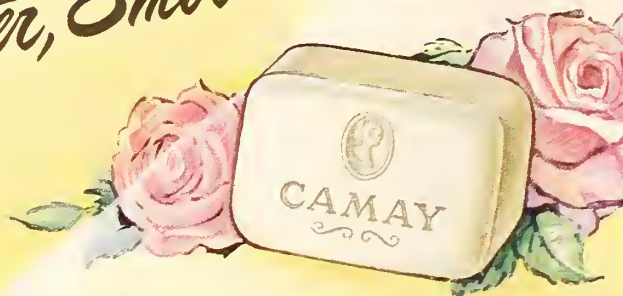
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ANA ANDREWS

EXCLUSIVE! Bacall-Bogart Wedding!

Just One Cake of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY



Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it softer and clearer."



Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.

—the former Viola Gishaas

Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson
of Hollywood, California



Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.



But will you stay
as sweet as you are?

A bath washes away past perspiration.
But Mum's the word for future freshness!

MINUTES after your bath is over—hours before your day is done—that fresh-tubbed charm can begin to fade.

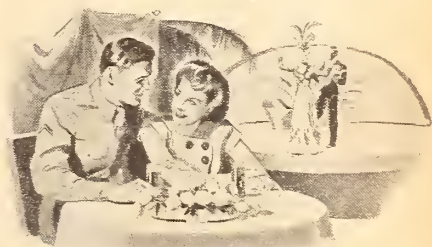
Unless, of course—you already know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness. *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus* Mum is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.



Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth on each underarm and stay flower-fresh all day or evening. Now you can shake fear of offending and concentrate on fun. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.

Setting for Romance. A table for two can start plans for a lifetime. And when a girl's program takes a turn for love, she's wise to guard it well. With Mum, for instance, which helps so much to keep her nice to be near. So use Mum, *to be sure.*



MUM



takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

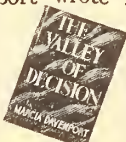
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.



Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".



Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don't you?
We'll meet you there.

—Lea



modern screen

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A masterpiece of Adventure in Technicolor!

Here's M-G-M's thrill-filled spectacular sequel to famed "Lassie Come Home"—in Technicolor! New drama—new adventure—introducing Laddie, the thoroughbred son of a champion, who

had to *prove* he hadn't the heart of a mongrel! They laughed at him—called him a canine clown! But in the crisis, when his master's life was at stake—that Son of Lassie came roaring through!



Girls! Peter Lawford
is so handsome and
romantic...!



M. G. M.'s

SON OF LASSIE

Starring **PETER LAWFORD • DONALD CRISP**

with **JUNE LOCKHART • NIGEL BRUCE**

WILLIAM "BILLY" SEVERN • LEON AMES • DONALD CURTIS • NILS ASTHER • ROBERT LEWIS

LASSIE and LADDIE

Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett • Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight • Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Produced by SAMUEL MARX • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

■ Put Van Johnson, Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold and Keenan Wynn all in one picture, and you automatically have something pretty impressive. Add New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria for a setting, and you have glamor plus. "Weekend At The Waldorf," like "Grand Hotel" and "Hotel Berlin," is a potpourri of the various love affairs, big deals, and heartbreaks taking place under one roof.

In a luxurious Tower suite, Irene Malvern (Ginger Rogers) is giving a party for the press. Irene has been a top movie star for several years, and very important people have come to the party. Everyone is having a fine time except Irene. She is, as she always is of late, lonely and dissatisfied. No one in the world really cares about her—only her money. In another suite on the same floor, Chip Collyer (Walter Pidgeon) has just checked in. He is as lonely and dissatisfied—and almost as famous—as Irene. Chip is a war correspondent, and a good one, but now he's tired. He needs a rest. He needs to fall in love. And when he meets Irene, that's just what happens.

Downstairs, a luscious blonde stenographer known as "Bunny" (Lana Turner), is pinning on a gardenia. It's from a guest at the hotel, Martin Edley (Edward Arnold). Mr. Edley would like to give Bunny more than a gardenia. Much more. In fact, an apartment on Park Avenue. Bunny is considering the matter. She views the world with tough Tenth Avenue practicality, (Continued on page 8)



Pond's "Lips" stay on...



and on...



and on!

Say it again!
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!

6 devastating shades
49¢, 10¢, plus tax

.... Try the newest
Pond's "Lips" shade—
"Beau Bait"—rich,
clear, true red.



Bunny (L. Turner) gives up gold digging for love in a cottage when pilot Van J. takes over.

It's Dynamite set to music!
AND IT TOPS THEM ALL!



The battle that made
the Barbary Coast pause
in its song...
turn from its
women...

George Raft



A blue-blood on
the loose... who
came down from
The Hill looking for
a thrill!

Joan Bennett

Vivian Blaine

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"



The kind of woman
men fought for...
at the snap of
a garter!



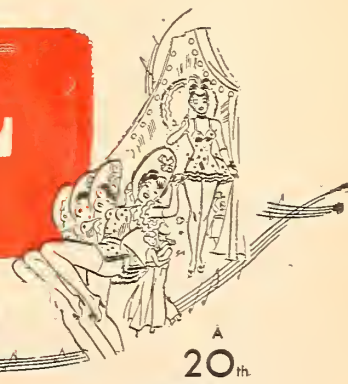
Songs
"I Walked In"
"I Don't Care
Who Knows It"
"Touring
San Francisco"
by Jimmy McHugh
and Harold Adamson

NOB HILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

ALAN "FALSTAFF
OPENSHAW" REED • PULLY • COLEMAN • BARRIER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine • From a Story by Eleanor Griffen



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

Don't Look Now



...but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?



They have a stronger grip hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

and she knows you don't get something for nothing. Suppose there are a couple of strings attached to the offer! She's always wanted to live on Park Avenue. But before she finishes pinning on the gardenia, she meets a young Army flier (Van Johnson) and comes up against a problem she can't solve.

Other things are happening in the hotel. Randy Morton, columnist (Robert Benchley), has discovered a terrific story for his column. Martin Edley is trying to put over a big oil deal with the Bey of Aribajan. And Irene Malvern is finding that Chip Collyer is as persistent as he is attractive. So, through the week end, these affairs wind to their conclusion. To happiness or heartbreak, as the case may be, while you watch the panorama spread before you and think "Some day I'll spend a week end at the Waldorf."—M-G-M.

News that Metro was recreating the fabulous Waldorf Hotel kept the telephone lines choked with pleas from harassed house hunters begging for a room. One desperate soul offered to pay \$25 a day just to sleep on the set from midnight to six a.m.! Needless to say, all offers were rejected, and at the peak of the worst housing shortage in history, the world's largest hotel stood vacant except for five night watchmen. . . . Lovely Lana was pea green with envy. Ginger, as the glamorous actress, wears twelve dreamy costumes created by super-designer Irene. Poor Lana, playing the hotel steno, wears only the conservative garb of a working girl. But, proving that clothes don't make the queen, Lana is the gal who walks off with hero Van Johnson. . . . You can forget all those Turner-Rogers feud stories. In 191 pages of script, Lana and Ginger never meet, not even as a footnote.

A BELL FOR ADANO

John Hodiak and Gene Tierney—gun-powder and a match! Wait till you see them together, they're something to dream about. John has a demanding role as Major Joppolo, Army officer who is made administrator of the Italian town of Adano.

It's not much of a town, as the Major discovers on sight. He and Sergeant Borth (William Bendix) are disconcerted at the one narrow, deserted street. But the Major finds that even a very small town can present plenty of problems. There is the matter of food and drink, the inhabitants tell him. There is also the matter of the great bell of Adano, and some of them put that first in importance.

"What is this bell?" the Major inquires. It seems that it's a seven-hundred-year-old bell, which Mussolini took to make guns for the Germans. Its loss doesn't at first seem of vital importance to the Major. There's the town to be cleaned up, fed, and put on a more or less running basis. He soon has several assistants. Guiseppe, for instance, an ex-American gangster. No angel, Guiseppe, but he speaks English and he knows the town. Then there is Tina (Gene Tierney). She's very beautiful in spite of her obviously-dyed blonde hair. The hair is a gesture of defiance against the monotony of life in Adano, she tells the Major. She soon falls in love with him, and is desperately unhappy over the fact that he's married.

Joppolo is popular with the people of the town. He makes a real effort to understand their problems, and solve them to the best of his ability—and authority. That last is the catch. Joppolo is only a major.

A general comes along, is held up behind some slow moving carts, and arbitrarily orders the road to Adano kept free of all but military traffic. Joppolo realizes that the town couldn't get food or water on this basis, and countermands the order. Well, you just can't do that to a general. But by the time discipline catches up with the Major, Adano has its bell again.

You'll find wisdom and human understanding in this picture, as well as romance. The cast includes Richard Conte, Henry Morgan, Luis Alberni and Henry Armetta.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

"Bell" represents a first in wartime picture making. By eliminating battle scenes, and concerning itself entirely with the fighting's aftermath, it becomes the first post-war movie to be made about World War II. . . . A real life war story nearly postponed production. Director Henry King received word that his son, Lt. Henry C. King, was missing in action. Despite the news, King continued working while hoping for the best. A party scene was before the camera when a telephone message brought the news that the lieutenant was alive, though a German prisoner. In celebration, King threw a real party on the set as soon as the "reel" party scene was finished. . . . Gene Tierney, voted by Look magazine one of the four most beautiful actresses in Hollywood, appears on the screen for the first time as a blonde. She'll become a brunette again though, for husband Oleg Cassini prefers her natural dark tresses. . . . "Bell" marks John Hodiak's return to the studio that made him famous. He was an unknown contractee at M-G-M when Fox borrowed him for the star-making lead opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Ingrid Bergman visited Toronto, Ontario, last Fall. One evening, she was to make an appearance at Massey Hall. After receiving permission to go and see her, Mother suggested that my friend and I take her a corsage. We went out and bought one just to humor Mother, for we knew that very few people ever got close to the stars.

Upon arriving at the hall, we decided to look around. Taking the elevator to the top floor, we walked around for a while. Then, when we returned to the elevator we were delighted and amazed to see the star herself on that very same one. We were also amazed at her natural beauty. We gave her our corsage, and she thanked us, inquiring if we were staying for the show. We told her that we wouldn't miss it. She smiled and told us to look closely at her when she appeared on the stage.

When it was time for her to make her appearance we were so excited that we lost our seats and were shoved practically to the back of the hall. But not before we caught a glimpse of lovely Miss Bergman with our corsage still pinned to her dress.

Jacqueline Lee
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Laugh-a-Minute
Lowdown
On The Birth
Of The Swoon!

Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!



HEAR BING'S
VOICE SING—

"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around
Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU
SEE THOSE 4
CROSBY KIDS!



THE TIE BELONGS TO THE OTHER GUY...
AND IT'LL SEND YOU...
**Out Of
this World**

starring
Eddie Bracken
He's got it, but it isn't his!

Veronica Lake
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!

Diana Lynn
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world.

with **Cass Daley** beating Those Gol Darn Drums
and **Carmen Cavallaro** playing together for the first time!
Ted Fiorito **Henry King** **Ray Noble**
A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker



Warm as
an embrace . . .



nuggle-soft and cloud-light, with a deep, pure wool face that practically purrs under your fingers and cotton back for extra strength. WARREN means wear-forever fabric—tailors into a coat to make your heart sing. Very much worth looking for in better stores throughout the land. About \$29

Warren Fabrics Company, Inc.
West Warren, Mass.

OVER 21

Age is a relative matter. If you're fourteen, say, then anyone over twenty-one seems to you to be hovering on the slippery edge of senility. On the other hand, suppose you're thirty-nine, and in the Army. Then you regard the 21-year-olds who start playing leap-frog when the sergeant says "Okay. Ten minutes rest," with awe and bitter admiration. All of which leads up to the plot of "Over 21," co-starring Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox.

Max Wharton (Alexander Knox), former editor of a New York newspaper, is in the Army. His charming and talented wife, Polly (Irene Dunne) had abandoned her writing career temporarily to live in Miami where he is in Officers' Candidate School. Polly doesn't expect much from her living quarters there, for she's heard about the housing shortage. Still, there are certain features about the bungalow Max has found which are a little startling. The kitchen which is really the bathroom, or vice versa. The window which will only open when you walk on a certain floor board. The front door which has a habit of slamming behind her while she's putting out the milk bottles, in her pajamas. Oh well, she's with Max and that makes up for everything.

Only Max has to spend practically all his time at the post. He's terrified that he won't pass the course. "Of course, you will," Polly says comfortingly. "A smart guy like you!" "I may be smart," Max admits, still sunk in gloom, "but I'm an old man. Thirty-nine. This is for kids." The owner of Max's newspaper keeps trying to get in touch with him. Gow (Charles Coburn) insists that the paper is losing readers now that Max isn't writing the editorials. Can't he do one a week? Polly knows that Max hasn't time to do *anything* more. To keep Gow quiet, however, she agrees and writes them herself under Max's by-line.

At last graduation time comes, and there is Max in the front row, looking pleased and surprised and not a day over twenty-five. But there are still complications to unravel.—Col.

P. S.

For two-and-a-half months of shooting Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox were cooped up in one of the smallest sets used in years. The 11 x 14 living room was so cramped that part of the walls had to be removed every time the camera shifted its position. . . . Alex Knox married Doris Nolan a day or two before reporting to work, so the first time he came onto the set the whole crew gave him a big reception to celebrate the happy event. . . . From Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces to officer candidate in one easy lesson—Knox accomplished this rather spectacular demotion when he stepped from the role of Wilson to that of the officer candidate (GI haircut and all) in *Over 21*. . . . Charles Coburn established himself as an inventor when he developed an idea for a new kind of monocle with "tri-focal" lenses. One part for long distance seeing, and the third section will be "rose-colored glass for use in reading critics' reviews." He plans to have the idea in working order the next time he sees one of his own pictures. . . . Irene Dunne, considered one of the 10 best-dressed women of the screen will have a new title when this picture is released—one of the 10 best "undressed" women. She has a wardrobe of six delectable negligees, and spends most of the picture in them. Incidentally, the negligees were so sheer that background lighting couldn't be used for fear of running into censorship trouble!

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

They might have titled this one "What Every Young Girl Should Know." It has about the smoothest wolf in it that you ever saw. By the time you've watched his approach, and the way he plays all the angles, you should be warned against the lines that are tried on you by real life wolves. The trouble is, he's such an attractive guy that you'll find yourself going for him in spite of your common sense—as happens to the heroine, played by Laraine Day. Bob Young is the wolf, which is a bit of a surprise, but he's really terrific. A new lad named Bill Williams contributes a pleasant performance as the third point of the triangle.

Not that it's really a triangle, once Lieutenant Hank Travers (Robert Young) has appeared. Hank is one of the glamor boys of the Air Force. A hot pilot and a hotter lover. He's broken hearts from Hong Kong to Piccadilly. Jerry (Bill Williams) who used to know him in college, runs into him on Fifth Avenue. Jerry makes the mistake of mentioning his girl friend, Helen (Laraine Day), and dwelling at some length on her charms. Hank gets that look in his eye, and before Jerry knows what it's all about, Hank is in on his date that night.

Of course, Jerry comforts himself, Helen is too smart and too sensible to fall for an obvious player-arounder like Hank. Or is she? As the evening progresses, he isn't so sure. Hank really takes over the party. He takes them to a fancy hotel roof and fills them full of champagne. Eventually he pulls a fast one on Jerry and gets a chance to make a pass at Helen. The fact that he doesn't get anywhere with her doesn't bother him. He's given her something to think about.

COMMUNIQUE FROM THE HOW-WE-LOVE-HAZARDS CLUB:

Jane's a right gal, but she never remembers to take her flashlight down to the cellar with her. Result? A broken leg when she tripped over Aunt Martha's suitcase and landed against the washing machine. Tom? Well, his burns will heal in time, but he could have saved himself a lot of pain, and might even have made Varsity, if he'd turned off his lamp switch before repairing the wire. And what about Bobby? He's only a baby, but if he'd been taught not to leave his toys on the stairs, Mr. Jones would be at work today instead of at home with his arm in a sling. You should have heard Mrs. Smith next door tut-tutting over her neighbor's carelessness; which didn't prevent her from dozing off last night with a lighted cigarette. Maybe she likes to hear the fire engines! And Joe College, that dazzling kid around the corner, won't be doing much jitterbugging this term; but then, he did get to find out just how fast his car could go, and maybe he thinks he looks pretty with that nice white gauze all around his head!

Maybe you think this is all rather silly . . . that you'd know better. Well then, the chances are you've already taken one of the RED CROSS SAFETY or ACCIDENT PREVENTION courses offered by your local chapter. If so, how's about prodding your neighbor? Remember, casualties on the home front slow up the war effort, too!

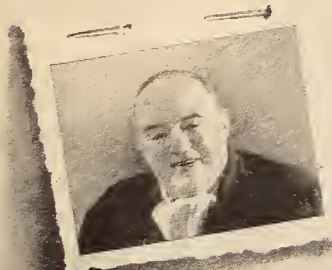
WARNER BROS. STUDIOS
BURBANK, CALIF.

Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck
and Dennis Morgan
are spending a very
merry
"Christmas in
Connecticut"



The romancin's rosy
and the fun's furious and everybody's
going to be there! You're invited!

Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)



Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show
to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

BARBARA STANWYCK • DENNIS MORGAN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET in
"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" with REGINALD GARDNER • S. Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS • Screen Play by Lionel Houser and Adele Commandini • From the Original Story by Aileen Hamilton

TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!



After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch away from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly press powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with downward strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—pat entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

Hank goes through his whole bag of tricks in the next few days, and they all work. Only something is wrong. Helen has fallen deeply in love with him, and Hank suddenly develops a conscience. He's never had any trouble with it before, but now the darn thing starts nagging. "You're a heel," it says nastily. And he knows it's right. Only—maybe he's in love himself, for the first time. Maybe. . . .

Lots of funny lines and a quick moving plot make this a picture you'll want to see right away.—RKO.

P. S.

Bob Young, usually one of Hollywood's most upstanding young men, was required, for the first time in his career, to play a wolf. One morning after several weeks of a most convincing performance, he found himself face to face with the cartoon of a leering wolf tacked up on his dressing-room door. A little investigation proved that co-star Laraine Day had asked a studio artist to make the drawing for her to hang on the door. The caricature remained there for the rest of the picture. . . . Ann Harding returned to the RKO lot for the first time in ten years, not expecting any of her old co-workers to remember her. Among the friends who did come by to welcome her back, was property man George Gabe, who brought with him a set chair with Miss Harding's name on it.

UNCLE HARRY

The play which was such a success on Broadway has been made into an engrossing picture. George Sanders was a smart choice for the lead. It's a different kind of role from anything he's done before, but he gives an adept, highly polished performance. Ella Raines and Geraldine Fitzgerald are helpful in many ways.

Somehow, you can't imagine a man whom a whole town calls "Uncle Harry," committing murder. Until you see the events which lead up to the tragedy—then you only wonder why he didn't do it earlier. Harry Quincy is a mild, pleasant, middle-aged man. He lives quietly in the big old Quincy house with his two sisters, Lettie and Hester. He works in the design department of a mill which manufactures china, and supports his two sisters with his earnings. A nice, average guy, you would have said. A little too much under his sister Lettie's thumb, maybe, but Lettie dominates the whole household. Fat, gossipy Hester comes off a poor second.

Lettie is a brilliant woman who loves her brother with a violent, proprietary passion that leaves no room in her mind for anything else. It never occurs to her that Harry might marry—until Deborah comes to town. Deborah (Ella Raines) is from New York. She is beautiful and chic and intelligent, and why she falls in love with Harry is anyone's guess. But she does, and she has no intention of letting his sister break it up. She doesn't, however, realize either Lettie's ruthlessness or the extent of her power over Harry. He and Deborah became engaged. Months passed. Finally Deborah puts it up to him. Tonight or never. That afternoon Lettie has a heart attack. Not a fatal one, but the marriage has to be postponed. Deborah goes back to New York and a little later marries someone else.

That is when Harry's brain snaps. There is poison in the house, and he uses it. Only—there's a mix-up, and it's Hester who dies. Letty is accused of her murder. It's a finely knit situation, and the climax doesn't let you down.—Univ.

YOU CAME ALONG

Lizabeth Scott, Hollywood's newest quadruple threat in the glamor department,

is featured with Robert Cummings in this story of three returned fliers and the girl one of them falls in love with. The fliers—Bob (Robert Cummings), "Shakespeare" (Don De Fore), and "Handsome" (Charles Drake), are sent out on a bond selling tour. They are told that I. V. Hotchkiss will be in charge of the tour, but I. V. turns out to be Ivy, a gal who could be attractive if she bothered.

The fliers, especially Bob, are very fond of girls, so it takes Ivy just days to win their friendship. Meanwhile she has her troubles getting them to show up for speeches at the bond rallies. She usually has to head an expedition through the night clubs because wherever the shape-liest chorus is to be found, there will be the boys. Bob has a little black book which produces blondes, brunettes and red-heads in each new city they reach.

Comes a night, though, when Bob asks Ivy for a date. That's quite a concession for Bob, who likes 'em glamorous. Shakespeare and Handsome decide to play Cupid by fixing Ivy up the way a girl ought to look. They send a whistle-jerking evening gown and Ivy gets a new hairdo, and the result entrances even the hard-to-get Bob. He remains entranced and by the time they get to San Francisco, he and Ivy are truly in love.

There's something odd about Bob, though. A tinge of bitterness in his gaiety. A lost look Ivy has surprised now and then on his handsome face. One day by sheer accident she finds out the reason. Bob has an obscure blood disease which won't respond to treatment. He'll die in a year—or maybe a month. She realizes that he would especially hate her knowing about it. So she pretends ignorance, and persuades him to marry her. After all, nobody expects to live forever.—Par.

P. S.

This is a noteworthy production for several reasons. Main one is that it heralds Robert Cummings' return to the screen after a two-year absence as an Army flight instructor. . . . Audiences will get their first glimpse of charming Lizabeth Scott who, though she had no previous screen experience, Hal Wallis considered so exciting a discovery he put her into a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

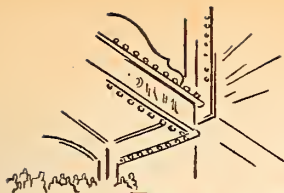


A few War Bond drives ago, Gail Patrick made an appearance here in Toronto to help out. During her visit, there was a Royal Canadian Air Force dance held at one of the larger bases here. I was at the dance, but did not

have any idea that she would actually attend until a group of airmen whizzed by me, trying to catch a glimpse of her.

Leaving my escort, I started to look frantically around. I had never seen a movie star before and in the excitement and the press of the crowd, I practically fainted. Suddenly, as I backed through the crowd, I received the sweetest smile I've ever seen. It was Miss Patrick, who amazed me by saying breathlessly, "I guess it serves us both right for walking backwards in a crowd." She is really tops, and after that, I didn't mind being shoved around at all.

Rita Lawrence
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



BROADWAY'S HILARIOUS ROMANTIC COMEDY NOW ON THE SCREEN!

*So she picked up the marbles...and went
home to make love!*

Theirs the kind
of fun that makes
the world go round
...and round...and
round...until you're
dizzy with
laughter!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene
DUNNE

Alexander
KNOX

Charles
COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production

Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon - Screenplay by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR



This picture has been
chosen for showing to our
Armed Forces overseas.

starring role. . . . Another one of those Hollywood coincidences popped up during the shooting. In the picture *Cummings marries Miss Scott in the Fliers' Chapel at the Mission Inn, Riverside*. Bob actually did wed while the picture was in production, and Mary Elliott became his bride in—the *Fliers' Chapel at Mission Inn!*

CAPTAIN KIDD

Not since "Mutiny On The Bounty" has there been such a smashing, hair-raising tale of life on the high seas. Charles Laughton is responsible primarily, although he has steadfast support. He plays Captain Kidd with a vicious brutality that will haunt you for days, and which makes Randolph Scott, as the hero, seem a bit insipid. The feminine interest, which is kept to a minimum, is handled by Barbara Britton.

Everyone has heard of Captain Kidd. No two stories of his bloody career agree, so we may as well stick to this United Artists' version. It starts with Kidd and four other men burying a treasure chest on a tropical island. Five of them enter the cave, but only four come out. One less to divide the treasure when the time arrives. That chest was come by in a singularly evil manner. Kidd and his pirates sank a ship with all hands on board, after removing the treasure. The ship was commanded by Lord Blayne, and word went back to London that he had turned pirate—a story fostered by Kidd, to cover the wholesale murder he had committed.

Eventually Kidd, who has managed to conceal his pirate past, is appointed by the King to fit out a ship, the "Adventure," and sail the Spanish Main in His Majesty's service. He is to meet a vessel coming from India and give it safe passage to England, for it carries a huge treasure, as well as Sir John Falconer and his daughter, Lady Anne (Barbara Britton). Kidd picks his

I SAW IT HAPPEN



We were in El Paso, Texas, at the Continental Room of the Hilton Hotel. Suddenly, I noticed a familiar face above a G.I. uniform. I remarked that he looked like a movie star whom I had seen in "The Moon Is Down" and "Five Graves to Cairo." My sister wrote a note, asking if he had appeared in these two films, playing the role of a German soldier in both. He very kindly answered that it had been he, and thanked her. We were thrilled, and now we felt that we just had to talk to him. One of our escorts went to his table and asked him if he would join us. My heart did quadruple flip-flops as he approached our table. Peter Van Eyck sat down and talked with us for about twenty minutes. He was a most interesting conversationalist. I had always thought that movie stars were cool and aloof, but if they are like this one, lead me to more!

Mrs. Milton V. Cobb
Carrizozo, New Mexico

crew from the worst scum in Newgate prison. They are ruffians and murderers all, but they will obey his orders, and they aren't averse to violence. Kidd has no intention of bringing that treasure ship to England, of course. But he doesn't know that among the crew is the son of Lord Blayne, whom he murdered. Young Blayne has taken the name of Adam Mercy (Randolph Scott), and he is bent on vengeance.

The "Adventure" sails away on a voyage that proves as gory and filled with menace as any you can imagine.—U. A.

P. S.

The greatest pirate of all finally makes his screen debut! Charles Laughton, stalking about in the title role, has a part that is a worthy sequel to his portrait of Captain Bligh. . . . To create the richly trapped scenes typical of the 17th century, Producer Benedict Bogeaus had art director Charles Odds and set director Maurice Yates haunt private auctions and comb antique shops to obtain authentic props. The resultant scenes are typical of the Restoration period, with velvets, Turkish rugs, damasks, four-poster beds creating the desired effects.

GUEST WIFE

They claim there are only seven fundamental story plots, and this is certainly an oldie that's been re-surfaced with smart dialog, a couple of new twists, and the expert comedy of Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. Dick Foran plays straight man for them as Chris Price, a small town banker who has a fine reputation, plenty of money and a lovely wife. He also has A Friend. I put that in capitals because it's no ordinary friendship. Chris' wife, Mary (Claudette Colbert) says bitterly, "Chris and Joe Parker make Damon and Pythias look like deadly enemies."

The Prices haven't seen much' of Joe (Don Ameche) for the last couple of years, which is fine with Mary. Where Joe is, there's trouble. He is a foreign correspondent and the more foreign the better, in Mary's opinion. But just as she and Chris are set to go to New York on a sort of second honeymoon, who should show up but good old Joe! Now, their first honeymoon was ruined because Chris lent Joe all the money he'd saved up for

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

Headed for the altar . . .
dearly beloved, joyously happy.
Her lips irresistible . . . smooth,
invitingly soft, color-perfect with
IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK.
WHIP-TEXT through a secret
process to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.



the
bride
wears

Irresistible raspberry Lipstick



NEW
SWIVEL CASE
10c-25c sizes

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

it. Mary has no intention of letting Joe spoil this one too.

It is different. Chris isn't on it. He misses the train at the last minute, and Mary finds herself on her way to New York with Joe. Of course Chris follows them the next day, but by the time he arrives, the newspapers are displaying pictures of "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parker, foreign correspondent, and beautiful bride he married in India." You see, Joe had cabled his boss, Mr. Worth (Charles Dingle) that he married while he was there. It had seemed like a good idea at the time—Worth sent him a thousand bucks for a wedding present. But now he is about to face the boss, who is notorious for his lack of a sense of humor. Mary wouldn't mind being Mrs. Parker just for ten minutes, would she? Mary, not expecting reporters, photographers, etc., agrees. Disaster follows. Mr. Worth has made a lot of plans for the Parkers. The bridal suite in the best hotel, a week end in the country—the works! When Chris shows up, Mary expects him to be furious. Not at all! Anything we can do for good old Joe, is Chris' motto. So Mary gets furious instead, and decides to teach him a lesson.—U. A.

P. S.

Claudette Colbert personally plucked "Guest Wife" from among several important stories offered her. The amusing comedy can be compared to Claudette's Academy Award winning "It Happened One Night." . . . Time and trouble were saved for the wardrobe department when the script called for a pair of men's pajamas, bearing the monogram JJP. Because his screen name, Joseph Jefferson Parker, had the same initials as Miss Colbert's real life husband, Lt. Joel J. Pressman, USN, Don Ameche had only to borrow a pair of Dr. Pressman's monogrammed pajamas, and production was ready to roll.

BEWITCHED

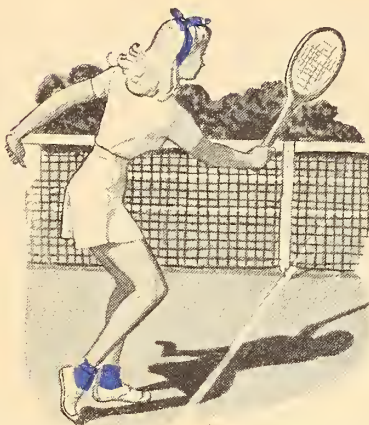
If you are fascinated by the dark inner recesses of the human mind, you will find "Bewitched" enthralling. It may strain your credulity a little, for you are asked to believe that two spirits can occupy one body. It is, in fact, the story of a female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Joan Ellis (Phyllis Thaxter) is apparently a pretty, sweet, normal girl, in love with her handsome fiancé, Bob (Henry Daniels, Jr.). There is no surface indication that two spirits are at war within her. One is Joan's own, and the other is that of a wild, evil creature named Carmen. Don't ask me how she got there. I'm no psychiatrist. But there she is, and as Joan's wedding day approaches, Carmen becomes more and more restless. She is determined to prevent the marriage, and get Joan away from Bob and her parents and friends, who are beginning to worry over the girl's increasing nervousness.

One night Joan goes to a concert, but the voice of the singer becomes inextricably mixed with that of the sensual Carmen. Joan realizes that she can never escape from this terrible inner spirit, and in desperation she decides to go to New York. She leaves a note asking her family not to try and find her, for their sake as well as her own. In New York she gets a job at a cigar counter. Joan is unhappy in this environment, but Carmen thrives on it. A clever young attorney, Eric (Horace McNally) meets Joan and falls in love with her. She finally agrees to go out with him, but as soon as they are alone in the moonlight, Carmen's influence is felt again. Eric kisses Joan, but it's Carmen who responds in a way that must have given the Hays office the cold shudders.

When Joan gets home, she finds Bob
(Continued on page 24)

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ Volley
- ☐ Forehand Drive
- ☐ Chop

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Built for lasting comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ Sally Subdeb
- ☐ Miss Sally Subdeb

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—except in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups . . . at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, flat tapered ends so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines . . . and you get plus protection from that special patented safety center!

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- ☐ It's a love at first sight
- ☐ It passes the long-mirror test
- ☐ Your best friend tells you

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your daintiness.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!



A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin at
no extra cost

More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
napkins put together

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

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Hello again! Well, it isn't getting any easier, this job of picking out the music of the month on records, and the stories behind it, because every month there are more new record companies by the dozen. Anyway, why not tear out that record listing you'll find at the end of this feature and tote it

I SURRENDER DEAR (Benny Carter—Capitol)—Benny Carter is a jazz genius who had to go abroad to be appreciated, back in 1936. He was working with a band in France, when I got him to come over to England and be staff manager for the BBC dance orchestra.

Once I supervised a recording session in Holland, in the Hague, with Benny and Coleman Hawkins who'd come on from Rotterdam where he was playing at the time. A long way from 52nd Street, but the stuff survived. One of the numbers from that session, "Pardon Me, Pretty Baby," is in one of the Decca "Gems of Jazz" albums.

As for this new "I Surrender, Dear," Benny does a beautiful trumpet solo on it, then, on the other side—"Malibu"—does an equally beautiful alto sax job. He composes, too. Such things as "Rainbow Rhapsody" (Glenn Miller recorded this), "Cow-Cow Boogie", and his own lovely theme, "Melancholy Lullaby."

MEL'S IDEA (Herbie Fields—Savoy)—Herbie Fields, the only white man currently working with a famous colored band (Lionel Hampton's) has done this one up hot, and you won't want to miss it. Herbie's recordings (*Continued on page 18*)



Leonard F., Phil ("My Dreams Are Getting Better") Moore at Cafe Soc. Uptown.

around when you're making your next batch of purchases? You'll find it's a terrific help in making you hep. . . . But now to get going, here are twenty new records with plenty on the ball, plus a little background data on each:

The toughest killer's blazing guns
could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role,
as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones,
who swings into action to win the
heart of a killer's girl.

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER • LORETTA YOUNG

in Nunnally Johnson's

"Along Came Jones"

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST • DAN DURYEA • Frank Sully

Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production • Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Novel by Alan LeMay
An International Picture • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



DAN DURYEA,
of "Woman In The
Window" fame,
as Monte Jarrad,
the killer.

INTERNATIONAL



GOOD ENTERTAINMENT



**says Mrs. Gary Cooper—
beautiful wife of one of
Hollywood's most distinguished stars**

MRS. GARY COOPER:

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood. With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. They're really thrilling—particularly that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's fore-
most authorities on beauty
and make-up.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

You're not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper. All over America, the smartest lips are praising the vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting. For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery) gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not too moist... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

are mostly made with Hampton's boys. They play his kind of music. I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU (Les Brown with Doris Day—Columbia)—There's an interesting fact behind Doris Day's singing. At one time, Doris was a dancer. She broke her leg in an accident, and was told she'd have to use crutches for a while. She brooded a bit, decided things could have been worse, and began singing. For her supper, as it turned out. Doris is one of those girls who married and retired, then divorced, and resumed her career. Her husband was the trombone player, Al Jordan.

Helen Ward's another member of this club. She retired from Benny Goodman's original band, but she's back on her own now, making records. Ironically, she's been signed to record for her ex-husband's (Albert Marx) company, Musicraft! THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN (Golden Gate Quartet—Okeh; Paul Whiteman—Capitol)—This is the story of one little riff and how it grew. It was a strictly instrumental little riff, you understand. No words at all, and nobody expected anything to come of it. A well known arranger named Jimmy Mundy wrote it, and Paul Whiteman recorded it about three and a half years ago. As far as the response to it went, he could've stood in bed. Well, Jimmy Mundy joined the Army as a private and while he, all unsuspecting, was hup-two-threeing about, and cussing out his sergeant, "The General Jumped" was being overhauled, and lyrics were added to it, and it got into the movies—in "Hollywood Canteen!"

TAINT ME (Eddie Heywood—Commodore; Les Brown—Columbia)—This is another tune like "The General Jumped." Started with a little thing by Lem Davis, alto sax man with Eddie Heywood, in 1943. Recently a publisher had it turned into a popular song, Mildred Bailey pushed it on the radio, and it's going like mad. The Les Brown rendition has a swell vocal by Doris Day.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (Billie Holiday—Commodore)—The plaintive spell of Billie Holiday again, and you can see the fog and smell the docks when she's all done. It's a second recording. Billie made the first three years ago for Columbia and Teddy Wilson was on it, but the record was never released. Now Eddie Heywood's standing by, and Jimmy Dorsey's featured singer, Teddy Walters, plays guitar for Billie!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (Louis Prima—Majestic; Tony Pastor—Victor)—An old English sea chantey that's become a new American favorite. You really ought to listen to both the Prima and Pastor records on this—they're very different. Louis has kept the original bar-room lyrics in his rendition; Tony's boys have cleaned the trousers up. Pastor-ized, you might say. JOHNSON AND TURNER BLUES (Joe Turner and Pete Johnson—National)—Pete Johnson was one of the pioneers of the boogie-woogie piano, and Joe Turner was a singer. A good one. They played together in little dives in Kansas City for a long time, and dives in Kansas City are no different from dives anywhere else. Dirty dishes, blue smoke—and sometimes, rare, wild music being born.

John Hammond discovered them in Kansas City, and he brought them to New York where they gave a concert at Carnegie Hall. This was in 1938.

When they opened at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, they were booed off the stage. It's the truth. People just weren't

ready for boogie-woogie.

The break for Pete and Joe came with a booking into Cafe Society Downtown.

SWANEE RIVER (Hal McIntyre—Victor)—An old favorite with a new and very beautiful arrangement written by a boy named Sid Schwartz. Remember last issue I said Hal was about ready to go overseas with his band? Since then the European war has ended, and the McIntyre group will probably head for some place like the CBI sector.

THERE'S NO YOU (Frank Sinatra—Columbia; Martha Stewart—Victor)—You know the one about Jennie who couldn't make up her mind? Well, neither could pretty little Martha Stewart. She started out as Martha Haworth. Then she changed her name to Martha Wayne, and did some singing with Claude Thornhill. (Claude's in the Navy now, leading a band at Pearl Harbor.) Then she changed her name to Martha Stewart, which it is now, and she got a TCF movie contract, and she's in "Kitten On The Keys" with Harry James.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Woody Herman—Columbia; Tommy Dorsey—Victor)—The vocal on the Dorsey platter is done by Stuart Foster (who used to be with Ina Ray Hutton). Seems like Stuart's a lucky name for singers, at that. Here's Foster, and we were just talking about Martha before, and there's Sally Stuart on the Sammy Kaye "The More I See You," doing a very sweet job. Then there's Slam Stewart, but we probably shouldn't count him. He doesn't exactly sing; he sort of grunts. It's wonderful, anyway.

YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY (Peggy Lee—Capitol)—We've talked about this before. Peggy and her husband, Dave Barbour, penned it, and it's surprising even them. Who needs a million dollars? Peggy seems to be definitely out of retirement again; her "What More Can a Woman Do?" is a hit now too, and she'll sing for awhile on the Perry Como show, and taking a screen test now and then and—well, what more can a woman do?

APPLE HONEY (Woody Herman—Columbia)—Sure, you guessed it. Woody worked on the Old Gold program last year. This number is what's called a head arrangement—it was never written down at all, and nobody ever really composed it. The boys just sort of worked it up and remembered it, an amazing (Cont. on page 21)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Red Skelton, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson were in Dallas to put on a show at the Naval Base. The night before they were to appear, I happened to be dancing at a night club. Suddenly, the spotlight shifted from the

dance floor to someone who had entered the door. My escort cried out, "Red Skelton!" Immediately, the newcomer was surrounded. Everyone was pleading, "Say something, Red, anything." But not a word from Red. When I finally inched close enough, I stuck my autograph book under his nose—this happened to be just my telephone number memo book, which was held together by a single safety pin. Laughing, I said, "Just sign your name, Red, don't take the pin." He grinned that Skelton grin and answered, "Believe it or not, we have buttons where I come from!"

Vernice Harbor
Dallas, Texas

The Picture that may change Your Life!

When a penniless ham actor starts

controlling the amazing Pidgeon

family (with their \$5,000,000

fortune), it's one of the most

unusual screen treats

you've ever known...



"The Cheaters"

starring

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

with

BILLIE BURKE • EUGENE PALLETTE • ONA MUNSON • RAYMOND WALBURN

and ANNE GILLIS • RUTH TERRY • ROBERT LIVINGSTON • DAVID HOLT
and ST. LUKE'S CHORISTERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



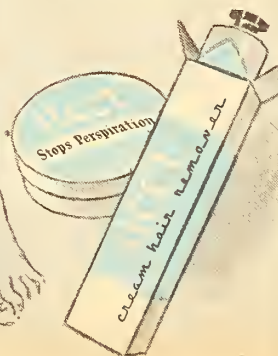
Double Exposure

Legs are bared by fashion...the underarm by every gesture... and so you need double protection—NEET Cream Depilatory that removes hair, and NEET Cream Deodorant that halts perspiration, for the assurance that comes of being well-groomed.

BETTER GET
NEET TODAY

neet

at cosmetic counters
in stores everywhere



CO-ED

What to do when
the weather's sweltering
and you're at loose
ends: Hints to
make you hopefuls hep
on beauty, beaux
and budgets.

■ Summer is under way, and though most of us yowl a lot about the heat, we're loving every minute of it. Loving the colorful, washable clothes we wear, week ends at the beach and suppers out-of-doors. We're loving the sort of party atmosphere that summer brings. Here are a couple of ideas for making the warm weather months more than just fun. Here's how to make them profitable in endless ways.

If You're a School Gal: You've got three beautiful long months at your disposal. Before you have a chance to get bored with all that time on your hands, get busy. Put some irons in the fire. First of all, how about some self-improvement? A new figure, a better complexion, a wellgroomed hairdo? If you could get three or four buddies intrigued with the idea, you could have your own "success school." Exercise together, try out hair styles together, skip double banana splits together. Fun, and it'll pay off in beaux come fall.

Then, how about shouldering some of the family responsibility, as of now. Take over the housework and cooking a couple of days a week, so that mom can kick up her heels a bit. Or maybe you could plan the weekly menus, with an eye to nutrition, economy and ration points, and do all of the marketing. If a long sleep in the morning is your mom's dream of heaven, you might get breakfast for the gang three or four days a week while she snoozes.

Another thing, how about learning to do at least one new thing this summer? Perhaps some skill, like driving a car or cooking. Perhaps something financially profitable like raising chickens or strawberries or thoroughbred dogs. Something creative, like interior decoration. You could begin with your own room. Some water paint to brighten the walls, hanging shelves for plants and books, some colorful rag rugs. Wouldn't it be fun? You might start studying art, through (Continued on page 25)

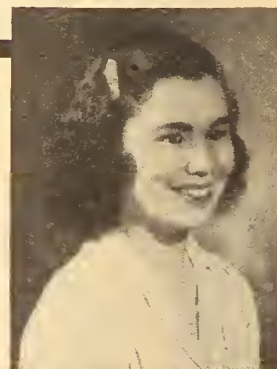
CO-ED LETTERBOX

I love my mom, but sometimes I'm almost ashamed of how she looks when my friends come over. How can I get her to fix up a little without hurting her feelings? H. H., Utica, New York.

Next time she looks extra-special you might say something like, "Gosh, you're a pretty mom, mom. You're so much more attractive than Mrs. Brown. We were over there after school today, and she had on a dirty dress and her hair was all straggly. Some moms are just sad sacks." Another time, when she's wearing a becoming dress, you might say, "I wish the kids could see you in that. They all think you're awful pretty." That should do it. One more hint. It's kind of hard for moms who work hard all day to be turned out like glamor girls from dawn to dusk. If you'd give your mother some idea of when to expect you and your gang it would help a lot.

My older sister hasn't a good reputation in town, and the boys in my class seem to think I'm as wild as she is. They make passes at me at the drop of a hat.

(Continued on page 26)



JEAN
KINKEAD

thing in a big band.

Flip Phillips plays some wonderful tenor sax, and Bill Harris (who used to be with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman) does right by the trombone. Of course Woody's featured on the clarinet, and Marjorie Hyams at her vibraharp.

LITTLE JAZZ (Artie Shaw—Victor)—Little Jazz is the nickname of Roy Eldridge who blows in what's undoubtedly one of the best trumpet styles in the country. And even though nobody could fail to recognize his playing, Roy's name couldn't be used on this Victor label because when he had his own band (before he joined Artie) he signed a contract with Decca, and that company still has him sewed up.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

- BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS**—Louis Prima (Majestic), Tony Pastor (Victor)
CAN'T YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES?—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN—Golden Gate Quartet (Okeh), Paul Whiteman (Capitol)
I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU—Les Brown with Doris Day (Columbia)
I WAS HERE WHEN YOU LEFT ME—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
OUT OF THIS WORLD—Woody Herman (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
SWANEE RIVER—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
'TAIN'T ME—Eddie Heywood (Commodore), Les Brown (Columbia)
THERE'S NO YOU—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Martha Stewart (Victor)
YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY—Peggy Lee (Capitol)

BEST HOT JAZZ

- BENNY CARTER**—I Surrender, Dear (Capitol)
HERMAN CHITTISON TRIO—How High The Moon (Musicraft)
DUKE ELLINGTON—Mood to Be Woored (Victor)
HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy)
DIZZY GILLESPIE—Blue 'N' Boogie (Gull)
WOODY HERMAN—Apple Honey (Columbia)
EARL HINES-BETTY ROCHE—I Love My Lovin' Lover (Apollo)
BILLIE HOLIDAY—I Cover the Waterfront (Commodore)
NAT JAFFE—These Foolish Things (Black & White)
ARTIE SHAW—Little Jazz (Victor)
TEDDY WILSON—Just For You Blues (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

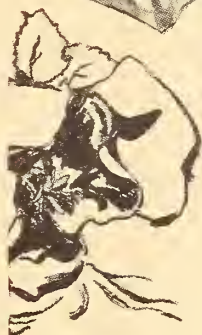
- NELSON EDDY**—By Request Album (Columbia)
JOHNNY GUARNIERI TRIO (Savoy)
JOHN KIRBY (Asch)
ON THE TOWN—Leonard Bernstein & Victor Chorale (Victor)
UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Eileen Farrell, Wilbur Evans, Celeste Holm (Decca)
MUSIC FOR DREAMING—Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE, STRIKE UP THE BAND—Sanroma & Boston Pops. Orch. (Victor)
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ (Victor)
GREAT GILDERSLEEVE—Stories for Children (Capitol)



It's New!

Dries fresh
polish in a flash . . .

Won't dull lustre . . .
(Apply over polish)



Ready to put on gloves and dash

The biggest thing since liquid nail polish! No waiting . . . no smudge-patching.

Ten-karat sparkle

The finest ingredients—with a *very* special oil—assure fast-drying action without dulling lustre.

Softens cuticle

This same special oil in Cutex Oily Quick Dry gently softens cuticle—helps keep it neatly in place—smooth and trim.

Helps prevent chips and scratches

Helps keep your nails unmarred . . . unscarred . . . makes your manicure really l-a-a-s-t.

Large bottle only **25¢**
(plus tax)

CUTEX *Oily* QUICK DRY

"AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"



If Alana Ladd isn't going to be as good a cook as her mother, she's bound to be as good on stage as her daddy, for she's certainly registering interest!

P.S.—Because she

became a top-notch cook!

● "For richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—" When you say "I do," you've practically agreed to cook his meals all the rest of his days! Sue Ladd will tell you that's no hardship, even though she has her problems—Alan won't eat lamb, liver or ice cream; hardly touches his lunch, stuffs himself at dinner time and would prefer a steady diet of highly spiced Mexican dishes. That's the "for worse" of it! All his other food habits are "for better."

It's just possible you're one of the many war brides waiting for the return of your husband, and when he does get back you're planning to give him the best meals ever! Then you'll want to try all kinds of new recipes and save the ones you like especially well. Like, for instance, Mrs. Ladd's Italian Squash Casserole:

ITALIAN SQUASH CASSEROLE

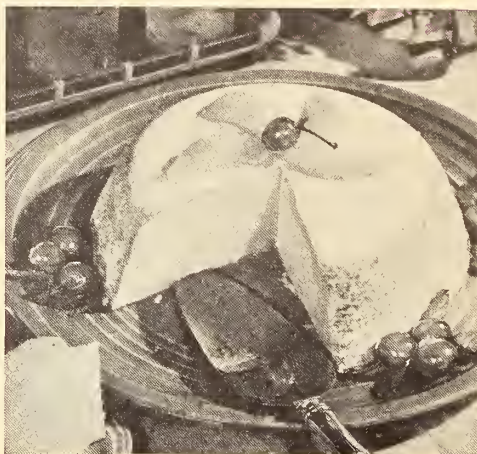
2 pounds Italian squash	1½ teaspoons salt
2 large onions	¼ teaspoon pepper
4 medium tomatoes	1 cup fine bread crumbs,
1 tablespoon brown sugar	optional
	¼ cup grated cheese

Parboil thinly sliced Italian squash 5 minutes in just enough salted water to keep from burning. Slice onions and sauté in bacon drippings or margarine 5 minutes over low heat, stirring frequently. Drain squash. Place one layer of squash in greased casserole. Add a layer of sautéed onion slices and sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with part of brown sugar, salt and pepper. Add a layer of fine bread crumbs, if desired. Add remaining ingredients in another layer. Top with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes or until done.



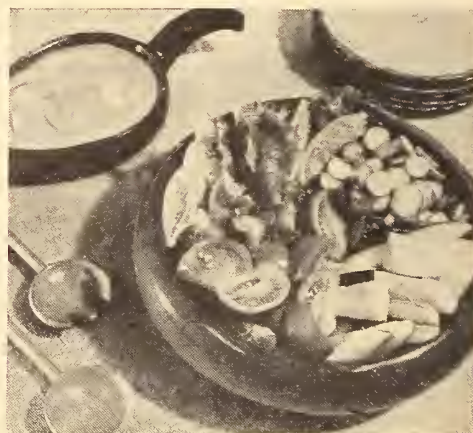
Eve tempted Adam with just a plain raw apple. Her smart descendant now serves delicious Apple Dumplings!

Your ration book escapes almost unscathed when you make Orange Cheese Cake—a delightful summer treat.



Courtesy Knox Gelatine

Courtesy Best Foods



Green salads aren't exactly a cure-all for summer slump, but their vivid colors, crisp texture and fresh flavor can stimulate bored appetites.

VICTORY GARDEN SALAD

- 3 tomatoes
- 1 cucumber
- 1 cup radishes
- ½ cup French dressing
- ¼ cup real mayonnaise
- 1 small onion, sliced
- Salad greens

Quarter tomatoes. Cut cucumber in thin fingers. Slice radishes. Add French dressing to real mayonnaise and mix until smooth. Add onion and chill 1 hour. Place tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and salad greens broken in pieces in deep salad bowl. Add French-onion mayonnaise and toss lightly. Yield: 6 servings.

ORANGE CHEESE CAKE

- 1 envelope plain gelatine
- ¼ cup orange juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup honey
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup cottage cheese, sieved
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- ½ cup cream or evaporated milk
- 1 cup cornflake or zwieback crumbs
- ¼ cup melted butter or fortified margarine
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon

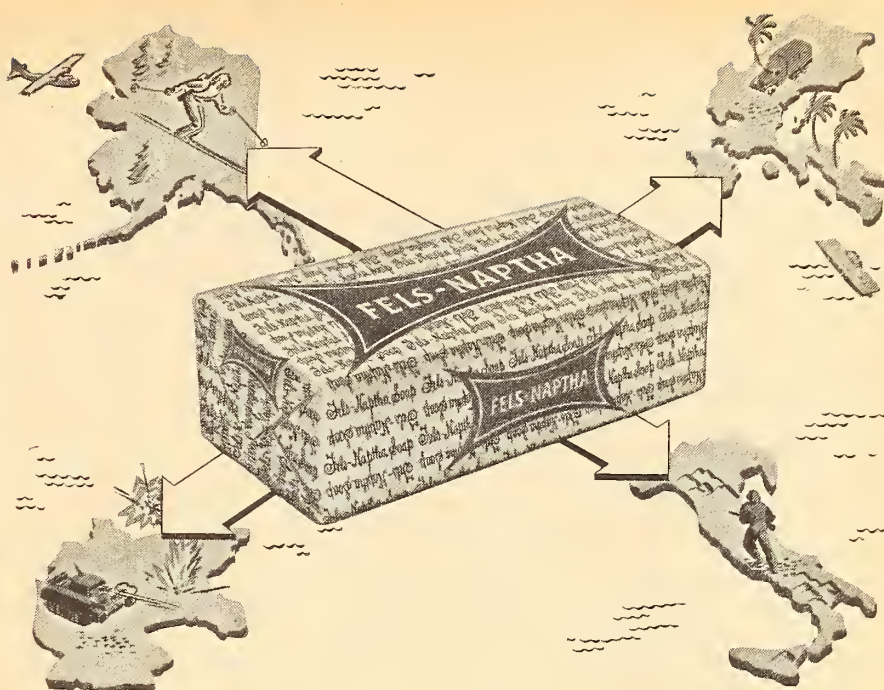
Soften gelatine in ¼ cup orange juice. Beat egg yolk slightly, add honey, salt, and remaining orange juice. Cook in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add cottage cheese, lemon juice and grated rind. Stir until well blended. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk* and stiffly beaten egg whites. Make crumbs for bottom and top of cake. Mix thoroughly with cinnamon. Add melted butter or margarine and blend. Place part of crumbs in bottom of small glass casserole which has been rinsed out in cold water. Turn in cheese filling and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly until firm. When ready to serve, unmold on serving dish and garnish with orange segments.

* To whip evaporated milk, freeze to mushy stage and whip in chilled bowl.

OLD FASHIONED APPLE DUMPLINGS

- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup fortified margarine
- ½ cup milk, app.
- 4 tart cooking apples, pared and cored
- ½ cup corn syrup
- 2 tablespoons fortified margarine
- ⅓ teaspoon allspice

Sift flour once, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut margarine into flour until it looks like little peas. Stir in milk sufficient to make soft but not sticky dough. Roll out on floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Cut into 4 squares, 4 inches square. Place apple in center of each. Fill centers with a mixture of remaining margarine, corn syrup and allspice. Bring corners of dough together on top of apples. Pinch edges of dough together. Place dumplings in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes, then pour 1 cup boiling water into bottom of pan. Continue baking 40 minutes longer, until apples are tender and dumpling brown. Serves 4. Serve plain, with lemon sauce or top milk.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha pre-eminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

waiting. He has traced her to New York and is ready to take her back. He even helps her pack, quite unconscious that in Joan's slender body the primitive force of Carmen is angrily rising. In unbelieving horror Joan sees her own hand reach stealthily for a pair of heavy shears. In another moment Bob lies dead on the floor.

Murder. A trial. The death penalty. But Eric is still on Joan's side. Still trying to convince the representatives of justice that something is incredibly wrong here. The end will leave you in a state of limp amazement.—M-G-M.

MY REPUTATION

It's awfully easy to say "I'll be my own judge of what's right and wrong. It doesn't matter if people talk, so long as my conscience is clear." But it *does* matter, and in unexpected ways. Jessica Drummond (Barbara Stanwyck) finds that out when she's left a widow with two young sons. Jessica has led a very protected life. Too protected, perhaps. Her mother dominated her until her marriage. Then her husband, who was completely devoted, took over. She led the accepted life of a rich, pretty young society matron. But now what is she to do?

There are two alternatives. She can settle down to widow's weeds and charitable work, as her mother thinks proper, or she can be Jessica Drummond and make a new life for herself. She tries the first for a whole summer and almost goes out of her mind. In the fall when the boys start off to school, she realizes that she just can't stand it any longer. She goes with

some friends to Lake Tahoe in California. There she skis, parties, and falls in love.

The man is Major Scott Landis (George Brent), and he isn't like anyone Jessica has ever known. He's definitely a wolf, and when he kisses her, she is furious with herself for responding. She tells him goodbye and hurries back to Chicago, where she can be nice and safe—and lonely. When Scott is transferred there, Jessica can't conceal her happiness at seeing him again. Suddenly all the old conventional taboos seem unimportant. She and Scott go everywhere together. When her mother insults him, Jessica is more on his side than ever. She drops her old friends completely.

Jessica doesn't worry about the gossip until the boys come home at Christmas time. They hear it, inevitably, and when they face her on New Year's Eve and demand that she stop seeing Scott, Jessica faces a heart-breaking choice.

Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent make a nice couple. Lucille Watson, Eve

Arden, Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper are among the supporting cast.—War.

THE NAUGHTY NINETIES

The naughty nineties aren't really very naughty in this new Abbott and Costello epic, but they *are* funny, with the boys loose on a showboat in the Mississippi. Bud Abbott as Dexter Broadhurst plays romantic roles in all the shows, while Lou as a deckhand named Sebastian just gets in everybody's way.

The showboat is run by Captain Sam (Henry Travers). He's supposed to have run it for years, but the first good looking lady crook who comes along doesn't have a bit of trouble getting it away from him. Her name is Bonita (Rita Johnson) and she's far too smart for the old captain. With the assistance of a smooth gambler, Quincy (Alan Curtis), who owes her so much money he has to do whatever she tells him, she gets the captain drunk and wins fifteen thousand dollars in IOU's from him. That makes her own eighty per cent of the showboat.

Of course it was Dexter and Sebastian's fault, in a way. The captain's lovely daughter, Caroline (Lois Collier), had sent them to look after her father. As usual they got a little mixed in their assignment, and by the time they created enough furore in the gambling joint to get the captain out, the damage was done. The fair Bonita had the IOU's tucked away in her garter, and the showboat was in alien hands. Poor Captain Sam! It's Dexter and Sebastian who fix things up. And how! But see for yourself.—Univ.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Can we help it if we're so popular? No! But still, you'd better chase right out on August 10 if you want to be sure of getting your September MODERN SCREEN, a terrific issue of your favorite movie magazine!

ADVERTISEMENT



She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"
He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"

books and through the museums. Single out a period or an individual artist that interests you, and learn all there is to know about it or him. Or start delving into music, either long-hair or crew-cut. Read a good introduction to music, or any of the excellent volumes on the history of jazz. Again, single out some phase that particularly enchants you and concentrate on that. Follow the newspapers for news of concerts, either in concert halls, out of doors or on the radio. The public library has books on all the above subjects.

Lastly, let's look to your social life. Is the old gang drifting apart? The town dead on its feet? Why not initiate weekly square dances and start things buzzing again? Is there a recreation hall or club-room where you could have 'em? You'll need space. Get some square dance records and a book about how they're done, and you're set. How about a group of you taking some all day bike rides to near-by points of interest? Make your beach parties more wonderful than ever by the simple addition of the right equipment. Quoits, a bat and softball, a songbook for the inevitable songfest, beach blankets, good food and thermoses of icy cold drinks.

If You're A Business Gal: Your idea of a vacation is probably one elegant round of fun at a gay summer place. The sort of two weeks from which you return a sun-burned shadow of yourself. May we make a couple of suggestions? This year, let your vacation be a subtle blend of gadding, exercise and rest. Let these two weeks be a sort of taking-stock period. An opportunity to sit down and relax and see where you're going. Think about whether you really like your job, your beau, your hair-do, the way you spend your leisure, and if you find you're not quite satisfied, plot the changes. If you go away, take up a sport that you can keep up all the year round, like horseback riding, swimming or bowling. If you stay at home, plunge into those night classes in Russian or furniture refinishing or dancing that you've always longed to start. Soak up sun, sleep and good food, and a little moonlight and you'll go back to the office refreshed.

If You're A Young Mom: For you there is very likely to be no honest-to-goodness summer holiday, but you can learn to vacation as you go. When the kids are napping, snatch an hour in a big chair under a tree, or collapse in the tub with a magazine, or turn the radio to soft music and flop on the couch. Let the house go when the day is just too beautiful, and get out of doors in a sun suit. Get in the picnic habit, with paper plates and cups changing meal times from battles into parties. If you and your pals haven't tried pooling your children, you really should. One or two gals can take on the whole gang once a week while the other mothers scoot into town, or take a tennis lesson or do some volunteer work at the hospital. It's a nice, inexpensive way to get a couple of days off, and the kids love it, too.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Stage door Johnny? Do your star chasin' in your easy chair. Just turn to page 64 and learn how to collect autographs the easy way.

Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?



**YOU CAN ACTUALLY *See*
THE YEARS SLIP AWAY.**
as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

I HAVE created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really *spectacular!*

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time *on one cheek only*. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, *young* look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal

"Pink" tell me it's the most *youthful* and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN



*Be Fresh...
Be Sweet...
Forget the heat!*

with the cool all-over
fragrance of MAVIS

The girl men want to woo is the girl who keeps lovely . . . even through heat waves! And Mavis, showered on after a bath, keeps you that way. Mavis Talcum leaves your body cool, pretty, fragrant . . . armpits dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. You stay sweet and lovely . . . all day!

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum Powder on your skin, too.

Try the Some Delightful Mavis Fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢, \$1.00. Dusting Powder, with Puff, \$1.00.

MAVIS
talcum

FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢

All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors



CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 20)

How can I get them to treat me with a little respect? M. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Whereas most of the girls come by respect from boys naturally, you'll have to work for yours, and it won't be easy. Make it a rule to avoid all shady characters, both male and female. Every Tom, Dick and Harry will try to date you, but only go out with the nicest guys. Even some of these nice ones will make passes, but you can brush them off without hurting their feelings. Just say, "Slow down, mister," or "Sorry, Bill, I'm afraid it doesn't run in the family." Gradually the word will get around that you're a swell gal.

I'm a boy sixteen years old, and I'd like to go to dances and parties—only I can't dance. My family is not very well off, so regular dancing lessons are out. Can you suggest anything?

W. T. L., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Why not try the Y. M. C. A.? If they have no classes, perhaps they could direct you to some inexpensive group. If you know of a dancing teacher in town, mightn't you inveigle her into giving you lessons? With the help of an inexpensive dancing chart and some good records, you're a cinch to become another Fred Astaire!

Some gals can spiel off a line of chatter when they're with boys, but anything male just takes my breath away. I can't say boo. I am popular with girls, but I've never had a date in my life—and I'm pushing sixteen!

Is there any hope? M. McK., Wichita, Kan.

Of course there is. Nothing but! Take the bull by the horns and speak up. Start off with "Hi," and work up to, "Gee, it's a peachy day, dontcha think?" And before you know it you'll be jabbering.

My husband, whom I love very much, is coming home from overseas. I have been dating other men in his absence, and I am so afraid the neighbors will tell him. What can I do? J. D., Orford, N. H.

You realize now that you were a foolish one to date without his knowledge, don't you? Profit by your mistake and promise yourself that you'll never do anything again that might endanger your perfectly swell marriage. The only thing to do, of course, is to tell your husband yourself. The more casual you are in the telling, the more casually he will accept the news. If he should become angry about it, let him know how sincerely sorry you are.

* * *

My, my, what large mountains some of you guys 'n' gals make out of your mole-hill-problems! 'Course I know that's easy to do, but honest, there's almost no tangle that can't be unsnarled once it's been brought out into the light and given a good talking to. So write me, huh? All you need is a problem (oh, woe!) and our address, Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. And because we don't know you, but do love you, we'll try to be just as wise and sympathetic and helpful as we can.

FREE OFFER!

We've been getting lots and lots of letters from all you disappointed people who haven't gotten one of the FREE DELL MAGS that we offer every month! If you're one of them, how about tearing yourself away from those Sinatra color pages, and sitting down *right now* to answer the Questionnaire below! Get it done and RUSH it to us! Maybe you'll be one of the happy recipients of one of the 500 FREE DELL Magazines that we send out this month!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| Let's Call On Frankie!..... <input type="checkbox"/> | This Heart of Mine..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Charming Billy (Bill Eythe)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | (The Bob Huttons)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fellow on a Furlough..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Pennies From Heaven..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| (Don Taylor)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | (Crosby Life Story, Part 2)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "State Fair"..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Pistol Packin' Papa (Roy Rogers)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| It Takes Guts, by Hedda Hopper... <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News by Louella Parsons.... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Torso (Guy Madison)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | She's His "Baby" Now! <input type="checkbox"/> |
| I Remember Alan (Ladd)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | (Bacall-Bogart wedding)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |

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

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

.....

My name is.....

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

I am.....years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Now a Salon-Type **COLD WAVE**

PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL



Look for this head on the COLD WAVE Home Kit you buy. It is your assurance of receiving the best—there's none finer on the market, regardless of price.

A NEW **COLD WAVE** PERMANENT
In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for **COLD WAVE PERMANENT** in the convenience of your own home . . . do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the **NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit**, you can easily **COLD WAVE** your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the **NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave** and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves . . . by tonight!

Simple, Easy, Convenient . . . Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder. . . . An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the **CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution**, containing "**KURLIUM**," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in

longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, by tonight! Ask for the **NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent**, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

Consider this Important Fact

Only Charm-Kurl contains "**Kurlium**"* the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl **SUPREME** is the nation's biggest Home **COLD WAVE** value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl **SUPREME** with "**Kurlium**."*

*"**Kurlium**" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

The New **Charm-Kurl** **SUPREME**
COLD WAVE

COMPLETE
HOME KIT
Only

98¢
PLUS
14c
TAX



Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type **COLD WAVE** solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl **SUPREME COLD WAVE** Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

Gloomy Miss...

(her complexion needed help !)



Smart Me...

(I told her my beauty secret !)



Happy Mrs...

(she won him with
that Ivory Look)



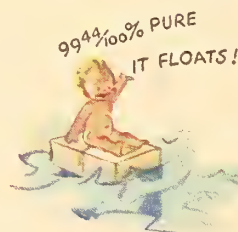
Lucky YOU... You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon you can get that Ivory Look!



More Doctors advise IVORY
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!



TO OUR READERS . . .

■ Girls, your dear friend (me) has just been through hell! This issue of MODERN SCREEN contains what is known as a SCOOP—on page 52. And all I know about scoops is what I've seen in the movies.

It goes something like this. The editor (Edward G. Robinson), shoves a dirty green eye shade 'way back on his sweating forehead. He takes the receivers off three phones simultaneously and barks: "Stop the presses!"

Well, girls, have you ever seen presses at work? They're Frankenstein monsters. Would you know how to stop the things? Me neither.

So on the very day the Frankensteins start rolling with our August issue, what happens? Henry and I get the flash about Bacall, Bogart and Brom-

field. To make matters worse, I had just lost my green eye shade. But leave it to me. I turned green anyway.

With only *one* phone between us, Henry and I got to work. We called Warner Brothers in California.

"Yeah," said Warner Brothers, "they leave tomorrow for Mansfield, Ohio. But look, fellas, if it's a scoop you want, count me out. There are 16 fan mags besides MODERN SCREEN. Get in line. You're number ten!"

So much for Warner Brothers. Fortunately, your genial editor used to be a juvenile delinquent, with extra credits in gate crashing.

I called a lady I know in Ohio. "Look," I said, "you're from Ohio. Do you know Louis Bromfield, the novelist?"

"Why not?" said the lady amazingly enough.

"Do you know him well enough to slip him a couple of bucks. . . ."

"I won't need to," said the lady, quite horrified.

That took care of the story. When it came to pictures—"Let's play it safe," said Henry.

So we played it safe, and wherever Baby and Bogie went, the little photographers (five of 'em), were sure to go. So much so that Bogie and Baby thought we were the *Saturday Evening Post* and posed their fool heads off!

As for stopping the presses, we finally had to ask Edward G. Robinson to do it. Risky business, stopping a press!

H. J. Salce

Executive Editor

LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!





The Sinatra family is a perfect example of the Boss System (on 3 different levels), with 19-month-old Frank, Jr., adoring Nancy Sondro's "mothering." The elder by 3 years, Nancy's convinced her "kid" brother's development is due solely to her cluckings on how to walk, talk and behave—and Mom and Dad S. think the set-up's swell—just as long as she remembers who *really* gives the orders! As to who bosses the boss—well, that's anybody's guess . . .



Mindful of the children's privacy, Mom Nancy had a brick wall and locked gate installed at the new Toluca Lake house, but 'twas no use—the boys found a way in through the garage, where the 2 Cadillacs and salmon-colored station wagon are kept. "But it is quieter," Nancy sighs, "here they just come to stare."

We caught him...
on his way overseas.
Here's a report on how the
kids have grown, Nancy's
cooking, some super singing.
Everything's swell!

LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!

Nancy's his favorite cook, especially for her way with (no kiddin'!)—spaghetti and one meat boll! Sympothetic, she shored his disappointment over his 2A-F rating (4-F and essential to morale), his joy over that overseas trek this summer.



Frank's always had sea fever and after "Anchors Aweigh" finally bought a boat to sail on Toluco Lake—"The Little Nancy."



F. enjoys a gag, roars at gems like: "Sinatra's your kid, huh Bing?" "Now—all *mine* are living!" Or a comedian's Sinatra burlesque, "Electrician, a skinny spotlight!"



Too young now, eventually the kids'll hear of how much Dad's doing for their generation via those talks an democracy he delivers at various schools. Enthused, he's invited Dick Haymes, Andy Russell to join in.

No time to play, yet he pays 'n' pays . . . 1944 saw him earn \$1,450,000, barrow \$62,500 to pay taxes! While the two press agents who first evolved "Swaanatra-ism" nixed huge sums to pen book, "Inside Sinatra"—ethics!



by Cynthia Miller

Charming

That Eythe luck! He even knows what's going to

happen to Dick Tracy for the next six months!



Bill earns \$750 weekly, gets \$30 "allowance" from his agent. He cooks to relax, then collects service men who'll eat his concoctions. Don't miss him in "Colonel Effingham's Raid."

Bill replaced his neon bar with an art studio: He studied at Carnegie Tech and is all for modern design, but collects books on Renaissance period artist, Da Vinci. (The pup's "Sheila.")

■ The footbridge was narrow and long—and shaky. Bill knew it was shaky because he had walked across it, experimentally, a few minutes before. Only then he hadn't been carrying one hundred and eight pounds of beautiful movie star. He shifted his burden now slightly, and put a tentative foot on the bridge which promptly began to sway. He withdraw the foot hastily.

Jennifer giggled, her head muffled against his chest. "If you drop me in the river, I'll sue you."

"If I drop you in the river," Bill said grimly, "Mr. Selznick will personally tear me into small pieces and scatter them (Continued on page 105)



Billy



Autographed pics of Ann Coria and Anne Baxter grace Bill's room; Tolly Bonkhead's is unsigned: She couldn't think of words strong enough! He won't drive with Anne, "a wild woman of the wheel."



Bill invaded Hollywood with a two-thousand buck wardrobe at his agent's say so, but now it's moth bait; Bill's a launger. (Pets Goylo and Bonnet.)



On furlough after "Winged Victory's" closing, Don and wife Phyl borrowed a friend's N. Y. apt., invited Edsol and Henry for a gob-fest.

**The Don Taylors invited us up for a drink and some talk. And
after we came and saw—they conquered! What terrific kids!**

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

fellow on a furlough

■ The rain blew in a dismal grey curtain against the windows. Phyllis looked out, and said, "Maybe they won't come."

Don smiled at her. When Don smiles, you could turn off the electricity and let the furnace go out, and no one would notice. "They'll come," he said confidently. "This is one furlough where everything's going to be okay."

They did come, of course. "They" being Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen and me. And everything was very okay indeed. How could it be anything else when your host was Don Taylor, and he and Phyllis were getting such a bang out of the little apartment a friend had lent them? Don and Phyllis had lived in hotel bedrooms ever since they were married, and now here they were with a living room and a kitchen and everything. To be sure the kitchen was about the size of a crackerjack box, but it

had a stove, and a sink, and a refrigerator. Besides, as Don pointed out, "Neither of us can do much more than boil an egg. We'll work up to a big kitchen gradually, through layers of cookbooks."

"No cookbooks," said Phyllis firmly. "I don't care if we don't even have any furniture, when we get a house, but we're going to have a cook!"

"You mean you won't be the efficient little woman and get up and cook my breakfast every morning?" Don tried to sound injured.

"I'll get up, and I'll wear a nice, ruffly house dress and my best lipstick like the women's magazines say to, but someone else will cook the breakfast. That way we'll *both* be happy."

They laughed at that, of course. They laugh at everything. They're a gay pair, these two. The first play they ever saw together was "The



All is forgiven . . . Seems Don's insignia needed sewing and Mrs. T had decided she was so busy. So out went the uniform to a tailor back came the wings on the right sleeve, the stripes upside down!



Al Delacorte (you can't see Henry) got a glad hand, seconds later a drink—of milk! The sgt.'s not very domestic, still gets tummy pains recalling a pre-war job-hunting session of pancakes and promises.

fellow on a furlough



"To a new career, be it long and be it bright!" A toast from Phyllis, Al D., author Virginia Wilson and Henry Malmgreen. Ginny embarrassed Don by revealing that when the "W. V." paper queried the cast, "If you could choose, what role would you play?" all yelped, "Pinky"—Don's role!

Backgammon got boring and Don and Al don't jitterbug, so they descended to 'rassling.' Don won, but why not? He's 6'2" and Phyl kibitzed...





If Condy's energy, let him out it! Poor guy trudged days hunting 'an auto for the return trip West, but so far, nuttin'. P.S. When Don's too tired to devour novels and plays, he's *tired*!



Don was muttering "Death and KP escape no man" when the train tickets come. And coincidence . . . 3 years ago he hitchhiked to H'wood on May 22nd, then ploned out with "Winged Vic." on some date, now—yup, May 22nd!

Voice Of The Turtle," and the curtain line of the second act was "Let's keep it gay!" They sort of adopted that—even had it on their wedding cake in raised letters on the white icing. They don't have to work at it, either. Gaiety is natural to them both. You felt that about Don when you saw him as "Pinky" in "Winged Victory." An exuberance, a bright vitality that reached out to your heart. That was what got him the role of Pinky in the first place.

It was Fate, or something, the way it happened. The way it changed his life. Don was in the Army Air Force on limited service because he had a trick knee, originally the result of football. Basic training had aggravated the condition, so they sent him to Drew Field down at Tampa and put him to work as a classification specialist. That's the guy who tries to see that not too many square pegs get put into round holes—who records a soldier's doings in civilian life so the Army can find the right spot for him. It was all right enough, but kind of monotonous for a buoyant personality like Don.

One day a letter came for him. The Air Force was

looking for men with experience in the theater or pictures for the big show "Winged Victory." Would he please fill out the enclosed questionnaire and send them a picture? *Would* he? Don almost broke his fountain pen, writing so fast. Then a month or so later, a couple of lieutenants showed up at the Field. They came to see Don.

"I hear you were in pictures."

"Well, yeah. A couple of parts, and I did a lot of stock before that."

The lieutenants looked at Don, and at each other. "You'll be called October first. You're what we want for 'Winged Victory.'"

They left then, and Don was on wings himself. The show would play on Broadway, and to any actor Broadway is a symbol of success. Don had dreamed of a break like this, but he had never expected to get it while he was in the Army. Then, to prove that everything happens at once, a long-awaited furlough came through. Don went home to Freeport, Pennsylvania, wearing a grin as wide as Joe E. Brown's. The first day home, he walked out of the house, (Continued on page 94)



"I knew him when!" reflects der Bingle, shining up to brother Bob after performing for him and 5,000 other Marines at Camp Pendleton. The Andrews Sisters may roll out the barrel with Bing in the Pacific theater this summer.



"Gl love ta eat!" croons Crosby to Astaire, who had a unique accompanist when he danced before Gen. Eisenhower: Guitarist Gen. Spaatz! Sister Adele saw Fred for the first time in five years.



Oscars to Bing for "Going My Way," to Ingrid for "Gaslight." They co-star in "Bells of St. Mary." 1943 winner Paul Lukas flew in from Mexico to do the honors for Bing, got sick at last minute and couldn't make it.



After his trip, London headlined BING WENT THE STRINGS OF OUR HEARTS. Hope comforts Frankie, says he'll play a minister in *his* next pic—"I'm Going Your Way, Too!" (That's Judy G.)

"He'll never make good!" they warned Dixie Lee when she married Bing. (Life Story, concluded.)

■ Bing Crosby is Hollywood's modern miracle man but for him that's very easy. Winning this year's Academy Oscar topped off a fifteen-year movie, radio and record career in which Bing has collected every honor in those Big Threes of show business. Along the way he has broken more entertainment records than a bull in a music shop. And today, like Old Man River, Bing just keeps rolling along. Crooners come and Swoon Kings go, but Bing goes on forever.

This eternal success baffles even Bing himself and at

forty-two he still wonders when he'll wake up. But it's not such a mystery. Bing's life proves he's a natural, a genius, a wonder boy. As an Irish Catholic kid in Spokane, Washington, he was an easy winner in everything he tried. A deceptively pretty boy, he beat up every bully who challenged him. Roly-poly and lazy looking, he won swim and golf championships, made Gonzaga high school and college teams like rolling off a log. Never lazy, Bing hustled at dozens of tough jobs for his spending money and planned (*Continued on page 72*)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN



The Crosby kids love their father's competitors: "Whot makes you so skinny, Mr. Sinotro?" Lindsey once asked. Money from their pictures goes into a college fund. (That's Jimmy Durante's nose being pulled.)



The original "Rhythm Boys"—25 years after: Al Rinker, Harry Borris and Bing. They'll enter into Crosby's autobiography, soon to be published by Simon & Schuster.



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"STATE FAIR"

Mom dreamed of winning a prize for her cooking, and Pop for his pig; Margy wanted romance, and Wayne craved excitement; and the State Fair had an answer for each!

by MARIS MacCULLERS
and MARY STANLEY



1 "Your pickle relish is sure to win!" Abel Froke (Chas. Winninger) assures wife Melisso (Foy Bointer) as they prepare for trip to State Fair with family.

Story: Down at the truck Abel was sweating with Blue Boy, trying to get the huge pig into the trailer. Melissa was carefully laying away her prize jars of pickles and mincemeat in the little niche behind the seats. Down near the creek, under the old apple tree, Harry Ware was twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands, trying to talk to Margy.

"Wish I were going with you to the Fair," he said. "Wish I (Continued on page 99)"



5 "My fother isn't really Chief of Police; I just said that to help you," explains singer Emily (Vivian Blaine) to Wayne.



6 In spite of differences in background, Morgy and Pot are drawn to each other. Morgy, afraid of being hurt, tries desperately to keep affair on frivolous basis.



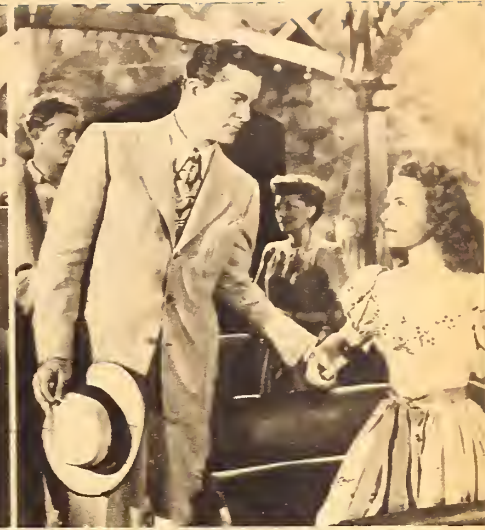
7 Wayne, infatuated with glamorous Emily, seeks solace with McGee (Frank McHugh) when he learns she is married.



2 Daughter Margy Frake (Jeanne Crain) dreams of escaping from her dull suitor Harry Ware (Phil Brown) by finding romance at Fair.



3 Brother Wayne Frake (Dick Haymes) practised throwing hoops all winter to recoup from barker (Henry Morgan) losses of last Fair.



4 Roller coaster ride throws Margy into arms of Pat Gilbert (Dana Andrews), whose gey philosophy and casual air intrigue her.

Production: Dana and Dick cast one horrified glance in the direction of "Fair's" third leading man and threatened to go after him with a knife. Offending party was a haughty 800-pound porker named Blue Boy. No one could deny Blue Boy's right to be snooty. He was chosen from among nine prize winning hogs for an important role which Dana calls "more sympathetic than my own." Cast and crew had murder (*Continued on page 98*)



8 Marty (Wm. Marshall) accuses Wayne of taking bribes for Emily's sake. The Frakes return home subdued by experiences, until Margy discovers Pat has gone ahead to surprise her.





Mom Jaeckel, who's doing bit parts on her own now, had to promise to sign his Merchant Marine release papers before 17-year-old Dick would play in "A Wing And A Prayer."



Goble fought execs trying to hush-hush a lady's claim that he was her childhood's popo, again when he enlisted. Bob *likes* the gov't. getting 97% of his wages, but won't make movies while there are GIs to be entertained.



From the start, Betty made it clear that, Na. I Pin-Up or not, if it ever become a toss-up between choosing ol' debbil career or her morried hoppiness, Harry and Vicki would come first.



Bogey always knew his own mind—(Proof: Baby Bocoll become Mrs. B. a year after they met!) so when the studio tried enforcing that "na-story okay" in his contract, "Uh-uh," he nixed. "Suspend me! On my boot I can live for free—"

"It Takes Guts..."

Your stars will battle every time
for their rights—to love, to have
children, to soldier without benefit of camera.

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Para. never *told* her to pretty up her past for the mags, but when Betty Hutton Told All, they yelped. "And why shouldn't I?" she retorted. "If it's a sin to be poor, I didn't commit it—I was born that way . . ." (With Andy Russell in "Stork Club.")



■ You can have your parades, *I* love a fight. And spare me the cracks. I don't mean the Dorsey-Hall brand. And I don't mean the no-account squabbling that goes on here as it does everywhere else—only we bleat it from the house-tops, while others have the sense to wash their dirty linen in the washer. The fight I love is the kind that carries a challenge, the kind that takes courage, that means staking your principles against material gain and standing by your colors though the heavens fall. This month I'm taking my hat off to some boys and girls who've shown that kind of courage.

Many have fought for better pictures. And don't let anyone tell you that's egotism pure and simple, for it's nothing of the sort. Sure, they're concerned for their careers, but give them credit for the brains to realize that you can't be good in a lousy story. And give them further credit for helping to raise the whole level of movie material. If they hadn't taken a stand—upheld the hands of our smarter directors and writers who scream for the same thing—we'd be ten years farther behind ourselves than we are.

Ann Sheridan's on suspension right now. In "King's Row," Annie proved she could act. They say she's a hey-hey kid and doesn't give a whoop in Hades about her career, but they're all wet. I've never seen a girl more radiant than Ann was after "King's Row." "Maybe now they'll let me come out from under the oomph." That was her last good role, but she played along—till they pranced up with another "Harvest Moon." (Continued on page 85)



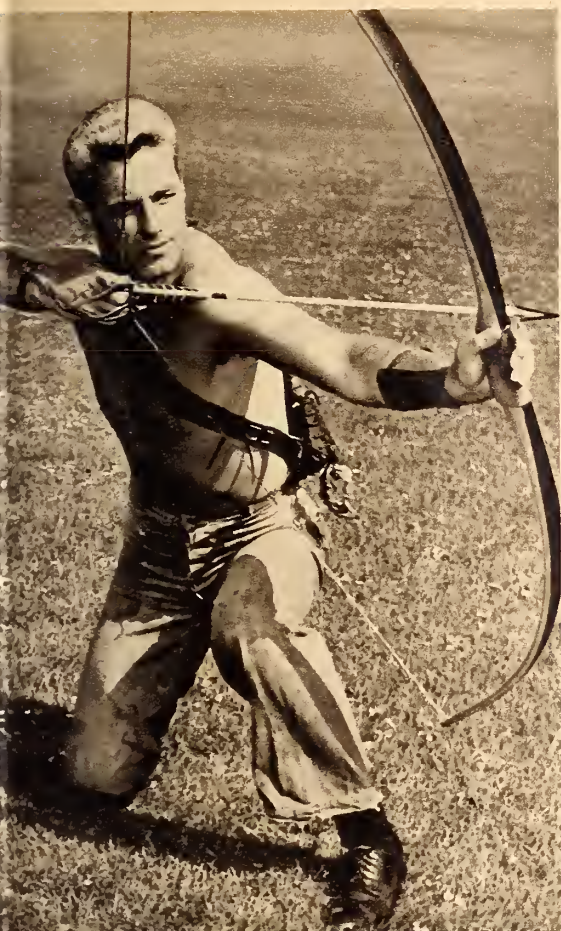
by James Carson

That Guy Madison! Cigarettes

choke him, likker bores him . . .

and he never heard of Garbo!

The TORSO



Guy's favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman "because she's so fresh and sincere looking." His second choice is Lana Turner, "because . . . you know why!"

■ The sailors at San Diego's North Island beach stared up at the life guard tower and gave each other puzzled looks. Floating down from the 20-foot roost where Seaman Bob Mosely was on duty came strange garbled sounds that didn't make sense.

They sounded something like "How now, brown cow" and "the lazy red fox leaped over the farmer's fence." But the way the vowels rolled out was nothing human and the accent might have been Esperanto or ancient Sanskrit or something. It was out of this world. Every now and then the tower itself would shake and rattle with stompings and goings on.

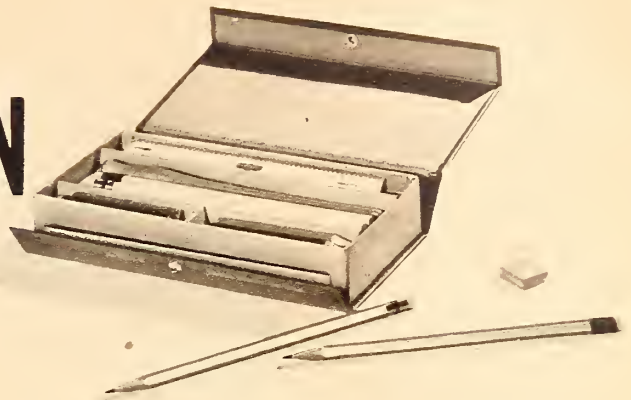
The mob of sun tanned mates finally decided on action. They skinned up the ladder and peeped up at Bob's perch. There was this Greek god guy, Mosely, naked to his swim shorts, rippling his muscles around, frowning one minute and seowling the next. Making with a gesture here and a gesture there. Talking to himself, or to the wild waves or something. Before (Continued on page 114)





I REMEMBER ALAN

BY ISABEL GRAY *as told to Ida Zeitlin*



*A letter from
his teacher changed
Laddie's whole life, and he
never forgot the
woman who wrote it.*

■ IT WAS opening day of the semester at North Hollywood High, and I was calling the roll of my ninth-grade class in English—

"Alan Ladd—"

A blonde boy answered. He was lean, but husky-looking. His manner was quiet. There was a steadiness I liked in the gray eyes that met mine for a moment . . .

Doesn't look like trouble to me, I thought, but you never can tell.

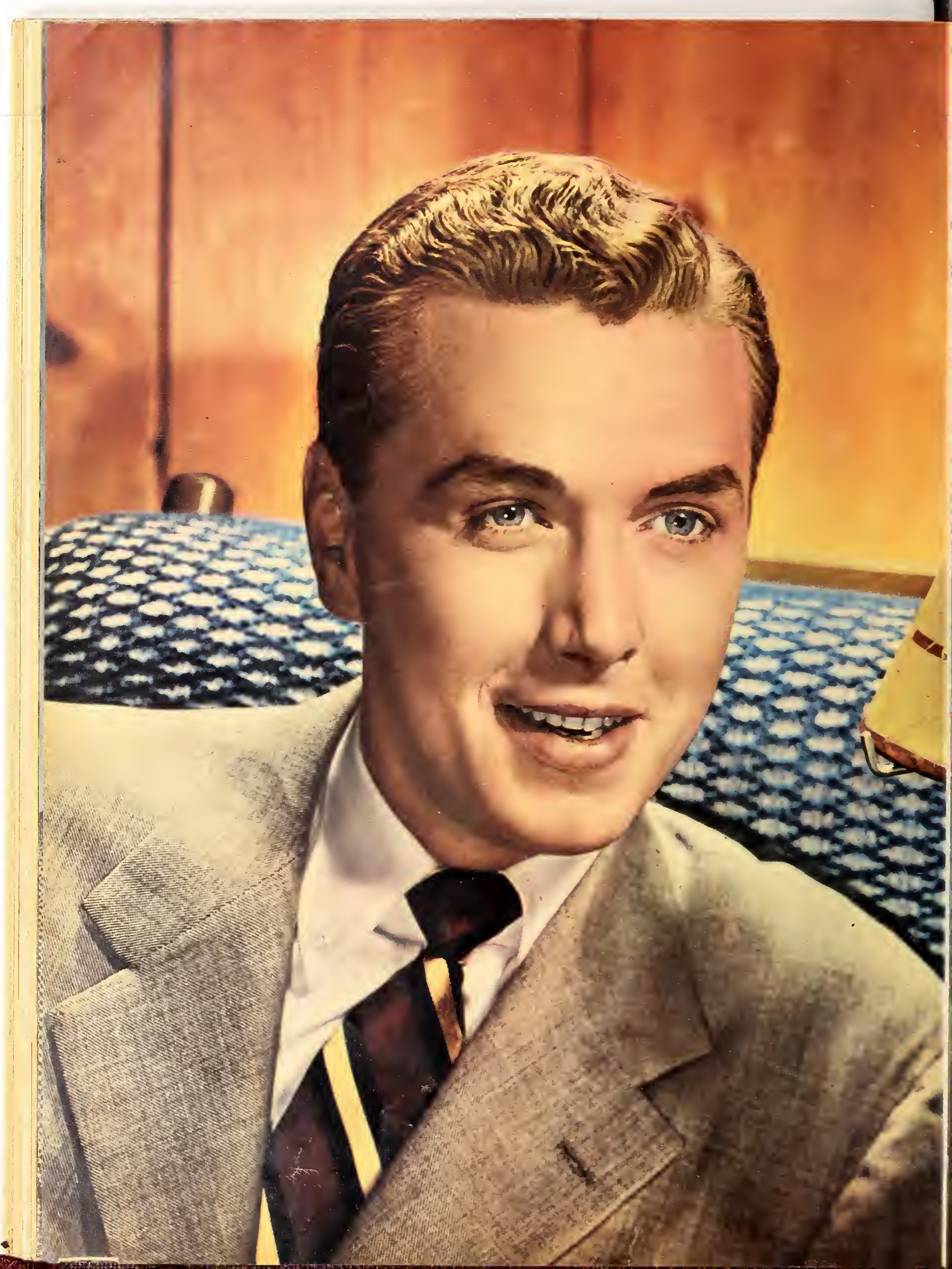
You know how youngsters get together and take their teachers apart? Well, don't think we teachers are any different. We go into the same kind of huddles over the children. Before ever setting eyes on Alan, I'd heard plenty about him. Among the boys, his reputation was that of a little scrapper. Even the bigger boys had a wholesome respect for him. They might try pushing him around once, but once was the limit. Being a good all-round athlete, he could handle his fists as well as he handled the rest of his body.

Some of the teachers were (Continued on page 110)



High school kids lipstickked Alan's car with scribbles, some of them teasing. Tapper read, "If only you could sing like Frankie!" (That's Teacher Gray.)

Alan couldn't find new home, so he bought acreage instead. He'll put up swimming pool with bath house as temporary quarters for Sue and Alana.





Bob swings a mean golf club, but Natalie prefers the tennis courts, which he dislikes. Loves to whittle away at detailed wood-carving, a hobby acquired after hospital stay. Collects stamps, pet names for wife. She calls him Bobby.

■ Bob Hutton wears a wrist watch, inscribed in his wife's handwriting: "For my husband and most beloved—"

Natalie wears a ruby and diamond ring. Inside it says: "All my love all my life—"

These were their wedding gifts to each other.

"I have the advantage," Bob will tell you. "Nobody can read mine except me. Natalie writes a sensational hand—straight up-and-down—chic as all get out and completely illegible. When she makes out a check, the bank's never sure if it's for five dollars or five hundred—"

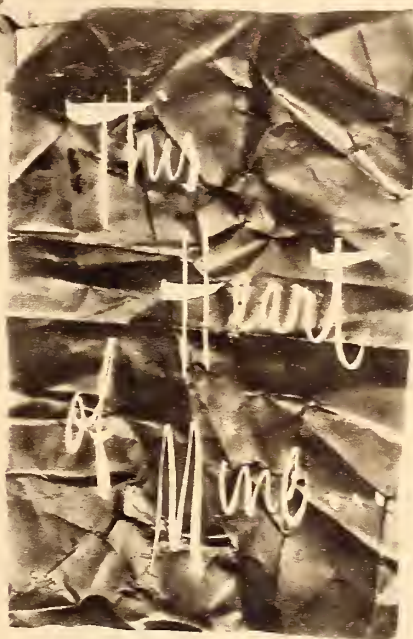
"That's the dreamer in me," Natalie explains. "That's why I married a practical man—"

They fell in love among the garbage cans. It happened like this.

They'd seen each other around at parties and stuff. She thought he was cute. He thought she was a knockout. That's as far as it went till Betty, Natalie's best friend, had a birthday.

"We'll have dinner at my house," planned Betty, "and go dancing later. How's if I ask Bob Hutton for you?"

Natalie said fine. Bob was working in "Destination Tokyo." Betty called him at Warners. Was he free such and such an evening? Well, how about so-on-and-so-forth and Natalie Thompson? Bob said fine. (Continued on page 90)



***Don't let the wrestling
fool you . . . those Huttons
are nuts about each other!***

BY JEANNE KARR

She's his "baby" now!

We were right there—with wedding bells on—when they got married, when "Baby" became Mrs. Bogart.



Molobar, the huge, sprawling home of world famous author Louis Bromfield (left), who has been Bogey's friend for over 20 years, was the wedding site.



Minutes before the ceremony, Lauren shored a glass of wine, "brushed up" on her wedding lines with Municipal Judge Herbert Schettler.



Photogs sensed a good shot here, asked L. to chase photogenic gobbler. Then she got so energetic, Bogey had to pursue her. Result: A terrific shot.



Resting with a reporter after her posing stint, Lauren remained cool, gay in her rose-beige suit complemented by a brown scarf, belt.

■ "Aren't you going to say 'hello?'" the golden girl asked.

She came down the wide staircase, tawny hair swung back over the shoulders of her rose-beige suit, long legs shimmering in nylon hose, a bangle clinking on her wrist. She wore a pointed scarf of brown that matched the narrow brown belt and the sling-back, tall-heeled pumps. Her mouth was wide, and curled up at the corners, and her eyes slanted . . . a look . . . *The Look* . . .

"I did say hello," he told her quietly, his voice deep and sure. It wasn't a bad stare that flashed from momentarily narrowed eyes across to her. He was tamed today, sleek and handsome in a grey suit, a white carnation at his lapel, a maroon tie setting off his dark face. He was



Their one lost "unmorried kiss" before the ceremony—Bogey deposited it on "Baby's" cheek.



**By
Daphne
Alloway
McVicker**

"Ah-ho, our first disagreement!" Mr. and Mrs. Bogort couldn't decide on a cake-cutting technique but collaborated on the announcement of their "real" honeymoon. When: Within 10 weeks. Where: Destination undivulged!



Gathering of the clan: Bogey, Lauren, George Hawkins (monogger of Malabar, who gave the bride away), Louis Bromfield (of whom Bogey once said, "I couldn't marry unless Louis were best man. By the 3rd time, he'll be good!"), Mrs. Natalie Bacall (the bride's mother), Mrs. Bromfield, Judge S.

She's his "baby" now!

smiling and he looked very young. "I did say hello," he murmured, and she went over to him and leaned against his shoulder.

She was Lauren Bacall and he was Humphrey Bogart and this was their wedding day.

The sun shone brilliantly over the white buildings and green gardens of Malabar Farm. A great man built Malabar—a man whose books are known all over the world, the man who wrote "The Rains Came" and "Mrs. Parkington" and all the rest. Louis Bromfield and Humphrey have been friends for twenty years.

It seemed right to Humphrey to bring his lovely bride three thousand miles across the country to have their marriage ceremony performed in this bountiful home. They like homes, Bogey and little Betty Bacall. They have one waiting for them in (Continued on page 107)



Mansfield florist Charles Kafer pins a huge white "accalade" archid on the bride, also supplied one, a dark purple cottle, for her mother.



Sob sisters, leg men, columnists—they all tried "crashing" but from the start the huge doors were shut—and stayed shut! In order to offend no Bacoll-Bogart-Bromfield friends, none but the hosts, their staff and immediate family were present at the ceremony.



"We've no homes like this in Calif.," they sighed. But Bogey's already built one in Kings Road where Lauren will rear her "large, soon" family:



Chatting with Judge Schettler, the almost-Bogorts appear pensive. Bogey seems to have the sun in his eyes, to have love in his eyes...



Disregarding the shekels piling up from comic book sales, radio and movie stints, Roy's m'g'r keeps him on an allowance which he upped to \$25.00 per week—inflation! (Po and kids Cheryl, left, Lindo Lou.)



■ Roy's got 3 houses, 2 kids, a spur collection and his "Greetings" from Uncle Sam. And until he gets further word about this 1-A business, danged if he isn't going to enjoy them all! Wife Arlene's still the same melt-in-your-mouth lemon pie gal he married, still "Sis" to the Sons Of The Pioneers when they troop over for Sunday supper and poker, still going slightly loco trying to stay on top of a horse more'n two minutes! But that's no woe compared to her real grief: Roy's allergic—to Art! She stows paintings under the bed, symphonies in the trophy room, poetry in the pigeon lofts, but it's no use. He'll start reading or looking or listening and bingo! it's time for his third daily bath or Arlene's folks have ambled over to report on the chicken farm of his they're managing or baby Linda Lou's rumbling "dotta thee thircus hosses" in her two octaves lower than Bacall foghorn. But how can such a regular guy get going on Art when Time's so short . . .?

◀ The totem's a gift, the shirt's one of those \$50 items. Mrs. R. likes hubby in denims but he won't oblige, says dull "civvies" would be unfair to you fans!

Triple-threat Ray can feed, dress and hairda the ▶ gals and is currently perfecting a three-harmony job with them on "Smiles Are Made Of Sunshine."

▼ Cheryl's her dad's shadow, even to daring mount Trigger during Ray's rehearsals. The kids' newest feat is learning bareback riding on their own panies.



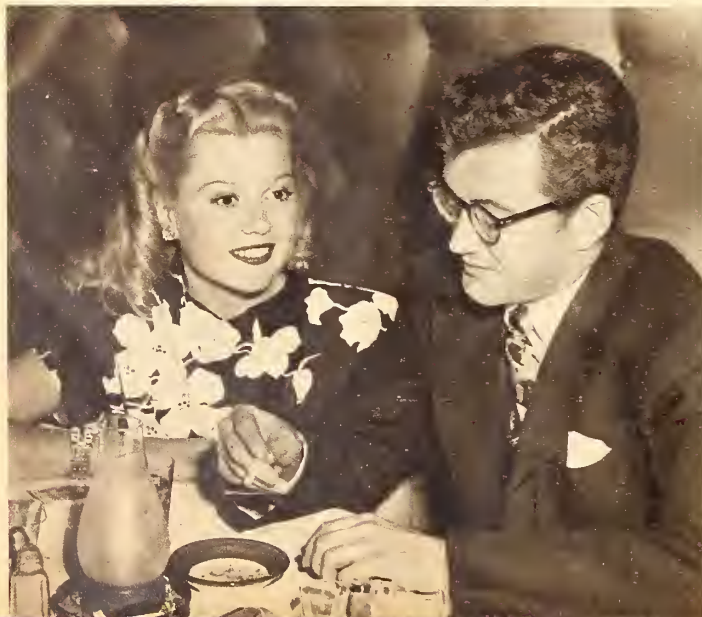
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

**Sinatra swoons! . . . Kaye doubles for
Garson . . . Dick Jaeckel has close shave . . . Hutton weeps!**

Clark at Command Performance with the one gal he caas ta aver the phone: sub-sub-deb O'Brien! Greer Garson plays role of librarian ta Gable's merchant mariner in "Strange Adventure," his first movie as a civilian again.



Bob Walker at Cira's with Suzi Crandall . . . her competition includes Florence Pritchett and Diana Lynn, but sh-h-h! his secret pash is Glo Vanderbilt Stakawski, though they've never met! (See "Highness and Bell Bay.")



■ Can you imagine, girls, sitting in a softly lighted room overlooking one of the most beautiful gardens in Bel Air, with the lights turned low and ditto on the music—with Frank Sinatra on one side of you and Van Johnson on the other?

I suppose if I had been in bobby sox I would have been more thrilled—but then, it wasn't bad company at any age, not bad at all.

We were at Mervyn Le Roy's party—one of the nicest of many that followed the V-E Day announcement. I had a long talk with Frankie, who was getting ready to go overseas and had taken his shots.

"The shots made me so sick," he told me, "that I SWOONED! The examining doctor said that that was one for the books!"

Sinatra was wearing the most amazing bow tie (even for him). It was gray and black, nonchalantly tied and hung very loosely. Van Johnson admired it so much that Frankie said he would send him one.

At that point my favorite doctor came up and said, "I wore bow ties before you were born, but since you started wearing them, all us old guys have been afraid of being accused of copying you. So I'm thinking of sending you all of my old bow ties."

At the same party Greer Garson and Danny Kaye had dinner together. Danny leaned over and whispered to me, "You know, Greer's mother thinks we look alike!" And with that—he smeared ice cream all over his face. Greer giggled and said, "Not the way you look to-night, dearie!" Greer was in great form and when she goes out for fun there is nobody who laughs more and enters into the spirit of things with greater gusto.

Someone accused Van Johnson of putting on weight so I took a good look at him. He does look fatter, it's true, and I must say that boy has a good appetite. In fact, I marveled when I saw him at the buffet table. Now, Van—you gotta start watching those calories. You're too popular to get fat.

(If you don't think he is popular you should have seen the avalanche of mail I received when I nominated Clark Gable as the greatest lover on the screen. Van, I think, is a little young to come under that category so I'm not apologizing to any of (Continued on page 60)

It's
Gala-Gala
with
Girls,
Gaiety
and that
Goldwyn
Glamour!



Samuel Goldwyn
presents
Danny Kaye
in
**"WONDER
MAN"**

In Technicolor
with
VIRGINIA MAYO
VERA-ELLEN

DONALD WOODS
S.Z. SAKALL

Allen Jenkins · Edward Brophy
Otto Kruger · Steve Cochran
Virginia Gilmore and

THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Directed by Bruce Humberstone

Screen Play by Don Hartman · Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp

Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



At Mocombo, Gail Russell ("Our Hearts Are Growing Up") giggles with Peter Lawford. Pete toured Army camps in "Kiss And Tell"; once portrayed 2 characters, which parts luckily never met onstage!



Maria Montez snuggles up to hubby Pierre Aumont, during his brief furlough. Lt. Aumont, overseas now, arranged an exhibition in San Fran., showing cooperation between U. S. and France.

the Johnson faithfuls—but give him time.)

I love the letter from Red Skelton to a Hollywood pal about his trip overseas. Writes Red: "The food was good, as food aboard ship goes—and as food aboard ship goes, mine went! I was so sick my watch turned green!"

Just before he went into the Army, Turhan Bey had his last date with Lana Turner. Lana never carries change and, as usual, she had to borrow five cents from the boy friend to make a telephone call. She says she must owe him hundreds of dollars in nickels.

Cracked Turhan, "It's just part of my campaign to make you Love, Honor and O-Bey, darling!"

There's not a girl in Hollywood who cares less about queening it than Alice Faye. She reported back to work on the 20th lot after two years' absence and gave up her former dazzling all-white dressing room in favor of Warner Baxter's old studio quarters.

"I like it better because it has a real kitchen and I want the children to lunch with me often," Alice said.

She looks luscious. She was wearing just a simple pink sports dress with a (Continued on page 62)



Ice Capades attract Dick Powell and June Allyson. She's an Andy Russell fan, drags Dick along to hear him sing! Still writes to GIs she met on hospital tour.



by "buff" walls—typical of dormitory rooms—didn't daunt Lee Sheridan, of Goucher, or Betty Button, her Washington visitor! In minutes, these two members of the College Board arranged this cheerful room with colorful Bates "Boutonniere" bedspreads and matching draperies. "Boutonniere" comes in blue, rose, or green



BATES' COLLEGE BOARD PICKS "BUSTLERS" as a coming campus fashion. Made of Bates' Sun-Country Cottons, they'll be pert and pretty for class, for lab, or when you're throwing a tea for the gang. Trust Bates, whose designers are noted for bright ideas in fashion as well as home furnishings, to come up with a honey like this! They'll be made the minute fabrics are available.

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Dismal Dormitory?.. Not Today!

"One look at the room that was my freshman fate and my spirits took a nose-dive," say most college girls! But you don't have to put up with the grim look of bare walls...the crying need for color! Not if you know about Bates bedspreads and matching draperies. You'll dote on the dreamy Bates patterns...the high-keyed, spirited colors. And the bedspreads are muss-proof, easy to launder...do away with the need for a "no parking" sign on your bed. The matching draperies come pinch-pleated, ready to hang...go up in less time than you can dress for an eight-o'clock class! If you can't find the spread you want...try again. Bates is supplying your favorite store as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

Bates BEDSPREADS WITH
MATCHING DRAPERIES





Funny faces by Kaye and Sinatra. In Danny's new picture, "Wander Man," he plays twins of opposite temperaments; talks Chinese, sings in Russian, dances à la Balinese!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

black velvet band tied around her throat and another holding her hair back. Alice wears very little makeup these days, too. But her four years of marriage with Phil Harris have put the mark of "happiness" on her and that's the best beautifier in the world.

I have to tell you how I got the "scoop" on Humphrey Bogart's real marriage date to Lauren Bacall. I had called Bogey at the studio and asked him when it was.

"Listen, Louella," he said, "you probably know more about it than I do. When does Mayo (the former Mrs. B.) get her divorce?"

I told him it would probably be the following day.

"All right," he said, "now you call Jack Warner and tell him that because he has promised me a week off to get married when I am free." —

So I called Jack, told him what I knew about the date of Bogey's freedom, and the boss said, "Hmmm—let's see. Guess I can give him next week off 'The Two Mrs. Carralls' to go back to Ohio and get married at Louis Bromfield's farm."

Then I called Bogey and told him he would be able to get married around May 20th or 23rd. (Continued on page 64)



Walter Pidgeon (that's Mrs. P.) is never happier than when he's working with Greer Garson, even if she caps the glory!

See Shirley Temple's dad? She's alienating Hays office with pretty torrid love scenes in "Kiss And Tell." Swank school she attends objected to publicity received! Plans to head east and discuss legitimate stage role with George Abbott.



*Who says all the
pretty girls are
in Hollywood!*

DOROTHY DODGE
CLAYTON, MISSOURI

*-pretty proof that any girl
is lovelier with Solitair*

You don't need a make-up expert—or a big beauty budget with Solitair. For Solitair is quick and easy to use, inexpensive, gives *any* girl a satiny complexion. Featherweight and lanolin-rich, it helps guard against dryness, looks natural—not "made-up," helps cover tiny blemishes for hours. Try Solitair—be another pretty proof that all the beautiful girls aren't in Hollywood.

New \$1.00 Plastic
Compact with
complimentary
DuPont sponge



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CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

Dorothy Dodge—
typical American girl
works at Army Ordnance,
St. Louis—married to
Captain Robert Dodge, Jr.,
now in Italy.



AUTOGRAPHS!

Bell bottom trousers, suits of navy blue; you get an autograph and help his family, too! Yep, the quarter you send us for any autograph selected from the list below, goes to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND, that wonderful organization which keeps an eye on your sailor's family while he's away on the briny blue. Special rates for thrifty souls: Five autographs for a dollar! Step up the gangplank!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Cragg
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Joan Crawford
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunne
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arlene Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

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

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Roddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Molly
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyronne Power
Vincent Price

Frances Rafferty
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Phillip Terry
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

"Okay," said the one and only Bogart, "you've got your date now. Split the difference and make it May 21st."

Lana Turner's two year old cherub, Cheryl Crane, is rapidly becoming a Pin-Up Girl on her own. Ran into Lana shopping the other day and she told me proudly that her baby gets more G.I. mail than she does.

"She received the cutest pair of white doe-skin boots from Alaska," Lana said, "and they fit just perfectly. Seems that 'baby' is getting shoes now—but Mama has run out of stamps!"

Whoops! The hair-dos the girls are going in for! They are certainly fantastic.

Maria Montez came to Lady Mendl's party with her hair in a sort of up-sweep wind-blown effect. I know that sounds funny—but on her it looked good. I've never seen anything like it before.

I believe it was Norma Shearer who started the coronet fashion—braids wound on top of the head like a small crown.

Cole Porter was the guest of honor at Lady Mendl's and it was a very gala affair. The hostess wore a beautiful gown she had saved for just the occasion of V-E day celebrating. There was a spirit of gaiety that I haven't noticed at a Hollywood party since the war started.

Cary Grant was one of the first to arrive. I talked with him a long time and he seemed to be having more fun than usual. He has been attending a lot of parties recently but not once have I seen him with Betty Hensen, the girl he is supposed to marry when Barbara Hutton gives him his freedom. Maybe that's cold. I know Phil Reed, who was Barbara Hutton's devoted escort, was at the races without her. One thing is sure—it's never safe in Hollywood to bet on the outcome of any romance. People change their minds—and hearts—toq often.

I've never known a girl to take even the slightest vestige of criticism as hard as Betty Hutton. When it was just hinted that Betty had feuded with her director on "Stork Club" and had walked off the set, she cried her eyes out denying it.

"I'm a working girl," she told me. "I've never walked off a set in my life. I might argue a point with someone—but I don't do any front-office politics behind someone's back."

Vignette on Betty Grable: She likes onions and will even go for garlic if everybody else does. . . . When she was a little girl she liked to have people call her by her middle name, "Ruth." Now she hates it. . . . She has never had a secretary and she banks her own checks without advice of a manager. . . . You know how she looks in a decollete evening gown, but how she hates to put one on for private wear! . . . She calls Harry James "Jamsie" and they love to play poker. . . . She seldom wears the same color lipstick twice, but experiments every time she makes up her face. . . . Her favorite night-gown is purple but she doesn't like vivid colors in household furnishings. Her own

bedroom is almost as pastel as baby Victoria Elizabeth James' nursery.

Certainly was a terrible thing that happened to little Ann Blyth. She had a serious accident skiing, resulting in such a bad injury to her back that she may not be able to work for months.

Jean Pierre Aumont was here with the French delegates to the San Francisco conference, making his bride Maria Montez very happy, you can bet. Maria was walking around on the clouds so verreeee happeeeeee that she didn't even mind being suspended by Universal for not making a Western movie.

Another short visitor (I mean his visit was short) was Richard Jaeckel who blew home from the Merchant Marines to see his attractive mother. Dick stayed pretty close to home. His head was shaved when his boat crossed the equator—an old Navy custom—and he felt so self-conscious he didn't want to see any of his friends.

Made me sad to pass the former home of poor little Lupe Velez and see a big "For Sale" sign on the lawn. Lupe really loved that home where she started—and ended—her career and her life.

Yes, it is true—Nora Eddington (Mrs. Errol Flynn) has made a test for a movie and when the strike is over she should be launched on an acting career. Why not? She is an extremely pretty girl and photographs like a million. Her debut will probably be with Jennifer Jones in "Duel In The Sun"—when and if that picture picks up again.

That cute little guy, Barry Fitzgerald, has a silhouette of an Oscar painted on his dressing room door at Paramount. Says that everytime he steps through the door he's reminded of what a lucky man he is. Luck? I call it talent—and lots of it.

Sometimes Hollywood isn't as "hep" as it thinks. I mean, nobody imagined that Helmut Dantine would pull a Frank Sinatra and have the gals swooning in the aisles when he made personals in New York, but that is exactly what happened. Helmut, a very moody young man out here, certainly didn't seem to be the type to knock 'em cold. But he dood it.

Some time ago Victor Mature and I had a little fracas. But you can't stay mad at a good looking guy in uniform and the last time Vic visited Hollywood we "made up."

The Coast Guard experience and service has certainly worked wonders in his appearance. No longer does he look like a "pretty boy." He's hardened and toughened and better looking than ever.

Vic was at the Mocambo with Buff-Cobb, pretty granddaughter of the late Irvin Cobb. When I asked him if he was going to marry her he said, "I like the girl. How can I ask her to marry me?" Same old Vic.

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps
☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card
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I understand I am to enclose 25c for each
additional autograph I request but that only
\$1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is

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

Oh, what a Beautiful Moment!

When You are a Bundle of Sweetness
Crushed in His Hungry Arms

Your man has been feeding on dreams of you . . . so when he comes home, let nothing mar the wild, glad joy of your meeting! Be lovely . . . be sweet . . . yes, sweet all over with the alluring fragrance of these flower-blended talcs. Wear romantic Lilacs and Roses Talc as a token of surrender to his flaming tenderness. Or tease and tempt his heart with Spicy Apple Blossom—the fragrance that says *yes* and *no* with such maddening invitation!

LANDER'S



TALCS 10¢ EACH

Bring home one of these glamorous talcs from your 10c store today.



PINK DELIGHT—the New, *Singing Color* that's exciting as love, itself, upon your lips! This glorious shade is the very latest creation in Dorothy Reed Lipstick. Made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays and stays. It's the rage with smart women everywhere! Jumbo size, swivel case—sensationally priced at only 25c. Insist on getting *Pink Delight* at your favorite 10c store. You'll love it!

Dorothy Reed

COSMETIC STYLISTS

Fifth Avenue

New York



...Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

BY WORD OF MOUTH

■ Greetings to the "Beauty Bunch." The order of the day for all you MODERN SCREEN-ers is this: Wanted, one smile, sunnyside up! But don't smile at me. I'm too busy pecking out beauty news on my old typewriter. The idea is to smile at yourself. In the nearest mirror.

Like what you see? Do your teeth gleam with a four-star gleam? Let's hope so. For that's terrifically important. Smudged, crooked or chipped teeth send your beauty rating down, down and down. And though I shudder as I write it, there's the matter of unpleasant breath. Let's all face it. Unpleasant breath puts a girl in the dog house.

The Hollywood gang knows the importance of smile insurance. Dentifrice is valued above lipstick. And this could be a fairy tale . . . but I've heard of a starlet who broke a date with Van Johnson to keep one with the dentist. She wasn't going to miss her six-monthly check-up and, once broken, it's sometimes hard to make another dental appointment. The reason for all this care ties in with that old slogan of mine . . . beauty needs a healthy basis. Unblemished skin teams best with your make-up; sparkling, well rested eyes are the ones that live up to the glamor of mascara . . . and pearly teeth are the contrast needed for your rosy lipstick.

You'd like to invest in some smile insurance? Then use



Glamor girl Esther Williams of M-G-M knows the importance of tooth brushing for beauty.



A good mouth rinse, says she, is important no end for that fresh feeling.



The happy result of such care is a very happy smile! Begin today to follow her example.

your dentifrice regularly. It can be powder, paste or a liquid. Important thing is to use your pet dentifrice at morning, night and after 'lunch, if at all possible. By the bye, some gals say they can understand the night and after meal workouts, but what gives with this morning business! Yes, it's true that you settled down to dreaming with newly scrubbed molars. You've eaten nothing during the night. But remember that your body doesn't go into retirement while you sleep. Waste matter is thrown off . . . and this is attacked by your morning brushing. You face the day with a fresh mouth.

Each time it's used, a brush should be dry and firm as the state of Vermont. It's ideal to have two brushes and alternate them in use. When possible, hang them in a clean, airy spot rather than in a stuffy cupboard. And, please, not just a couple of licks and a promise for your brushing. Clean both uppers and lowers, inside and out. Clean about three or four teeth at a time and then move on to the next group. Hold your brush at a slant and always sweep away from the gums. Your dentist will okay this system because it helps prevent receding gums. Occasionally try brushing your tongue. It often catches tiny food particles which need to be gently scraped off. If left on 'the tongue, they may decay and help cause bad breath (that villain!).

At this point you're not quite ready to put the cap back on your dentifrice. Instead, take a little on your fingertips and massage your gums. Pretend you're pressing the insides and outsides together. With one finger on each side, squeeze hard and draw little circles. The friction will give your mouth a glorious feeling of exhilaration.

Dental floss is grand for scouting out food particles that escape your brush. I like to use it for the final bedtime cleansing. Then there's no doubt about it . . . the mouth is free of all excess baggage. Hold floss taut and be gentle about the whole process. You really don't want to cut your gums, only to clean your teeth!

Mouth washes, gargles and rinses help your mouth to feel the way a bunch of daisies look. Persistently unpleasant breath can result (Continued on page 71)

new Film-Finish Powder

Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture
for that Hollywood "finish"



MARIA MONTEZ, star of Universal's Technicolor production, "SUDAN". Woodbury SUN PEACH is sun-kissed radiance for Maria's dark skin . . . summer-long magic for your sun-lighted skin.

The magnificent Montez...the One-Woman Dominican Invasion uses new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder as her glamour accent. It can help you look as she looks on the screen!

5-stage blending produces nicest-ever shades, smoothest-ever texture! Never clogs, cakes, turns pasty. Fluff on some tonight and start invading bis heart! 8 star shades.

SUMMERTIME MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Matching lipstick and rouge at no extra cost with the big box of Woodbury Powder in your summer-success shade. All Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Film-Finish Powder

modern screen's fashion guide

*Not a minute too soon to collect wonderful
back-to-school sport clothes. Our money's
on these—worn for you by Phyllis Thaxter*



Newest thing on campus: Long shorts. Teamed with a bright red blozer, dark sweater, it's irresistible!



Toileted look on campus: Wool gabordine slacks, mon-toiled shirt, narrow leather belt. The guys will approve!



Neotest look on campus: Black shirt with a bright ploid kiltie skirt. Swell from closses to coke-dote!

**By Jean Kinhead
& Toussia Pines**



Prettiest look on campus: This tailored but feminine suit of corduray. With a sweater, it goes seriously to class. With a sissy blouse—it's date-bait!

■ With two-and-a-half more months of hot, hot weather dead ahead, to look at a wool skirt or a red blazer is almost to swoon. Better drag out the smelling salts, pets, 'cause it's not a day too soon to start collecting your fall finery. Right now is the time to pick up a suit, an odd jacket, a good sweater. Right now, while the selection is wide, while you've got time to browse through the stores.

Us, we've browsed already, and we've really come up with some honeys. We want you to know that in choosing them we had *you* in our minds and—if you can stand some corn—in our hearts. You, our wonderful bunch of kids who are fast becoming the best-dressed gals around. There are back-to-school clothes, back-to-work clothes, clothes for a GI's bride, clothes for a busy little mom, and when we tell you that they are all from the superb fashion house of Korday, you will know that they are *good* clothes, beautifully designed, beautifully made. That is our lesson for this month: In sport clothes, above all, get good clothes. The very best you can afford. You won't need to replace them often, and you won't need many if you buy them wisely, matching and contrasting colors and fabrics skilfully.

Pedalpusher: For biking to market or to Math class—no hands for a country honeymoon with that beautiful ex-sergeant, we give you this colorful, irresistible trio. The good looking blazer is fire engine red piped with white. Carefully tailored, it has that casual, expensive look that is the Korday trademark. Handsomely detailed, the button-holes and piping look positively hand-stitched. Copy the college boys and button the top two buttons, or wear it flying open to show off your smooth black shetland sweater—a short sleeved Tishu-Knit classic. The “pedal-pushers” (darling knee-length shorts that provide freedom and *fun*!) are all wool in a smart



Sunny's Washday ABC's

"The class will come to order, please,"
Says Sunny to her scholars.
"Today we'll learn how Linit starch
Will save you time and dollars.

Now watch me, children, while I wash
And rinse and starch and press.
You'll see how cotton, Linit starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linit
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.

Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linit way,
Will iron like a summer breeze
And clean much longer stay."

At all
grocers



**LINIT
LIGHTENS
LAUNDRY
LABOR**

grey-green-and-white houndstooth check. Zippered of placket, slick of fit, their good clean lines make them flattering even to the gals on whom a pair of short shorts is a minor catastrophe. Prices: Blazer about \$15. Pedalpushers about \$9. Sweater about \$4. Belt by Criterion.

Slick slacks: Find a pair of slacks that the guys approve of, and you've got something. Which is why we're so proud of ourselves for uncovering these magnificent beige wool gabardine jobs. These get the nod—not to mention the old eye—from the boys. The Korday tailoring is what sets them apart, makes 'em slick where run-of-the-mill ones are slack, makes 'em flatten you where most slacks fatten you. To work in, to play in, to loaf in, these are your babies. Wear them with our beige shirt in Crown-Tested washable "Tattertooth," a kitten soft fabric in a tiny check. To accentuate that ring-size waistline, add a narrow brown calfskin belt by Criterion. Prices: Shirt about \$5. Slacks about \$11.

Lassie: Brighten up the Chem lab, the office, or your own cozy fireside in our pet shirt 'n' skirt combination. Smart as a quiz kid, flattering as your first corsage, it's an outfit you'll take to your heart. The black shirt of soft, soft Arlingcrest flannel is man-tailored, with hard-to-find two button cuffs, an easy fitting action back. The all-wool kiltie skirt in a soft red-green-black-and-white plaid is cut along generous, practically pre-war lines. We love the trimming of fringe, you'll love the look in his eye the first time he sees it. Nope, every time he sees it. Shirt and skirt about \$8 each.

Wonder suit: This angel of a suit is at home in the world. It's sophisticated enough for a junior executive, naive enough for an Andy Russell fan. It is all things to all gals—which is a lot of suit, don't you think? It comes in a warm pussywillow gray in Merrimac Cordwale, and it is cut as only Korday can cut a suit. Soft natural shoulders, nipped-in waist, six-gored skirt. None of the earmarks of a good suit have been by-passed: viz. the carefully sewed-in lining, the stunning leather ball buttons, the flat, well-turned lapels and the zippered placket. It's a suit your man will love, one you'll live in this year and next year and the one after that. Prices: Jacket about \$11. Skirt about \$6. The darling Mandarin collared blouse is by Vicki Lynn—it's a butterfly print and its tiny price is about \$3. Stunning red belt by Criterion.

All the fashion pages we've ever done for you have been fun, but this month's was a hunk of heaven, because everything we found was so impossibly perfect. No reprocessed wools, or buttoned plackets or skimpy wartime jackets. Everything the Korday people showed us had a million-dollar look about it. We hope they give you the same sort of thrill.

If you want to know where the clothes can be bought, what sizes and colors are available, just write and ask us. We're as eager to spread the word as you are to get it. And kids, thank you for all the magnificent mail. Keep it coming to. Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Help build the NAA welfare fund for our sailors and marines by sending quarters for autographs. And if you want to know how to get one for free, scurry to page 64.

BY WORD OF MOUTH

(Continued from page 67)

from many causes (sinus trouble, for instance) and only a doctor can say which. But the average girl—that's most of us—can insure protection by using mouth wash after every brushing. Follow directions, throw your head back and swish the mouth wash vigorously. Mouth wash will help check the kind of halitosis which originates from decomposing food particles, heavy smoking, sharp food odors and other local causes. Many dentists will tell you that nine-tenths of all offensive breath come from these sources.

Those who spend their time counting such things, say that the average man has ten decaying teeth, while the average female is one up on him with eleven cavities—the sad result of "soft" living. It's not your dentifrice's job to plug up these pesky holes, so visit your dentist regularly. He can straighten teeth that are out of alignment. Over too small or crooked teeth, he can fit jackets that look like nature's own product. The better your acquaintance with the dentist, the more dazzling your smile. In fact, I'm so convinced of this that I've just taken time out to call the dentist for a Monday appointment.

Remember a while back, I talked about health? Here are some food facts. An exclusive diet of chocolate eclairs and potato chips will not only blur your silhouette, it will dim your smile. What you eat is vitally important to the health and beauty of your teeth. Dishes that contain calcium, phosphorus and vitamins are wonderful in building healthy chewers. Star these on your menus; milk, eggs, butter, cheese, green vegetables, fruits, whole grain breads and cereals.

Before saying "Goodbye" until next month (when the talk will be of smooth hands and glistening fingertips), there's one more thought I want to leave with you. When your friends say you're pretty as a picture, I hope they mean a talking picture! Don't let "dese, dem and dose" fall from your pretty mouth. Drag down a dictionary to check pronunciation. Don't say mean things about friends and not expect them to travel back to their ears. Don't sass Mom, the teacher or boss—a soft answer is better than woeful wrath! Let your smile be quick and often . . . you can be proud of it.

Now that I've answered all your mail from last month, I'm rolling up my sleeves to attack this month's batch. Incidentally, do try to send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Any and all queries on beauty are welcome. Write Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Nope, we're not sounding off for a finance company, and the only rate of interest we care about is your interest in MODERN SCREEN. But we thought you might crave an easy way of lining your pockets (that's five dollars' worth of lining!) It's all so simple: Just write to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and tell us what happened when you met a real, live star right in the flesh! If your story is clearly written and makes us feel just as if we'd been there, we'll send you five dollars faster than you can say "MODERN SCREEN!"

New kind of ink safeguards pens 4 ways!

1. No clogging . . . no gumming

That's right—it can't gum, can't clog. It's Parker Quink containing solv-x. In solv-x, Parker scientists have discovered a means of stopping ink's most common faults. Remember, Quink is

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



2. Cleans pen as it writes

No special operation needed. Just drain pen, refill with Quink, and write. Shortly the messy pen will be clean! Surprisingly, Quink costs no more than ordinary inks.

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X



3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment

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ARRID

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

(Continued from page 41)

to be a lawyer because of his breezy talk talent and fast mind. But he also sang wherever he went and after athletics, what fascinated him most was the early jazz music he heard on the victrola.

Around Spokane Bing gained an early rep with the Musicaladers, a pick-up band of jazz-happy kids like himself. When it broke up, Al Rinker and Bing worked up a duo singing act and finally left Gonzaga and Spokane to follow their hearts—and the trail led south to Hollywood. Their snappy, jazzy hot-lick tunes booked them right away on stage show tours of California movie houses, which turned into larks and binges strewn with wild oats. But even folly couldn't stymie Bing Crosby's date with fate. Paul Whiteman, his boyhood idol, caught their "Two Boys and a Piano" act at a small San Francisco theater and again in Los Angeles. He asked them to travel East to New York with his band as a novelty act. Bing and Al couldn't believe their luck. New York! The Big Time! Broadway! Bing wrote the big news to his folks back home in Spokane. "I'm going to settle down and make good now," he promised. But his pearly teeth were just clicking. He would make good, all right, with his razz-ma-tazz tunes because he was Bing Crosby and he couldn't help it. But he wouldn't settle down and sober up and beam his golden gift of song on the world—not yet. Bing was in his early twenties when he left the Coast for the East, but he still had a lot of growing up to do before he became the Bing Crosby that the world knows today and loves.

To Continue:

A few months ago Paul Whiteman wanted to book the Rhythm Boys on his Radio Hall of Fame anniversary show, just as they'd been back in the 1920's when he was the King of Jazz. He rounded up Al Rinker and Harry Barris, who happened to be in Manhattan at the time. Bing Crosby flew from Hollywood to New York. They met in a Radio City rehearsal studio, with the rest of the show. Close to twenty years had slipped by since the trio huddled around the little piano and shouted out their rhythms. Plenty had happened to all three of them since then—particularly Bing.

"Boys," said "Fatha" Whiteman cautiously. "Think you can work up something a little like you used to beat out? You'll have a day or two to rehearse."

Bing tipped back his hat and frowned indignantly. "What do you mean, 'a little like'—why not the same act?"

"Rehearse?" put in Al Rinker. "Why rehearse?"

"Got a piano?" Harry Barris asked. They rolled one out. Bing borrowed a cymbal and stick from the drummer. Harry twirled up the stool and Bing and Al leaned on the upright. "Let's go," said Bing. "Uh-one—uh-two!"

They leaped into "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue." Nobody fuzzed a break or a harmony run. They booped, slapped and panted through "The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds." Still not a ragged riff. They wound up with their own wowing masterpiece, "Mississippi Mud." It was in the groove, all the way down to the last, steamy, expiring, "P-s-s-s-s-h-h-h-h-h!"

In spite of Bing's notoriously sketchy memory it would be hard for one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys to forget a line of those ancient senders, for before the Rhythm Boys were born, it was just "Crosby and Rinker" introduced by Mae-

stro Paul as "a couple of kids I picked up in a Walla Walla ice cream parlor." Paul used Walla Walla instead of Spokane because it sounded funnier. Bing and Al drew \$150 a week apiece. They opened with Whiteman at the Tivoli Theater on the South Side of Chicago in snappy blue jackets with shiny brass buttons, cream flannels and, of course, bow ties. Bing put slickum on his corn colored hair and stage makeup. He was pretty cute.

Opening night he and Al dummied in the band, Al strumming a guitar without any strings and Bing pretending to puff into a huge tuba horn. When their cue came, they hopped up and over to a tiny white piano, center stage, and went right into their songs. Chicago jazz hounds yelled and whistled. They loved it.

It was the same in Cleveland and Detroit. In St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis—wherever Paul Whiteman took them on his Midwest tour on his way back East. Bing penned his triumphs back home. The idea was "look out Broadway!"

Bing was cocky that opening night at Broadway's Paramount Theater. He'd been forgetting he was just a rustic kid from the raw West. The applause had made him think he was some punkins. He forgot that all along Pops Whiteman had been easing him in as a curbstome cowboy from Walla Walla, wisely softening up the audience to get ready for a laugh. Because Crosby and Rinker weren't music—not then. They were comedy—actually a double burlesque of juvenile jazz.

As usual, Bing and Al gave the big event little mind. They'd hauled freight into New York four days before the show opened and, true to form, had spent those four days—and the four nights as well—seeing the big town. They tried to see how many speakeasies they could crash and how many Harlem hot spots they could close.

flop in new york . . .

The Paramount was crammed to the eaves for Whiteman's opening. The crowd loved the King of Jazz. But New York's the Big League of show business and a tough audience with a stubborn "show me" complex built for a Missouri mule.

So when "Pops" pulled his Walla Walla line and the Big Noises from Spokane pranced up to their places in the trick blue spotlights and their trick blue outfits, there was a dead, expectant silence.

When they finished their act there was the same silence broken, maybe by a trickle of weak applause. Both were stunned. They didn't get it.

After 3 shows they caught on—Broadway just wasn't having any of Walla Walla. After the last show, Father Whiteman beckoned them into his dressing room.

"Oh, oh," said Bing, "back to the pickle works."

It wasn't quite that bad. Crosby and Rinker were yanked off the bill, but they weren't rubbed out of Paul Whiteman's book. "It's a funny town," he soothed them. "But you'll crack it yet. Stick around and work for me in the night club. I think you'll go to town there."

The Whiteman Club opened a month from Bing's Paramount pink slip parting. Park Avenue was there, along with Broadway. Every Manhattan big shot, including Jimmy Walker, showed up the opening night because Paul Whiteman was a New York institution—but again, it was no go—Bing and Al got over like a load of wet coal. Pops Whiteman had to confess he was mistaken. Something had to be done. And something was. Paul Whiteman was the doctor.

He and a few people who'd heard Bing sing on records. Bing wasn't even listed

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on the platters but in a couple of spots on Whiteman disks, Bing's voice had caused early victrola addicts to sit up and listen. That was one good reason why Paul refused to hand Bing and Al the sack. Instead he had a suggestion. There was a red hot little ball of fire over at George Oleson's club who was hotter than a two-dollar cornet. "His name's Harry Barris," said Paul, "and I think he's just what you kids need to make yourselves a terrific trio."

the rhythm boys . . .

That's how Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys were born. Harry Barris moved on to Al Rinker's piano stool and Al stood up to sing with Bing. Harry was as startling as a jumping jack, with a composer's sense of melody and harmony. (Later he composed some of Bing's most popular croons, "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear.") The three stopped turning off the lights up in Harlem and spent their days ironing out new routines in Bing and Al's New York nest at the Whitley apartments. They started relaying each other into solos and it was funny how many got tossed Bing's way. They showed up featured on the night club show again and this time it was a different story.

The breaks came fast after that. Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys got to be a feature on all Whiteman recordings. When the band made its first coast-to-coast broadcast, it was Bing who featured a sextette singing "Great Day." Paul left the boys behind when he sailed for London—it was a bitter blow—but canny Paul knew their slam-bang rhythms weren't tailored for Mayfair. But left at home, the Rhythm Boys made plenty of hay on their own. They cut records and the Keith vaudeville circuit snapped them right up for a stage tour. Twelve hundred a week for the trio—that was 400 smackers every Saturday. That sounded wonderful when Bing wrote the good news home. But it wasn't good for Bing—it was bad. He was back on the road, and as usual his big blue eyes were sparkling with that old playboy glint. The tour turned into a protracted binge.

scarlet youth . . .

Maybe one reason why Bing is such a model of sobriety today is because he cut the string off the bag of oats in his reckless youth. As they barged unrestrained through the East, Midwest and South, Bing collected parties like a dog collects fleas. Country club and fraternity dances kept the guys in a sleepless state and adoring lovelies clustered around them like bees around honey. In Akron, Ohio, Bing had his first narrow brush with romance. He fell for a streamlined blonde who liked the same things he did. When it came time for Bing to move on, she had other ideas. She thought being Mrs. Bing Crosby was a sound idea and she put it up to Bing flatly. Her dad was a millionaire and she was papa's only beloved child. How about it? That night he left the hotel by the back entrance and met Harry and Al on the train.

Bing still liked his gin and the nights were filled with wassail. But that wasn't the main trouble. Bing wouldn't take time out for work. He wanted to play—even on the stage, right in the shows. His old Spokane faculty of wise cracking, joking and clowning around crept into the act until half the time the Rhythm Boys were cracking bad jokes instead of singing. That went over great in slap-happy college towns, but in the bigger cities like Toledo, Ohio, for instance, the manager complained.

Other fiascos crept up inevitably. They got their signals mixed in Cincinnati and

hopped the wrong train to the wrong town, thus missing the bill, the cardinal sin on the three-a-day circuit. They lost their stage props in Indianapolis. In Omaha, Bing got involved in a hotel room crap session and dropped not only all the money in his wallet but a few hundred he'd borrowed. He couldn't ransom his luggage and the Rhythm Boys went on stage in Jersey City, their last stop on the way back to New York, in the rumpled wardrobe they had on—sweaters, knickers and corduroy pants. That close to Manhattan they knew the squawks would get to Fatha Whiteman pronto by telephone. Bing and Al and Harry crept into Paul's office the next week, expecting to get the riot act read them for their peccadillos.

"Come in here, you guys," beckoned Whiteman curtly. "I want to talk to you." "Well," sighed Bing to Al, "it's a nice climate out in Spokane, anyway."

But if Paul Whiteman knew anything about their whing-ding, he never let on. What he said was, "How'd you like to go to Hollywood and make a picture?"

"Are we still on salary?" blurted Bing, his sins burdening his guilty conscience. "Sure."

Bing felt natural again. He might have known that Bing Crosby couldn't miss.

All he asked was, "When do we start?"

The Old Gold-Paul Whiteman special train pulled out of New York within the week with the Rhythm Boys aboard. Bing had just come in off a tour and so he wasn't impressed, but when they finally hit Hollywood he had to admit he was a complete green pea, even though he'd got his show business start out there. He'd never faced a camera himself.

The picture "The King of Jazz" was to be a musical extravaganza in color and sound, glorifying Paul Whiteman and American jazz. It would cost Universal

Studios millions. The whole band was raring to be movie stars but they didn't know the mysterious ways of Hollywood production. "The King of Jazz" had everything—except a story. They, too, would go through the routine—wait and wait.

That didn't bother Bing and the boys. On salary and flush, they rented a big nine-room bungalow in Hollywood and Bing, Al, Harry and Eddie Lang, the guitarist, moved in with an appropriate liquid housewarming. "The fraternity house," they called it. Hep guys and hep gals whipped in and out, parties went on at all hours, and usually over in a corner somewhere somebody was running through a tune.

The spring and summer frittered by as the marathon script for "The King of Jazz" wrote and rewrote on and on. The boys had to show up at the studio every morning but usually, outside of a few tests and recordings, there was nothing to do when they got there. Bing turned to golf in the daytime, went head over heels for deep sea fishing, chasing across the channel to Catalina every time he got the chance.

But the Rhythm Boys were luckier than the rest of Paul Whiteman's band. They got a chance to keep their hand in with a job at the old Montmartre Cafe and Bing hadn't warbled there a week before MGM asked him out for tests to make short subjects. As usual, all Bing had to do was keep out of trouble and the road was open. But keeping out of trouble, in those days, was not his specialty.

The first scramble was a bar friendship in a Hollywood speakeasy that messed him up with a gang of underworld bootleggers and landed him, dizzy with drink, in their hideout, where a battle with the cops rubbed out Bing's alcoholic pal and trapped him in the inevitable John Law raid that followed. Luckily, they let Bing

go. But the next time was different. "The King of Jazz" was in production at last and Bing learned of his lucky break. Besides the scat number that the Rhythm Boys were slated for, "The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds," Paul had picked Bing for a lavish solo song number, "The Song of the Dawn." The news came to Bing after the first week of shooting was over, and to celebrate that there was a studio party—a tragic one for Bing, as it turned out.

and into the cooler . . .

The old Tom Mix lodge on the Universal lot had been fixed up into a clubhouse for Paul Whiteman's band. It was a spacious mountain cabin on the back lot, ideal for a whing-ding, and this night it was jumping. The orchestra rocked and rolled, beer flowed like water and bartenders passed out Prohibition highballs as fast as they could mix them. Along with the rest Bing sang himself hoarse and drank himself happy. It broke up in the wee hours and Bing rolled his flivver over Cahuenga Pass taking a young movie cutie home to the Roosevelt Hotel before he rolled on to the "fraternity house." They idled along Hollywood Boulevard lazily singing and cracking jokes, and then, just as Bing made a turn to draw up at the hotel door—Bam!

Bing saw his girl friend shoot over the windshield and he picked himself up a second later out of the street. The flivver looked like an accordion. He knew he'd been smacked by a speeder but that wasn't bothering him then. He felt himself. He was bunged up but not hurt. The girl, though, was out like a light. Bing carried her into the hotel, called a doctor and then came back out to the wreck. The cops were there and they sniffed his breath.

"Uh-huh," they said, "come along."

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Bing spent the night in the pokey. Next morning Universal officials bailed him out. The accident wasn't his fault and he wasn't too hot and bothered, although the fellow who'd smacked him was from out of town and his case was put off. Bing's came up in a few days. Charge, reckless driving. They advised Bing to plead guilty, pay his small fine and charge it up to experience. Bing did. That is, he pleaded guilty.

But the judge looked over his report. "Drinking—eh?" he frowned. Bing was breezy as usual. He sported baggy knickers, plaid golf socks, a jazzy bow tie and a blinding yellow sweater. He lounged before the bar of justice lazily.

"Sure."

"Ever hear of the 18th Amendment and Prohibition?"

"Seems I have—somewhere," grinned Bing. Nobody grinned back.

"Thirty days ought to refresh your memory."

Bing couldn't stop talking. "Judge, I won't need that long," he cracked.

"Lock him up," said the West Coast Solomon. "Thirty days in jail."

At the studio they wondered why Bing didn't show up to rehearse his big number, "Song of the Dawn." Ev worried too. He traced Bing down to the court and then to the hoosegow. Bing was whistling in his cell. "Hey," he said peevishly to Ev, "get me out of here."

Ev did his best. So did Paul Whiteman and Universal and everybody—but it was no go. The judge was a stern character and he just didn't approve of tight young men. Bing's jailhouse job was slinging hash for the rest of the jailbirds—who called him "the singing waiter!" Bing served out his sentence. After twenty days, the judge relented enough to let him go to the studio when they needed him, under escort of a uniformed cop. But Bing knew before he asked that his big solo chance in "Song of the Dawn" number had flown over the fence while he languished behind bars. Pops Whiteman confirmed it. "John Boles is doing that now," he said curtly.

"Okay," said Bing. He was let down but not downhearted. He worked all day and then rode back to jail with his keeper. "Hell," he told himself, "I'd probably have loused up the number anyway. John Boles is a real singer."

Bing had no illusions about being another Valentino then. In fact, they were brutally frank with him about his photogenic possibilities the first time he tried. That was several weeks after "The King of Jazz" was safely in the can, previewed, and on its way to an uncertain fate. Bing came out in it, rather fuzzily, doing the old act with Al and Harry in the "Blue Birds and Blackbirds" number, on and off camera before you could say "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys."

summer fever . . .

But Southern California had him for keeps. He had the fever bad and the prospect of going back to the shivery East or living out of a suitcase on perpetual vaudeville tours made him shudder. He was nutty about the year 'round golf, fishing and swimming in and around sunny Hollywood. And there was another reason, a big one, that we'll get around to later. It all added up to Bing staying right where he was. He sounded out the boys, Al and Harry. After all, Bing argued, they'd gone as far as they could with Paul Whiteman and they could certainly get work around Hollywood. Harry and Al felt the same way. So after a post-picture tour up the Coast with Whiteman's Band, the Rhythm Boys landed back in Hollywood—on their own. They'd been getting \$600 a week from Paul Whiteman

for the act. Now they got exactly nothing—and Bing, as usual, was broke.

The trio, at liberty, found the going tough. They played pick-up jobs and in the course of that Bing found himself one day in a producer's office. The mogul sized him up. He shook his head.

"The ears," he said. Bing has been called lots of things but even in this age of tagging everyone as the something-or-other, no one has called him "The Ears."

"What's wrong?" asked Bing.

"Like a loving cup," sighed the studio tycoon. "You need an operation."

"A what?"

"For around a grand," said the man,

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hello, all you lovely people:

How wonderful you and the world and palm trees are—and how my sunburn's itching! Yup, I'm in unbelievably beautiful Hollywood, and so rushed, what with seeing all these people and previews and, well, things, that all I can manage for now is this short note and the question box. But I'll have been at my desk a good two weeks by the time our September issue's out, with my wits collected and just spilling over with new news—at which time, hold on to your ears, friends, hold on to your ears!

Really wish you were here,

Love,
Bev.

Nancy Neuwirth, Pelham, N. Y.: **WHO WAS FRANZ LISZT IN "SONG TO REMEMBER?"** That was Stephen Bekassy and you can write him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Paul Metzger, Deming, N. Mex.: **WHAT WAS THE CONCERTO FEATURED IN "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY?"** That was Chopin's 24th Prelude in D Minor.

Peggy Reid, N.Y.C.: **MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON ANDREA KING WHO PLAYED THE ACTRESS IN "HOTEL BERLIN?"** Andrea King was born in Paris on Feb. 5, 23 years ago. She has blonde hair and blue eyes; is 5'5", 117 lbs.; married to Lt. H. Willis of the Navy; loves sports. She will next be seen in "Shadow of a Woman" with Helmut Dantine. Drop her a line at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif.

Sally Goodman, Los Angeles: **HOW CAN I JOIN A VAN JOHNSON FAN CLUB?** Sorry to have to disappoint you, but Van has no official fan club and won't have for the duration.

"you can get those wind wings pinned back for keeps. Then maybe we could use you now and then."

Bing snorted and walked out of the office. He was to get that suggestion time and again. Later on in his early movie glamor days he let them tape back the offending fans a couple of times, but now he won't even permit that.

The Hollywood break came at last, in the guise of an old pal of the Rhythm Boys. Jimmy Grier was a dance band expert and they'd bumped into him time and again on their Eastern vaudeville tours and around New York. Now Jimmy was playing around Hollywood and one night Bing and Al and Harry had a job sing-

ing where Jimmy played—at a studio big shot's party. Afterwards, they got together and Jimmy had some hot news. Gus Arnheim's band was going into the Coconut Grove after a smash hit in London. He needed entertainers for a floor show. "That's us," said Bing.

They got the job—on spec. Bing always got every important job he ever tried for. Not much money but if they clicked, a raise and bonus. They opened at the Grove doing the old Whiteman routine. The floor show was just another floor show, but luckily for Bing, Gus Arnheim's band broadcast every night for two long hours. Filling that air space was a headache. Bing began filling in more and more with just plain solos. The dance crowd heard them, too. The red hot rhythm amused and pleased them but what really sent them off to dreamland, dancing in the dark, were the soft and dreamy ballads that somehow this blond guy—what's his name?—Bing Crosby—could sing right out of this world. One of these admirers was a pretty, doll-faced actress out at Fox named Dixie Lee. She was there about every night and, like a lot of others, she only had eyes for Bing Crosby. But cute little Dixie had a certain edge in the competition. Because Bing only had eyes for her, too.

deep in the heart of dixie . . .

They'd met at a Hollywood party where Bing sang and it was a case of "You're my guy" with Dixie from the start. She was better known than Bing and she had a steady salary. Bing had only his Ford, and drives down by the Pacific ocean to offer. That made him touchy about getting serious, but to Ev Bing admitted "This is it." That might have had something to do with what really put Bing Crosby over as the greatest attraction the Grove has ever had, the way he sang a couple of songs.

Harry Barris wrote them both. "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear." Jimmy Grier arranged them for Gus Arnheim's orchestra and Crosby gave them the love touch. The slick chicks yelled "Bing! Bing!" and Bing stepped up before the band looking dreamily nonchalant. He was at the peak of his good looks. Twenty-five years old, slim from golf and swimming, golden tanned. His blond hair was starting to thin but there was plenty left and it waved down above his sea blue eyes. He had a cocky, devil-may-care manner before the mike, an easy way of tossing off side remarks to the dancers. A way of bending his lovelorn looks around over the dancer's heads. But when Bing crooned,

Beside a babbling brook—
A moment's bliss we took—
To talk of love—and of the stars above—

he was singing to Dixie and she knew it.

When he started, "We've played the game of stay away—" and rolled into the low notes of "I Surrender, Dear," it did things to everyone—especially to Dixie Lee.

Bing started saving money with marriage in mind. The Grove boomed. The Rhythm boys stopped doing floor shows. The hot lick numbers tapered off. People wanted to hear Bing sing and he obliged. Requests poured in from radio listeners. Bing waxed a record of "It Must Be True" and it had a solid sale. (It's still a classic early Crosby.) And one movie producer, Mack Sennett, sitting in the Grove and seeing what Bing did to people, approached Bing to make some singing movie shorts. Later, one was made with that very title, too, "Sing, Bing, Sing."

But there was (Continued on page 80)

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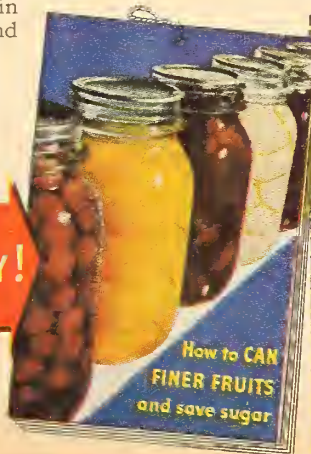
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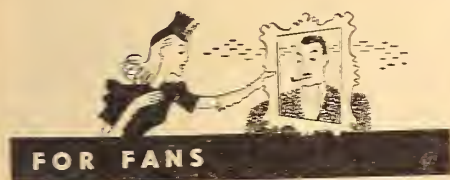
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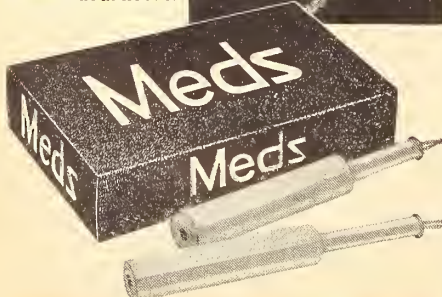
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trouble. As usual, it stemmed from Bing's incurable Playboy habits. The Grove closed Sundays. Saturday nights Bing sometimes listened to the siren song of Agua Caliente, its no-Prohibition bar and its spinning roulette wheels. One week end, with a gay party, he barged off to Mexico and the Casino. He started out lucky but pretty soon half the stake he'd hoarded to marry Dixie vanished. Desperately, Bing tried to get it back. He lost the rest—and more. He forgot about time and the next thing he knew it was Monday night and he was a long stretch away from the bandstand at the Coconut Grove. He didn't show up until Tuesday night and the management was hopping mad. He got docked a week's salary for playing hookey. That made him sore.

Too soon afterwards he repeated the week-end flyer at Palm Springs and this time three days rolled by before Bing could forget his fun. He got docked more severely. He burned up. He took to nipping on the job and that was bad. For the first time in his life he started glooming around with his head in a sack of woe. The only thing that seemed to make sense to him was Dixie Lee.

He called her up and did a little crying on her shoulder. He was busted and in hot water with his job. A fine time to propose, he said, but Dixie wasn't listening to such talk. "What difference does that make?" she pointed out. "We love each other, don't we?" So the next day at the Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset Boulevard, Bing signed the best contract of his life. The Rhythm Boys were there, Al and Harry, and of course brother Ev and his wife.

Dixie's friend, Sue Carol, provided the honeymoon touch. She moved out of her big home up in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood (where she lives today with her husband, Alan Ladd) and turned it over to the honeymooners. In other respects, it was a funny honeymoon. Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. And no kidding. They all turned up for Bing in the next few days. He got signed to his new job making crooning shorts for Mack Sennett, \$750 per copy, for a series of five. He was in pictures. He was also out of the Coconut Grove. All the bad feeling exploded there one day and the Rhythm Boys, to a man—Bing, Harry and Al—walked out on their jobs. Maybe they just beat the Grove to the punch, before they got fired. Anyway, that was *fini*, washed up, *kaput*. The musicians union blacklisted them for jumping their job. Bing had his movie contract to keep him warm. Al and Harry drifted off to greener fields of music. At last, it was Bing Crosby on his own—but not alone. He had Dixie. When the old gang suggested a bender Bing took to grinning and yanking his thumb Dixie's way. "Can't," he'd say, "I got a keeper now."

Bing had another keeper besides Dixie. More and more his brother Everett was busying himself with Bing's affairs. The business talent that was to make him Bing's official manager from then on was clicking away in Ev's brain. He had more faith in Bing's greatness than Bing himself and he wasn't backward about it. He packed up the two best Crosby records, "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear" and shipped them both to New York broadcasting home offices, NBC and Columbia. He said, not a bit bashfully, that Bing could be persuaded to sing on a coast-to-coast hook-up.

When the replies came back, "Bring him here for an audition," Ev hurried with the good news to Bing, on the set at Mack Sennett's. "Go 'way, Boy," he told Ev, "you bother me."

But the Sennett shorts were winding up and Dixie was on studio layoff. She didn't

have much trouble talking him into having a go at it. They made it a family trip to Manhattan with Bing and Dixie and Ev and his wife, Naomi.

Bing never had a nerve in his body at the auditions. He insisted on showing Dixie the town, and dropped off the wagon at speaks, but when he sang for the radio chain chiefs with his old guitar-playing pal, Eddie Lang, accompanying, he was in, à la Crosby, with no trouble at all. Ev took the best offer and Columbia signed Bing for a national sustaining spot—\$600 a week. When Ev got the good news he chased around over to the hotel and found Bing sitting around in wet clothes, eating ice cream. They celebrated, the whole crew. But Bing should have stood in bed.

Not until the day before the big broadcast did he notice anything. Then, running through a number, his voice cracked on him. He tried again but this time it wouldn't even warble. They called in a doctor. He took a look at Bing's throat. "H-m-m-m-m," he said. "You say you're to sing tomorrow?"

"Sure," wheezed Bing.

"You're going to stay in bed tomorrow," said the doctor, "and keep your mouth closed. You've strained your vocal chords and caught cold at the same time." Bing thought of the air-chilled rehearsal rooms and the way he'd been yelling in the rain around the wet golf course.

lucky jinx . . .

"That's out," he croaked. He explained what the radio show meant to him: Just his whole future, that's all. The doctor shrugged.

"Impossible," he said, "you've already got little bumps on your chords, scars, blisters—if you strain them in this condition they'll stay there and you might lose your voice for keeps."

The next day Bing tried to sing again. He still sounded like a frog with asthma. He and Ev walked glomily back to the hotel. Bing went to his room. After a couple of hours, Ev had a disturbing hunch. He knocked on Bing's door—no answer. The door was unlocked, he walked in. There was a note on the dresser. "Cancel the contract," Bing had written. "I've given it the works and I guess it's no go." Ev still has that note. Whenever Bing gets out of line he reads it to him.

Ev had spine-chilling visions of Bing drowning his woes in drink, as the gang sat around the hotel gloomily. Along about evening in walked Bing, whistling merrily, sober as a judge. He'd been walking around New York, having a battle with himself. Nobody said anything.

Bing yawned, "Doctors don't know much, do they? Besides, I've already wired home about the show and what'll they say if I yellow out on 'em? You didn't cancel that contract, did you?"

"No," said Everett.

Next day Bing felt better but his voice was still crackly. Freddie Rich and the orchestra were ready for him when he showed up at the studio. He babied his voice, running through the numbers for timing as the Columbia eyebrows shot up like balloons. Was this raspy rattler the guy they'd heard three days ago? Back of the glass Ev, Dixie and Naomi held their breaths. The red light flashed.

There was Bing at the mike crooning and whistling his melodies out just as easily as if he'd stepped up on the stage at the Coconut Grove with a couple of shots under his belt, only this time he had only a cold to keep him warm. Maybe his tone was husky but if it was that was all the better. Typically Bing, everything that happened happened for the best. The nodes never went away, as the doctor predicted. They're still hanging around on Bing

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Crosby's larynx, but they've only added a husky, resonant tone to his rich voice. How can Bing Crosby miss?

Bing on the air waves was the *Cocoanut Grove* success story all over again, on a nation wide scale. He couldn't miss. It wasn't a national youth hysteria like the *Sinatra* swoon madness. It was more solid for by now Bing had graduated from his wild Rhythm Boy hot jazz way of singing numbers. For solo stuff he had to sing sweet and deeper, and the intimate manner of his Boo-boo-boo's and informal whistling sent him out just as if he were leaning over the piano in your own parlor and singing to you. "Crooner" was the slang name that fastened onto him like a tick. When his sustaining program turned into a sponsored show for *Cremo Cigars*, Bing picked up a tune that he sang particularly well, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" and started using it as his theme song. As far as he knew, a New York radio career stretched out before him—that and nothing else.

Hollywood hadn't made marriage with radio yet. *Sunset and Vine* was still just a crossroads two blocks below Hollywood Boulevard and that's all. The movies were doing their best, in fact, to ignore radio stars. But it was a losing battle. Paramount planned a picture to glorify the new and potent personalities of the air, "The Big Broadcast of 1932." One day Ev came with the news as Bing was rehearsing a new number. Paramount wanted him in the picture. He stopped in the middle of a bar. "Okay," he said, then finished the tune. "I guess I can work it in." Bing had heard of the rushed up picture. George Burns and Gracie Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, Cab Calloway, Vincent Lopez, all were signed for specialties, shot in New York, shipped to Hollywood to piece together a picture. Bing thought it meant a day's work for him in a New York studio. "It'll be nice getting back to California," said Ev.

"What do you mean 'California'?"

"You're in the story," Ev explained. "You and Burns and Allen are in the script. We're going to Hollywood."

"You mean I've got to act?" Bing exploded. "Why, that would be a plain case of defrauding the public."

That's the way he felt about becoming a movie star, and basically Bing's attitude hasn't changed much since. When, halfway through "The Big Broadcast," Paramount signed up Bing, Kate Smith and Burns and Allen to long-term movie contracts, Bing made them write it out in black and white that he'd never be starred in a picture. For a long time, too, even after he'd become one of the biggest box office kings since Rudy Valentino, he stuck to that clause.

The first day on the set he walked up to Frank Tuttle (the director who made Alan Ladd a star years later in "This Gun For Hire"). "Look," said Bing, "I don't know anything about acting. I just sing a little."

"Then don't act," said Tuttle. "Just be yourself. Be Bing Crosby." Bing cottoned on to that advice in "The Big Broadcast" and he never let it go.

Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams were the stars in "The Big Broadcast." Bing walked nonchalantly through the story and sang "Please" and "Just One More Chance," two of his biggest song hits still. Over his protests, he also had his ears pinned back with tape to make him beautiful.

And if Bing had known what the disgusted gang around Paramount were saying, those wind-wing ears would have burned a scarlet red. Because the idea of casting Bing Crosby, a lowly boo-boo-boo radio crooner, to act, shocked everyone

in the studio. "Good Lord—if they had to have a crooner," complained the scoffers, "why didn't they get somebody with something on the ball—like Rudy Vallee or Russ Columbo? But this guy Crosby!"

It was their turn to take on a crimson complexion when "The Big Broadcast" smashed to a hit all over the land—the only way Bing Crosby could miss would be to throw rocks at the camera. Nor did his radio career miss a lick. Bing kept singing from Hollywood all the time he made his picture, then back to New York to carry on, this time for Chesterfield cigarettes. He sang at New York night clubs on featured evenings. He made personal appearances at the Paramount Theater on Broadway and smashed the house record. "College Humor," a rah-rah musical kidding campus cutups, was ready for Bing when he got back to Hollywood. Bing crooned "Down the Old Ox Road" and the youngsters couldn't stand it. Suddenly, in the crooning field there just wasn't any competition at all. Bing was like young Alexander the Great of Macedonia. He wasn't thirty—but there weren't any more worlds for him to conquer.

Bing still refused to star. But that didn't keep him from picking some of the best stars in Hollywood for his leading ladies—or as Bing preferred to put it—he was their leading man. The gals were the official stars but they didn't kid themselves. It was this guy Bing Crosby who packed them in. And it was Bing Crosby who, after only one year in pictures, showed up on the First Ten in the annual Box Office ratings—along with old standbys like Will Rogers, Mae West, Wally Beery, Marie Dressler.

hates to watch the birdie . . .

But from the start Bing was not impressed. From the start photographers had to pester him even to have his face photographed. The gallery expert at Paramount, John Engstead, wrote a famous contract with Bing back in those days. "I, Bing Crosby," it read, "promise to sit for pictures once a month in consideration of one bottle of Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky." Interviewers soon gave up on Bing. He hated publicity. He said "I'm no glamour boy. I'm not even a star," and just stared with his mouth closed. He hated the fuss and bother of being a celebrity. After "College Humor," Bing incorporated himself and started the Crosby family organization which efficiently runs his affairs now from the three story Crosby Building on the Sunset Boulevard strip. Ev managed Bing and added clients to form a big agency business. Larry came down from a Seattle advertising job and took over Bing's publicity and promotion. Harry, Senior, and Kate Crosby moved to Southern California and Bing built them a home out in his favorite section, the San Fernando Valley (they still live there.) Pop Crosby's accountant experience got busy on Bing Crosby, Inc.'s books. Not long ago, Ted rounded out the family corporation by leaving his job in northern California and taking over the running of Bing's defense plant at Del Mar. Bing's sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose, are the only members who aren't a part of Bing Crosby's great success today. They're both married to non-professionals and live in northern California. Of course, baby brother Bob's in the service.

In this way, Bing has escaped what he loathes about Hollywood—trouble, fuss, bother, worship. The taped back ears, for instance. In "Here is My Heart" a new makeup man came on the picture. He forgot to glue back Bing's ears and the director was so busy with his work that

he didn't notice until eight shooting days had passed. Then one day he noticed, clapped his hand to his brow, and cried, "My God—Bing—your ears are loose—get them in place!"

Bing calmly puffed his pipe. "Too late now," he said. "Unless you want to shoot the whole picture over." And he added, "from now on it's never again." It was, too. Bing has been as the Lord made him in the ear department ever since. He has endured a hairpiece to replace his thinning cornsilk for years but he still calls the toupe "Crosby's Curse," and sheds it the minute he's away from a camera. For a long time Bing's radio career had no audience shows because Bing actually hated the sound of applause. It made him feel like he was fooling somebody into thinking he was a star. How he hates that word "star."

at ease! . . .

He never has lived like one. Bing and Dixie rented a little house near Sue Carol's when they came back to Hollywood for "College Humor." But out in the San Fernando Valley was the Lakeside Country Club where Bing found his real after-hour fun slapping the golf ball around with Dick Arlen, Babe Hardy, Johnny Weissmuller and the boys (before Bob Hope came along.) He decided he ought to live handy to the course, so he started the big colonial Toluca Lake house where he lived until it burned down last year. Bing and Dixie's boys began coming along before they got into the new house, but their first, Gary Evan (named after Gary Cooper, who was always a good Paramount Pal of Bing's) was christened—along with Dick Arlen's boy Rickie—right after they'd moved to Toluca Lake.

Dixie had abandoned her own movie career temporarily to become Mrs. Crosby and for keeps when the twins came along. Afterwards, she made a picture at Paramount, a thing called "Love In Bloom." They don't talk about that one and "Red-heads on Parade" was her last acting effort.

Dixie's greatest production was the twins, Phillip and Dennis, first twins ever born to a big Hollywood star and another record for the incredible Bing. Even when it came to a family he couldn't miss!

popularizer . . .

Bing took a vacation trip to Hawaii with Dixie. He came back with those lurid Kanaka beachboy shirts and an idea for a picture. The shirts—well—after all, they've made Bing happy! But the movie—inspired by the dreamy music of Harry Owens at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel where the Crosbys stopped—turned into "Waikiki Wedding" and who can't hum the tunes, "Sweet Leilani" and "Blue Hawaii?"

And when Bing took a flyer away from Paramount to put his own money into a picture at Columbia—up came "Pennies From Heaven" and one of his greatest hits. When he teamed up with Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope in those jungle joksters and the "Roads to This-and-That"—well, it was Dottie's sarong, Bing's tonsils and Bob's cracks that kept Paramount out of the red for months and months. But as he stepped airily up the ladder of success he never figured himself a speck different from his pals of dimmer days. Somehow he managed to work a lot of them into his good luck. Harry Barris has worked in almost every Bing Crosby picture, Jimmy Grier arranged Bing's early Woodbury programs and Jimmy Dorsey, another pal of the Whiteman days, supplied the first band for the Kraft Music Hall show. As the pictures rolled by, unknowns who played with Bing became stars—Donald O'Connor got his first break in "Sing You Sinners" and Marjorie Reynolds blossomed

from "Holiday Inn" to the Paramount star list. Bing had the magic touch not only for himself but for everyone else.

Bing's Road to Maturity as a great Hollywood star also found him growing up at last himself. He discovered that what people liked him to sing were sentimental, tender and melodious ballads. From then on his biggest hits have been sentimental tunes like "White Christmas" where Bing's untrained but naturally perfect voice, has its fullest play. His greatest selling record is the religious double, "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night." And in his personal life he changed from the irresponsible Hell-busting Bing who never harbored a serious thought in his head to one of Hollywood's most solid citizens.

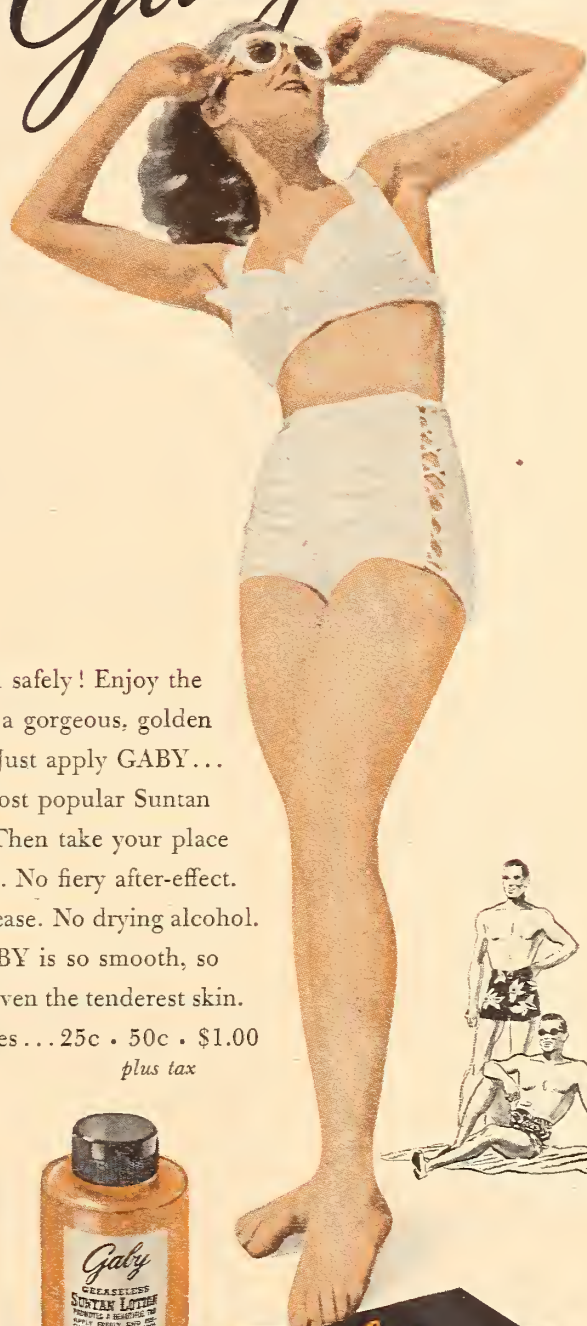
But as he became more and more of a family man, his extra steam found its outlet in another major love of his life—sport. Bing took up golf again seriously. He qualified for the National Amateur and three times copped the Lakeside championship cup. The horse fever that seized the Hollywood big shots when the Santa Anita race-track opened found a ready victim in Bing Crosby. Bing went for a stable of bangtails. His racing silks were blue-and-gold after his first radio theme song. He hired a high priced trainer (an old Spokane boy) and bought an ancient Spanish ranch near San Diego at Rancho Santa Fe to breed and train his gee-gees. From two ancient adobe ruins, Bing created a beautiful country home and launched his campaign in the sport of kings. On his Paramount sets he glued himself to a telephone between takes as his horses galloped in the local races. He rolled out of bed before dawn to pace and clock his thoroughbreds at Santa Anita. And, while the tardiness of Bing Crosby's nags has been a running joke for years and years—actually Bing didn't do so bad. How could a Crosby really flop at anything? His horses came through at the wire oftener than people realized. "Fight On" once paid 100-to-one and "Ligaroti," his best racer, collected some very sizable money stakes around West Coast and Eastern tracks. A Crosby dream came true, when, with Pat O'Brien and other Hollywood horse lovers, he built Del Mar, his own race track, now converted to a big defense factory.

Bing remained a rabid football fan, supported West Coast baseball and had his left hand on the promotion of all of Hollywood's big sports developments. He kept up his early love for ocean fishing and before war struck, planned to buy a boat and cruise the far corners of the seven seas. His motto about people became, "Everybody's okay with me until he proves himself a wrong guy." Potential rivals coming along turned into buddies—Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra. Bing's calm, even ability to duck any symptoms of a swelled head made it this way. He never patronized anyone in his life. He recognized Bob and Frankie as terrific personalities and gave them their due. When war came and Bing turned over the efforts of his Crosby Corporation to entertaining Army camp GIs he told his brother, Larry, who planned the programs, "Listen now, nothing but the best for these guys. They're not dopes. They're plenty hep." On his GI entertainment tour of the European war front, Bing added millions of fighting sons of Uncle Sam to his list of friends by the same great, natural way he has of easy, unassuming friendship. Once a pompous public relations officer introduced him as "Bing Crosby, the great Hollywood star" and Bing got so mad he could have slugged him. He quickly corrected that with the GIs. "Nuts to that 'star' stuff," he said, "I'm just Bing Crosby. Hello guys."

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a Catholic priest in "Going My Way." What got to Bing's ticker was the chance to do something for the religious faith and its institutions which have done so much for him. Besides starting him out with his basic faith and values of life, the Jesuits at Gonzaga had long before conferred the degree, Doctor of Music, on Bing, an honor which he accepted as humbly and gratefully as any that have come his way.

It is typically Crosby that Bing got to see "Going My Way" only a few days before Hollywood decorated him with its greatest honor—an Oscar. He was going to see it with Dixie at the preview but shots and other preparations for the European war tour interfered—and they came first. By the time he got back to Hollywood, "Going My Way" had played Los Angeles and was off the marquee. It finally got back on the screens at neighborhood theaters and one day Bing and Dixie hopped in the car and drove over to Glendale to catch it.

Naturally, a line was stretched down the sidewalk, so Bing hunched his coat up on his neck, yanked his hat over his eyes and stood in line with the rest for tickets. He almost made it unrecognized. But up near the box office a kid spied him.

"Gosh," he screamed. "It's Bing—it's Bing Crosby himself!"

There was a small riot and Bing was buffeted back and forth signing autographs. His hat came off, his pipe went flying.

"Hey," yelled Bing at last, "take it easy! Take it easy!"

In moments of stress you'll usually hear Bing Crosby shout out that phrase. When the kids act up around the house. When a Hollywood producer blows his top. When the orchestra can't get on the beam with a new tune. When a million people with a million axes to grind catch up with him. Whenever Bob Hope has his dormie in a golf match and starts rubbing it in.

"Take it easy."

The old Groaner is not one to toss philosophic gems around on his path through life. Bing sends out a song and lets it go at that. But if you pressed him for advice to the young sprouts coming along and a three word pithy package of what has made for success and happiness in his forty-some years on earth, he'd probably hunt a long time before he could top that simple advice, "Take it easy."

Because, going his way, he knows that it works—especially if you're Bing Crosby.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My sister and I once decided to slip into the city and capture Cornel Wilde's autograph while he was in town. After waiting in front of the St. Regis for about two hours, we were beaming over freshly written auto-

graphs of Shirley Temple, Joan Fontaine, and Janet Gaynor, but no Cornel Wilde. Disappointed, Anne and I wandered to the "Fun with Dunn" show, but the doorman would not let us go inside without an adult. Very downhearted, we sat on the running board of a car, and who do you think was inside? Cornel Wilde! After hearing our story, he took us inside and we sat with him during the entire program. Afterwards he gave us copies of the script, pictures, and passes to his latest picture, "A Song to Remember." Now you can see why I am "wild about Wilde."

Sunnies Rosen
New York, N. Y.

IT TAKES GUTS

(Continued from page 45)

"I won't do it," she said. "Maybe I'm not an actress, but neither am I a blankety piece of cheesecake—"

So far it's a draw, but the studios don't sit so pretty as they used to sit before the De Havilland case. Now all time out for suspension comes off the contract.

Take Humphrey Bogart (with Baby Bacall's permission). Bogey was such a sensation in "High Sierra" that Warners signed him to a new 7-year deal without options. Eager to cash in on a winner, they stuck out the other hand—with a lemon in it.

"Uh-uh," drawled Bogey. "Go ahead, suspend me. I can live on my boat for nothing—"

And there he stayed till they added something new to his contract—a clause giving him approval over stories.

But I think Bob Cummings' fight was the most exciting. His was the first Hollywood contract broken by an actor. His brother Oscar's a lawyer, and they did it between them. "Let's test democracy," they said. "Let's see if the little guy can beat a corporation."

Bob hadn't done much at Universal. Joe Pasternak was all for him, but others were against him. In fact, I've heard that the row over Bob was one of Pasternak's many reasons for quitting the studio. Be that as it may, all the good Cummings pictures were done off the lot—"King's Row," "Princess O'Rourke," "Devil and Miss Jones." After that he went home to what looked like a prodigal's welcome.

"We've got a great picture for you, kid. This story was originally bought for Cary Grant and Roz Russell. They can't do it, so it's yours. With a sensational cast: Teresa Wright, Coburn, Francis Lederer. And Leo McCarey to direct—"

"You're killing me," said Bob.

"Here's the script. Take it home, read it and be happy—"

Reading it made him the reverse of happy. He picked up the phone. "You were kidding me about this script?"

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"It's the worst junk I ever read. Now I know why Russell and Grant couldn't do it—"

"You're not trying to back out . . .?"

"Tell me just one thing. Is McCarey really directing?"

"Sure he is—"

"Okay then, I'll stick with it. Because he'll make it another picture—"

A few days before starting, Bob came on the lot looking for McCarey. Oh, didn't they tell you? We couldn't get McCarey. Nor Coburn, nor Wright, nor Lederer. Besides, the budget had to be slashed. And the shooting schedule cut in half. "But we start Monday. There's no change in the starting date—"

"Maybe you start Monday. Not me—"

"But you promised—"

"Sure. You promised a lot of things too—"

There was a second angle to the situation. A trained pilot, Bob had joined the Anti-Submarine Command of the Civil Air Patrol. The enemy was sinking our coastwise shipping. More than anything else, the Army needed flight instructors. A group of civilian pilots banded together without pay, and formed a squadron to convoy downcoast shipping. Bob was assigned to be a squadron commander and instructor.

Universal suspended him. Normally, a suspension lasts till the studio finds a replacement for the role. But they kept on suspending Cummings every four weeks



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the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢





OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that I was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that "once-in-a-while" care isn't enough!

My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always*.



IT'S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor

said: "Lysol is a proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than home-made solutions of salt, soda or vinegar." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—it *really works!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effec-

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easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
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always!

over a period of eight months. One noon he came over to my table at the Derby. "How's it feel," I asked him, "to be unemployed?"

"Who's unemployed? I'm training boys for overseas duty instead of making pictures that stink—"

Meantime, he and Oscar had started proceedings to break the contract—to see if the little fellow could win. Remember, there was no precedent for this. Movie contracts had been ironclad. By the option system, a studio could drop the actor at the end of six months. No actor had ever been known to drop a studio . . .

Suddenly the whole thing was brought to a head. Bob got a radio bid, and the studio enjoined radio from using him. An injunction suit comes up for hearing without delay, and that's when the suit was tried and won. The judge turned in a 52-page decision, rescinding the contract, awarding back salary and damages, and mincing no words in expressing an opinion. "The most flagrant piece of corporate arrogance I have ever encountered," he called it. I think what roused his ire as much as anything was the studio's charge that Bob "was hiding behind patriotism to break a contract." He was hiding behind nothing. On his own time, he'd helped his country, and what was wrong about that?

I bet Paramount's saying the same thing about Bob Hope. But with Hope's record, nobody's going to get very far slinging mud at his motives. He's made a perfectly frank statement of his case. Ninety-seven percent of his earnings now go to the government, and he says it's a pleasure. But under his present contract, he'd be working for nothing while Paramount rakes it in. Why should he spend his time making Paramount rich? He'd rather go out and entertain the boys.

And while we're on the subject of war—it's the fashion in certain quarters to take potshots at actors. Why, I don't know, except that those in the limelight make easy targets. Actors have nothing to apologize for. Man for man, they've sent as many to the service as any other group. If they've waited to be called, so have most of their fellow Americans. And some didn't wait.

Young Dick Jaeckel fought like a demon—with his mother as well as the studio against him. He was only 17 and his mother had to sign the papers. When he made his hit in "Guadalcanal," TC-Fox said: "Well, we've got him till he's 18—"

"Like fun you have," said Dick, and refused to do "Wing and A Prayer," unless his mother promised to sign the papers when he'd finished. She had no choice, she knew he wouldn't budge. The day they took him into the merchant marines, he flapped his arms and went crowing all over the house like a drunken rooster.

TC-Fox lost two at a blow. Ty Power joined the Marines the same day as Hank Fonda. Neither applied for a commission. Both got theirs the hard way, and that's how they wanted it. I've never seen Ty so mad as over a story in a San Diego paper, that went on about how he did the same work as the other boots—scrubbed floors, picked up cigarette butts and the rest of it. "Why the hell *should* I do anything different?" he raved.

Gable wanted to go right in after Pearl Harbor, but President Roosevelt asked him to stay put. When Carole died, he couldn't stay put any longer. I doubt if the studio even tried to hold him. He'd have steamrollered them right out of his way. No, his big bout with the bosses came earlier—when the lady from England claimed him as the papa of her child.

The studio wanted to hush the whole thing up, make a settlement. Clark let out the roar of a bull in pain. "Settlement for

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what? I never laid eyes on the woman!"

They trotted out all the arguments—"bad publicity—mud always sticks, no matter who throws it—people believe what they want to believe—minute it hits the papers, the truth doesn't matter—"

"It matters to me. I'm not the kid's father. I'm going to court and prove it—"

He went to court and proved that he'd been in Oregon when, by the plaintiff's calendar, he should have been in England. And it ruined his career like the Japs ruined America.

Sometimes the issue involved is personal loyalty. Loyalty, that's what I said. We're often kind to each other in Hollywood, honest. Even when it doesn't pay.

You probably all know how Jack Barrymore stuck by his Ariel. Ariel simply *had* to act. So when Paramount wanted Jack for "Midnight," he said: "Okay, but my wife goes with the deal—"

I played in "Midnight" myself, so you're now reading a first hand account of the doings. Whether Ariel, Jack or Claudette Colbert suffered most is a toss up. Jack the husband would wrestle with Jack the artist, and lose. "Does she stink!" he'd groan, and not under his breath. Ariel would weep. Claudette would take her aside and coach her. Jack thought Claudette was an angel, but wasting her time. One day, while Ariel was out, he gathered us round him and gave out with his best Shakespearean orotund. "You see before you the blight of misplaced loyalty. We should *all*'ve stood in bed."

You can't deny studios the right to cast their own pictures. It's when they go poking around into private lives that you love to see 'em get their fingers pinched. Remember Fred MacMurray in "Gilded Lily?" An overnight star. Well, in those days they didn't like stars to be married. The girl of your heart was also the skeleton in your closet. She might be there but you didn't talk about her.

When Fred hit the jackpot, everything was lovely. He wasn't married. "I'm engaged, though," he said.

They were big about it. They didn't say, "Break the engagement." They said: "Keep it dark—"

"Why?"

"Fans don't like leading men to be married. You've only got one picture under your belt. You could fade as fast as you shot up—"

"That's too bad. But I'm not keeping Lillian dark."

What happens to every new screen rave happened to Fred. The routine never varies. Today nobody knows you're alive—except a few firm friends. Tonight your picture's released. Tomorrow the hostesses swarm like locusts. Where Lillian wasn't invited, Fred wouldn't go. He turned a deaf ear to studio pleas and warnings. And when he and Lil were ready to marry, what d'you suppose they did? Why, they went and got married. Paramount really tore the roof down. But I notice MacMurray still has a few fans.

By the time Alan Ladd came along, the no-wife-and-kids slant had pretty well fizzled out. But not altogether. "Soft-pedal the family stuff," Alan was told, especially after Alana was born. "A little's all right, but don't overdo it." Remembering how things were when she was a star, publicity-wise Sue backed the studio up.

Alan balked. "I'm married, and always let people know it. Because, I don't believe in that stuff. I think they enjoy knowing that I'm happily married and live a normal life with my wife and kid. Anyway, it's a chance. I'll take. Sue and the baby are part of me, and I'm not suppressing them."

The studio stood its ground. When a feature request came up that involved the family, they'd quietly shelve it. It

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He'll pay off in posies when you slick up those shelves with fancy-edged shelf paper stuck down tight with crystal-clear "Scotch" Cellulose Tape.



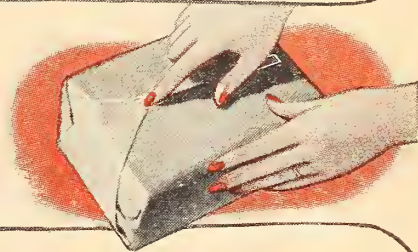
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Clip his favorite recipes and stick 'em in a special scrapbook with "Scotch" Brand Tape. (Note—buy extra vase for the flowers he'll bring you.)



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Seal it with "Scotch" Tape. It'll help keep his sandwiches fresh. (Swell for sealing icebox leftovers, too.)



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what kind of jam or jelly it is. Stick the labels on with firm-holding "Scotch" Tape. They'll never curl up and drop off.

We could go on and on... nobody's ever listed all of "Scotch" Tape's uses. You'll discover new ones every day. Too bad "Scotch" Tape is so hard to find right now, but it'll be back in your favorite store soon... ready once again to help you have a happier, neater home.

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zones that give you triple protection. Sleek, tapered ends. Yet new-design SANAPAK cost no more than ordinary napkins!



Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

was MODERN SCREEN who brought the whole thing to a head. MODERN SCREEN asked for a story about Alana. Nix, said the studio. How Alan got wind of it is a trade secret, but get wind he did. MODERN SCREEN got the story and Paramount got disgusted. From then on, they let Alan play it his own way.

Betty Grable defends her happiness in an adamant way. From the start, she made it clear that Harry and Vicki came first—that any time her work threatened her home, the work would go. So far, she's been able to manage both. But Betty used to be glamor personified, No. 1 Pin-Up to every man in the service. Photos used to snap her at nightspots and parties, and the press ate the pictures up and yelled for more. Since she married James, the only photos you see are studio posed. She spends her evenings playing gin rummy with her husband. Or sitting in the wings while he toots his horn.

Alice Faye goes her one better. I don't know what kind of meat Phil Harris feeds her, and when she tells you he's the world's greatest comic and bandleader, that's only right and proper in a wife. But she'll also tell you he's the world's best actor, so help me she will. Of course that tickles my funnybone, but don't get the notion that I'm criticizing either girl. I think her devotion's beautiful; we should have more like it.

Through all this I seem to have been making the studio the villain of the piece. I apologize. 'Tain't necessarily so. As a rule, I believe they act in good faith, though they blunder even as you and I. But the studio's not always the antagonist. It's sometimes public opinion or some other form of social pressure or plain ugly snobbery.

Paramount never asked Betty Hutton to pretty up her background. But when she was supplying material for the studio biography, an eyebrow was raised. "Do you want all that stuff to go in?"

"Why not? It's true. I did sing in beer joints, I did live on the wrong side of the tracks, my mother did slave in factories so we could eat—and we didn't eat good. What's there to be ashamed of? If it's a sin to be poor, I didn't commit it."

I hesitate even to mention George Montgomery or John Hodiak in this connection. To them, standards of wealth and social position are so much applesauce, not to be measured against the dignity and rockbottom worth of their own people. If I suggested anything laudable in this attitude, they'd give me the fish-eye. So look the other way a minute, will you, boys, while I make a point ...

Neither of the two gave a tinker's dam that their parents didn't have the glossy Hollywood finish. George's folks came from the soil of Russia and transplanted themselves to a ranch in Montana. He brought them to Hollywood. His pop was 80 and worked in the garden all day. His mom spent her time cooking George's favorite dishes. Goodness shone all over their faces, and George's face shone with pride in them. When pictures were taken, he wanted them in every shot. One day Mom had her hair done up under an old boudoir cap. "Oh, I don't look nice—"

He hugged her. "You always look good to me, Mom—" That's when the shutter clicked. If he'd been my son, I wouldn't have taken a million for that picture.

Hodiak came to Hollywood from a radio job in Chicago.

"We'll have to change your name," they told him.

"You won't. It was good enough for my folks, it's good enough for me—"

"It's a bad name for the movies—"

He picked up his hat. "Been nice meeting you, boys—"

"Hey, where you going?"

"Back to Chicago."

The boys looked at each other. One of them said: "Sit down—Mr. Hodiak—"

The minute he got some money, he rented a house, and sent for his folks. His home is with them, not in a bachelor apartment. His only worry is lest they feel lonely, away from the lively community of Poles and Ukrainians who speak their language. If they decide they can stand Hollywood, he plans to buy a little house in the valley. "Mom'll never be happy without a garden and chickens—"

And finally we come to Lew Ayres.

Lew's always been a thoughtful, introspective boy. "All Quiet on the Western Front," the anti-war film in which he played, made a deep impression on him. More and more he turned to books—philosophy, metaphysics, sociology. The Tolstoi theories seemed to strike an answering chord in him. He quit smoking, turned vegetarian, became convinced that it was wrong to kill. There was nothing of the crackpot about him. He remained an easy, normal, fun-loving guy with plenty of friends.

Billy Bakewell, who'd played in "All Quiet" with him, was his best friend. One night, just after the draft started, Lew called and asked him to come over. They'd often discussed his ideas, but up to that point the talks had been theoretical.

"Now it begins to be real," said Lew. "And I still won't kill or contribute to killing. But I want to do something, and I think I'd be most useful in the medical corps. So I'm going to start studying with the Red Cross."

Pretty soon Lew qualified as an instructor, and conducted classes at M-G-M. Meantime, he'd explained to Louis B. Mayer that he was a conscientious objector.

"Don't be silly," said Mayer.

"I'm just telling you. In case you want to kick me out of the Kildares. Because lots of people aren't going to like me."

Mayer took a chance. Pearl Harbor was bombed. Lew was 1-A. He registered as a conscientious objector. "I'm not trying to save my skin," he explained to the draft board. "I'm ready to carry stretchers on the firing line. But I can't take life."

His claim was disallowed. It's my opinion that the draft board welcomed a chance to "show up a movie actor." So Lew had to appeal, and that's when the story broke. Washington reversed the draft board decision, and Lew was assigned to the Cascade Locks Camp at Oregon.

His house was mobbed by reporters. Billy got him out and over to his own place, then drove him to catch the train at San Fernando, for fear of what might happen at the Union Station. Lew said all right, but he'd faced the situation so often within himself, that he was prepared to face it in reality. On the whole, people were decent. A few men on the train glared. In Hollywood someone left a cocktail party, because Billy was there.

But those who knew Lew and his sincerity went to bat for him. Someone reached General Hershey, and Lew was allowed to join the medical corps. He asked for overseas duty. He was at New Guinea and Hollandia. With 13 others, he volunteered to go ashore on the first day of the Leyte invasion, to set up a clinic for wounded Filipino civilians. He's on Luzon now, living in the ruins of a belfry, caring for broken bodies, acting as assistant to the chaplain. His government salary goes to the Red Cross.

But if we all felt like Lew, you'll say, the Jap flag would be flying over the White House.

Very few feel like Lew. Most of us think a killer should be killed. But if we won't give a man freedom of thought, what are we fighting for?

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

— says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home."

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."



Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.



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THIS HEART OF MINE

(Continued from page 51)

After dinner they went to the Mocambo. Phil Ohman's band played all the music from Oklahoma. "People—will say—we're in love," sang the violins and, with Natalie's golden-brown head at his shoulder, it came over Bob that he was highly susceptible to suggestion this evening.

meet the folks . . .

They dated next night and the night after—the first time Bob called for Natalie at home. He walked into a wide hall, and she came down a winding staircase, looking so beautiful that his breath caught. He knew he was going to ask her to marry him.

She took his hand and sort of squeezed it, which set his heart thumping and his hopes scooting skyward. Why would a girl squeeze your hand except to show she liked you? "I want you to meet my mother and stepfather," she said.

Bob knew that Natalie'd had a brief career at M-G-M. What he didn't know was why she'd quit. Her mother's conservative enough to disapprove of acting. Natalie was under age. When persuasion failed, Mother simply broke her contract.

Blissfully unconscious, Bob was introduced. They all chatted amiably and everything was fine. As the young people were about to go, Mrs. Bowers asked: "By the way, Bob, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

Pause. Just long enough for Bob to catch a flash from Natalie's eyes—

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Bowers was saying. "How could a nice boy like you get mixed up in that profession?"

"Why, Mrs. Bowers, it's a wonderful pro-

fession!" He spent the next few minutes explaining how wonderful it was—and realizing sadly that a girl could squeeze a boy's hand out of sheer nervousness.

For all his softspoken ways, Bob's a lad of unswerving purpose. A week after the birthday party he proposed. The Legion Stadium was hardly the place for it. But suddenly he couldn't stand the suspense. As arms flailed in the ring, Bob said will you? and Natalie said she would. "Only, you'll have to ask my folks—"

Not to put too fine a point on it, Bob was scared stiff. Squaring his shoulders, he marched in as to battle. Mr. Bowers proffered a genial hand. "Well," he smiled, "you kids seem to have made up your minds—"

There was only one stipulation. They thought the youngsters ought to wait a few months. The date was set for December 18th, four months away. Natalie went to New York for her trousseau. When she got back, they hunted apartments. Natalie'd conducted a quiz program of her own and discovered that Bob made a production of dressing. That meant two bathrooms. Fine! When, for love or money, you couldn't get a hole in the wall, they set out in quest of two bathrooms.

And found them. Through the kindness of Frances Heflin. And kept them through the masterly intervention of Natalie's mother.

It was three weeks before the wedding. By now all their friends were desperately aiding the search and, sure enough, late one evening Frances called. This place had just been vacated. Two bathrooms and all. They'd better dash over first thing in the

morning and grab it—

A breathless Natalie appeared on Bob's doorstep at nine. They dashed over. . . .

"Look, Bobbie, it's got swell possibilities. The rooms are a nice size and they're well planned. If we tear it all apart and get painters and carpenters in and move these things out and bring our own stuff in and if and if and if—why, it'll be lovely!"

"You sure?" She was sure. "We'll take it," he told the landlady.

"Well—by the way, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

"An actor!!! Good heavens, no! I wouldn't have an actor on the place—"

They implored, argued and cajoled, all to no purpose. She'd been married to an actor once. She hated actors—

When Mrs. Bowers heard the story, she took it from there and emerged victorious. How, she won't say. Natalie swears it must have been the bond between them. "Mother probably said: 'I know so well how you feel. But Bob's not an actor at heart. The poor boy must have been dropped on his head as an infant—'"

orange blossoms . . .

At the wedding, Natalie was nervous, not Bob. First of all, he's near sighted and the guests were a vague blur, so he just made believe they weren't there. Besides, he was fascinated by his bride's behavior. Her hand shook so, that petals kept showing from her bouquet.

A week-end at Arrowhead was all the honeymoon they had. "But it was unique in a way," says Bob gravely. "Because there were three of us. Me and my wife and the koala bear—"

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Natalie has a passion for fuzzy animals, and the koala bear is something special. Her companion from childhood, she won't be parted from him. To her he's a person—

One morning Bob picked him up and his head came off. She burst into tears.

"Now, really, honey—you'd think someone was dead—" The sobs grew wilder. "Want me to sew him up?" A strangled sound, which he took to be yes. "All right, if you'll stop crying—" But when he started operations, down went her head again.

"Now what's the matter?"

"I can't bear to watch the needle—"

To Bob—to any man—that's comical. But on the subject of live animals, they're completely in accord. They want a house, when the war's over, for several reasons. In an apartment, there's no place to go but the living room. In a house, there's outside. Besides, Bob likes a lawn to mow and a hedge to cut. And another reason is Vic—

animal lovers . . .

A month after their marriage, he brought Vic home in his pocket and set him down in the hall. Natalie was fixing her hair. "Someone to see you," he called and, brush in hand, she went down on her knees to the black and white scrap, all paws and eyes and droopy spaniel ears, and a perfect V for Vic on his forehead.

He grew up to be a devil, and the most wonderful dog they'd ever known. But Vic believed in self-expression at any hour of the day or night. His barking made him unpopular with the neighbors, and they finally had to park him with a friend.

Meantime they entertain the neighborhood pets. Either the front or back door is always open, and young visitors wander in at will. One night Bob found an Irish setter under the bed. One morning Natalie woke to meet the patient eyes of three dogs and four kids. They feed the dogs Friskies, and the children cokes. A child or dog turned away by a closed door is more than they can contemplate.

Since "Hollywood Canteen" started the Hutton landslide, Bob's been steadily at work. "Roughly Speaking," "Too Young to Know," "Janie Gets Married." So Sunday's his lazy day. They both sleep late, and each gets his own breakfast. Because Bob's a marvelous cook and likes things the way he likes them, while Natalie eats strangely. Never a whole meal at a time. Maybe orange juice for breakfast, and an egg for lunch. Bob really sits down to his food—a big orange juice, cream of wheat, two soft-boiled eggs and a glass of half-and-half—to keep his weight up.

They agree that he's by all odds the more efficient of the two. Natalie's easily distracted. The other day she was pressing her best blouse. "Bet you'll burn the collar before you get through," Bob prophesied cheerfully. And she did!

She practically never gets really mad, for the simple reason that Bob's an angel. But they sometimes wonder what the neighbors think. Because they love to wrestle. And of course she screams and things fall and it probably sounds awful.

Bob likes his showers hot. One morning, to create a diversion, Natalie dumped a pitcher of cold water over him.

"You'll regret this," he promised calmly, so she fled downstairs to the landlady for protection. Creeping back an hour later, she was seized by her husband and stuck under the shower, because she can't stand getting her hair wet. Later, he went down for a paper, and she locked him out. He had to crawl in through the bathroom window.

"We call it entertainment," says Bob. "Simple, inexpensive, and harmless—"

When he has a day off, they like to go marketing together. The market has a neighborly atmosphere. The clerk at the bakeshop hands over a bag of bran muffins without waiting to be asked. They both

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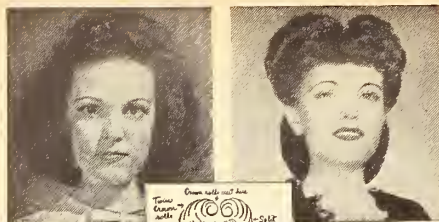
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adore bran muffins. By the time they reach home, all the muffins are gone and Natalie's through eating for the day. Bob's just worked up an appetite for dinner.

Friday nights are sacred to the fights. Natalie says she likes 'em better than Bob does. Bob says no, she just jumps around more. Saturday nights they play penny ante with a crowd that includes Van Johnson, the Eddie Brackens, Bonita Granville, Ann Rutherford and her husband.

"Natalie thinks she plays a good game, but doesn't—"

"I'm a better gambler—"

"Yes, and you always lose," he points out kindly. "I'm a conservative player and I usually win—"

"My husband—" she murmurs.

tastes differ . . .

They present a practical example of how the theory of adjustment in marriage works. Take movies, for instance. By and large, they agree on movies—see them all, good and bad. Being optimists, they always think the bad ones are going to be good.

Take music. Serious music depresses Bob. Natalie loves it. She'd like to go to the Bowl every night. Bob's been there once—before they were married when he wanted to make an impression. All he remembers of the evening is falling through his collapsible chair. His kind of music is played by Carmen Cavallero and Duchin, by Kostelanetz and Whiteman and Dave Rose. At night they listen to dramatic programs. And play chess or gin rummy—

They prefer chess, which leaves them both affable, whereas they're unhappy gin rummy players. For one thing, the loser ponies up. But that's not the whole story. "At chess we know we're lousy," says Bob. "But we both think we're good gin players and don't like to have the contrary proven."

They get all hot and bothered about Christmas and birthdays. No matter how deeply hidden, they can always smell out a beribboned package. Honor prevents them from opening it, but they're allowed to feel and guess what's inside. Last Christmas Natalie bought Bob a lighter, stuck it in a box as big as a table, and happily watched him go nuts guessing that one.

Whatever else he gives her, it wouldn't be Christmas without a stuffed animal. She gives him sports jackets, sweaters, shirts, and pajamas and wears them herself. He likes that—can't understand men who object to wives wearing their clothes. Nothing's cuter than Natalie in one of his sweaters, which on her becomes a sloppy Joe. Unless it's Natalie in his pajama top, with the sleeves rolled back and the hem reaching her knees in a short nightgown effect.

About clothes, there's a difference of opinion. "He always wears ties," objects Natalie. "He goes around all dressed up in a suit and collar." That's the Easterner in him. But she's just talked him into a couple of sports coats.

conservative himself . . .

With Bob, you never can tell. A conservative dresser himself, on her he likes slacks. Out of deference to her mother's tastes, she never used to wear them. Now she does. And he hates to see her stick a hat on her head. "Your hair's too pretty to cover." On the other hand, he wants her sophisticated at night. The jewel of her wardrobe, the loveliest formal she's ever owned, is a peach-colored French taffeta with a bouffant skirt. When she takes it out, Bob groans.

"But why don't you like it, Bobbie? Give me one good reason—"

"Makes you look like a little girl—"

Here's what goes on at the Huttons on dress-up nights. In their own words—

"While Bob dresses, I take a nap. When

he's ready to put his coat on, I start—"

"With me," explains Bob, "dressing's a form of relaxation, not a race against time. I like to linger in the shower. I like to shave and smoke and maybe meditate a little. I like to put on a shoe and listen to the radio. Or look at the paper. Or mend a lamp. Or just sit around and gab. Does the law say not to enjoy yourself while dressing—?"

"And he never can make up his mind what he wants me to wear—"

"Let's put it another way. Natalie comes in with a dress. 'Do you like it, Bobbie?' 'Not especially.' 'Why?' Well, I don't know why, I just know what I like. But my wife's a fast talker. Pretty soon she's got me sold that the dress is a wow. Till we're ready to start. Then I say, 'Honey, I wish you'd wear that other one—'

"Sweet as a kitten, she says okay."

"I look at my watch. 'How long will it take you to change?'"

"Ten or fifteen minutes—"

"I say, 'Never mind, I like this one—'"

Froth and fun aside, they've made one important adjustment. Natalie still wants to act. Like her mother, Bob was opposed at first, though for different reasons. He'd heard so much talk about Hollywood divorces, about how two careers in a family never work. Why take a chance, he contended, that you don't have to take when there is no reason for it—?

But, living with Natalie, he came to realize that her feeling about it wasn't a girl's whim, but a deep-rooted ache and fever that no man in his senses could help taking seriously. They talked the thing out.

"Lots of people with careers are happily married," she pleaded. "Look at Ronnie Reagan and Jane. Look at Bob Taylor and Stanwyck. Look at Betty and Harry James. You just have to love each other enough—"

"Suppose I get a vacation. Suppose I feel like going to Hawaii and want my wife along—"

"Bobbie, I don't want to be just another actress, I want to be good. If I'm not, I'll quit. If I am, I'll tell 'em I want a vacation too. Oh, maybe it won't be that easy, but the way I feel now isn't too easy either. Let me try, Bobbie. If I never try, it'll be a thorn in my flesh as long as I live—"

twin careers . . .

Two careers may be dangerous to marriage. But Bob thinks it's just as dangerous to dam so eager a stream from its natural course. So he's letting her try. Not long ago, David Selznick saw a magazine picture of them, and sent for Natalie. At the moment, his studio's closed because of the strike. When the strike's over, he's going to test her.

One more thing they argue about—dripping faucets. The minute they're in bed, a bathroom faucet starts dripping. Whosever bathroom it is, that one's supposed to get up.

"It's yours," decides Natalie.

"It's definitely yours," says Bob.

The argument's resolved by a June bug. With plenty of greenery round the house, June bugs get in. Natalie's not afraid of lions or tigers. She could face a snake or Frankenstein at his worst. But a pretty, innocent June bug drives her crazy. Bob gets up, scoops it into a paper and drops it outside.

"My big brave husband," she sighs. "As long as you're up, would you turn off the faucet?"

He shouldn't, but he does. Because she's scared of June bugs. Because her tawny hair's spread all over the pillow. Because she looks so funny with her head sticking out of that silly pajama top. Because he loves her.

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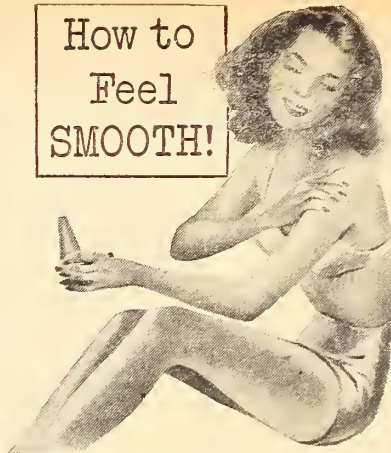
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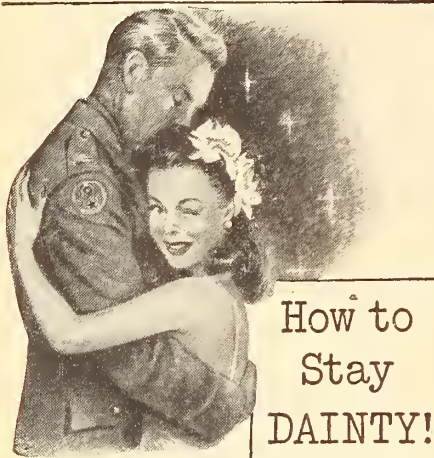


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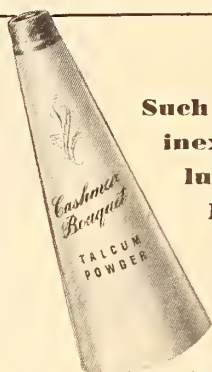


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FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH

(Continued from page 39)

tripped on the curb, and landed on his bad knee. The cartilage was torn, and he spent his whole furlough in the hospital. Tough? Sure. But he'd be back at the Field before October first and that was all that really mattered.

He got back September twenty-ninth. The first friend he met was commiserating. "It's a tough break, kid. I'm sorry."

"Oh, the knee's all right now, thanks." Funny how they'd heard about it.

His pal stared. "What knee? I mean it's tough you missed the 'Winged Victory' assignment. They called them September fifteenth instead of October first. So you're still a classification specialist, kid."

tough, luck . . .

There it went, the nice, shiny dream of Broadway. Don wandered around in a fog for two days. It had been so damned close! Well, war was hell, and this was war, and he didn't have much to kick about. He thought of the guys out in foxholes, and was ashamed of himself. Meanwhile, in New York, Moss Hart was having trouble. Moss was the producer and director of "Winged Victory." He had a tremendous company assembled, and all the roles were cast but one.

"Pinky's got to be right, or the whole thing goes up the creek. We've auditioned dozens of actors, but they haven't got that bounce, that cockiness. Who else have we on the list?"

"Nobody, Mr. Hart."

"Well, find somebody," Moss said impatiently. "Get me all the pictures that were sent in."

He riffled through the enormous sheaf they brought him. Half through—and stopped. "There he is," he said quietly.

So—Don got a wire. "Report to 'Winged Victory' company in New York."

This time he wouldn't get excited. He wouldn't let himself believe it. Maybe the orders wouldn't come. Three days later he was strolling into Moss Hart's outer office. A tall, lean kid with a cocky grin, smoking a cigarette.

"Hi. I'm Don Taylor."

Too late he saw that the man behind the desk was a lieutenant. The lieutenant looked at him slowly, his gold shoulder bar glistening—abruptly Don remembered that "Winged Victory" wasn't just a show, it was part of the Air Force.

"Where do you think you are?" the lieutenant demanded. "This is the Army. Get rid of that cigarette and come in properly!"

Don went out, and then made a very GI entrance. Saluted smartly. "Private Taylor reporting, sir."

"That's better." The lieutenant grinned and turned into a human being. "They've got a hell of a part for you in this show."

It took exactly one minute for Don to get the part. Moss Hart looked at him, taking in the restless brown eyes, the ruffled hair, the lean good looks. He handed him a script. "All right, Taylor. First reading next week." Just like that.

So there he was. Pinky. It never seemed like a role in a play to him somehow. It seemed like part of his life. Even the gestures—young and awkward and exuberant—were natural to him. This was the kind of part he'd longed for ever since he had decided to be an actor. . . .

That wasn't so long ago, really. It was when he was at Penn State. He'd had a vague idea when he entered college that maybe he'd be a lawyer. But he went out for dramatics freshman year and the vision of Donald Ritchie Taylor, Attorney for

the Defense, faded into a dream of "Don Taylor" up in lights on Broadway. Sure, he knew being an actor was a tough life. In his mind he knew that, but in his heart he knew something quite different.

The spring of his freshman year, a talent scout came to see him after one of the college shows.

"I'll give you a job with our stock company for the summer, Taylor."

Here was opportunity. And according to the copybooks, it knocks but once. Obviously the thing to do was grab it before it could get away. But—"I'll have to think it over," Don said. "I'll let you know."

He talked to the head of his college dramatic group. "What do you think? It might be a good chance. . . ."

The director brooded. "You've got personality, Don, but you don't know from nothing about acting. Yet. I'd wait."

So he waited, studied, built himself up in the meantime, tore himself down, waited till he was sure he had his technique at his fingertips. And when the talent scout came around again, he accepted the offer for that summer and every summer after throughout his college career. Sometimes the job was acting, more often it was painting scenery or selling tickets. It certainly wasn't all fun.

For one thing, there was the matter of money. The other guys at college all had good jobs in the summer and came back in the fall well loaded with that folding green stuff. Don got his room and board and the sum of five dollars per week. What could you do on five dollars?

One thing he could do, and did, was to fall in love. The girl was an actress at the Playhouse, and all one summer they went around holding hands, and looking very moon-eyed, and losing pounds because how can you eat when you're in love? They had long discussions about the future.

"What makes you so sure you're going to get somewhere in the theater, Don?"

Don looked at her uneasily. It was a good question, but he didn't know the answer. He just had that feeling. "Maybe I won't get anywhere. Maybe I'll starve on a park bench."

When he went back to college, they wrote to each other, and for a while she came up week ends. Only—it just didn't work out. One Saturday night after a big game and the dance that followed it, they were sitting with a lot of others in Don's fraternity house, Sigma Nu. They were singing "Fight On, State!" and Don was right in there, his voice louder than anyone's. His girl touched his arm. "Let's go where we can talk, Don."

They went, Don rather reluctantly. He'd been having fun, and he was surprised to find her crying a little.

boy loses girl . . .

"It's no good," she said quickly, when they were outside in the moonlight. "You've changed, Don. Last summer you seemed grown up and serious about your career and about us. But now you're—you're just Joe College!"

He couldn't argue. It was true. He was a chameleon, adapting himself to the atmosphere he was in. They never saw each other after that.

And in their own loving way, Don's family felt the same, that he was a head-in-the-clouds dreamer, a kid who just refused to grow up. But regardless, even back in his high school days, way, way before the episode with The Girl, Dad had been swell, slipping him a five-spot when the allowance were thin or lending him his next-best tie for a particularly heavy date.

Don's mother was more sympathetic to his acting ambitions than his father, but she wasn't the type that enthused much. She used to come up to college to see him

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in a play. He'd knock himself out to give a particularly spectacular performance. When he saw her afterward he'd say, "How was it, Mother?" Expecting raves.

"It was all right, son."

Spring of his Senior year he had the lead in "The Taming Of The Shrew." Afterward a couple of strangers came backstage. They were the Epstein brothers of Hollywood, two of Penn State's most famous alumni. The first question they asked was unexpected.

"What is your draft status?"

Don had just registered. He told them so. They made vague noises about his performance, and started to drift out the door.

"If you should decide to come to Hollywood, look us up," one of them said casually as they left. Too casually.

But one of his professors wrote the Epsteins a letter. And got a reply. "Send him out. We'll see if we can help him." So Don scrounged around and got seventy-five bucks, and hitch-hiked across country. It was the standard way for aspiring young actors to arrive, and didn't impress anyone. However, through the Epsteins, he got an agent and, eventually, a screen test at Warner's. They kept him around for two months, then decided they could continue to make pictures without Taylor.

He was living at the YMCA, which didn't cost much, but he had to eat. So he took a job as doorman at the Pantages Theater.

"Standing room only in the balcony. Best seats now available in the loges." He ate.

He didn't know anything about Hollywood. The first day he got there, he walked the streets looking for movie stars. There weren't any. Just extras in dark glasses. Disgustedly he stooged back to the Y, and went up on the roof for a sun bath. He lay down next to a long bronzed hunk of muscle whose brown face also wore dark glasses. Another extra, Don decided.

"Are you in pictures?" he inquired politely. Might as well make the guy feel good.

The hunk of muscle rose, stretched, and removed the glasses. "Now and then," said Johnny Weissmuller dryly, and strode off.

Don kept plugging away at the studios. But he didn't have the right approach. He got in to see an important man at Columbia, who eyed him sourly.

"What the hell have you done?"

Don stammered. "Well-uh-stock, and plays at college."

The important man laughed unpleasantly. "College! Hah! We'll get in touch with you if we need you."

Don still stood there uncertainly. "Is that all?"

"Sure. What did you expect—Kewpie dolls?"

It would have been fun to take a poke at him. But impractical. Don went out, seething.

Later he got another agent, Buster Collier, who believed in this string-bean kid with the dark eyes and restless manner.

Collier sold him to Metro and Metro signed him for a bit part in "The Human Comedy," which eventually ended up as the face on the cutting room floor. After that he had a few minor parts in Pete Smith shorts, and one in "Swingshift Maisie." Then—the Army.

gets stood up ...

That was February, 1943. A year later he was playing Pinky to enthusiastic Broadway audiences, and strolling into Sardi's as if he'd lived there all his life.

At first the fact that a girl named Phyllis Avery had the principal feminine role in the show didn't mean a thing to him. If you'd mentioned her name he would have looked at you blankly and said, "You mean the small blondish number? What about her?" Not that Don was allergic to small blonde girls. But he was busy with the

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show, he had plenty of friends, and he just wasn't interested. He didn't realize how smoothly experienced an actress Phyllis was, and he wouldn't have cared if he had. As for Phyllis, she told a friend, "That Taylor is a conceited monkey, the way he jumps around, so cocky!"

Then one rainy night, Don came out of the stage door and stood there waiting for his date to show up. He noticed Phyllis standing a little way off. She gave him a frosty hello, and went on waiting for her date to show up. Neither date arrived.

"How about a drink to console ourselves?" Don suggested. After all, it was only polite to make some sort of gesture in a case like this.

Phyllis smiled reluctantly. "All right."

They had more fun than either of them had expected to. A week later they went out together again. Then somehow it seemed as if they were thrown together all the time, at rehearsals and things. All of a sudden Don realized that if he wasn't with Phyllis he was lonely, even in a crowd. They liked the same things, and never seemed to quarrel, because as soon as they started to they'd break out laughing at some idiotic remark.

But they'd sit till four in the morning discussing heredity, and getting really violent about it. By then, though, they knew they were in love. Don's family came to New York to see the show. They met Phyllis and approved, although at that time Don didn't say anything about marriage. That came later when they were making the picture of "Winged Victory" in California. It was swell to be out there again—with Phyllis. Fun to go swimming and lie in the sunshine. Fun to find that she loved tennis almost as much as he did.

They wanted to get married, but they both felt it wouldn't be sensible. Don was on Army wages, and even though he was a sergeant now, that didn't mean very heavy sugar. It would be a lot more practical for Phyllis to go back to Broadway where she could get a good part in a new show than to go on tour with "Winged Victory." Only—who wants to be practical or sensible when they're in love? They got married in Beverly Hills at a quiet wedding with a few friends. Phyl's father managed to get there. He's Stephen Morehouse Avery, the writer, and he is now a colonel in Army Intelligence. It was a lovely wedding with the "Let Us Be Gay" wedding cake and everybody pretty happy about the whole thing. The kids rented an old Chrysler roadster and had the most wonderful two weeks on record.

Then the show started its tour. The picture of "Winged Victory" was released while they were in the Middle West. And then something happened. It began at the first performance they gave in Cincinnati. The picture had played there the week before, but Don didn't think much about that except to wonder that they got such a big crowd at the show. Then came the moment in the opening scene when Pinky comes onstage, making zooming motions like an airplane. He'd made that entrance hundreds of times before. Thousands. It was strictly routine. Only tonight when he appeared, all hell broke loose. There was wild applause, there was a stamping of feet, there was a concerted shriek like the howl of a voracious banshee. "Pinky!" said the shriek, and it came from all over the house. Don stood there in complete astonishment. He looked over to where Phyl was standing in the wings.

"Go ahead, dope," she whispered. Her eyes were bright with tears of pride and happiness. Don went ahead, but he's convinced that he gave the worst performance of his career. The thing was so unexpected, so bewildering. After the show, there was a mob at the door. Don signed the first autograph book thrust in front of him, "Best

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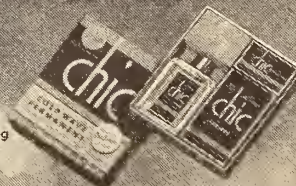
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regards, Don Taylor."

"Don Taylor!" said the kid in outraged disgust. "I thought you were Pinky!"

In Pittsburgh one morning after a late rehearsal, there was a knock on their door at eight A.M. Don thought it was the maid. "Can't you make up the room later?" he asked sleepily.

There was a flurry of giggles outside. Sibilant whispers. "You do it." "No, you!" "Oh, go on, somebody!" Finally a voice said, "Don, please can we have your autograph?"

"Look, kids, I'm not dressed. I'll be down in the lobby at ten-thirty."

More whispers, then a drifting away down the hall. In a few minutes, another knock. "Miz Taylor," said the voice of the negro maid, "Miz Taylor, there's a whole lot of gals here say yo' husband a movie star. They want his auto-graph."

"He'll see them later," Phyllis said.

This, then, was fame. This was what Don had felt all along would come some day—that feeling that had been so inexplicable and yet so positive. The feeling that had made him such a cocky kid. The feeling that had at last come true. So now when he gets that odd certainty inside him, he relaxes. Everything will be all right. When "Winged Victory" closed, and Don got a furlough, he and Phyllis headed for New York. Hotel rooms were scarce—and expensive. But Don wasn't worried. Something would turn up. And it did, in the form of that friend's apartment where they could be "Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor." Now Don has been sent to California with a special service unit and no one knows what happens next. But one of these days the war will be over, and he'll be back on the screen, as cocky and gay and vital as ever. So—keep waiting!

"STATE FAIR"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 43)

in their eyes whenever the Boy and thirty-four hogs hired as "extras" occupied the Swine Pavilion. It was tough to spend the day eyeing all those red points on the hoof, and then go home to a vegetable plate. . . . Those nasal notes of Haymes' were not intended as a flashback to the Vallee school of the croon. Dick was plagued throughout the picture by man's meanest enemy, the common head cold. . . . Viv Blaine can thank the stork for her picture break. No, he didn't bring her. But he did call on Grable and Faye at the very time Fox was casting some important musicals. An intensive search for new talent turned up one Vivian Stapleton, a chubby, blonde band vocalist. Five name-changes later, Miss Stapleton emerged as sleek, red-headed Vivian Blaine, promising contender for the title of studio glamor queen. . . . Happy Ending Dept.: Dana put in some anxious hours awaiting long overdue letters from his two younger brothers, fighting in the ETO. One memorable day both were heard from. Twenty-eight-year-old Lt. David sent a 16-pager from London, and PFC Bill, veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, sent a scrawled V-mail from the former Fuehrerland. Dick Haymes was another who went from gloom to bloom. He and wife Joanne announced their parting, but reconciled speedily. . . . The Fair scenes were a challenge to the production boys. In times of peace a company would be dispatched directly to the Iowa State Fairgrounds at Des Moines to film backgrounds. But with traveling conditions what they are, the studio couldn't feel that this trip was really necessary. Undaunted, studio genius constructed nine Fair sets on the sound stages, and tossed in half a million props.

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"STATE FAIR"

STORY

(Continued from page 42)

could get away, Margy."

"It's just the State Fair," Margy said.

"You know what it'll be like."

"Wish I could be there with you."

"Do you?" Margy said. "Really, Harry?"

"You know I do," Harry said.

She looked at him: Harry Ware. And she knew what he meant. It was written all over the broad, serious, sturdy face. And Ma always said Harry would make a fine husband some day. Only... only what? Oh, he was Harry, good, dull, even-tempered Harry who never seemed to be able to make her laugh... or cry, either. And how could you love a man who couldn't make you laugh? Or cry?

"Marge!"

She looked up. Ma was waving to her from the truck. They must be ready to go. She trudged up the hill silently with Harry plodding along at her side telling her to have a good time at the Fair and that he was sure Ma's pickles would win a prize and Blue Boy was sure to get the ribbon. Why that Blue Boy, he was the finest specimen of pig anywhere in Iowa...

Pig!

Harry, Harry—she thought—tell me how the sun makes rainbows in a spider's web and how moonbeams flirt with leaves of the trees on Crabapple Hill late at night. It'll be different at the Fair, she said to herself, something'll happen and it'll all be different. She remembered how gay the lights were along the Midway and how the sound of music was everywhere...

Pigs!

"Ready, Marge?"

"I'm ready, Ma. Where's Wayne?"

"He's on the telephone. He'll be right out."

"Anything wrong?"

"Eleanor can't come."

"Poor Wayne. He's been counting on showing her the sights all year."

"It's only for three days. Ain't a lifetime."

Wayne came out of the house, looking like he'd been struck by lightning.

"Guess we're all ready," Ma said cheerfully.

They climbed into the truck and Pa threw her into gear. In the roadwag Harry waved to them. Down the road the twin lanes rose, dipped and curved, and like all the good roads in Iowa that day, it led straight to the State Fair.

Margy stood looking up at the long rise in one roller coaster. It seemed to climb in one long, breathless line to the fat lazy clouds that hung over the Fair. Well, this was it—the Fair! And she felt a bubble of excitement rise and form and burst like a soap bubble. She looked again at the roller coaster and walked toward it.

It was only after she was in the car that she noticed the other figure in the car: Lank, easy, munching an apple. Then she turned away and looked toward the rise again. She stiffened a little as the car jerked and began to move. The Fair seemed to drop away from them. Climbing higher, she could see the colored blobs which were groups of people and then sun glinted on the glasses of someone peering up at the car. They looked so funny—the people down there; it looked so tiny—the whole, great, brawling State Fair. And then, suddenly, the car topped the final rise. It was as if she had dropped, like Alice in Wonderland, down some fantastic hole in the sky.

She half rose. And the lank figure beside her reached for her with a swift intensity and pulled her back and she heard a voice say:

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"You little fool!"

Then it was all gone in a huge swirl of motion and she closed her eyes and reached for whatever was nearest and she buried her face against something smelling oddly and comfortingly of tobacco and she thought she heard the sound of laughter.

Only after the swoop did she realize she had buried her head against the chest of the figure next to her, and she pulled away, embarrassed, sitting stiffly in her seat while the car climbed again. . . .

And grabbed again at the next swoop! It was a nightmare until she heard the guard's voice saying: "All out!" and the car was blessedly quiet and she saw that they were back at the exit of the ride. A voice at her elbow said:

"Feel better?"

She saw where the lapels of his jacket were creased where she had grabbed at them at each dip of the roller coaster. He seemed taller and leaner standing.

"How about a coke? Nothing like a coke to settle the nerves. I'll tell you all about the life and the philosophy of Pat Gilbert and you can give me a quick resume of—"

"Margy Frake," she said.

"All right, Margy," he said. "A coke and a slice of life. How about it? It's as nourishing as a ham sandwich."

He was, it turned out, a reporter, and he had a yen for roller coasters. He had, too, a lot of funny ideas.

"Take us," he said. "We met on a roller coaster. Well, all life's a roller coaster. Up again, down again. You meet someone and maybe you click and maybe you don't. You never know until you try. I always say try it. Then if you don't like the ride, you can get off and just walk away."

"Just like that?" she said.

"Just like that."

She sipped her coke, looking up at him.

"The Pat Gilbert," he said. "More loops than a roller coaster. More fun than a merry-go-round. Try a ride. Free!"

"I'll try one," she said.

He grinned at her and suddenly she remembered that back at the Farm she used to have a crazy idea that at the Fair everything was going to be different. Well, this Pat Gilbert was different; she'd never known anyone like him. If she had to tell Ma or Pa about him she'd have a little difficulty trying to say just what he was like. Be easier to tell Wayne. Wayne . . . She wondered if Wayne was having a good time at the Fair . . .

The Barker at the Hoop-La Stand said in a tight voice: "Look, son, you've had your fun. Now run along."

"I got a right to keep playing as long as I got money," Wayne said stubbornly.

"Look, sonny, don't make trouble. You won yourself three dollar bills, a pearl necklace, a revolver, a fountain pen . . ."

"The necklace is just colored stone, the revolver doesn't work, the fountain pen's a fake—"

"Cut it, sonny. Run along."

"I got a right to play."

"Want me to call a copper?"

Someone in the crowd around the Hoop-La Stand said:

"Why don't you try?"

Wayne swung around. It was a girl. She was jaunty and crisp and fresh as morning dew. She stepped up to the Barker.

"Why don't you call a policeman?" she said. "I'm sure my Father, who's the Chief, will be glad to send one of his men over to explain the law. It says you've got to sell him rings as long as he wants them." She turned to Wayne: "I was watching you. You must have a knack for it."

"It's no knack," Wayne said. "I practiced all winter. Last year I lost eight dollars right here trying for a pearl-handled revolver and then when I finally won it,

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it turned out to be a fake. Got me so mad—"

She laughed: "That you decided to practice and trim the trimmers. I like that!"

"You should have heard him last year. He kept kidding me all the time. Making out I was a big rube. Made a fool out of me. I guess there are all kinds of fools and he doesn't look so smart right now—"

"Look, sonny," the Barker said. "Here's your eight dollars back. Lay off now. Is it a deal?"

Wayne said carefully: "All right."

She had started to walk away but Wayne caught her arm. "Look," he said, "I'd never have got the money back without you. I only want it to spend at the Fair, anyway. Suppose you help me do that, too? How about tonight?"

She looked doubtful: "I don't know."

"Will you be around the Midway?"

The girl was silent for a moment and then she said: "Look, you don't really know who I am."

"I'll ask for the prettiest policeman's daughter at the Fair," Wayne said.

"I only said that to get your money back for you. I'm Emily Edwards. I sing with the band over at the Starlight Gardens."

"I saw your name out there," Wayne said. "Say—"

"Well, will I be seeing you?"

"Will you!"

She was smiling again. Then she turned. There was a free easy swing to her shoulders, a jaunt to her stride. She looked like a streak of sunshine scooting between the shaded branches of the elms back home at the farm. Wayne began to whistle . . .

There's a certain swing to a Fair, a color to it, like the color of wine—rich and warm. A Fair is people—the swarms on the Midway, the men bending over exhibits in the Pavillions, the women fussing with their jars of preserves and jellies, the kids laughing and shouting and always underfoot.

It's the beat of the horses hooves racing around the turn with the whole crowd yelling. And somewhere along the rail Margy was dancing up and down watching her horse lead into the stretch, and beside her was a tall, lean, young man who watched her gravely and smiled when she turned to him, shouting: "Pat! Pat! We won!" He smiled and then suddenly, there in the middle of the crowd, at the height of the Fair, he bent and kissed her . . .

A Fair is a Technicolor night. And in the Starlight Gardens the colored lights played on the dance floor and the music seemed to be coming from the sky out of the peep-holes of the stars. And behind the bandstand, in the faint light of the moon, Emily and Wayne traced the fingers of night clouds as they wisped across the night sky. And Wayne said: "Emily, Emily . . ."

A Fair is prizes and blue ribbons. And in the afternoons when they judged the pickles and the mincemeats, Ma was like a young girl at her graduation, nervous and fidgety. And they all, the whole family, watched while the Judges sipped and paused and sipped again. And there was the breathless moment until the words came: "First Prize—Mrs. Melissa Frake . . .!" And then it was Pa currying Blue Boy's coat for the hundredth time, talking to him, whispering to him, cajoling him. And the Blue Ribbons did look pretty against the sheen of his hide . . .

A Fair is a beginning and an ending. Pretty as flowers, tumbling as a brook, bright as summer. A Fair is the corner you turn to a place you never saw before and never hope to see again. And sometimes you forget it quick as a turned page. And sometimes you remember forever . . .

There was a wooded grove overlooking the Fair, and there weren't many people



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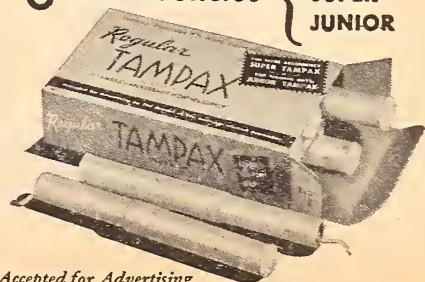
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who knew about it. But then a newspaper reporter always knows the best place, and Pat brought Margy there. There was a huge gnarled tree set near the edge of a hill, old as history itself, and they leaned against the curving trunk looking down at the lights of the Fair.

"What're you going to do when the Fair's over?" Pat said.

"Go home."

"To that—what's-his-name?"

"Walter? Maybe..."

"And sit down there all the rest of your life? On a two by four farm? Bounded on the north by a pasture and on the south by a cornfield? That's not for you, Margy."

"What are you going to do, Pat?"

"I don't know. I'm not going to stick around here long. I've had a nibble from Chicago. I think they'll make a definite offer. Maybe New York, some day—"

"And there's no—what's-her-name?"

"For me? For Pat Gilbert?"

"Never marry, Pat?"

He turned to her, his face suddenly serious: "I never thought about it, Margy."

There was a flash of light from the Fair and a sky rocket etched skyward, trailing a peacock's trail of color. They watched it arch and sputter and die in the sky.

"That's me," Pat said. "The skyrocket kid."

"Are you really, Pat? Inside?"

He was serious again.

"I don't know," he said softly. "Some times—"

They both fell silent and after a while they wandered back down the hill. The crowds were thinning out. Pat walked with her to the parking place where the trailers were. The Frake trailer was dark. Ma and Pa must be asleep already. He said goodbye to her on the doorstep but after he was gone she still didn't go inside. She thought she saw his lazy slouch far down the road. Wayne came in later and found her on the steps of the trailer.

"Had a good time, Wayne?" she said.

"Wonderful. How about you, kid?"

"Wonderful."

Wayne met McGee because the little man always hung around the bandstand. He was a song plugger and he knew everything about the band and about music and about the people who sing the music. It was McGee who told Wayne.

"Well, they're shipping off right after the last set tonight."

"Shipping off?"

"Sure. Chicago. The Fair's wound up and there's nothing here for them."

"Emily didn't say anything."

"Guess she thought you knew."

"Oh, I knew she'd have to leave. But I didn't think it was so soon. Tonight!"

"You're kinda overboard on the kid, aren't you?"

"Kinda," Wayne said. "Kinda mutual."

"When you going back home?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's good enough," McGee said. But tomorrow wouldn't be good enough if Emily was leaving that night. He waited for her behind the bandstand and as soon as she saw him she knew something was wrong. She came hurrying toward him and he thought: she's beautiful as moonlight, she's beautiful as a garden in a sunset.

"McGee said you were leaving tonight," Wayne said.

"Yes, that's right, Wayne. We are."

"You didn't tell me," he said harshly.

"No," she said. "I was going to. Along with a few other things."

"Like what? Maybe like telling me it was all just a big joke. You and me. And the stuff about maybe being in love. You and me—"

"No, it's not a big joke."

"Then how can you think about leaving?"

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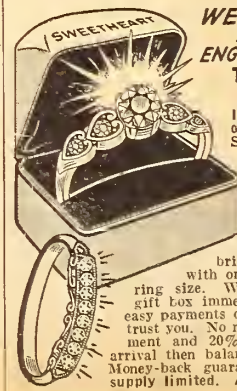


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"Maybe it hurts me as much as it does you. Maybe I don't want to leave any more than—any more than maybe you don't want me to—"

"Then you don't have to. Come on back and meet Ma and Pa. They'll like you. Come home with us tomorrow—"

"I can't, Wayne."

Someone was calling her from the bandstand. There was the urgent sound of an introduction being repeated and then someone was whispering urgently: "Emily!"

He had to watch her go. Then McGee was at his side again, chewing his cigar silently while the music welled up from the bandstand and Emily's voice came through, fresh as the song of a bird.

"Look, kid," McGee said. "I was listening. In my business you learn to listen to everything. You really want to marry Emily?"

Wayne said harshly: "Yes."

McGee said softly: "She's married already, kid."

The words seemed to explode in his head like the roar of thunder. He turned to McGee and suddenly he was shaking him until McGee made him stop.

"That's not going to do any good," McGee said. "It's not going to do any good to get mad at Emily. She's the sweetest kid this side of Paradise. And she's married to the biggest heel this side of Hell. It's not so easy for her either, remember that. Waking up and finding the guy you thought you loved is a louse. And being stuck with him. Married—"

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"Maybe because she's ashamed and bitter and scared. Maybe because there isn't anything anyone can do about it. He won't let her go. Maybe she wanted something bright in her life for a minute, too. That was you, kid. Sometimes you can love someone—and still it ain't going to come out, 'they lived happily ever after.' There isn't much left for Emily except working and singing—"

"I didn't know," Wayne said. "I didn't know!"

"Look at it this way, kid. You been here at a Fair three days. Well, what happened? You met the sweetest kid in the world and for three days the two of you could pretend it was like a fairy tale. What's so bad about that? What have you got to kick about? Don't make it tougher for her. Let her go, kid. She has to—"

Wayne turned away blindly.

McGee said softly: "What's a Fair without a little corn likker to sweeten it up? Let's get a drink, kid . . ."

Out near the roller coasters Margy was waiting for Pat. Overhead the roller coaster dipped and turned like a mechanical snake upon its steel tracks. There was a light wind whipping through the Fair grounds and Margy drew her coat about her. Pat was late. He'd said he'd meet her more than an hour before . . .

Maybe—

No. She thrust the thought from her. But it kept coming back like the refrain of an old song. She kept hearing Pat's voice in her ear, little snatches of what he'd said: . . . if you don't like the ride, you just get off and walk away . . .

. . . just get off and walk away . . .

It was easy enough to say, and it sounded right. Two people meet and they stick around for a while. But that didn't mean they were fated for each other. You couldn't kick if one of them got tired after a while . . . and walked away. That was how it should be. She believed that, didn't she? Didn't she tell Pat that was how she wanted it to be?

. . . and walk away . . .

She couldn't blame Pat. What was she? She was only a little kid off a farm. All right. She was in love with him. Just like that. And what did that mean? You



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can't put shackles on a man just because you happen to love him. You keep your fingers crossed and you hope. But if it doesn't work, then you've got to take your medicine. Margy, she said to herself, you wanted it that way, didn't you, you've got no right to kick now. If you wanted it easy and sure you took a fellow like Harry but if you play for the Pats of the world, you had to take your chances.

She pulled the collar of her coat up around her chin. She felt suddenly cold. She knew he wouldn't come anymore that night. He'd never kept her waiting before. And he wouldn't, unless— She looked back at the roller coaster as she started away. It was climbing up to the first high peak. It was wonderful at the peak. But she knew what happened right after. Right after. Right after came the dip.

... and walk away ...

Pat, she thought, Pat!

Then suddenly she was running home. And so the Frakes came home. Abel and Melissa were tired and happy. Wayne sat in the back of the truck, nursing a hangover—and an ache. Margy sat dry-eyed, staring out at the familiar landscape, the stretch of the friendly stand of trees, the curl of the hills.

"Some Fair," Pa said.

"Best Fair we've had in years," Ma said. They dropped Wayne off down the road a bit. He said he wanted to mosey over and talk with Eleanor. They came up the sweeping drive before the old house. Inside they could hear the jangle of the phone. It was Margy who dropped off to answer it. She lifted the receiver mechanically. And then suddenly her whole face was alight.

"Who? Who?" she said. "Pat! Oh, Pat! ... No, I'm not crying. Of course, I'm glad to hear from you ... Where? ... Just down the road ... Right now? ... Oh, Pat, I waited and waited for you last night ... No. I never got the message ... They offered you the job in Chicago? ... And do you know what I thought! You'll never guess what I thought ... No, Pat, I'm not going to talk forever. Of course I want to see you ... Down at the drug-store. Of course you can come up. No, wait! I'll come down. I'll be right down. Wait for me, Pat! Wait for me!"

She was out of the house and running down the road, past Pa who turned from unloading Blue Boy to stare after her, past Ma who was taking out the remaining jars of pickles and mincemeat. She ran down the road toward the Drugstore.

"Did you hear Margy?" Pa said. "I never heard her laugh like that."

"Must have had a good time at the Fair," Ma said.

"Guess so," Pa said. "Fine things for the young ones. Fine things, Fairs!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One bright, sunny day in the summer of 1943, my friend and I were strolling along New York's Fifth Avenue. A few feet away from us was a man in the uniform of an officer of the Free French Army. The brilliant sunlight prevented us from seeing his face clearly. As we drew near, we both sighed simultaneously because we recognized him. It was Pierre Aumont. Mr. Aumont, who undoubtedly heard our audible sigh, smiled, bowed, and tipped his hat in the gallant French manner.

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MGM Star
in "So-
tween 2
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CHARMING BILLY

(Continued from page 35)

ver Hollywood Boulevard. After all, you're his star discovery of the year." The director was laughing at the expression on Bill's face. "Go ahead, Bill. The darn bridge is stronger than it looks."

"You hope," Bill said. But then he remembered he was an actor and that "The Song Of Bernadette" was a really big picture. He was lucky to be in it. He remembered, too, suddenly and unexpectedly, that Jennifer wasn't Jennifer now. She was a peasant girl who saw visions of the Blessed Virgin. The mood of spiritual reverence which had affected them all during the shooting of the picture crept over him again.

ucky voodoo . . .

He wasn't the only one who had noticed it. They had all spoken of it. The shooting had gone along with an almost unanny ease. Everyone was happy and kind and helpful. Bill is a practical and rather analytical lad, not given to flights of fancy, but this wasn't anything you could analyze. It was just—well, a feeling you got inside you. And after the picture was finished, he noticed that things happened to those who had helped make it. Jennifer was made a star. Bill got a good part in "The Eve Of St. Mark." Coincidence? Well, maybe. Bill doesn't think so.

Bill has been lucky, though, in a lot of ways since he came to Hollywood. One of his best breaks has been the girls cast opposite him. Jennifer and Anne Baxter, and Joan Bennett and the great Tallulah herself. Of course, he and Anne Baxter are very good pals indeed, so he naturally likes to play opposite her. He knew her only slightly before they made a picture together, but the first day on the set, she saw he was nervous, and at lunchtime called, "How about some sauerkraut and pickles in my dressing room?"

"Thanks, I'd love it!" he said, and rushed over there before she could change her mind. There's another reason he likes to do pictures with her, as he explained cheerfully. "It's so much easier making love to someone you know."

Not like that time he had to do a scene for "Wing And A Prayer" with a gal he had never seen before in his life. She was Hedy LaMarr's double. The studio got Bill up at the crack of dawn one day, brought him over and introduced him to a beautiful brunette. "Now go into a clinch," he was told. His eyes were practically propped open with matchsticks at that point but he kissed the gal with all the enthusiasm he could muster. She responded nobly, but when the clinch had been duly recorded, she remarked sadly, "What a way to make a living! I'd rather be back in Iowa slopping the hogs and milking the cows."

A lot of people in Hollywood have, like Anne, helped Bill along a bit. More than you think possible to judge by the usual talk of knives-in-the-back, etc. Take Nancy Kelly, for instance. Bill had just arrived on the Coast, and was he lonesome for New York! He kept thinking about the old gang back in New York, hanging around Sardi's and Ralph's, living on sandwiches and coffee, talking theater every moment of the day. He missed them so much that he was one big ache of homesickness.

Then Bill met Nancy Kelly and right away things got better. She started inviting him over to her house for dinner about four nights a week, and then they'd go out somewhere and meet a lot of her

friends. The California sunshine began to seem warm instead of synthetic, and there were people in Hollywood as well as New York who could talk about the theater. Furthermore, pictures proved unexpectedly engrossing.

Of course there were some difficulties in the beginning. The first time Bill stepped before a camera, he made a good entrance, strode across the room, tripped over an electric cable and fell flat on his handsome face!

Bill's first picture was "The Oxbow Incident." In it he was cast as a neurotic, intense boy, completely dominated by his father. It was a good role, and it won him the acclaim of the critics. But it was much the same sort of part he had played in "The Moon Is Down" on Broadway—the part that led Twentieth Century-Fox to sign him to a contract. And every time his agent suggested Eythe for a new role, somebody would say, "Oh, he's too intense. Too emotional. We want a more normal type."

come back, wherever you are . . .

That went on for eight months. Bill, who is as normal as they come, sat around biting his nails to shreds and thinking bitter thoughts about people who would "type" a guy on the strength of two parts. Then he got mad. He went away and didn't tell anyone where he'd gone. As a matter of fact, he went to New York, and saw every play in town. He looked up all his old friends, and had an elegant time. He didn't get too upset, though, when the studio managed to locate him and said, "Come on back. We've got a part for you in 'The Song of Bernadette.' It isn't big but it's good. You'll like it." So back he went, and he did like it.

Bill was hit on the head with a gun in "The Oxbow Incident." He had gone through much the same treatment in "The Moon Is Down." Even now, people say to the actor that did it, "Oh you're the guy who beat Eythe on the head and made him deaf!" Which is a gross libel—Bill has had punctured eardrums since a series of abscesses at the age of three months. But the ears are okay for general purposes, even if they do keep him out of the Army. (That isn't definite at the moment, either, as he is to be re-classified 1-A, and anything can happen.) And one of the biggest thrills he's gotten from his movie career to date, was banging around in those planes in "Wing And A Prayer." He didn't do the real flying, of course, but he did taxi his plane along the deck of the carrier, in several scenes, with the regular pilot perched on one wing out of sight of the camera, giving him directions.

Speaking of thrills, though, the ultimate peak of excitement for our Mr. Eythe was reached when he was cast opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "A Royal Scandal." Bill is a lad who usually has no trouble making with the words, but when they gave him that news, he was really speechless. You see, La Bankhead represents Theater to him with a very capital T. A few years ago he had a job as an usher and he saw her in "The Little Foxes" so many times he could recite every part in it. Now he was to play opposite her, and the thought scared hell out of him. That was before he met Tallulah. Afterward everything was just pure enchantment.

You know the part Bill plays in "A Royal Scandal." He's a young officer whom Catherine The Great singles out for her attention. The officer takes himself very seriously. As Bill says, "He's a jerk, but

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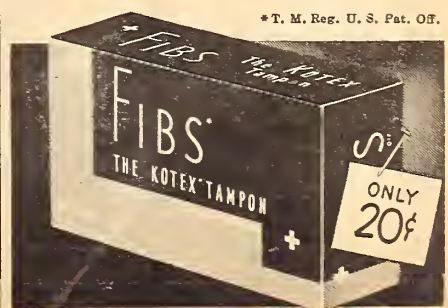
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kind of a nice jerk." It's a comedy part, which delighted Bill—he loves playing comedy. He does pratt falls and everything. Tallulah used to laugh so much at some of the scenes that they'd have to stop shooting. Like the one where she leans against a pillar, looking beautiful and queenly as all get out, and says in her throaty, dramatic voice, "I'm the loneliest woman in the world!"

The young officer looks at her with his eyes practically popping out of his head in sympathetic excitement. He says drooling (honest, that's the only way to describe it!), "Oh, your Majesty!" That's all, but it used to kill Tallulah. She'd shriek with laughter and say "Darling, do it again! It's so wonderful, I can't bear it!"

royal chase . . .

Then there was the scene where he tossed her into a wastebasket. That's when he has just found out that she has been trifling with his young affections, and his ego is smashed to small and painful fragments. He advances toward her, retaliation in his eyes, and the czarina sees what's coming and runs like hell. He chases her all over the palace, and when he finally catches her, he picks her up and heaves her into the wastebasket.

"The greatest actress on earth," he told his friends in awed embarrassment, "and I'm chasing her through corridors and tossing her into wastebaskets."

He gave her a little souvenir of one of their scenes together. The one where Bill says menacingly, "I'm going to send you where you'll never see a man again. No men, your Majesty! East or West, North or South, no men!" Bill sent her a silver compass mounted on a heart, with the inscription "Your Majesty, no men!"

Bill wears tights in "A Royal Scandal." The costume of white and gold blouse and tights and boots is fantastically becoming to his lean, dark good looks. But the tights proved a definite hazard when he was chasing Tallulah. They split up the back! Bill could feel them going but there wasn't a thing he could do about it except back hastily off the set. Everyone ran around with needles and tape and pins and got him looking respectable again. He started toward Tallulah once more, cameras grinding, and this time the damn tights split! up the front! It was very funny—for everyone but Bill! There was a young soldier on the set who had just returned from a couple of years in the South Pacific. He came up to Bill afterward and said fervently, "Gee, thanks, Mr. Eythe! That's the first time I've laughed in twenty-five months!"

"Come in anytime," Bill said helpfully. "Always glad to oblige, if the supply of tights holds out."

proof positive . . .

"A Royal Scandal" convinced any doubters there might be left in Hollywood that this Eythe was headed for stardom. There are probably some people who are not pleased about this. Bill is too outspoken, too much of a law unto himself, to achieve great popularity in a town as governed by gossip as the cinema capital. He does as he pleases, not because he is trying to establish a reputation as a "character" but because he is essentially too lazy to change his habits.

"Colonel Effingham's Raid," his most recent picture, was exciting to make because there were so many accomplished actors and actresses in it. Joan Bennett, Charles Coburn, Allan Joslyn, Donald Meek. Donald used to throw them all into hysterics by wandering around, very dead pan, with an enormous picture of a monkey, saying politely, "Will you autograph your picture for me?"

Joan was swell to work with. Never pulled any heavy star stuff, laughed at herself all the time. One night when they were all cold and exhausted after a particularly hard day's work on location, Bill was sitting in Joan's trailer, feeling like the end of the world. Joan, taking makeup off her lovely face with cold cream, stopped abruptly and leaned forward to survey herself dramatically in the mirror.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star! What a silly jerk you are!" she declaimed.

It broke Bill up. He laughed till he was sick. After that they both felt fine.

They used real soldiers in the last part of the picture where the young reporter played by Bill, enlists in the Army. One of the soldiers approached Bill.

"Uh—Mr. Eythe, would you please give me your autograph?"

Bill beamed happily. "Oh, you don't really want my autograph," he said, with all the phony modesty of a chorus girl accepting her first mink coat, "I'm no much of an actor."

"Oh, I know that," said the soldier earnestly. "But after all, you are in pictures."

After "Colonel Effingham's Raid" was finished, Bill went on a sort of cross-country tour, making personal appearances and doing a bit of radio work. Radio, a medium which turns the brash Mr. Eythe into a quivering jelly-fish. He stands in front of the microphone, and his hand shakes so much that the script he's holding is just a blur in front of his eyes.

"In the theater, you can gauge your performance by the audience's reaction," he explains. "In pictures, if it isn't right it can be re-shot. But on the radio, you talk into that damned little mike, and for all you know what comes out of people's radios may sound like Mortimer Snerd!"

There are a couple of words which he invariably muffs if they come up in the script. One is "interested" which he can pronounce at all unless he says slowly and solemnly—"in-ter-es-ted." The other "executive." He encountered that in his script on the Paula Stone program where he was guest-starring. He saw it coming a couple of paragraphs away and cast a agonized glance at Paula, who hadn't the least idea what was wrong with him. She smiled sweetly, encouragingly. Bill went on, in the manner of a victim approaching the guillotine. When he finally arrived at "executive," he pronounced it (a) ex-etive, (b) ex-elutive, and—finally, with triumph, "ex-ec-u-tive." It slowed the program up a bit, but you can't have everything!

plug happy . . .

In Chicago, he guest-starred on the Breakfast Hour, which is MC'd by Don McNeil. Don is a great guy, and he gave Bill quite a build-up as they began. But he ended his eulogy by saying, "Bill Eythe who is currently appearing in 'A Royal Scandal.'" Bill plucked at his sleeve. "Royal," he hissed. Don looked at him blankly. Bill took over the microphone. "I hate to start out in a negative manner," he said, "but the film is named 'A Royal Scandal.'" "Oh," Don repeated, "A Royal Scandal!" "This," Bill announced, "should get me a raise at Twentieth. Three plugs instead of one!"

His next project, which is already under way, is a picture about the FBI. Lillian Nolan is to be in it, too. Part of it is to be made in Washington, and the rest in New York. Bill has taken a small apartment in New York, and is happily bouncing around from one theater to another in between work on the picture. It is to be semi-documentary in nature, and based on Ambassador Dodd's diary. It plays a kid who is sent by the FBI to Germany before the war to assimilate German technique and plans. He absorbed



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it all so thoroughly that when he gets back, his superiors don't dare trust him. They think he has gone over to the Nazis.

Bill met one celebrity on his tour who really excited him. That was Chester Gould, the originator of the frantic Dick Tracy adventures. Bill, like most of America, reads Dick with the same regularity with which he consumes his morning coffee. So when he was introduced to Gould in Chicago, he oozed admiration at every pore. They went into a long huddle, and Bill emerged with the slightly glassy-eyed look of one who has been entrusted with a vital military secret.

"I am now one of two people in the United States who know what is going to happen to Gravel Gertie for the next six months," he confided to a friend. "It's almost too much for me." But wait till a couple of Bill's pals on the Coast find out about this. The three of them have been accustomed to bet on the next day's Dick Tracy strip. They'll probably accuse Bill of trying to gyp them out of their life-savings!

Bill would love to "commute" between the Coast and Broadway, taking advantage of both mediums. He thinks an actor in either one can learn a lot from the other. That's one of the nicest things about Bill—his willingness to learn from anything or anyone who has something to teach. He has a secret yen to play parts like the ones Eddie Bracken does on the screen. Or else villains—he loves villains. He played Danny in "Night Must Fall" in stock, and Albert in "Ladies in Retirement," and couldn't have been happier. Since he is a very determined as well as a very adept young man, you'll probably stroll into the corner movie one day and find him playing the most sinister kind of murderer! But meanwhile we'll settle for Eythe the way he looks and acts in "A Royal Scandal." Such fun!

SHE'S HIS BABY NOW

(Continued from page 55)

Hollywood, and they'd like it to have the domestic qualities that make Malabar so rich—and most of all, the spirit of warm, glowing love.

So they came to Pleasant Valley and this was their wedding day.

american . . .

Humphrey Bogart is an American. He loves this country and he wants a lot for it. So they stopped in Chicago for "I Am an American" Day, Bogey, and Betty and her mother, attractive, gleaming Mrs. Natalie Bacall. He made a talk there, and a lot of it was still with him as he spoke to reporters, a lot of the thrill and excitement that comes into his voice when he speaks to the soldiers, and when he speaks about them.

A girl told him that she'd come up to forbid the bans. "My big brother's fighting the war for Lauren Bacall," she said. "He wants to come home and marry her." "How's he fixed for points?" Humphrey asked, and then his smile flashed. "He isn't the only one. You ought to hear those GIs when they see her picture—Wool!" and his eyes lighted again and he looked across at her—"It's a great thing."

They left Chicago. A very small party, just Bogart and Lauren and her mother—who had to come along because twenty-year-old Miss Bacall must have a parent's signature to get a marriage license!

It was late when they got into Mansfield, Ohio—almost midnight.

It's a small town, a city of large, gracious old homes, with a central square



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and a rugged looking courthouse. There weren't a lot of cars parked around the business center and much of the place was dark. But the reporters! It isn't every evening that two world famous people come here to be married. . . .

They had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, next day, to drive in from the Bromfield farm for their marriage license.

There was a doctor who was ready to shut himself into his laboratory to make blood tests in a hurry. There was a probate judge whose privilege it was to waive the five-day delay. There was Judge H. H. Shettler, whose enormous privilege it was to be to perform the ceremony.

So they got their license and there was time for Louis to take them for a good workout in the fields.

"Maybe MODERN SCREEN would like to see Betty on a manure spreader?" Bogey suggested. "That's what we get when we come here—work with manure."

There's been screwy weather in Ohio all through the spring. But the sun came up to shine on a very happy bride on May twenty-first.

People came from all over, but Lauren wanted her wedding very simple and very private. She wanted Bogey and her beautiful young mother. She wanted Louis Bromfield for best man and George Hawkins, his handsome secretary-manager, to give her away. The judge to read the ceremony. Lovely, slender Hope Bromfield, Louis' seventeen-year-old daughter, to play the wedding music. Mr. Bromfield's wife and mother.

And could that be all, she asked, just those special few?

It could be managed—it took doing. The Bromfields have hundreds of friends everywhere in the world. The press was excited over the proceedings. It isn't easy for anybody to be turned away from Malabar.

And yet, somehow—it was done.

There's a great central hall at Malabar. A huge recessed window at one end brings the whole breath taking landscape into the room. There were flowers banked in the window.

Hope Bromfield played. The Warsaw Concerto on the big piano. The Warsaw Concerto—it has certain sentimental associations for the pair of them. And then the Lohengrin wedding march. The judge stood in the window reading a simple service.

... "I charge you both to remember that love and loyalty alone will serve as the foundation of an enduring and happy home. . . ."

The lovely girl in rose-beige lifted her eyes—the Look was a still one now, a vow and a sacrament. . . . They both want an enduring and happy home.

... "Your life will be full of peace and happiness and the home which you are establishing will last through every vicissitude. . . ."

There is on the floor of the hall, a great, striped tiger skin rug Louis Bromfield shot in Mysore, India. Humphrey Bogart stood on this tiger skin now, a certain leashed power in his shoulders under the trimly cut suit. He looked at the lovely girl, and there was no hardness there. There was wonder, and peace, and a growing happiness.

"Will you, Humphrey Bogart, have Betty Joan Bacall, to be your wedded wife? Will you love her. . . ."

There were two rings to be exchanged. Lauren had worn on her finger the giant chrysoberyl which was her choice "far above rubies." Now the slender wedding ring slipped on her finger.

Bogey and Lauren Bacall were man and wife.

They stood still for a moment. The judge smiled.

"It's all right—you can kiss her now."

A lot of people wanted to kiss her—she gave a warm kiss to big George Hawkins, she had an embrace for Louis, she turned to her mother. "It's wonderful—and it's over," she whispered. "I'm Mrs. Bogart—Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. . . ."

The press crowded around Lauren, but she ran up the stairs, motioning the men away.

She poised her flowers high, ready for the traditional hurling of the bouquet.

"Out of the way, boys," Lauren said severely, her eyes on young, pretty Hope Bromfield. "She's going to get it."

Hope went up on tiptoe and the flowers sailed into her hands.

They all came out into the sunshine.

They came across the screened verandah and suddenly Lauren leaned forward and kissed Humphrey—a swift, little girl kiss, with her eyes laughing, and her long curly mouth mischievous. She daubed a speck of lipstick from his mouth and giggled.

"Are you happy?" somebody said to Bogey.

"What do you think?"

"She's a beautiful thing," a wistful guest murmured.

"She's better than that," flashed Bogey. "She's sweet and kind and good."

That's what everybody was saying—the Bromfields who have known great people all over the great world, and who with three daughters of their own, Hope, Ann, and Ellen, have taken Betty Bacall for a fourth. She came hurrying out at a photographer's plea, and the door swung behind her and nipped the tail of one of the huge brown boxers that roam about the premises.

"Oh, darling!" Lauren wailed. She sat down and hugged the fierce-faced, loving-eyed dog and apologized to him deeply, she told him over and over that it had been a mistake and she was terribly sorry. This was Prince, who, during the wedding ceremony, came strolling into the room and lay down, trustingly, on the judge's shoes.

Later, "Climb up on the roof, will you?" a photographer suggested and Bogey said, "I'd love to," and Lauren added, "and I'll hang by my toes. Right?"

Humphrey shrugs away the notion that he and Lauren may do a stage play together. "I haven't been in a stage play for so long, I'd be scared to death—and we're both tied up with contracts."

So tied up, in fact, that they are going straight back to Hollywood after this halcyon interval in Pleasant Valley. Overnight at the farm—one day's honeymoon in Chicago. Then to work.

But they were married at noon when the sun was high and the air sweet and for the rest of this glowing day they were bride and bridegroom and nothing else.

"Will you stand over here, Mrs. Bogart?"

Lauren Bacall flung back her hair and cried out.

"WHAT did you say?"

"Mrs. Bogart. . . ."

"Say it once more. . . ."

"Mrs. Bogart. . . ."

"I LOVE this man!" she exclaimed.

It was time to go into the huge, gracious dining room, where the tall four-layer cake was brought in.

Humphrey Bogart swung the knife over the shimmering cake. "A-aah!" breathed everybody.

He looked up with a darkly gleaming grin. "Wait," he said, "wait till Van Johnson does this!"

A breathless young girl came up to Bogey, just as Louis Bromfield seized and ate the first hunk of cake. Humphrey listened attentively—he nodded, and went over to speak to Lauren.

Two girls wanted pictures taken, wedding pictures of Lauren and Bogey—and could the girls be taken too? They were

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engaged, there was a boy in Iwo Jima and another one far overseas, would it be too much to ask?"

"Of course, Hum-a-phrey—" Lauren has a sliding little way of making three syllables out of his name.

"Where shall we sit, here, behind the table with the cake? Will that get everything in?"

There were lots of pictures made at Malabar and Malabar is a place that frames its own pictures with its endless fields of growing things and its peace.

Bogey likes that. He likes walking with Louis, he likes digging and planting and cultivating. He likes this large, large house that's still so much a home.

Malabar's an informal place and this was an informal wedding.

There was an exception to the "no guest" rules. There is a young flyer staying with the Bromfields—"we have a lot of these flyers here all the time," Louis said. He didn't say why—he didn't add that they find real home living on this farm, that they find rest and rebuilding for their tired spirits and bodies.

Lieutenant Robert McElhiney of Boston, very handsome in his tailored uniform, seemed carefree and young and interested in the wedding and all of the goings on. With his face serene and those ribbons that spoke of fifty missions—

There were other onlookers, too—all Louis Bromfield's friends . . .

Mr. Thomas Simpson, the butler, a tall, dignified colored man with a gentle smile. His wife was present, and the Negro cook, Mrs. Reba Williams.

They were all getting lined up for a picture and Bogey reached back and pulled Mrs. Williams' little daughter, Lovata, up to stand with him. "Come on, Shorty," he said, "get in the picture."

A wee creature in a starched pinafore came toddling in holding to Thomas Simpson's hand—tiny Sharlane, the butler's granddaughter.

Lauren Bacall squealed. She held out her hands. "Oh, the DARLING," she cried.

a mother's faith . . .

Mrs. Bacall was quietly happy. "Yes," she says, "It's come fast for Betty and it's wonderful. But I always had faith in her. We just assumed that it would be a long, long time, because with most people it is. It's a little hard to believe because of that."

It is hard to believe. She's just twenty. Her face—and a piquant, wonderfully-made face it is, of odd planes and strange slants—is known to a million people.

She's just a little girl, pushing back her hair from a hot, damp brow.

And so they were married. A poised man-of-the-world who has answers to everything, good answers, carefully thought out. A leashed, dark, powerful man. And this willing, friendly, serene young girl who doesn't hold back on anything, who doesn't say she's tired, who doesn't ask to be let off.

And so they were married—and about Lauren Bacall, there's a look—this time without the capital L—there's a look. And he has one too, a look of certainty, a look of a man who knows what he wants—and has it . . .

Her gift to him was a golden key to the new house in Hollywood.

"Your life will be full of peace and happiness and the home which you are establishing will last. . ."

"Bogey—" Lauren says. "Where's Bogey?"

"I'm right here," Humphrey Bogart says. They have a chance, a real chance, to make the words come true.

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I REMEMBER ALAN

(Continued from page 49)

all for him. Others couldn't figure him out. He was no problem child in the ordinary sense. "But," I remember one of my colleagues saying, "he sits there behind this barrier of reserve, and you simply can't figure out what goes on in that handsome head of his."

taking stock . . .

The minute I saw him, I knew what she meant. With all his quietness, an imp flickered in his eyes. I knew he was sizing me up. And why not? Wasn't I doing the same to him?

From the beginning, Alan stood out. Besides each name in your record book, there's a space for remarks—if you care to make them. As a rule, you don't. About the average child you have nothing to say. He has no curiosity, he absorbs what doesn't require too much effort, he goes to school because he must. Beside Alan's name, I exploded into remarks: "Good mind—original ideas—intellectual curiosity—creative imagination—sense of humor."

For four years I taught him English and drama, and he was an active member of my Shakespeare Club. In all that time I never knew him to accept an opinion merely because it was voiced by authority. Always, he thought for himself.

Trouble was the last thing he ever gave me. The only time he stepped out of line was in my behalf. We were studying "Hamlet," and had in the class one tough character who made it his business to create disturbances. After one such interruption, I saw Alan give a little signal to another boy. They both rose quietly, lifted the offender between them, bounced him through the door, and returned to their seats, dusting their palms off.

It all happened too quickly for me to interfere. Recovering my breath, I asked: "Where's he gone?"

"Out!" replied Alan.

While my knowledge of Alan at the time was only through school activities, I followed those with considerable interest. He was a champion swimmer and diver, guard at the playground pool, and popular with boys and girls alike. In his junior year, they elected him president of the student body. He made A's in more than half his classes, including mine, yet there was nothing of the grind about him. Among other things, he was a notable dancer. Most of those kids danced well, but they'd clear the floor to watch Alan and his partner toss off a routine. It didn't take much, of course, to impress me, but when his contemporaries broke into loud applause, I knew I'd been seeing something pretty special.

I don't believe he went with any particular girl through his high school years. He had the normal boy's interest in the opposite sex, but it seemed more general than specific. I do, however, recall one gossamer little romance, because I watched it flourish and fade in English class.

When you sit up in front of forty youngsters day after day, you see a great deal they don't dream they're giving away. A turn of the head, an unconscious gesture—and the poor young innocent's secret heart lies bared. One cute little trick—let's call her Betty—blushed every time Alan got up to recite. I'd make them memorize poetry of their own choosing, and Alan's selections were always off the beaten track. One day it was Herrick:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying . . ."

As he sat down, his eyes flashed toward Betty, who turned pink as a rosebud herself, and tried not to look self-conscious. A couple of weeks later the mood had changed. He'd dug up this message from John Suckling, and the imp was very much in evidence as he delivered it:

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather . . ."

Betty was stung, no question about it. Her lashes batted furiously, her lip quivered, and she kept her eyes fixed on the desk till the bell rang. Alan was at the door with one of his pals, and made her a mocking little bow as she passed, head high.

Naturally, my curiosity was aroused, but I had to restrain it. You can't call on the same boy to recite every day. But as soon as I could decently get around to it, I had him up again, intoning:

"Who'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me . . ."

This time his face was inscrutable, and Betty's only reaction was to stare into space. Love was dead. There was no one around to whisper that the name of the "not impossible" She would be Susie. Only they both knew for sure that it wasn't Betty!

What interested me most in Alan was his acting ability. I nursed a thwarted passion for the stage myself, and took it out in coaching when I could. The regular coach at North Hollywood was Miss Marie Byrne. She gave Alan the part of Paul in "Come Out of the Kitchen" and that performance turned me into an arch-rooter for him and his career. From then on, I hadn't the smallest doubt that he could become a professional actor. It may have been my enthusiasm for his talent that prompted him to come to me one day with a problem.

confessor-comforter . . .

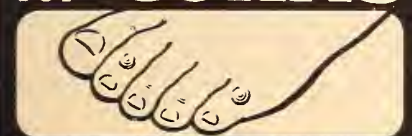
I no longer remember what the problem was—only that it loomed very large in his life at the time, and was something he couldn't talk to his mother about. Which makes me think it may have had to do with whether or not he ought to leave school. That afternoon brought us closer. I believe he knew he could come to me as a friend. My own son, Harry, was 19 at the time—too much older than Alan for them to be really chummy. But they met when Alan did some work in my garden, and liked each other—and Harry'd sometimes take the younger boy along on his rounds. Nominally, he was selling cars, but those were the depression days, and most of his business consisted in taking the cars away from people who couldn't pay for them.

I knew of course that the Ladds didn't have much money, but Alan was proud as Lucifer, and I had no idea how tough things were for them after his stepfather fell ill. Years later I asked him: "Why when we were so close didn't you tell us? Harry and I were your friends. What are friends for?"

He just shook his head: "I couldn't have told anyone."

His mother had the same kind of reserve. She'd come to see me at school from time to time—a gentle, quiet person, to whom Alan was the sun and moon and stars. You had only to see them together to fee

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the love and understanding between them. Alan's not demonstrative, not even with his small baby. He doesn't rave like most fathers—just looks volumes at her. And the way he looked at his mother told the same story. . . .

She believed in his career. She didn't know how it was going to be managed, but she knew as surely as if she'd lived to see it, that his talent would be recognized. I think that's why she came to see me—because I believed, too, and there weren't very many at the time who did.

We put on some one act farces, in which Alan was splendid. In fact, I could hardly believe my eyes when I sat in the theater, watching "This Gun for Hire." Somehow, I'd been expecting comedy. He'll kill me for telling this, but in one of the farces he played a college boy posing as his friend's sister, and don't think he didn't make a beautiful girl—oh, a little rough maybe but a slick chick just the same. He swore to my face the other day that he never played it—even after I shoved the program under his nose. . . .

It wasn't till he did Ko-ko though, that I went overboard and proclaimed to all who'd listen that he was the most gifted boy I'd ever known. Miss Mildred Hewey of the Music Department produced "The Mikado" with her Glee Club. My son was makeup man, and I had the fun of coaching Alan. Not only did he show an amazing grasp of the part and a beautiful sense of timing, but he took infinite pains to master every nuance of the pantomime. Fifty times he'd go patiently through a scene to perfect some detail. He sang in a pleasant baritone—not a show-off voice, but extremely sympathetic (perfect for the chanteys of "Midshipman Easy," if Paramount doesn't mind a suggestion). I assured him there'd be lots of encores for "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," and though he was skeptical, we prepared extra verses and business. As it turned out, we didn't prepare enough. They kept calling him back till he'd used and repeated them all, and only when he was ready to keel over, did they let him go. . . .

almost not quite . . .

With this in mind, you can imagine how I received the news that Universal was sending a man through the high schools on a talent hunt. The youngsters he picked were to be put under trial contract for the summer and—if they proved themselves—given a regular contract in the fall.

I made up my mind that Alan had to be chosen. Or rather, I felt not the smallest doubt that he would be. So when Mr. Turney came in and picked this one and that, and ignored the pride of my heart, I rolled up my sleeves and gave battle.

"He's too blonde," Mr. Turney said. "He won't photograph well—"

"That's where you're wrong. I know, because we've had him photographed in school plays. Look, Mr. Turney, I've worked with hundreds of children, and this boy's got more than the rest of them put together. I have no axe to grind. You say you're looking for talent, and I'm showing it to you. If you pass it up, you'll be making the mistake of your life."

I had Alan sit down, get up; walk around. He moved easily, knew how to use his hands, had already achieved a kind of authority. Mr. Turney wavered some more—

"Do those lines of Cassio's, Alan," I said. He grinned at me and began: "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil . . ."

That did it. "He has a fine voice," Mr. Turney said. "I think we'll try him—"



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a great failure . . .

All summer Alan worked like one possessed—spent the day at Universal, had another job at night, and early every morning came over to my house. There was a big swing in the garden, and there we'd sit, doing voice exercises, going through some scene for the studio. The neighbors must have thought us slightly batty, which didn't bother me. What did, was the shock that came at summer's end. Universal failed to take up Alan's option.

I know more about studios now than I did then. At the time I was dumbfounded by what seemed to me wanton stupidity. But my splutterings didn't do Alan much good, nor my feeble attempts at comfort. "Somebody'll grab you, Alan. Somebody's bound to—"

"Sure," he said.

I was transferred to Samuel Gompers Junior High School, and moved to another part of town. Los Angeles sprawls all over the map, transportation is difficult, and the Ladds had no phone. I tried to keep in touch with Alan, but failed. It's characteristic of him that, when he's down on his luck, you don't hear from him. When his luck turns, when he can do things for you, then you hear.

But I did hear about him. From time to time I'd meet one or another of his pals, who'd give me news of him. Still, there were long dry gaps in between. After one such gap I stumbled again into a member of the old crowd. He told me that Alan was working as a grip at Warners.

That jolted me out of my normal pattern of behavior. Maybe because this friend of his had told me of a grip who'd fallen from the catwalk to his death. Maybe because memories of the boy and his talent and his fine young eagerness came flooding back too brightly. Anyway, I sat down and wrote him a letter, the gist of which was: "Why are you wasting yourself? Get out and fight for the place you're entitled to—"

I mailed it to the studio, and for several years that was my last communication with Alan. I couldn't even be sure that the letter had reached him.

The first time I spied his name in the movie columns, my heart skipped a beat. "Alan Ladd, promising young newcomer." Soon it began popping all over the place. "Alan Ladd signed by Paramount," "Alan Ladd considered for starring role," "Alan Ladd marries Sue Carol—"

reflected glory . . .

I'd gone downtown to see "This Gun for Hire." I'd toyed with the idea of writing to Alan, but decided against it. One day the school phone rang, and a voice asked for me.

"If you'll leave your name," said the clerk, "I'll give her the message." "Alan Ladd," said the voice.

I never got the message. Luckily for me, though, Alan's persistent. He asked Sue's partner to keep at it till she got me—which she finally did, in a free period.

"Will you come out and have lunch with Alan at the studio?"

Would I come? Believe it or not, I palpitated like any of my high school girls. Couldn't wait for the day to arrive, set out in a dither and wound up in a state of complete witlessness. First of all, I was late. Someone gave me the wrong directions. When I did reach the studio, they wouldn't let me through the main gate. Eventually, the providence that looks after idiots shoved me through the right door. I knew it was right, because Alan was there to greet me. As we started toward each other, a cameraman intervened: "Just a minute, please—"

I couldn't take it in. What did they want a picture of me for?—this droopy-looking

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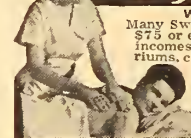
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teacher in a cockeyed hat. However, mine not to reason why. With that beautiful kid smiling beside me, the least I could do was try to look human. Not knowing how we got there, I found myself opposite Alan at a luncheon table. More cameras clicked. Someone thrust a book at me. "Now teach him—"

"Oh Lord," I wailed, "do I have to be a teacher forever?"

Alan howled and, next thing I knew, we were safe in his dressing room.

"What's all the fuss about, Alan? Why the pictures of me?"

"They know all about that letter you wrote me."

For a second I couldn't think what he meant. Then it came back. "You did get it then? I never knew."

"I was too low to answer it, but I got it all right. It made all the difference. I stood there reading it, then crumpled it into my pocket, and quit the job. That's what turned the trick. That's when I said, 'An actor or nothing—'"

After work, he took me home to meet Sue. With my son in the service, I'd been feeling a little lonely, and the welcome she gave me all but dissolved me in tears. Before leaving, I asked Alan for an autographed photo—like any other ninny. He promised to send one to the school.

A couple of days later, the photo arrived. I had the poor sense to open it while a child was around, and the news spread like wildfire. He'd written: "To Isabel Gray, who wrote the letter that changed my life." Heavens, how my stock rose! From a crabby old teacher, I was hoisted to a place in the sun. They worshipped Alan by proxy through me. Gompers High became a Mecca to which the faithful flocked, even from other schools.

To avoid being labelled Public Enemy No. 1, I had it framed and kept it on my desk and I know I was honestly mourned when I retired. Because I was mean enough to take the picture along.

I see Sue and Alan often. Officially, they've adopted me as their aunt but I feel more like a mother to them both. We're on an informal family footing. They'll phone of an evening, and say, "We're coming down to get you." Or I'll take a bus and run up to see them. If they're not in, I can visit with Alana and her nurse. Or with Georgia, their wonderful cook. Or the secretaries. They're all nice enough to give me the run of the house. Even Jezebel, the dog, tolerates me.

hero at home . . .

I stayed with Alana while Sue and Alan were away on their recent hospital trip. At least twice a day, she'd make little pilgrimages to their pictures and talk to them. Once I heard her cooing at Alan's picture, "Daddy says no." I knew just what she meant. Alan never raises his voice. He hates loud noises. But even the baby knows who's boss in the house. When Susie says no, there's a kind of loophole in her voice. When Alan says it, it sticks.

The night they got home, I told them that story.

"Uh-huh," said Alan. "And what happened then?"

"Then," I had to confess, "she smeared kisses all over you."

We spend quiet evenings at home, or we go to the movies. Neither Sue nor Alan can ever get enough of movies. And never do we go out without picking up a couple of service men and taking them back to the house—frequently to spend the night or the week end. Sundays, Alan climbs into swimming trunks and digs away at the victory garden on the back terrace. He scorns our help. City slickers he calls us, because we've been known to pull up lettuce leaves by the roots. Susie generally flits around in one of the cute house-



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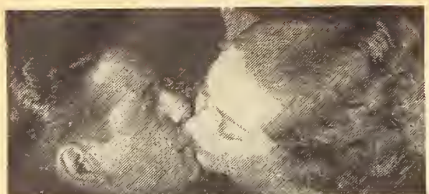
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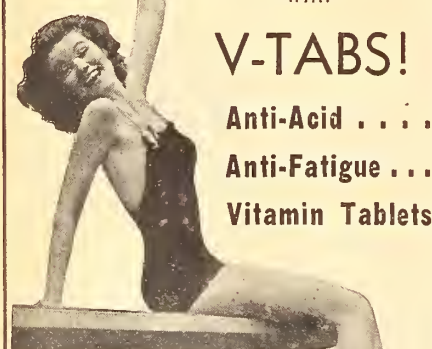
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dresses Alan likes. Slacks, he can't stand. I had the temerity to appear in a pair one Sunday. He didn't say a word but oh my! the look he gave me.

Fundamentally, he hasn't changed. There is the same gentleness behind his strength, the same humor and tenacity, with an added faith and serenity brought by the years. I've had no word from my son, a prisoner of the Japs, in a good many months. Yet Alan talks of him as you'd talk of a friend who'll walk in tomorrow. For that alone, he's earned my blessing. He has the same attitude about his mother. I know his greatest grief is that she didn't live to share the good years. But he lets no hint of tragedy touch her name. When he speaks of her, it's as though she were with him. As indeed I'm sure he feels she is. . . .

I couldn't have known in those far off days, when a boy's eyes met mine across the classroom, how much he would come to mean to me—how Alan and his "not impossible She" would sweeten and enrich my life. Sometimes he'll come in where we're all gathered together—Susie, the baby, the nurse, the secretaries, myself. That same old imp will flicker in his eyes. "Look at 'em! My women! So help me, even the dog's a girl!"

I can only say it's a very comforting thing to be numbered among Alan's women.

THE TORSO

(Continued from page 47)

him lay some sheets of paper and—of all things—the guy was ranting away with a big bottle cork in his mouth, gripped between his pearlys.

"Hey, Mate," called out one sailor, "You feel all right?"

The lifeguard popped the cork out of his teeth and tried to cover up the sheets of paper.

"What gives here?" another gob wanted to know. "Sun got you, Sailor?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Uh-uh. I'm just rehearsing a part."

That gang almost tumbled down the ladder and flat on the sand at that. "A part?" they chorused.

"Yeah," he admitted, "for the movies."

They backed down the ladder silently.

What was there to say? Plainly this sailor was shore-simple. He was losing his nerve.

"You know what?" observed a sailor solemnly. "I'll bet that guy's striking for a psycho-neurotic!"

All that carrying-on was some months ago, right after Robert Ozell Mosely had beamed his male beauty into a camera for 450 feet of film and as Sailor Hal Smith in a short "Since You Went Away" scene with Bob Walker and Jennifer Jones, put across something that now has had the fans swooning around the country like the falling sickness had got them. As Guy Madison, his movie name, he had found himself suddenly and amazingly famous in lots of corners of the land.

But Bob Mosely is a seaman, first class, stationed at North Island at San Diego, life guarding and instructing by day and sacking down in the CASU "jungles" by night—except for one 24 hour liberty stretch a week, when he's a shore leave star in Hollywood.

By now Guy's mates have stopped handing him the fish eye like he was off his nut. Oh, they call him "the ham" around the base, of course. They pin up all the glamor pictures they spot in the magazines (like these) and tack them up on the bulletin board with appropriately salty Navy comments. When Guy draws a particularly choice hunk of steak in the chow line he gets "I guess the cook saw

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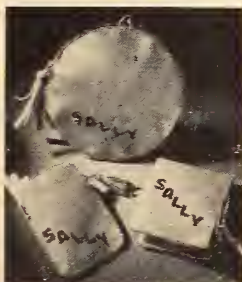
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your picture" and such cracks. Not long ago his mates caught Guy answering a rave letter from a fan named Harriet and not only was his official name for the next week "Harriet," but he'd find cut-outs of sexy cuties titled "Harriet" draped around wherever he went, trimmed in the shapes of daisies, roses and a certain variegated garden flower which shall be nameless here.

But that's just normal Navy razz, and Guy rises above it with a good natured grin. Really, by now the North Island crew is used to Seaman Guy showing up with a script in his hand. He can police the beach for cigarette butts and emote along with it all he wants. He can practice breathing exercises, twist his handsome face all around in dramatic shapes as he bends his spy glass over the bay, make love to a hunk of kelp or even dance an adagio with a porpoise without getting a raised eyebrow. By now, Seaman Guy Madison is recognized by his mates as a sailor with a post-war future.

There's not much doubt about that around Hollywood, either. You have to dig way back in the record book to find a miracle meteor like Guy Madison. After all, he flashed on and off the screen of "Since You Went Away" in three minutes flat. But right away David O. Selznick's studio was saturation-bombed with rave mail. "Somebody at your studio," wrote one indignant chick, "made a horrible mistake! Why didn't you star that wonderful sailor in the bowling alley?" Another passionate Priscilla penned, "I'm mad about Frankie Sinatra and Van Johnson makes me swoon. But when I saw that super sailor I just died!" First month after "Since You Went Away" began clicking on the nation's screens, 5000 ardent notes like that sailed in. They all raved about that "wonderful guy."

It's been like that ever since, even though it is almost two years now since Guy cashed his seven-day liberty into a movie career. By now there are more reconversion plans for Guy Madison at Selznick's than you'd find along Wall Street. Guy never kidded himself for one moment after the lightning struck. What he knew about acting would rattle around inside his sea cap. But with a post-war Hollywood contract all signed and sealed and a serious crack at fame coming up one of these days, Guy's making sure he won't be caught with his skivvies down, when V-J Day rolls around.

Of course, a beautiful brute like Guy Madison will never have to be exactly a John Barrymore to get by. What Guy has is elemental; he's a terrific hunk of young male man—a real, not a phony Apollo.

Even Technicolor can't do Guy's looks justice. You have to see him in the flesh to realize what a Golden Boy this sailor is. He's tanned all over like a young sun god. Even his thick, close-cropped blond top, with its stubborn wave, is sun-bleached to an 18-karat hue. That's what smacks you right in the eye when you first spot Guy. His 180 pounds and six feet of muscles, tapered chest, flat stomach and lean hips all add up, too. But it's that golden look that sets off his sculptured face and frame, makes his blue eyes bluer, his white smile dazzling. When Guy's sun-gilded head tops off his trim Navy blues he's something to make a girl's heart do nip-ups—from six to sixty.

After the "Since You Went Away" premiere, Elsa Maxwell tossed one of her elegant parties for the Hollywood *haute monde* and Guy was exposed to his first Hollywood soiree. Now, good looks are about as rare in Hollywood as fleas in a dog kennel. But with all the glamor boys bobbing about, dressing up the male end

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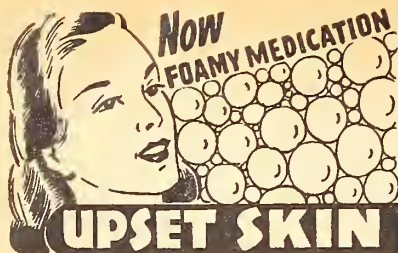
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of the party, it was bashful Seaman Guy who held the spot, embarrassingly.

A lady writer old enough to be his mama came up to Guy and cooed, "You know, you're the cutest thing I ever saw!" just to watch him blush through his tan.

Next, a glamor girl who has the wolves snapping at each other all over Hollywood took one look at shining Guy and cried right out loud, "He looks like something on a birthday cake!"

At these cracks, Guy managed a protesting return quip, "Hey," he said, "don't say things like that or you'll spoil me!" But when a certain star—and a mighty glamorous one, too—started following him around with real romantic intentions he got scared. He slipped over to the side of his pal, Henry Willson, the Selznick executive who spotted Guy in that radio broadcast audience and tagged him for fame. "Say," whispered Guy, "who is that old dame who's following me around?" That "old dame" was a star you'd know pronto if I just named her initials.

To show you what a green apple Guy was about Hollywood when fame seized him by the middle—

When he was making "Since You Went Away," Ingrid Bergman came on the set one day, and Jennifer Jones remarked, "I think she's lovelier than Garbo."

Guy looked blank. He said, "Who's Garbo?"

It was Jennifer's turn to drop her pretty jaw. She didn't believe it—and maybe you won't either—but it's gospel. Before that day Guy had never heard of Greta Garbo—the greatest star Hollywood has ever launched! He's just as naive about Hollywood customs. A press agent at Selznicks' batted out a description of Guy Madison after the fan demands poured in. He wrote, "Guy has long eyelashes and an olive complexion." When Guy read the release he blushed. "I thought you only said such things about girls," he said. And on his first trip to a Hollywood glamor cafe, the waiter came around after Madison had polished off his proteins, greens and solids. "Demi-tasse?" he inquired.

"What's that?" asked Madison. The waiter coughed and Guy's pal pointed to the print down on the menu. "Oh," said Madison, "that's that little word I've seen before at the end of the menu. What's it mean?"

"Coffee," whispered the pal.

"Oh, sure," grinned Guy. "Well, I'll have a glass of milk!"

Don't get the idea that Guy Madison is any dummy. On the contrary, he's plenty smart—smart enough, for instance, to realize that this Hollywood business is not his natural racket and that he's got about as much background for being a glamorous actor and leading a public life as well—as Bob Mosely has. And smart enough, too, to spend his liberty days every week catching on. Sailors want a week-end holiday when there's plenty of things to do and places to play. But Guy takes his day off when he can go to the studio, study the stars in action, take dramatic lessons, make photographs and learn what its all about. He may not be the smoothest character in the world, but he's got sense enough to know that there's plenty he has to learn and there's no time like the present.

Because, the truth is that only the purest Cinderella happen-stance in Hollywood history plumped Bakersfield's Guy Madison into the odd spotlighted spot he now occupies. From his home town history you can see in a sec that Fate was in a frolicsome mood indeed when she whisked Guy before a camera. From his bringing up and the kind of guy he was Guy had about as much business being there as a deacon has in jail.

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Guy grew up in Bakersfield, California, where they pump oil and raise cotton, but without the banjos. They also switch trains of the Santa Fe Railroad around and that's where his dad has worked for 22 years. There's not a solidier class of American citizen than a railroading man. Guy had rugged English, Scotch and Irish ancestry back of him too, but funny thing—of all the family of five kids (he has three brothers and one sister) the kid who grew up to be a Praxiteles dream was the puny of the lot. In fact, for a while they thought he had the White Plague and carted him off to a t.b. sanitarium. Turned out to be a false alarm but ever since then he has been extremely health happy. Maybe the reason he has that super chassis is that he takes care of it.

When you read that Guy Madison doesn't smoke or drink, for instance, you are reading true talk. When he was in high school Guy tried fire water once and all it did was burn his tonsils. From then on liquor of any kind was in his little black book. He doesn't mind if other people drink but Madison passes. Same with tobacco. In fact, the toughest job of Guy's one-shot movie career was learning to puff a cigarette in that razzing bowling alley scene.

They'd light one for him right before the director called "Action!" and by the time "Roll 'em" came—there was Guy's cigarette perched dead in his mouth like a pickle and just as cold. He couldn't learn to puff the thing. Finally, the assistant director took him aside and gave him six easy lessons. Guy improved a little when the exasperated assistant exploded, "Look—you draw in—like this—see? Just try to remember that you're smoking—not blowing bubbles!"

So he finally mastered the vice—although Madison doesn't count that as backsliding a bit. After all, anything for art.

Guy eats nothing but whole wheat bread. He never touches coffee or tea and can pass up even a coke unless it's forced on him. He's a great personal hygiene guy, too, always scrubbed shiny with showers. He brushes his teeth, his mates say, at least fifteen minutes by the chronometer and when he gargles he uses only salt water—that's part of his fetish about no medicine of any kind. So you can see that I'm not kidding when I call Madison a child of nature. But when it comes to stowing the chow—well—that's something else.

To keep his muscles oiled and his disposition soothed Guy has to have two things—sleep and food. He's a glutton for both, although they don't make him doxy and they don't make him fat. He can sack in any time, any place. The other night he joined in a V-E day party at Henry Willson's house in Beverly Hills. It was a mild clambake of sorts with Henry's friends, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens were there, Tom Drake and his wife, Chris, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling and Henry's date, Deanna Durbin. They were jabbering, laughing, singing and keeping the vic and radio going full blast. Suddenly in the midst of all this hoorah, host Henry looked around for Guy. There he was in sweet repose and dreaming of daisies on the sofa, not more than six feet away from the happy and noisy crowd! It was after nine o'clock, and party or no party, that's when Seaman Madison likes to sack down.

About food—well, here is an average Guy Madison breakfast menu which I wrung out of him by slow torture: High glass of orange juice. Four shredded wheat. Eight eggs. Two orders of bacon. Double stack of toast. Two glasses of milk. And maybe hotcakes if he still feels empty.

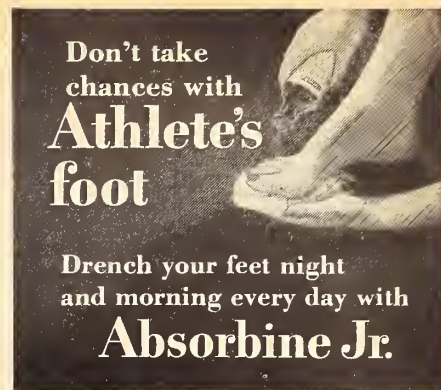
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Hotel the other morning when Guy breezed in for breakfast. He rattled off his choices, she smiled and bustled off to the kitchen. Soon she was back hoisting the usual breakfast—a couple straight-up, four pieces of toast, two strips of bacon. When she sat down, Guy asked, "Where's the rest of the eggs?"

"Ha-ha," chuckled the girl coyly. "I can take a joke."

"It's no joke," assured Guy. "I want my eggs." When she saw he really meant it she brought them along—and all the chefs in the kitchen peered through the glass peephole to get a load of this egg-centric sailor!

Over at Ann Lehr's Guild Canteen, (probably the service men's favorite overnight spot in Hollywood), where Bob has stayed often and still does on his trips up to Hollywood, they have a name for Bob. Selznick's wanted him one day for something or other and called around town to locate him. At the Guild Canteen they said, "Guy Madison? Oh, you mean the Milkman."

"Come again?"

"We call him that," they explained, "because with our 'raid the icebox' policy here, Madison's a problem. Whenever he checks in we order a couple extra quarts of milk. He drinks them up before going to bed."

The point of all this feeding dope on Madison is that it has been going on for years to build that body of his. In addition, he was a Bakersfield outdoor boy supreme. What spare time he had as a kid Guy spent hunting rabbits, pheasant and quail in the San Joaquin Valley, trout fishing in the Sierras and, as soon as he was old enough to chase off alone, diving for abalones and lobsters in the Pacific Ocean. He toted a .22 rifle on his hunts at first but got interested in hunting Indian style and switched to bow-and-arrow. He's an expert by now and the first extravagance you can check up against Guy in Hollywood is a deluxe bow and set of shafts he saved up and bought from Howard Hill, the world's champion archer. Even when he's tramping around Hollywood on his weekly liberty day, Guy's heart's in the highlands.

He was in a Beverly Hills ice cream parlor the other afternoon with Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling when Mary Livingstone (Jack Benny's wife) came in. They'd heard about Guy Madison, of course (news about newcomer sensations gets around fast in Hollywood) and Mary, like all the gals, knows an Adonis when she sees one, except that Mary has to kid about everything. She gave Guy an arch look, got up and took his arm.

"Mr. Madison," said Mary kiddingly. "Let's go shopping. Isn't there something you need?"

Guy took it straight. "I can't now," he replied, "but if you run into any good turkey feathers, pick me up some. I need them for my arrows."

Madison's not fast on the uptake nor glib with clever talk—especially around girls. He hasn't had much experience. The first female he fell for back in Bakersfield school days told him right off and scared him away from the fair sex for a long time. She was a flirty little brunette doll, Guy remembers. But when he smacked her a good kiss one day after school, she started weeping and slapped his fresh face.

"You stop," she bawled, "or I'll go right home and tell my mamma!"

That gave Guy his own juvenile ideas about the inconstancy of the fair sex, and he's still a little skittery that way. But the main reason he never developed into a curbstone Casanova was because he was always too busy earning his own way. The kids in his family had to handle their

own school expenses and buy clothes sometimes too, since a railroad man with five kids to feed is never wallowing in money. Guy's odd jobs kept him from the high school social cliques, which didn't bother him much. But they also kept him from going out for football and basketball.

However, Guy managed to pick active outdoor jobs to grow on. He picked grapes and berries on the Valley ranches in the summer, hustled a paper route before school and when he got into Bakersfield Junior College landed a telephone line-man's job. Guy was so sold on the outdoors that he studied agriculture in J. C. and thought he'd pile up the stake for his ranch being a commercial fisherman where he could get all the salty sport he loves so well and make a money killing at the same time. Pearl Harbor changed all that, but the reason Madison chose the Navy as his way to serve Uncle Sam sprang from that old sea yen he nursed. His younger brother, Wayne, is with the Fleet too; just the other day Guy went down to San Pedro to see him off for Jap waters.

But if Pearl Harbor messed up Guy Madison's original pattern for the future, Hollywood tossed it right out the window. Until that unbelievable Cinderella-man episode occurred, what Guy knew about Hollywood and the movie colony could be engraved on the side of his dogtag. The only real, live star he'd ever contacted was Betty Grable, at the Hollywood Canteen, and that meeting, Guy figures, lasted exactly two-and-one-half seconds. He fought his way through the GI stag line for a dance with Betty but he hadn't taken half a step before, naturally, she was whirled away from his aching arms.

Heaven knows Madison had no inkling of any acting career himself when he got some radio tickets at the Guild Canteen to see Janet Gaynor at the mike. Nor did he have any control over the coincidences that David Selznick would delegate one of his assistants to see his ex-star do her ether stuff. You probably know what happened by now. The exec, Henry Willson, who used to be an agent and is sharp as a tack on talent bets, spotted Guy and his terrific face spelled "star stuff" as plain as if it were lined up in lights. Big boss Selznick thought the same thing when he saw the sailor on his next Hollywood liberty. Guy made the famous "Since You Went Away" scene on his next long leave. But he kept it under cover for a long time. For one thing, Guy had heard about those sad faces on the cutting room floor. So he didn't let his folks in Bakersfield know about the Hollywood adventure, nor his skipper at the base—not until the picture finally ended up with Guy Madison still in the picture, just as David Selznick had promised Guy it would be, word of honor.

"Whatever I have to cut out," he assured the sailor Guy, "it won't be you." And when David Selznick makes sure not to sell you short—it's a cinch you've got what it takes to be in like Gable.

But Guy Madison isn't relying on his good looks and that lucky break to ease him along to fame and riches. After he saw the results of his camera acting he cracked, "Now I wonder why they ever signed me!" It wasn't until after he'd already passed through the Cinderella-man stage that he buckled down to this shore leave course in dramatics and studio know-how that he hopes will pay off after the Japanese job is done.

Then Guy bought himself a flivver, stowed all his worldly possessions in the rear end and for over a year now he's been operating out of the jalop. Comes his mid-week 24-hour liberty, he hops in the heap with a few hitchhiking mates and roars

from "Dago" up to Hollywood. Where he sacks in overnight doesn't matter—at a pal's, Willson's, the Canteen or just rolled up in the back seat. But what he does is the whole idea of the trip. Henry Willson's the supervisor and Svengali of most of that because he arranged with dramatic coach William Russell and diction expert Lester Luther to put Guy hep to the finer points of emoting.

Maybe the most important part of Sailor Guy's week-end charm course, though, is the fun end. Shrewdly, his mentor, Henry, decided that what Madison needed was exposure to the kind of kids he'd be meeting in a Hollywood career—other actors and actresses. He fixed Guy up with starlet dates on his nights in Hollywood—Judy Garland, Sheila Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, Shirley Temple and others. They toured the glitter spots—Mocambo, Ciro's, the Troc and the Grove. They took in all the premieres and at first it shocked Guy that any girl could eat up twenty-five or thirty bucks worth of dinner and still walk away hungry!

Guy Madison doesn't limit his stinging out operations to Hollywood by any means. Like all sailors, he has a girl in most ports. There's one down in San Diego, and one in Long Beach, too, where Guy often bunks in. He won't tell who they are, but he does say he's not going to get serious until he has his post-war Hollywood fling at acting. Guy likes girls under five feet-five, no painted dolls, naturally, and on the old fashioned side.

He also likes them younger than himself. Any female over eighteen is too old to send Guy. He took out a sweetie the other night and they went to a place where you had to be officially grown up to get in. Guy's g.f. was under age, so he prepped her for hours to say she was twenty-one in case anyone asked. Sure enough, the waiter demanded ages immediately and the flustered filly popped out with Guy's age—twenty-three.

"And how about you, Mate?" demanded the waiter. Guy had been concentrating so long on "twenty-one" that he came up with that, realizing the minute the fatal words were out the awful thing he'd done. He didn't have any fun the rest of the night figuring the waiter had spotted him as a sad sack out with an old lady practically falling apart!

In fact, when you boil it right down, I have a hunch that Guy Madison's feminine ideal is pretty well summed up, as it is for a lot of guys all over the world, in that Hollywood dream girl, Miss Shirley Temple. The Temples, who are always super nice to all service men, have been particularly hospitable to Guy. He has a standing invitation to swim in the pool and eat from the ice box when he comes up to Hollywood. He took Shirley to a premiere or two last year and has seen her a lot around the Selznick studio.

So, soon after Shirley announced her engagement, she had a little party at her house and invited Guy along with her other friends. The "Guy" looked particularly depressed but what Shirley noticed mainly was that he kept calling her "Pearl." It bothered her. Certainly he couldn't be that Hollywood dumb. He called her "Pearl" again.

"Why do you call me 'Pearl', Guy?" asked Shirley, a little annoyed. "Do you mean 'Shir'?"

Guy shook his head sadly, "No," he said, "I mean 'Pearl'. 'Pearl Harbor' Temple."

"What in the world are you talking about?" frowned Shirley.

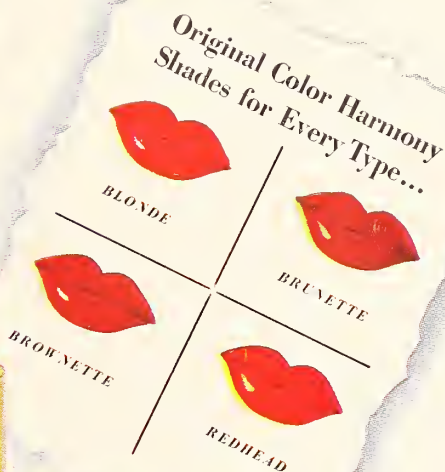
"Well," sighed Guy. "When you got engaged you stabbed us all in the back!"

Not bad. Not bad at all. Off hand, I'd say Guy Madison's shore leave course in Hollywood is working out fine. He's no life of the party yet. But he's learning fast.

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