

Feb

# Modern Screen

• A DELL MAGAZINE •  
**DELL**  
• DELL MAGAZINE •



Shirley  
Temple

1961

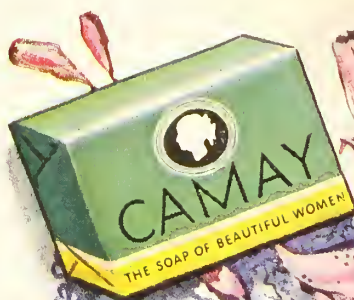


# Just One Cake of Camay - Softer, Smoother Skin is yours!



There's a softer glow, fresher beauty for *your* skin  
—with your *first* cake of Camay! Simply change  
from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise  
on scores of complexions. And these doctors  
reported that woman after woman—using just  
*one* cake of Camay—had fresher, softer skin.



## MRS. STEWART'S STORY



"I tumbled — Bill fell, too," skiing at St. Adele in the Laurentians. Both devotees of outdoor sports, Ginny keeps the warm sun-glow in her skin radiantly fresh. "It's Camay for me—and has been, since my *first* cake brought out a real sparkle in my complexion."



## MRS. WILLIAM KIRK STEWART

—the former Virginia Welch of Los Angeles, Cal.

Bridal portrait painted by *W. H. Leonard*

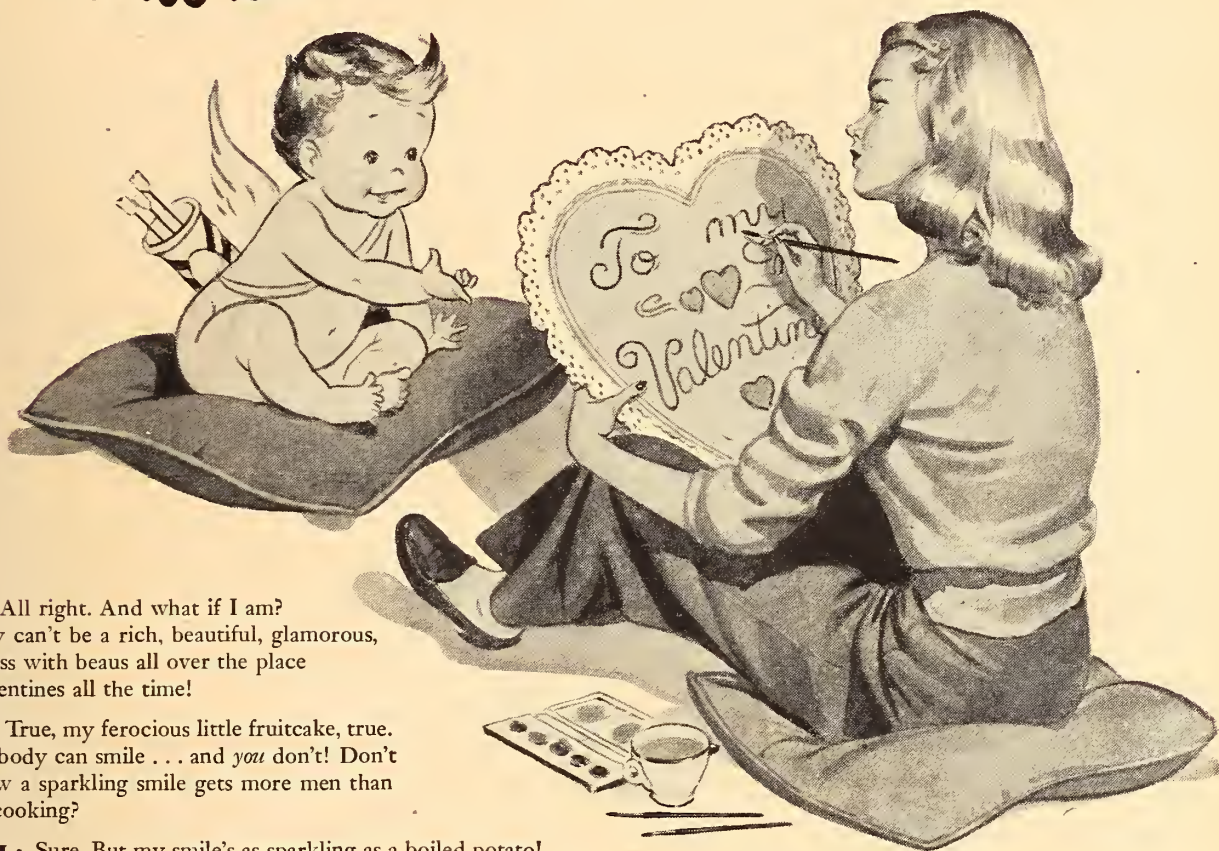
**Precious Moment:** While overseas, Bill cherished each memory of Ginny's fresh young beauty. "I wanted to look my best when he returned," Ginny confides, "so I never neglected my Camay Mild-Soap Diet." To make *your* skin lovelier, just follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.



*Cherish Camay—make each cake last. Precious materials go into soap.*



# "Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"



**GIRL:** All right. And what if I am? Everybody can't be a rich, beautiful, glamorous, witty heiress with beaux all over the place sending Valentines all the time!

**CUPID:** True, my ferocious little fruitcake, true. But everybody can smile . . . and *you* don't! Don't you know a sparkling smile gets more men than home cooking?

**GIRL:** Sure. But my smile's as sparkling as a boiled potato!

**CUPID:** Ever try brushing your teeth?

**GIRL:** Did I ev—? Listen, my fresh little friend, I brush my teeth regular as anything! And they *still* don't sparkle. And what's more I've even begun seeing "pink" on my tooth brush lately!

**CUPID:** Oh? And what'd your dentist say?

**GIRL:** Dentist? What dentist? Who said any—

**CUPID:** Well of all the waffle-brained—! Listen, Sis, that "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning to *see your dentist right away!* Because he may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



**GIRL:** My smile. We were talking about my smile. Remember?

**CUPID:** Sugar, we still are! Don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? And this Ipana not only cleans teeth, it's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth, and . . . bang! You've started yourself on the road to a sparkling smile! Okay? Then get started . . . Today, Sugar. Ipana and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

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



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

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

It was a best-seller... a *Reader's Digest* classic... a Book of the Month. And now it's The Picture Of The Year.

It's W. L. White's "They Were Expendable"—carved out of some of the most dramatic events of all time.



This is M-G-M's heart-stinging story of some of the most heroic headlines of recent years.

The story of "Brick", who loved a boat; of "Rusty", who loved a girl.

Robert Montgomery (back on the screen after his war-years with Uncle Sam's Navy) is magnificent as "Brick", who'd rather command a PT-boat than a battleship. The part's a natural for the star who was skipper on a PT-boat when they were shooting for keeps.

John Wayne is "Rusty", who scoffs at the "sea-going mousetraps". But that was before the fighting started!

There's a tremendous thrill in watching those suicidal "sea-scooters" in action! The thrill of battle, of terrible peril. And a surge of pride that will quicken the beat of your heart.



There's a thrill, too, in the romance between the hard-bitten PT-boat Commander and the Army nurse. Lovely Donna Reed makes a perfect "Sandy", dungeared angel of mercy who tends wounds and steals hearts.

There's a gripping sense of realism in "They Were Expendable"—evidence of the directorial deftness of Captain John Ford, U.S.N.R., the expert screen play of Comdr. Frank Wead, U.S.N. (Ret.), the excellence of the action photography. Cliff Reid is associate producer.

Jack Holt, Ward Bond and a consummate cast back up the stars with stellar performances.

The screen can offer no greater thrill than this story of gallant men and women who never expected to return. "They Were Expendable."

We salute them. —*Lea*



# modern screen

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COVER: Shirley Temple in Columbia's "Kiss and Tell." Cover and color portraits of Bob Mitchum, Turhan Bey and Dane Clark by Willinger.

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**BIG SMILE!** (BECAUSE THEY JUST FINISHED A BIG PICTURE)



Robert Montgomery (don't you feel like shaking his hand and saying: "Welcome home, Bob!") plays "Brick," in love with thirty fighting tons of wood and steel, a PT boat. John Wayne is "Rusty"...afraid of only one thing in the world, losing Sandy. Lovely Donna Reed is Sandy, the nurse who heals

heroes' wounds, and steals their hearts.

Here's the exciting picturization of the terrific best-seller that has taken America by storm, "They Were Expendable." Acclaimed by the reading public as a *Reader's Digest* thriller,

then as a Book-of-the-Month... and now as an M-G-M film destined to be called the Picture of the Year. Here's roaring action... suspense with a wallop... flaming romance as real as flesh and blood can make it. The screen can offer no greater thrill than "They Were Expendable."



*M-G-M presents*  
**THEY WERE EXPENDABLE**  
*starring*  
**ROBERT MONTGOMERY • JOHN WAYNE**

WITH DONNA REED • JACK HOLT • WARD BOND  
 A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION • BASED ON THE BOOK BY WILLIAM L. WHITE  
 Screen Play by FRANK WEAD, COMDR. U. S. N. (RET.) • Associate Producer CLIFF REID  
 DIRECTED BY JOHN FORD, CAPTAIN, U. S. N. R.  
 A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



So Different!... So Thrilling!

THE

# FLOATING FACIAL\*

...literally floats off pore-clogging, make-up blurring impurities which ordinary "beauty" creams may miss



## MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST

Remove your old make-up, one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton and wipe Albolened side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge... from left-on make-up, grease, grime...

YOUR MAKE-UP effects can thrill you the way you dream them! The *Floating Facial*... smart, modern... literally floats away stale, old make-up, dead skin cells, dust, grime and grit, blemish-causing debris often left on by ordinary "beauty" creams. A *Floating Facial* gently sweeps away even stubborn cake make-up. No wonder fresh make-up effects can be so clear, lovely.

## \*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY!

on application—and a cream must liquefy to cleanse your skin gently, effectively...

That's the secret of the *Floating Facial*... Albolene, the quick-liquefying cream. Crystal clear... immaculately pure. All-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Tissues off in a jiffy, leaving skin soft, lovely. Lubricates as it cleanses, a mercy to dry, flaky skins.

Do try a *Floating Facial*—today! Albolene Cleansing Cream now comes in scented or unscented form. At any drug, department or 10-cent store.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

by Virginia Wilson

# MOVIE REVIEWS

## *A Walk In The Sun*

■ Out of the smoke and death, the mud and boredom of war, has come a truly great picture. Without being either documentary or overly dramatic, it shows you the way things were. The way they mustn't ever be again. It takes a platoon landing on the beach at Salerno, and follows it from that landing at dawn to noon of the same day. Dawn until noon. Not a long time, is it? Just long enough for a little walk in the sun. A little walk in sunny Italy. Dana Andrews and Richard Conte have the principal roles, and play them with unfaltering conviction. The rest of the cast, equally effective, includes Sterling Holloway, John Ireland, and George Tyne.


Sunny Italy! In the dawn, viewed from a landing barge, the black, threatening beach ahead doesn't look much like the guide book's descriptions. The men are jumpy. And scared. The lieutenant who was to have been in charge of the operation has just had the side of his head blown off. That leaves Sergeant Porter in command, and the men aren't happy about it. Porter has been in lots of battles. Too many. He's going to crack, and they know it. Sergeant Tyne (Dana Andrews) is worried. Rivera (Richard Conte) isn't worried at all. Rivera has his machine gun—and a theory that nobody ever dies. He's sticking to them.

So they land, and somehow they get across the beach and into the woods. Not all of them, of course. A plane strafes them, and eliminates some more. They have to leave the wounded where they fall. There isn't time for anything else. The platoon must get on toward its objective—a bridge near the farmhouse on the hill. All they have to (Continued on page 13)



Sgt. Tyne (D. Andrews) plots strategy with Windy (J. Ireland) and Ward (Lloyd Bridge)





The Musical  
THAT'S ALL DOLLED UP...  
GOING PLACES...  
And doing WONDERFUL THINGS!

# Doll Face

Martha Michael Reed  
STEWART · DUNNE · HADLEY  
PRODUCED BY  
BRYAN FOY  
DIRECTED BY  
LEWIS SEILER

SCREEN PLAY BY LEONARD PRASKINS • ADAPTATION BY HAROLD BUCHMAN  
FROM A PLAY BY LOUISE HOVICK • DANCES STAGED BY KENNY WILLIAMS

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

**Songs!** "Dig You Later" (THE HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA SONG!) • "Somebody's Walkin' In My Dreams" • "Here Comes Heaven Again" • "Chica-Chica" • by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson





No wonder Anita O'Day's confused. First she sang for Krupa, switched to S. Kenton for year, is now touring with—Krupa!

## Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER



Charlie and son Joel Spivak guest artist on ABC's "Sot. Senior Swing" with tunes and talk on famous jazz artists.

■ Well, the New Year's smack in our laps, and if you've been promising yourself to fill in on your record collections, I'm the boy who'd like to make a few suggestions. Like always. But just in case the holiday season hit you hard and you bought this copy of MODERN SCREEN with your last fifteen cents, and you're sitting there looking mournful—cut it out. Because you can probably scrape together enough for the two "Records of the Month," and they'll keep you happy until your finances stage a comeback. Here they are (the records, not the finances):

I suggest Frankie's "The House I Live In" on Columbia, for the best popular number, and Erroll Garner playing "Somebody Loves Me" as the best hot jazz.

By the way, have you heard that splendid, scintillating RCA show? With the wonderful music, and sparkling conversation? Raymond Paige and his orchestra furnish the beat, while Deems Taylor and—yes, I admit it—Leonard Feather wrangle politely. It's a sort of jazz-versus-classics setup, and Mr. Taylor gives his all for Bach, Beethoven—the old boys—while I speak up for my own true love. Jazz, naturally. The show's at four-thirty Eastern time, over the NBC network. Maybe you'd get a kick out of it, and I'd like to hear your opinions, if you'd care to send 'em on.

Now, to work. As usual, the records are arranged with popular selections first, hot jazz next, and albums at the end. Have fun.

### BEST POPULAR

CHICKORY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)—I'm not too wild about this tune, so why am I listing it? Because Gene Krupa's arrangement, strangely enough, is good. And because it features Anita O'Day. Anita's such a terrific singer she manages to make something of it, but it's a shame they have to drag her down like that. And speaking of Anita, her husband, Carl Hoff, used to be a professional golfer before he went into the army. When he got out of the army, his problem was this, Mr. Anthony. Anita and the Krupa band did not do their stints at golf courses. He, Carl, on the other hand, could not follow them around with a golf course under his arm. There was no way that he could see to keep Anita from being a golf widow, except (Continued on page 10)



SHE MADE  
A CAREER  
OUT OF LOVE !



*Kitty* winked an eye from behind her fan,  
Smiled just once, and caught a million dollar man!  
She took all his dough, 'cause she had a way of knowing  
That he couldn't take it with him where *he* was going!



*Kitty* and the duke were a handsome pair  
Soon they were married — with a son and heir.  
But *kitty* had her eyes on his bank account,  
And she got what she wanted, thanks to Paramount!



*Kitty* as a duchess was a sight to behold.  
No man could resist her in satin and gold.  
She started holding hands with a conquering hero,  
But at the end of the game his score was zero!

Paramount Presents

*"Kitty"*

Starring

PAULETTE GODDARD  
RAY MILLAND

with  
Patric Knowles - Cecil Kellaway  
Reginald Owen - Constance Collier

A MITCHELL LEISEN  
Production

Produced by Karl Tunberg  
Directed by Mitchell Leisen  
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and  
Karl Tunberg



*Kitty* was really waiting for a certain guy,  
The conniving gent who put that gleam in her eye.  
She drew a circle that took him in  
Because *Kitty* was a woman with a will to win!

*From rags to ermine Kitty made no stop.  
On a ladder of husbands she climbed to the top.*



# DO Your Hands



When winds bite and chap, give your hands SOFSKIN beauty salon care. Keep your skin enticingly smooth with the creme so many professionals use. It's a soothing beauty treatment for your hands, elbows, wrists, and ankles, too. Keeps them pleasantly free from dryness, thrillingly soft and white. Remember, non-sticky SOFSKIN is the creme many beauticians prefer!



In the Black and Gold jars —  
35¢ 60¢ \$1.00 sizes\*

\*Plus tax

Ask for the free Sofskin  
demonstration at your beauty  
salon or cosmetic counter

## SOFSKIN CREME

for lovely hands and skin

(Continued from page 8)  
maybe if he gave up golf. Carl Hoff is now  
Gene Krupa's press agent.

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)—This Georgie Auld version of "Come to Baby" features an excellent new singer named Lynn Stevens. Funny thing about Georgie—he once played tenor sax with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, but now his band is more important in jazz than either of theirs. At the moment, Artie Shaw hasn't even got a band. He's just broken it up. Since nobody ever knows why the unpredictable Artie does any of the things he does, your guess is as good as the next guy's. He recently married beautiful Ava Gardner, and after all, who'd want to look at a bunch of musicians all day, with a girl like that around! But to get back to Georgie Auld, the other side of "Come to Baby" is called "Just A Sittin' and A Rockin'." It's a four year old Duke Ellington-Billy Strayhorn number to which lyrics have just been added, and it's being made into a popular song.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), and Harry James (Columbia)—The James version features a new singer, Ruth Haag. Kitty Kallen's left the band to become a single, and Anita Boyer is Harry's new, regular vocalist. (Whoops! Hold on a minute. I just got some very secret information, and don't you breathe a word to a soul—but the vocalist Ruth Haag I just got finished naming up there is *really* Betty Grable! Haag is Harry's middle name, and Ruth belongs to Betty, and isn't that a fine, fat scoop?)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Written by Mel Powell and Ray McKinley, two members of the former Glen Miller A.A.F. band, this record has a vocal by Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Teddy Wilson and Count Basie. She's now Eddie Cantor's new radio star.

At the first public appearance over here of the Glen Miller Air Force Band—at the National Press Club dinner in Washington—before President Truman, Clement Attlee, etc., when Cantor introduced the band, everybody, including the President, spontaneously stood up. It's supposed to be the second time in memory that a president has risen on a public occasion. General Eisenhower and General Hap Arnold praised the band's work, said it had accomplished fine things.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—An awful lot of people believe that this number was specifically written for Frankie, which it was not. He simply thought it was a good thing, and took it up. Josh White, who inspired him to try it made the original recording about a year ago, in an Asch album. You'll probably be hearing lots of it, due to Frank's having used it in his short movie on tolerance, as title and theme both. There's a cute story going around about Frankie and his softball team whose sweaters sport the legend: "How many times have you seen 'Anchors Aweigh'?" And the rival who showed up one time with letters across his chest demanding, "How many times have you slept through 'Anchors Aweigh'?"

### BEST HOT JAZZ

GET HAPPY—Red Callender (Sunset)—This is by the Red Callender Six—six guys from various bands on the West Coast who got together on this record date. You'll hear some wonderful piano work from Arnold Ross (of Harry James' band) and the "Paul Leslie" listed on the label is really

Les Paul, guitarist. He's under contract to Decca, and records with Crosby, and his own trio. Quite a big man.

I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU—Savannah Churchill-Al Killian (Manor)—Savannah Churchill's a singer who's been around a long time. You've probably heard her, one place or another. Well, when she was booked into the Zanzibar, recently, she decided to take a new lease on life, and she changed her name to Gloria Shelton. As Savannah said, "It's a bad year for Churchills." She was billed as Gloria Shelton, and introduced as Gloria Shelton. And then it began. Time after time, people would come into the club, and one would say happily, "Why, there's Savannah

### RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

#### BEST POPULAR

CHICKERY CHICK—Gene Krupa (Columbia), George Olsen (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)

COME TO BABY, DO—Duke Ellington (Victor), Georgie Auld (Musicraft)

HERE COMES HEAVEN AGAIN—Perry Como (Victor)

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU—Andy Russell (Capitol), Harry James (Columbia)

JUST A LITTLE FOND AFFECTION—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Kate Smith (Columbia), Louis Prima (Majestic)

MY GUY'S COME BACK—Thelma Carpenter (Majestic), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

NO CAN DO—King Sisters (Victor), Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU—Martha Tilton (Capitol), Les Brown (Columbia)

THE NEXT TIME I CARE—Shep Fields (Victor)

#### BEST HOT JAZZ

RED CALLENDER—Get Happy (Sunset)

MAYLON CLARK—I'm A Dreamer (Jewel)

SAVANNAH CHURCHILL—AL KILLIAN—I Can't Get Enough Of You (Manor)

ERROLL GARNER—Laura (Savoy)

JOHNNY GUARNIERI—Honeysuckle Rose (Continental)

HELEN HUMES—Be-Baba-Luba (Philo)

JONAH JONES—You Brought A New Kind of Love To Me (Commodore)

CHARLIE SHAVERS—My Man (Keynote)

KAY STARR—Should I (Jewel)

TEDDY WILSON—Blues Too (Musicraft)

#### BEST ALBUMS

JUDY GARLAND—KENNY BAKER—VIRGINIA O'BRIEN—The Harvey Girls (Decca)

EUGENE GOOSSENS—CINCINNATI SYMPHONY—Peer Gynt Suite (Victor)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. III—Then Came Swing (Capitol)

HISTORY OF JAZZ, Vol. IV—This Modern Age (Capitol)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—All Star Jam Session (Asch)

OSCAR LEVANT—Popular Moderns (Piano Solos) (Columbia)

JAMES MELTON—Operatic Arias (Victor)

MARGARET O'BRIEN—Stories For Children (Capitol)

TEX RITTER—Songs & Stories (Capitol)

AL SMITH—Memorial Album (Majestic)



ONCE AGAIN AN EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT ACHIEVEMENT FROM WARNERS!

"YOUR GUNS GET YOU TO SAN ANTON"

- FROM THERE ON YOU TRUST TO LUCK!"

They poured lead  
into the prairie  
badlands and built  
the city the devil  
once called home!

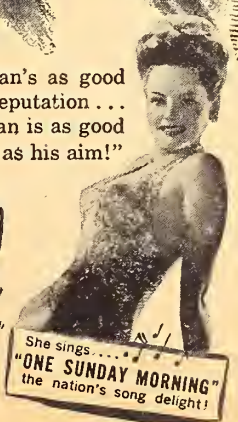
# SAN ANTONIO

IN TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

Errol Flynn · Alexis Smith

"A woman's as good  
as her reputation ...  
and a man is as good  
as his aim!"



She sings ...  
"ONE SUNDAY MORNING"  
the nation's song delight!

WITH S. Z. 'CUDDLES' SAKALL VICTOR FRANCEN JOHN LITEL DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY ALAN LEMAY AND W. R. BURNETT • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



Churchill," and another would contradict him. "No, that's Gloria Shelton." But it certainly *looked* like Savannah Churchill, and it *sounded* like Savannah Churchill, and after a while, Savannah herself got so sick and tired of the whole business that she called it off. She's once again Savannah Churchill, and feeling no pain.

**LAURA**—Erroll Garner (Savoy)—This is the other side of that best jazz record of the month, the one I recommended in the introduction. Really, this Garner's terrific. He's the young Pittsburgh discovery Diana Lynn raved about—doesn't read a note—but he has an amazingly creative mind, and there's a lot of classical influence in his work. Though he plays hot like mad, this "Laura" side isn't really hot at all. It's just beautiful music, and the prettiest version of "Laura" I've heard.

**HONEYSUCKLE ROSE**—Johnny Guarneri (Continental)—Johnny Guarneri's a pianist, but this record also marks his debut as a vocalist. Craziest thing about it is that he sings and plays "Honeysuckle Rose" exactly like Fats Waller. Several years ago, he made a private record for me, doing the same thing, and I played it for Fats one night, up in my apartment. Fats had had a few drinks—and he thought it was himself! Also on this Guarneri job are Red Norvo and Slam Stewart.

**YOU BROUGHT A NEW KIND OF LOVE TO ME**—Jonah Jones (Commodore)—The label reads: "Jonah Jones and his orchestra," though actually eight of the nine men on this were from Cab Calloway's gang—including Jonah himself. The record features Hilton Jefferson, the very fine alto sax man. The other side is "Hubba Hubba Hub," not the same tune Perry Como recorded, however. There's been several numbers with similar names.

## BEST ALBUMS

**JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC**—All-Star Session (Asch)—This is the first time a real jam session has been recorded. Or part of a session, at least. It took place at the Philharmonic Auditorium, in Los Angeles, under the direction of a young jazz fan named Norman Granz, and the men themselves never even knew the records were being made. So you hear it all, the spontaneous, unrehearsed playing, even the occasional mistakes, the comments of the men when one works out something especially sensational, and the audience, clapping, coughing, yelling their applause. The album has six twelve-inch sides, but because tunes always run so long in these sessions, there are only two numbers in the whole album. They're "How High the Moon" and "Lady Be Good," each on three sides. Some of the soloists are: Willie Smith, alto sax; Illinois Jacquet, tenor sax; Charles Ventura, tenor sax; Joe Guy, trumpet; Garland Finney, piano; Ulysses Livingston, guitar; Red Callender, bass. Gene Krupa was on drums, but he's under contract to Columbia, so he's not listed on the label.

**AL SMITH MEMORIAL ALBUM**—(Majestic)—Recorded shortly after Jimmy Walker became president of Majestic Records, this tribute to a famous New Yorker includes, naturally, "Sidewalks of New York"—the tune which somehow became synonymous with Al Smith. Here also are, "Give My Regards to Broadway," "My Gal Sal," "Easter Parade," etc. Even if you're not a New Yorker, ready to shed a sentimental tear over the old songs, you'll still enjoy the album. There are vocals by Danny O'Neill, Kay Armen, and the five DeMarco sisters from the Fred Allen Show.

**HISTORY OF JAZZ**—Vol III: Then Came Swing. Vol IV: This Modern Age (Capitol). Here are the final two volumes of Capitol's four-part history of jazz. Trying to tell the history of jazz on twenty records seems to me to be as simple as writing the whole of "Gone With The Wind" on the head of a pin. All these records were made in the last couple of years, and most of them sound like it, but if you want to treat the results as just plain wonderful music and not worry your head about whether they match the right chapters in your history books, then okay, you'll find plenty of kicks.

Biggest one, for me, is the singing of Kay Starr on "If I Could Be With You" with an all-star colored band in Vol. II, including King Cole, Benny Carter, John Kirby and Coleman Hawkins.

Dave Dexter, in the leaflet with this volume, says that, in the 1930's, "most of the large bands failed to produce the rich, exciting jazz that the small bands offered." That's a matter of opinion on which Dave may be right, but me, I think of the 1930's as the days when Benny Goodman's big band started the swing era and Bob Crosby's big band revived Dixieland and Count Basie's big band started the jump craze. In other words, big bands made plenty of big strides! Of course, there have always been plenty of big and small bands making good music in every period, and I guess it'll always be that way.

Volume IV has some fine stuff in it, too, by such folks as Benny Carter, the King Cole trio, Jay McShann (a fine blue pianist from Kansas City), Eddie Miller, Bobby Sherwood, Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins and Billy Butterfield. Altogether a fine assortment of music, and food for plenty of musical thought. Yes, you can dance to it too—but personally I'd rather listen!

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"You pick them for their taste, don'tcha?"



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

do is blow up that bridge. Sure, that's all. But maybe they'll meet some tanks on the way. And certainly the farmhouse will be full of "krauts," who will see them coming. There must be a way to do it, if they could only figure it out. There ought to be a simple way, an easy way.

There's a way, but it isn't simple, and it isn't easy. Even though it's just a little walk in the sun.—20th-Fox.

**P. S.**

Responsibility for the most authentic GI dialogue to yet come out of Hollywood belongs to Harry Brown who authored the original book. An enlisted man in the Army, Brown had access to soldier mail, thus building up a first-hand knowledge of war's lingo. . . . Of the approximately thirty men who took part in the picture, more than one-fourth of them had been in the service. . . . Director Lewis Milestone gambled with the picture, hoping that its great realism will make up with the box-office for the fact that all members of the cast, with the exception of Dana Andrews and Sterling Holloway, are unknowns—plus the fact that it is an all-male cast.

### THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

John (Robert Walker) and Mary (June Allyson) meet, fall in love, and get married all on one weekend. It's all very wonderful until it occurs to them that they haven't done anything about sleeping quarters. John has a dingy room in a third rate hotel, not at all the kind of place to take a beautiful, shining bride like Mary. And Mary lives in a girls' club. They think it over, on the way back from the justice of the peace in New Jersey. They're pretty romantic, both of them, and they want their marriage to start out just right. So they decide to forget, for the moment, that they are married. They'll wait till next weekend when John will get another leave, and by then Mary will have found an apartment, and everything will be cozy and sweet and fun.

That's what they think. Evidently they haven't heard about the apartment shortage. Mary leaves her job, and spends the week hunting for a place. She finally rents a little apartment on the fifth floor of a remodeled building. At least, the owners claim it's been remodeled. . . . Presumably from a Neanderthal cave. When John arrives at the apartment, he's in civvies—the Navy has given him a medical discharge. Somehow nothing seems the way it was before. Especially after Mary invites her former boss (Hume Cronyn) to dinner, along with a bewitching blonde babe from down the hall. John ends up by sleeping on the couch every night, and it begins to look as if the sailor has taken a wife in name only. Still, you know the Navy!—M-G-M.

**P. S.**

After two years of wearing Army or Navy uniforms, and appearing in a bell-hop's regimentals in his last picture, Bob Walker finally has a role that allows him to don civilian clothes and act in comfort. . . . The set was a continual round of merriment, due for the most part to the slap-happy antics between June Allyson and Director Richard Whorf. . . . Her first straight comedy, Junie enjoyed the role immensely, and had even more fun making the picture than its audiences will have laughing at it. . . . Bob Walker was out of the



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## Hinds for Hands

picture two weeks after he put his hand through a pane of glass and submitted to several stitches. . . . June Allyson discovered a new fan when the white parrot used in the picture developed a crush on her. He refused to pay attention to anyone but June, and when Dick Powell visited the set he was ribbed by the company about his feathered rival.

### LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

It takes courage for a girl as popular at the box-office as Gene Tierney to risk that popularity in an unsympathetic role. Ellen, in "Leave Her To Heaven," is a psychopathically jealous woman, who stops at nothing, even murder, to get her way. Handsome Cornel Wilde plays the hero, and Jeanne Crain is sweet and appealing as Ellen's adopted sister. The whole cast is way above average, with Vincent Price, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman in its number. Technicolor adds richness to the scenes of mountain and forest.

Ellen Berent (Gene Tierney) is the kind of girl that makes psychiatrists rich and happy. She has had a definite "father fixation" since childhood. Now that her father is dead, she falls madly in love with Richard Harland (Cornel Wilde) who resembles him in many ways. They are fellow guests at a western ranch. Ellen's mother and adopted sister, Ruth (Jeanne Crain) are also in the party. Richard is attracted by Ellen, but he doesn't approve of her overpowering desire to win in every game and to be the constant center of attention. He is aware, too, that Ellen is engaged to a lawyer back East.

Ellen, however, has no intention of letting Richard get away. She breaks her engagement, and goes after him with a combination of subtlety and passion which eventually achieves its object. They marry, and go to Warm Spring for their honeymoon. There Richard's young brother, Danny (Darryl Hickman) is slowly recovering from infantile paralysis. Richard is delighted with Ellen's apparent devotion to the boy. He has no idea, yet, of the depths of her jealousy.

There are obstacles in the way of her complete possession of Richard. Danny, for one. Her quiet "sister," Ruth, for whom he develops an obvious affection, for another. Even his writing which makes them a living, interferes with her desire to be the center of his existence. So—Ellen takes steps, hideous, unbelievable steps, to eliminate these things. The result is a tense and terrifying story of the lengths to which jealousy can lead a woman.—  
20th-Fox.

**P. S.**

When the company was swimming between scenes near Flagstaff, Arizona, Cornel Wilde unknowingly proved himself a hero. When Gene Tierney screamed at the sight of a nearby snake, Cornel picked it up and tossed it aside. "Just a water-snake," he told her, and nearly swooned when he learned it had been a water-moccasin. . . . Both Cornel and Gene went into the picture with little or no rest. Gene had three days after finishing "Dragonwyck," and Cornel finished a previous film at six in the evening, had a haircut and at ten was on his way to Bass Lake in the High Sierras. . . . Required to faint for a scene, Jeanne Crain had to learn the technique, never having had the experience in real life. One week later, in 121 degrees in Arizona, she keeled over with the greatest of ease. . . . Vincent Price tackled the longest dialogue in his career when he memorized eighteen pages of script, delivering a six minute scene in the morning and a seven minute scene after lunch. He got through it without a muff.



... Darryl Hickman was so realistic in his drowning scene that Director John Stahl stopped the cameras and sent a lifeguard for the boy. Darryl popped up a minute later, asked if the scene was okay.

## WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?

Private Hargrove keeps his effervescent charm and his infinite capacity for getting into jams, even when he gets to France and becomes a corporal. Not that he is ever a corporal for long. Those stripes go on and off and on again like a neon sign. In France, Hargrove is still the epitome of the sad sack, and—since he is again played by Bob Walker—still completely appealing. Keenan Wynn, as Mulvehill, furnishes expert comedy to back him up, and Chill Wills is again the tough-sergeant-with-heart-of-gold.

Corporal Hargrove (Bob Walker) is not the type you'd expect to get involved with a French girl. Even as cute and obviously alluring a one as Jeanne (Jean Porter). That he does get involved with her is due partly to the French temperament, partly to the Army, and partly to the machinations of Mulvehill (Keenan Wynn). It happens this way. Corporal Hargrove and a truckload of men are separated, through the Corporal's inability to stick to orders, from the rest of their section. They've been told to head for Mardennes and when they get lost for awhile, they eventually go on to that village. In the meantime, the rest of the Army has decided to by-pass Mardennes. So Hargrove and Mulvehill and the rest arrive alone in all their glory. They are greeted with open arms and equally open bottles of wine. To Mardennes, and especially to the Mayor's pretty daughter, Jeanne, they are the Army. Of course eventually they are returned to their irate sergeant, Corporal Hargrove becomes Private Hargrove, and he and Mulvehill are assigned to digging garbage pits.

But the liaison officers who then take over Mardennes find the Mayor curiously uncooperative. He is unimpressed by majors, and talks wistfully of a fine corporal named Hargrove. At last, Hargrove and Mulvehill are sent for to do liaison work and their diplomatic efforts are really something!—M-G-M.

P. S.

Marion Hargrove had nothing to do with the script of the sequel to "See Here, Private Hargrove," yet M-G-M paid him a fat sum merely for the use of his name. ... Keeping one step ahead of the studio, Hargrove was promoted to the rank of a corporal while Metro was making "Private Hargrove," then during the filming of "Corporal Hargrove," was made a sergeant. ... Director Richard Thorpe traveled to five training camps throughout the country looking for location spots, finally decided on Camp Pendleton, field artillery training center eighty miles south of Hollywood. All combat groups were filmed there. ... While on location, Bob Walker visited the nearby San Diego Army and Navy Academy, and made a speech to several hundred teen-age students. In his younger days, Bob was enrolled as a member of the Academy for three years. ... Studio received a letter from a group of GIs overseas, protesting the low ranks bestowed on Bob in his films. "The guy's always a private or a corporal," they wrote. "It's time he got sergeant's stripes." With the war over, it's unlikely that they'll get their wish. ... Since his motorcycle accident, Keenan Wynn's been intent on building himself up. He kept a set of bar-bells in his dressing room, amused the company with his calisthenics between scenes. ... Jean Porter,

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pint-sized and sole feminine member of the cast, reported for work to find herself surrounded by scores of rough looking soldiers. The next day she arrived in costume, plus a catcher's mask, chest protector and shinguards. . . Most spectacular event during filming of the movie was an unexpected roping scene. A cow used for the picture went berserk, charged through the studio gates and ran a mile down the boulevard before it was finally caught by an SPCA officer.

### SHADOW OF A WOMAN

It's hard to be sinister and charming at the same time, but Helmut Dantine is the lad who can do it. As Dr. Eric Ryder, who marries lovely Brook Gifford (Andrea King) for purposes of his own, he is the most attractive villain imaginable. He meets Brook at a mountain resort, gives her the rush of all time, and in a week they are married. Three days after the wedding, they are sitting placidly on the beach. A huge boulder crashes from the cliff above them, and only Brook's warning scream saves Eric's life. Brook is sure she saw someone on the cliff just before the boulder came over, but Eric laughs it off. Who would want to kill him? Brook finds out the answer to that, soon.

When they get back to the hotel, Eric glimpses a couple of men whom he obviously knows. He tells Brook to pack at once—he has decided that his own hunting cabin will be a much more romantic spot for their honeymoon. When they reach the cabin, she is disturbed to find definite evidence of a previous female visitor. "Oh," Eric explains easily, "that was my first wife." He also admits he has a five year old son. Brook is upset. Why hadn't he mentioned all this before?

That night another attempt is made to murder Eric. They leave the cabin and go back to his home in the city, but there, too, murder stalks them angrily. Brook finds that her husband is not really a doctor. He has a peculiar system of dieting which he claims will cure practically any ailment, but it seems to have had fatal results in several cases. Brook tries to help his little son, who is not well, and incurs Eric's wrath for her interference. Her marriage was a mistake—she can see that now, yet loyalty holds her to her husband. A lawyer, McKellar (William Prince), tries to warn her of danger, but she stubbornly refuses to listen. That refusal almost costs Brook her life.—War.

### P. S.

The plot pulled a switch for Helmut Dantine and Andrea King. In their last picture together, Dantine played a sympathetic role and disposed of the villainous Andrea by shooting her. In "Shadow of a Woman," Dantine is about as nasty as they come, while the innocent Andrea spends ninety minutes trying to get out of his clutches. . . While making a suspense picture, Andrea King had some suspense of her own. Expecting her husband to arrive any day from the Pacific zone, Andrea was jumpy as a Mexican bean, interpreting every phone call coming into the set as THE phone call. Arriving home late one night, she ran to embrace a Navy officer standing on her front porch. He turned out to be a stranger looking for directions to a neighboring house. . . Portraying a quack doctor, Dantine was coached on the procedure in hypnosis, and after working over a patient for a scene, was horrified to find that she was in a coma that lasted for five minutes. Not until the actor was on the verge of a breakdown did Director Joe Santley admit that the whole thing was a gag.

### DON'T FENCE ME IN

Once upon a time there was a famous outlaw named Wildcat Kelly. He lived a tough life, and—apparently—died with his boots on. For twenty years after that, he was only a name in Wild West legends. Then a dying man in New York whispers that Kelly isn't dead at all, that another man lies in his grave. The editor of a national picture magazine sends his ace photographer out west to investigate.

The photographer happens to be a girl, Toni Ames (Dale Evans). Toni doesn't think much of her new assignment, especially after she talks to some of the local characters in the town where Wildcat's grave is. They're all sure he's deader than the proverbial doornail. Then an old man, Gabby Whitaker (Gabby Hayes) tells her he was Wildcat's best friend. Toni follows him out to the R Bar R ranch where he works, and discovers that he himself is Wildcat. The ranch owner, Roy Rogers, doesn't like the idea of a gal photographer prying around. He knows Gabby's past and he wants it left in the past. But Toni is determined. She gets the pictures she wants and sends the story to New York. It appears in the next issue of the magazine, and hell starts popping immediately.

Bennett, owner of a gambling resort near the ranch, sends one of his gunmen to dispose of Wildcat. Because when Wildcat "died" before, Bennett collected fifty thousand from the state as a reward. They might want it back. The gunman's aim is lousy, and Gabby gets off with a flesh wound. But Roy sends out an announcement that he was killed. So Wildcat Kelly has a second phony funeral, and Toni stands by with her camera concealed in some calla lilies, to take pictures. She photographs anyone who exhibits an undue interest in the "corpse," and this trail leads straight to Bennett. Roy and Toni stop their own personal argument long enough to do some sleuthing, with excellent results.—Rep.

### P. S.

This movie includes not only some of the best familiar western songs, such as "My Little Buckaroo," "Tumbling Tumbleweed," "The Last Roundup" and "Along the Navajo Trail," but throws in two sure-fire hits, namely "Choo Choo Polka" and "A Kiss Goodnight." . . In Dale Evans' eleventh starring role with Rogers, she completely out-acted the cowboy in on scene. According to the script, Roy was to have set up a phony funeral for Gabby Hayes in order to trick a criminal into confession. Director John English told Dale Evans that she was supposed to believe the Gabby had died, but neglected to inform Rogers on this point. Roy went through long bit of dialogue at Gabby's bedside, then, as the camera panned with him walked to the door to admit Dale. The heroine stood there, choking back sobs, the tears streaming down her face. "Great gun Dale," yelled the cowboy, "what's wrong?"

### TARS AND SPARS

Hollywood has a new dream man. His name is Alfred Drake, and he played the lead in Broadway's fabulous "Oklahoma." Now he's making his cinema bow in the Coast Guard musical "Tars and Spars."

It's tough to have your girl think you're a hero, when you aren't. Howie Your (Alfred Drake) isn't to blame when he finds himself in this predicament. It was his pal, Chuck, (Sid Caesar) who took pretty Christine (Janet Blair) that Howie had spent twenty-one days on a life raft in the Pacific. The statement was literal true. The raft, however, was at the Coast





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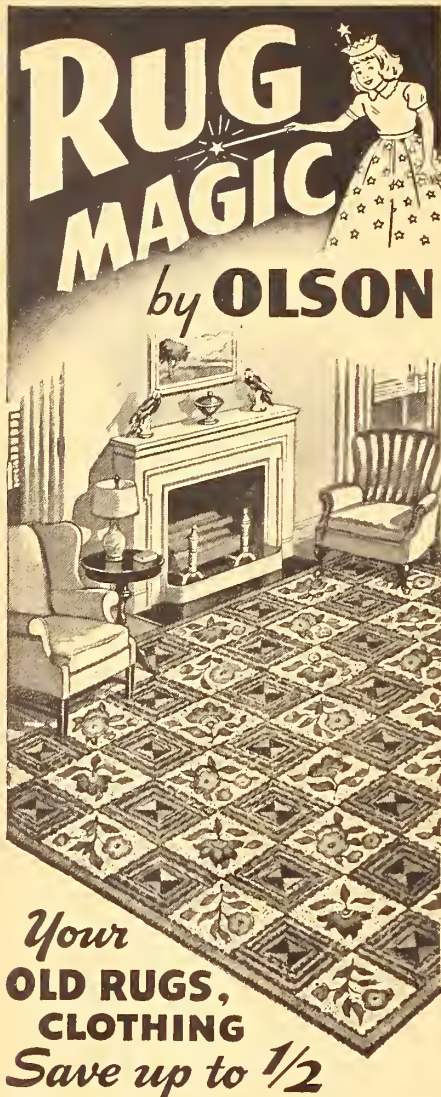
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Guard station in the harbor, and Howie spent those days on it as an experiment in the cause of science. He ate nothing except a new kind of chewing gum, guaranteed to preserve life, but not to make it worth living! When Chris hears the facts, she finds them a distinct anti-climax.

Howie gets back into her good graces by making a recording of a love ballad called "I'm Glad I Waited For You." His dreamy voice persuades her to forgive him, and everything is just ducky when Howie gets his orders to ship out. Chris is sad but brave at their dramatic parting. They both promise to write every day. Howie reports to the ship—and is sent to Catalina Island, twenty miles away! After his previous experience with disillusioning Chris, he just plain doesn't dare tell her he's only gone to Catalina. So he doesn't write.

Meanwhile, at the base, they are rehearsing for a big show. The lieutenant in charge hears Chris playing the recording that Howie made for her. "That guy can sing," he remarks. "I'd like to have him in the show." "Me, too," says Chris wistfully, "but Howard Young shipped out a month ago." The name sounds vaguely familiar to the lieutenant, who goes back to the office and looks it up. There's a phone call to Catalina. The rest is mostly music, and very nice music, too.—Col.

P. S.

Filmed during the cigarette shortage, "Tars and Spars" was the most popular set on the Columbia lot. Each Coast Guard member of the cast received a weekly allotment of a carton of cigarettes, at which time they were mobbed by every employee of the studio. . . . Victor Mature, overseas in the actual fighting, was originally set to play the lead role, but refused on the grounds that it was no time for him to be making movies. . . . Both Alfred Drake, the eventual male lead, and Marc Platt, dancer, were members of the original "Oklahoma!" stage show. . . . Two weeks were spent on the Coast Guard Patrol Base at Wilmington, Calif., filming the training and camp shots. . . . A percentage of the profit made from the movie will go to the Coast Guard Relief Fund. . . . Songs written by Sammy Cahn and Jule Stein will be certain hits, among them "Love is a Merry-go-round" and "I'm Glad I Waited for You," sung by Alfred Drake. "I Love Eggs," the most entertaining ditty of the show, is sung by Sid Caesar, S1/c, who received his discharge from the service the same day the picture finished shooting. The originator of his own routines, Caesar, whose style is much like Danny Kaye's, is set for success in a movie career. . . . Janet Blair's long hair was cut for the first time in years for her role as a Spar. . . . The carnival set was rented in its entirety from a carnival company. By the time the film was finished, the merry-go-round was on its last wheels, having submitted to hours of extra-curricular fun for the cast and crew.

## ON THE CARPET

The roll-'em-in-the-aisle boys are with us again. Abbott and Costello's latest opus has more than the usual quota of laughs, with Costello playing the yokel boy who makes good. The plot concerns a mind-reading vacuum cleaner salesman, which is a neat twist in itself. Benny (Lou Costello) isn't a salesman at the beginning. He lives on a farm, but he is taking a correspondence course in selling. Comes the day when the final lesson arrives, and with it his diploma. Benny says goodbye to Mom, gives a quick kiss to his girl friend, Martha (Elena Verdugo), and goes off to the big city to make his fortune. (Continued on page 20)

## INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hi, gang!

Well, here's another New Year, and one that's bringing slews of our past favorites back to the screen. Even more important, it brings to our attention young vets whose screen careers were interrupted by the wonderful work they did in the service. They are the stars of the day-after-tomorrow, so here's four for your inspection:

In "Mildred Pierce" you discovered in "Ted Forrester," an ex-Air Force technician, **JOHN COMPTON**, who was born in Lynchburg, Tenn., on June 21, 1923. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 183 pounds and has brown eyes and hair and is unmarried. Currently in "Too Young to Know," he can be reached at Warners'. Jordan Mayo, 133 S. 49th St., Philadelphia, Pa., has his club.

Also from the Air Forces comes 23-year-old **KEEFE BRASSELLE**, who scored as "Johnny" in "River Gang" and "Chicken" in "Action Report." He's at Universal and is 6' tall, 165 lbs., with blue eyes and black hair.

Anyone seeing "Kiss and Tell" couldn't help lovin' Frisco-born **SCOTT ELLIOTT** (birthday is August 24, 1921), better known as Temple's brother "Lenny" in the film. He couldn't be missed, what with his blonde hair and green eyes, and 6' 2" of cuteness. Write to him at Box 31, Beverly Hills, Calif. His next is "Dragonwyck."

And last, but not least, there's 23-year-old **BOB TURNER**, who was under contract to 20th-Fox, and in store for the lead in "Johnny Doughboy" when he was whisked away to the U. S. Navy. Imagine a combination of Madison, McCallister and Lawford in personality and ability, and there's Bob with a future as bright as the aforementioned. He's with Mary Martin in "Lute Song," and you can write to him at the William Morris Agency, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. C.

It's up to you to plug them with your letters and interest. Ready? Willing? Well, GO!!! And don't forget to send your other letters on everything, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16, N. Y.

Bye bye now,

Bev.

Lenore Frank, Brooklyn, New York: **PLEASE TELL ME WHO PLAYED THE FOLLOWING ROLES?** Marty and Eleanor in "State Fair"—Bill Marshall and Jane Nigh, 20th-Fox. Ricky in "Falcon in Frisco"—Carl Kent, R.K.O. Sgt. Alex (died on raft) in "Capt. Eddie"—Don Carner, 20th-Fox.

Mary Finnegan, Mystic, Conn.: **WHO CONDUCTS THE FAN CLUBS FOR VIRGINIA FIELD, SCOTT McKAY AND JULIE BISHOP?** All run by Pearl Tice, 514 Arch, Perkasie, Pa. More clubs: **PETER LAWFOORD**—Eleanor Cohen, 101 Kilkea, Los Angeles, Calif. **HANK DANIELS**—Mary Thompson, Ocean Drive, Bandon, Oregon. **JOHNNY COY**—Ellen Sachs, 148-36 87th Rd., Jamaica, N. Y. **DON DE FORE**—Alice Margulies, 541 Avenue C., Bayonne, N. J. **ROSS HUNTER**—Gloria Egan, 10478 Holman Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Lorraine Lang, N.Y.C.: **WHAT ARE THE NEXT FILMS SCHEDULED FOR:** Orson Welles—"The Stranger." Vivien Leigh—"Caesar and Cleopatra." Laurence Olivier—"Henry V." Bob Mitchum, Guy Madison, Bill Williams—all in "Until The End of Time."



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LOUISE · ESMOND · BUCHANAN**

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Directed by

**GEORGE SHERMAN and HENRY LEVIN**

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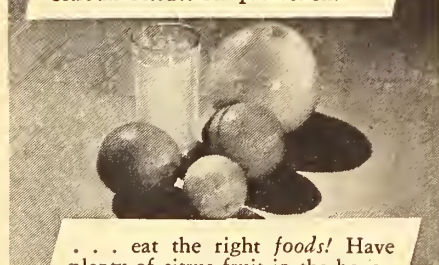




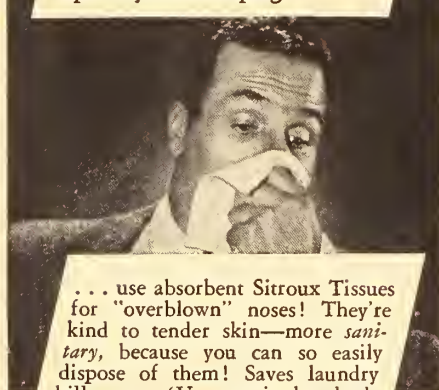
# TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS



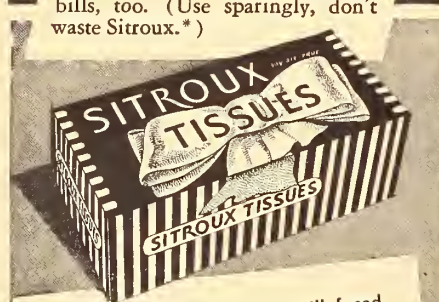
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



... eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



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# SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

He has an Uncle Clarence who works for a vacuum cleaner company, and through his somewhat unwilling assistance, Benny gets a job there. Selling vacuum cleaners sounds easy. You just ring someone's doorbell, go in and demonstrate the cleaner, and come out with fifty-nine fifty in your hip pocket. The difficulty, Benny soon learns, is that you can't get in the door. People shut it in your face. When he finally does get into a very de luxe apartment, he gets the cleaner's attachments mixed up. He sprays soot all over the place, and comes out with a lawsuit on his hands. On top of that, he manages to get his demonstrating machine stolen. The office manager, Morrison (Bud Abbott) fires him. Who wouldn't?

Uncle Clarence comes reluctantly to his aid again. He is pals with the firm's branch manager in a nearby town, and sends Benny there. "Don't tell them you've worked for the company before," he warns. Benny starts working again, and this time he's a super success. Reason:—the boys in the office play a gag on him, and convince him he is a mind reader. This gives him so much self-confidence that he sells nine—count 'em, nine—vacuum cleaners in one day. That breaks the firm's record, and Benny is summoned back to the main office. By now, he is oozing self-confidence at every pore. Sure, he'll go back! He'll show up that jerk, Morrison! However, a luscious blonde confuses the issue, and for a while it looks as if Benny is out of luck. But you can't keep a good man down, not when he's a mind reader!—Univ.

P. S.

Studio employees pull in their ears when Abbott and Costello hit the lot to make a picture. Not one of them is safe when the two zanies start their marathon of practical jokes. Costello makes a habit of crawling beneath commissary lunch tables and bestowing hotfoots on the occupants. Abbott holds long, involved conversations with people who simply aren't there, adding to the complete confusion of visiting firemen. The pair choose an utter stranger and inundate him with a flood of questions about his family, his home and his personal life, then pass on as though they hadn't spoken a word to him. . . . During the filming of the picture, Brenda Joyce was so excited about her husband, expected to arrive any minute from the war zone, that she couldn't keep her mind on her work. In free hours, she tore around town looking for a new and very slinky negligee. . . .

## MASQUERADE IN MEXICO

Angel Reilly (Dorothy Lamour) is the kind of a girl things happen to. She came to Mexico City in the first place because she was to marry a guy named Boris. But she found out en route that Boris was a crook and had given her a stolen diamond to bring into Mexico for him. Instead, she drops it into the pocket of the passenger next to her, Tom Grant (Patrick Knowles), who is promptly arrested. Angel decides that Boris plays too rough, and she gives him the brush-off. Leaving herself broke and out of a job in a strange city.

Grant, who is rich and influential as well as charming, is released by the police. He decides that he has a use for the beautiful and—he thinks—unscrupulous girl who slipped that diamond in his pocket. Grant's wife is infatuated with a handsome bull-fighter, Manolo (Arturo De Cordova), and maybe Angel can distract Manolo's attention. Angel, disguised as the Condesa de Costa Mora, can, and does, to the complete fury of Mrs. Grant (Ann Dvorak). Mrs. G. has the disposition of a frustrated rattlesnake,

and she really goes to work on Angel. Catty remarks are tossed back and forth with girlish abandon. Poor Manolo is in the middle, and he wants out, preferably in the direction of Angel, whom he considers a definite addition to Mexico City.

Who would show up at a party but Boris, the crook, who has one cynical eye on Angel and the other on Mrs. Grant's diamond necklace. He is, he explains blandly, the Conde de Costa Mora, and he is so happy to be reunited with his dear wife after all these months of separation.

I wouldn't advise you to bother your pretty head with the rest of the plot. Just concentrate on Arturo De Cordova, who is enough to keep any girl contented.—Par.

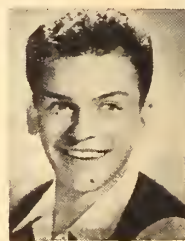
P. S.

Dottie Lamour comes across with three "firsts" in her movie career. One is the fact that she discards her sarong to appear fully dressed all the way through the picture, putting on a one-woman fashion show with thirteen complete wardrobe changes. Secondly, Lamour executes a few difficult dances with Billy Daniels, Paramount's dance director, as her partner. Highlight is her slithery doings to beguine rhythm. . . . Finally, audiences will be surprised to hear the star hit a D above high C, which comes out in the middle of the sextet number from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Born in Mexico, Arturo de Cordova portrays his first American screen role as a Mexican, in a Mexican setting. . . . The Mexican ballet, depicting the struggle of Mexico for independence, is one of the finest attempts to date at ballet by the films. For her part in the ballet, Ann Dvorak dug up the dancing slippers discarded when she decided to be an actress.

## DAKOTA

John Wayne, sauntering easily through this two-fisted, two-gun Western, almost (Continued on page 24)

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



After the Sinatra show we went backstage to get our dream-boy's autograph, but when we saw the huge crowd waiting ahead of us, we gave up in despair and decided to take a walk instead. It was a windy day

and I was wearing a beanie, so of course you can guess what happened—it flew off my head and went sailing down the street. Before I knew what had happened, the hat had disappeared from my sight. I was about to continue my walk without it, when I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me.

"Pardon me, miss," the voice said, "but did you lose this hat?"

I turned around to see The Voice in person, holding my beanie in his hand! Yes, it actually was Frankie, and he had bothered to get my hat!

I was stunned at first, but I soon recovered myself and murmured my thanks. My friends crowded around him at once, and we each got his autograph.

I shall always be thankful for windy days!

Marilyn Cacas  
Chelsea, Mass.



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## LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA

by Inglis Fletcher

**ARICH**, flamboyant adventure-romance that takes you back to the days of swashbuckling pirates, hot-blooded cavaliers, glamorous courtesans. You meet Anne Bonney, the celebrated woman pirate whose exotic beauty was matched only by her devilish cruelty; Gabrielle Fontaine, who braved her father's displeasure to find romance in the new world; David Moray, her soldier-lover; Stede Bonnet, "gentleman pirate," and other colorful characters in this thrilling action drama.



## LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

by Ben Ames Williams

Gene Tierney in the 20th Century-Fox Production "Leave Her to Heaven".

hold you from start to finish with your spine crawling."—*Boston Post*. "Will hypnotize you until you have read the last page."—*N. Y. Times*. A national best-seller.



## THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL

by Alice Tisdale Hobart

**WHEN** Jim Buchanan, young American diplomat, steps into the narrow orbit of the Navarro family of Mexico, tradition is smashed. Concha, idol of the family, falls madly in love with him. Together they defy the stigma of foreign birth and religion, outbrave the disapproval of an autocratic family, and outwit a rival who has every right on his side—except love. A colorful, turbulent romance of modern Mexico.

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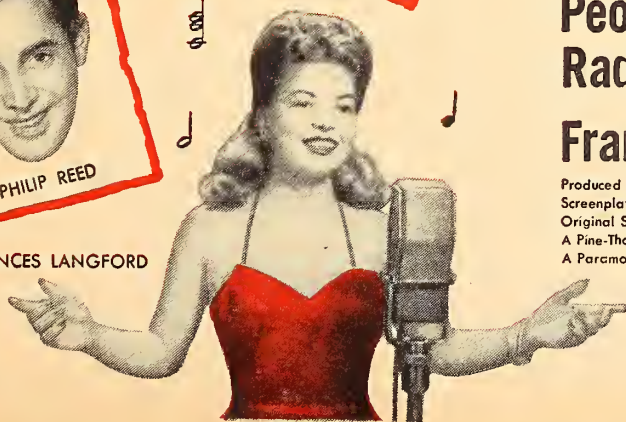
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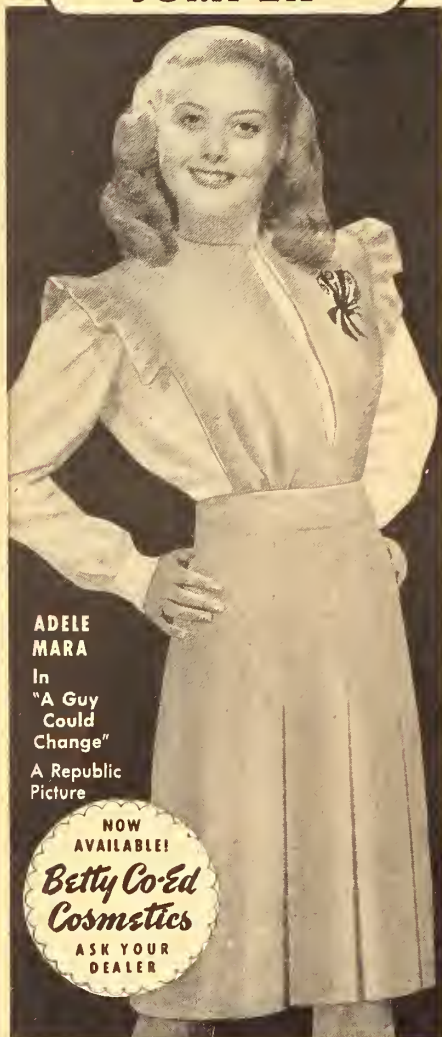
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convinces you that the whole thing really happened. Quite a guy, our John. He has considerable assistance from Walter Brennan as an irascible, old riverboat captain. Vera Hruba Ralston helps the scenery, and Mike Mazurki plays one of his more-muscle-than-brains killers. The plot is easy to follow, since you've seen it all before, but it moves so fast you forget about that. It starts moving when Devlin (John Wayne) and his lovely bride, Sandra (Vera Ralston) take the train out of Chicago. Devlin thinks they are headed for California where his gambling talents will come in handy in the Gold Rush territory. But he has made the mistake of letting the little woman buy the tickets, and Sandra has an idea that her good-looking husband would be better off among the placid wheatfields of Dakota.

She's probably right, only the wheatfields turn out to be not so placid. By the time the Devlins arrive in Fargo, they have been shot at, robbed, seen the smoking remains of farms burned down by "Indians," and had a riverboat sunk under them. Devlin begins to get interested. For one thing, he doesn't believe the "Indian" story. He thinks those farms were burned at this time, when the harvest is almost ready, so somebody can buy the wheatfields cheap. It doesn't take him long to identify the "somebody" as a suave rascal named Bender, who owns half of Fargo and would like to own the rest.

Bender's henchmen, including the half-breed Collins (Mike Mazurki), regularly shoot their way through law and order. But they make the mistake of robbing the Devlins of twenty thousand dollars—all the money they have in the world. Devlin be-

gins to have a personal interest in rousing the landowners to the peril they are in. Bender is tricky and clever, and he has managed things like this before. He doesn't expect to have any real trouble in disposing of Devlin. So the shooting gets faster and louder, with various fist-fights thrown in for good measure. You'll get plenty of action in Dakota." Rep.

Dakota is based on the real life experiences of producer-director Joseph Kane's father, Frances Inman Kane, a Lt. in the British army who retired and came to the Dakotas for his health. Ancestor Kane played a great part in the formation of the states. . . . Vera, who was working simultaneously in "Murder In The Music Hall," would complete a scene for "Dakota," in which she wore heavy woolen 30-pound gowns, rush over to the "Hall" set and change to skates and the briefest of costumes. . . . They had a football team on the set: Three members of the cast are in the football Hall of Fame. John Wayne (backfield) was voted All-American of University of California. Ward Bond, also of U. of C. and Mike Mazurki, All-American tackle at Manhattan College, N. Y., are both pigskin legends. . . . Incidentally, Andy McLaglen, offspring of Victor, makes his debut as assistant to director Kane. . . . Three time Oscar winner Walter Brennan completed the picture just as his daughter, Ruth, was given a contract. . . . John Wayne dislocated his shoulder in one of the rough-em-up fight sequences. Also on the disabled list was Ward Bond. Because of a year-old auto accident, he had to hobble around the set with the aid of a cane.

## FREE OFFER!

Here we are on the same corner, giving things away for free again. But you're all so wonderful, we can't help it. So, we're sending 500 Dell magazines absolutely FREE to 500 of you who fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than January 20. There's no hurry, either, because the first 500 aren't necessarily the winners. Read the stories carefully before you send in your answers. It's your honest, thoughtful opinion that we want. And—who knows—you may be one of the lucky 500!

## 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.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| On the Town (Cornel Wilde)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                 | Thrill of a Romance..... <input type="checkbox"/>                       |
| Rogue Male (Bob Mitchum)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                   | (Esther Williams)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                         |
| Happiness, Inc. (Betty Grable-Harry James)..... <input type="checkbox"/> | Butch Bey (Turhan Bey)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                    |
| Bob Walker's Life Story (Part Two)..... <input type="checkbox"/>         | Hobo Hamlet (Dane Clark)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                  |
| Strictly from Dixie (Jerome Courtland)..... <input type="checkbox"/>     | Mr. Big and Mrs. Little (The Don Taylors)..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Watch Bill Williams by Hedda Hopper..... <input type="checkbox"/>        | Lana by James M. Cain (Lana Turner)..... <input type="checkbox"/>       |
|  | Teen Dream (Diana Lynn)..... <input type="checkbox"/>                   |
|  | Good News by Louella Parsons..... <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.**



# "Frankly, this was written for lazy people

—who want to get slim  
—who don't like to exercise  
—who do like to eat!"

**Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days, Yet Enjoy  
Glowing Health, 3 Delicious Meals  
a Day—No Exercise or Drugs!**

**H**ERE at last is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to **REDUCE**. To see those unattractive bulges of fat "smooth out" and disappear as if by magic, at the rate of a pound a day. To enjoy the frankly admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished quickly, safely, comfortably—whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And, best of all—

**WITHOUT starving yourself!** (You'll eat three delicious, satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast.)

**WITHOUT the drudgery of exercise!** (You can be as lazy as you please.)

**WITHOUT drugs, pills, or compounds!** (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

**WITHOUT steam baths or massage!** (So often they don't work—and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? By simply knowing certain newly discovered scientific secrets of food selection!

## It's Easy—Once You Know THIS Fact!

"Oh, of course," you may reply, "it's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, the steak would give you 15 times as many precious **ENERGY** calories. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!

So you see, it ISN'T "just a matter of calories." It's the **KIND** of calories that makes the big difference!

## Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body produces **LESS ENERGY** and **MORE FAT**. But if you eat the second kind, your body produces **MORE ENERGY** and **LESS FAT**!

This simple scientific secret explains why much ordinary "dieting" fails... and why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his new book) produces such amazing results.

## How Much Do You WANT To Lose?

You get a "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET," by which you can lose a pound a day for ten days; a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you reach alluring slenderness, you can stay there. You don't have to stick to each day's menus either; Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead. These diets give you a slimmer figure, and also (for definite scientific reasons) greater health and beauty!

## Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a postage stamp to have this book delivered to you for **FREE EXAMINATION**. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (in a plain wrapper) will be sent to you with the understanding that you may keep it for 5 days.

If, even in that short time, you are **NOT** convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce—then simply return it to us without the slightest obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only \$2.00, plus few cents postage.

A person that is slim and healthy, full of energy and joy of living, attracts attention anytime, anywhere; wins popularity, success, admiration of others. So get your copy immediately. Mail the Free Examination coupon (without money, if you wish) at once. **WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R 352, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.**

## PARTIAL CONTENTS

**Showing HOW This Book Takes  
Off the Pounds and the Bulges**

### I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. How to pick "galloping calories" that slim you faster. Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce. No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

### II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

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

What You Ought to Weigh. Strip tease test. Tables to find your ideal weight. Why the "gland alibi" is out.

Cocktail Calories. The

### III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

Three Kinds of Calories. How each kind affects weight. Why you needn't give up sweets, butter, etc., completely. How Proteins Help You Get Slim. One secret of reducing without feeling hungry or sacrificing vitality.

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

These Diets Will Reduce You Safely. Best proportions of food elements assured by the new way of calorie-counting.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe for the overweight.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a

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

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

### IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

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

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

Pregnant Women. Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart enabling you to check your daily intake in a few seconds.

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

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

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

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

Beautiful Skin. Teeth You Love to Brush. Food minerals for healthy teeth.

The Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings elements promote clear,

### VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

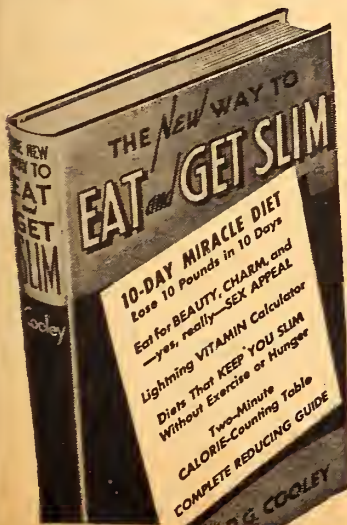
Food and Glamour. Re-personal appearance, vitality, sparkle and sex get them.

## What This Book Is Doing for Others

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

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—California.

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Mass.  
"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—W. Va.



**WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R 352**

**354 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.**

Please send me—in plain wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" for 5 days' **FREE EXAMINATION**. If I keep the book I will send you \$2.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

Name..... (Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

☐ Check here if enclosing \$2 WITH this coupon, and we will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.



## CO-ED

### CO-ED LETTERBOX

I am bared with going steady, but I'm afraid if I burn my bridges, meaning him, I'll be sweating out Saturday nights from now on. What do you think? H.A., Shenandoah, Iowa.

*We see what you mean, but it ain't necessarily so. Can't you talk the thing over with your guy, telling him that you've come to think "going steady" is sort of young, sort of sophomore, an' not very smart? Let him know that you're still ever so fond of him and still want to see him, but not on the old basis. Agree to noise it around among the gals that you're very amicably come unglued, and ask him to let the boys know, too.*

My mather says no nice girl kisses a boy until they're engaged. I know that's slightly absolete, but when does a nice girl kiss a boy? J.B., Middletown, Conn.

*You'll like an awful lot of boys an awful lot before you run into That Man, and it would be pretty rough if you couldn't kiss a few of them now and then. Nowadays a kiss can mean, "I like you" as well as "I love you," and if you're very sure your kiss means that, we don't think your mom will disapprove.*

I am crazy about one of my sister's guys. She in turn can take him or leave him. Am I justified in making a small play far him? I. F., Elmira, N. Y.

*All's fair, you know. But why not be a square-shooter and talk to your sister about it. Since she's not mad about him herself, she might be able to throw you a little technical advice, and also give you a gorgeous build-up to him. Next time he asks her for a date when she already has one, have her say casually, "I have a date, Joe, but come on over anyway. Maybe we can get Betty to play bridge with us." (That's you.) He'll come that first time out of devotion to your sister, but if you and she play your (Continued on page 131)*

Peace time, wintertime, mean just one thing—it's sigh guy time. How to find 'em, catch 'em and above all else—hang onto 'em!



JEAN KINHEAD

■ Wintertime is the best time in the world for that world-shaking business of meeting new men. They come out of their lairs then and ore oll over the place. Skoting down ot the pond, their red-and-black checked shirttails flying, zinging down the hills on their out-sized toboggons, leering ot you over their hot chocolotes ot the local spa. Wintertime, more-over, is party time. There are the nice, informal ones—a crackling open fire, cider and doughnuts, Goodmon on the victrola; and there are the glitter ones where the lads turn out in tuxes and the gals wear something long and swish. Wintertime. It's heaven if you're in the groove. And if you're not—you can be.'

*Go on out!* The important thing for you to do is to go where things ore happening, and—rother than go with a group of unottroctive, unattached females, go by yourself. If you can't skote well, practice on some secluded bit of ice until you're at least o fairly vertical skater, then toke to the pond, looking your smoothest. Slocks ond o nice loud shirt, a short velvet skirt and a bosque jacket, your snow suit with a bright, bright scarf. There'll be boys you know down there, ond no matter if your heart is doing borrel rolls, *speak* to them. It doesn't much motter whot you soy—"The ice looks beautiful," or "This is more fun thon Lotin Class." Don't linger or force yourself on them, but let them know you're alive. Afterwards, when the kids ore toking off their skates and getting ready to go, contrive to (Continued on page 92)

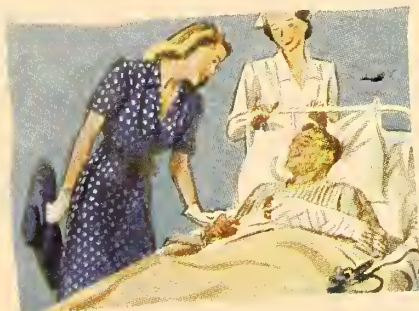


Where do pretty models come from?



ASK JUNE COX — "peek-a-boo baby" in 1919, she's a pin-up girl today!

Wonder if she knew, when that baby picture she's holding was snapped, that some day her lovely complexion would make her a famous model. (She might have suspected it—for she was an Ivory baby!)



No wonder fashion designers like June to model new styles—she's one of America's most beautiful girls.

June prizes her complexion *most of all*. Her beauty secret? "Regular, gentle care with Ivory—the soap many doctors advise," June says. "just as it was back in 1919 when I had my first Ivory Bath!"

What's better than a pin-up picture? Boys who've been overseas will tell you it's meeting June Cox in person.

And she says she's not engaged, so a soldier can look at her lovely Ivory complexion and dream—can't he?

(If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion, change to Ivory Care—and get That Ivory Look!)

Meet Mr. Chips, Miss Cox's talented spaniel. Maybe you'd sit up and beg for a clear, fresh skin like June's. Here's her beauty secret:

"It doesn't pay to be careless about your complexion—whether you model for millions of eyes or just one special pair. Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap."

Don't Waste Ivory—it contains scarce materials



99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> %  
Pure

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap



# No Other Shampoo

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



Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair.  
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.

That's Drene-lovely hair.

Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you these exciting hair-dos to go with the things you'll do and the clothes you'll wear on a gay winter week-end.

"Changing your hair style is part of the fun," says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to manage after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo with Hair Conditioning action

leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage.

You'll love the way Drene brings out all the gleaming beauty of your hair... as much as 33% more brilliance than any soap shampoo.

Drene is not a soap shampoo.

It never leaves any dull dingy film on hair the way all soaps do.

Fashion models, like Shari Herbert, are always so smartly groomed.

No unsightly dandruff, not when you're a Drene Girl! Start today. Use Drene Shampoo with

Hair Conditioning action or your beauty shop to use it.

● **WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE.** You want a hair-do that stays put. "I fasten your hair at the nape of your neck with a barrette," advises Shari "and comb under into a smooth page boy." No other shampoo... or Drene with Hair Conditioning action... will make your hair look so lovely.

## Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

● **GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT...** "Change to something romantic for evening," Shari says. "Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls." For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example and be a Drene Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!

*Drene*

**Shampoo with  
Hair Conditioning Action-**







I guess this Valentine season is as good a time as any for a guy to blush. I'm blushing crimson this minute because I'm a gentleman of the old school who doesn't like to use the word "bathroom" in mixed company. But before I get on *that* subject, I've got to tell you about a fascinating \$21,000 survey we're making.

The point of the survey is to find out *who* reads MODERN SCREEN. By now, most of the answers are in, and I must confess we don't know whether to be flattered or bust out cryin'. *Everybody* reads MODERN SCREEN, says the survey! And all along we thought we were so young and exclusive. Daughters read us. Mothers read us. Fathers and brothers, too.

We are your family magazine, and we usually wind up perched on the edge of the bathtub (see, I'm back in that room, blush, blush). Mom goes for Louella, Hedda, Fannie Hurst and all the bigshots. Sis's bubble-bath reverie is Pete Lawford. And, let's face it, if Dad doesn't stop shaving with that Williams gal propped up in front of him, he'll be sorry. Yup, everybody reads us. So says the survey . . . and our tub runneth over!

All this talk leads up to this. With a throb in my voice, I'd like to say, "You are my Valentine!" And I don't mean just you—but the whole darned family.

*Al J. Salento*

P. S. Please don't get any tooth paste on Shirley Temple.



# ON THE TOWN

HOLLYWOOD'S A CRAZY TOWN AND BEAUTIFUL  
AND GAY. SO WHEN 2 PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE, LIKE  
SAY, PAT AND CORNEL WILDE, AND THEY'VE GOT SOME  
CELEBRATING TO DO, WHY, THEY UP AND PAINT IT RED!

"... a happy birthday, dear wife!" Cornel does things in a big way, gave Pat a sang, a gold necklace, bracelet set—and a big night out.







The Wildes eat shashlik at the Charochka. Na double talk, translation reads: "Skewered lamb and tomatoes of the Laving Cup." Polmist was cogey, read Pat's palm, then whispered the results.

When you're seven years old, they call it nooping. When you're big and pretty and I'wood Ed. Sylvia Wallace, they call it over-hearing. So when Sylvia just *happened* to be around during Cornel's phone plotting for Pat's birthday surprise, she didn't twitch a muscle. Just looked at the ceiling and practically sprouted an extra set of ears. "Kin I come?" she asked, sophisticated as all get-out. "Come where?" "With you—where you going?" "Well, it's this way," grinned Mr. W., "we're going to a progressive dinner." And as Sylvia told us to tell you, it's this way: a progressive dinner is a meal in stages. You start off for your oysters on the half shell at Restaurant A. Then you smack your lips, pay the bill and dash to Restaurant B in time to hear "Soup's on!" And so it goes, different course, different eatery. The Wildes had a wonderful time! (*More pix on next page.*)



The Temple of Heaven features round walls, tapestries, fried shrimp and o benevolent Mr. Yee, who alternately manages Heaven and rhapsadizes over the pea pads casserole. P. and C. had the pods—also chapstick difficulties.



Confusing, no end. The Coffee Grog at the Beverly Tropics a. puts you to sleep, b. gives you up. Why not, it's coffee, cinommon sticks, hot rum!



"Reservations, please." The buffet of the Cock 'n' Bull sags with everything but soup and nuts; the walls carry outogrophs of famed outhors.

## ON THE TOWN



Obviously, Pat doesn't believe in that "a minute in your mouth, 2 hours in your stomach, a lifetime on your hips" routine. Mr. W. went wild every time on orchestra would strike up the Polonaise—happened 4 times.



"Mirror, mirror on the wall . . ." No fun house mirror is going to make *Pat* ugly, but hubby had to leave (while he was still ahead) and go chase fugitive poodle Coco down the Strip. Poor Coco, cooped up in a rumble seat—and no hydrant.



With drifting incense, candlelight, haunting gypsy fiddles, *ahh*. Pat, (on Murroy's good) and Cornel (but *awful!*), melt into a waltz, look awful—then return to crushed pea soup at Little Hungory.



At midnight in the wee hours after a big night. Two wild deer met them at the door, Pat shrieked "Stop, you'll crush my gownless strop!" and C. murmured "I love you" in 6 languages. *Sooo* progressive. . .



■ One morning last year, a character named Bob Mitchum tumbled out of bed, slugged some black coffee, looked at his watch and hopped into his rusty jalopy. He was late for work at a picture he was making at Columbia studios.

He wheeled the heap wildly down the street, skidded it inside the gates with a dusty wave at the startled gateman, dug a key out of his jeans and pushed open the door of his dressing room. He had his clothes half off before the scenery registered. The place was full of corsets, girdles, skirts, rats, snoods and dainty feminine unmentionables.

"What the . . .!" expostulated Bob and got the heck out. He raced over to the front office spouting indignation. "Hey," he demanded. "What goes on? What dame has moved into my dressing room?"

"What do you mean . . . 'your' dressing room?"

"You heard me," boiled Bob. "I'm making a picture here. You know I'm late. I've got to change . . ."

"You *were* making one here," they told him, "but that was last month."

"Has everyone gone nuts at Columbia?" exploded Bob.

"This isn't Columbia," was his reply. "It's Universal."

Now an actor who can't even remember (*Continued on page 80*)



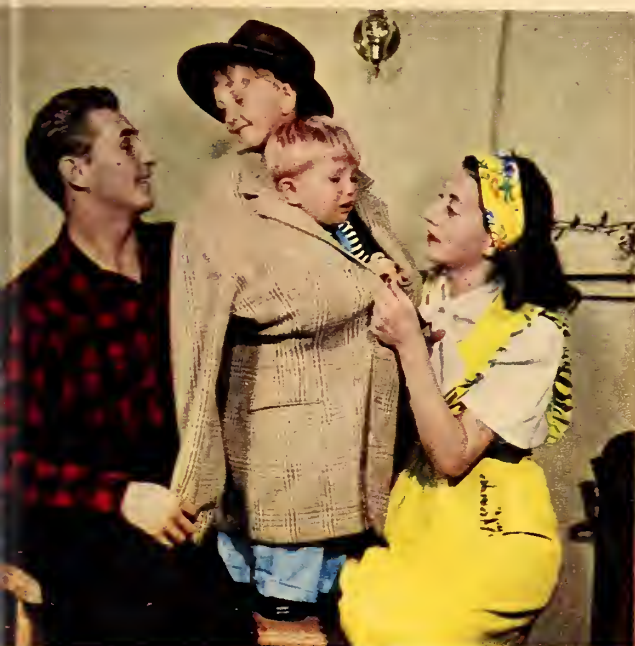
Unfettered by habit, Bob combs his hair by running his hands through it. Feels the same whether he gets three or ten hours shut-eye. Likes to cook, seasons everything with tobosco sauce. Used to smoke a pack a day, now skips whole days without a weed.

## ROGUE MALE

A rogue elephant, says Webster, is one that leaves the herd and roams alone. And a rogue male? That's Bob Mitchum!



His size 45 coat's custom-made to cover those enormous shoulders, yet fit that dainty thirty-inch waist. Thinks wife Dattie's just perfect.



Josh (for formal occasions, James Robin) started talking at 5 months, is still going strong at 4 1/2. Christopher's 2, answers foster to Cricket.

Bob's got on even disposition, which helps when feeding Cricket. Doesn't rough-house with kids, says "we have an understanding about that."



By  
George  
Benjamin



**What's happiness?**

**For the James' it's Sunday**

**in the park, hide 'n'**

**seek in the living room,**

**and Vickie's**

**laughter everywhere.**

## HAPPINESS, Inc.

By ABIGAIL PUTNAM



Those fabulous Grable gams look best in ankle strap shoes, claims husband Harry James, but Betty *lo-oves* to laaf in wedgies. She's let her hair go back to its natural light brown for new pic, "The Shacking Miss Pilgrim."

■ If you lived anywhere near the south end of New York's Central Park last summer, you might have bumped into the Jameses on their regular Sunday outing. There'd have been four of them—tall, kind-faced Harry pushing the Taylortot, Vickie babbling nonsense to perfect strangers, your favorite blonde pinup walking sedately beside them, with black poodle Punkin prancing on a red leash.

Down Fifty-ninth to Fifth Avenue, across to the entrance and along the paths till they came to a spot

that was partly hidden by trees. There they'd spread a rug, release Vickie from her stroller and Punkin from his leash and, like millions of others who spend Sunday in the park, sit and watch the young things tumbling around on the grass.

Once in a while a kid would come through to ask for an autograph or if he could take a picture. But not often, and that was a funny thing. You can't be Betty Grable and Harry James in New York without having folks stare and crowd (*Continued on page 131*)





See that fence? It's to keep sub-sub-deb Vickie J. away from "pool. She looks like her doddy, even pipes "Toot toot!" when she spots pics of him with trumpet.



The James' propped up a mike to record Vickie's first "Mommy, Doddy" cooings. But Vickie wouldn't talk. Instead, she grobbed mike and started kissing it!



Betty preferred domesticity with Vickie to touring with Horry. Besides being a natural-born mother, versatile B. wrote two songs that Harry wants to publish!





Bob approves Gary Cooper's tale of his recent blast at femme fashions, where Coop, bidding for a H. Hopper hat at a bond rally, yelled, "\$100,000! I just want to get that thing off the market!"

# bob walker



He's got a man-to-man relationship with his two sons; gorging on sweets, roaring over the funnies and piano practicing as a trio. Even Brooke, the 6-month-old Boxer, is "split" 3 ways!

■ When Bob Walker started out on his own in New York, even the tiny check the United Fruit Lines owed him for his four months at sea would have come in handy. He was broke flatter than a flounder.

His brother Walt gave him room to sleep in his Beekman Place apartment and, as usual, staked him to cigarettes and spending money for a few days. But Walt was just getting his foot in on his law career and there really wasn't space for Bob in the apartment. Besides, Bob was in no mood to mooch any longer off relatives. He had told Aunt Tenny, when

he left her house in a huff, that he could row his own canoe and it was that for him now or nothing. After all, he was just turned nineteen and practically a man, and one of those old independent flare-ups of his boyhood burned bright.

Like anyone out of a job, Bob bought a newspaper, parked on a bench and riffled through the want ads. Right away one caught his eye.

"Wallace Co-operative Lodge. Inexpensive room and board for young men. Apply Y.M.C.A."

Bob hotfooted it over to (Continued on page 97)





Suzi Crandall's one gal who can pry him loose from those permit habits. As a rule, Bob's up at 7:00 and working till 6:00, with only gallons of milk and a double lunch to tide him over.

Slowly it came true. The dreams  
a boy wove of fame and wealth. Of a great love  
he'd had—but couldn't hold. (Life story, concluded)

Newest Walker wrinkle is strewing tiny metal coin savers about his house, auto dashboard and dressing room. Sure, it saves money, but pity his pals who have to shell out with candy, gum and ciggie change!



Maggie O'Brien's too old for "this little piggy went to market," not young enough to have escaped falling "madly in love" with Bob—who's got his eye on her for his Bob, Jr.



by Kirtley Baskette





Jerome has great muscular control. He used to spend Sunday mornings on the porch, motionless for hours, photographing shy hummingbirds.

***He's new, cute, and awful  
young to have kissed***

***Shirley T. and Irene Dunne.***

***Who? Jerome Courtland!***

■ If you had known Jerome Courtland from the time he started school until he was graduated from Riverside Military Academy in Georgia, you would seldom have called him anything except "Cojo." A fact that brings to your attention the entire complex story of Cojo's attaining the name of "Jerome Courtland."

His mother is Brentwood's glamorous and frightfully popular Mary Wordeman, who has long been divorced—in a highly civilized and friendly manner—from Cojo's father. Cojo had





After appearing with Shirley Temple in "Kiss And Tell," Jerame got hitches to the studio much faster! J.'s recipe for successful thumbing: Laak well-dressed; wait at the tap of o hill; never talk unless driver talks first!



o the Navy of the oge of one, Jerame's naw Sgt. Courtland of the Army.

always used, not his stepfather's name, but his own legal moniker, Courtland Jourolmon.

When he came to Hollywood, after school closed in 1944, he arrived—all six feet, four-and-one-half inches of him—on the day when his mother had been invited to a party which would, she knew, be attended by many of the motion picture great who are her intimate friends.

Said Mary Wordeman to her son, "Wouldn't you like to come along on this pa'ty, Cojo? I think it may be so'ta (Continued on page 76)

By Nancy Winslow Squire

*Strictly  
from*

**DIXIE**



Jerome spends spare time sketching, drew center pic, a Volentine, at 15, ond gave it to . . . his mam!



**What makes him Hopper's Star  
of the Month? Just being blonde, and boyish—  
and looking like heaven in tweeds.**

■ I happened to miss the preview of "Those Endearing Young Charms."

Next day sixteen people got on the wire. "What about this Bill Williams?"

"What about him?" I asked, and they proceeded to tell me.

At first I thought, could it be a plant? But the calls kept coming from scattered sources that had nothing to do with RKO or one another. So I got the studio to run the picture for me. Having been oversold, I was skeptical. Plunked myself down in the darkened projection room and dared this Bill to make me like him.

In less than half a reel he had me hooked. By the time I walked out, he was my candidate for find-of-the-month. Without Peter Lawford's polish or Guy Madison's striking good looks, he packed his own wallop. Something fresh and honest, something gay and cocky and vibrant like young America itself coming out at you from the screen. . . .

We waited to see if you readers would agree with me and, like the smart cookies you are, you did. Then I invited Bill and his girl to lunch.

His girl's Barbara Hale. They're the cutest pair I've met in a twelve-month. Imagine Jerry walking straight out of "Endearing Young Charms," and that's Bill. Barbara—well, take a good look at this page. And just as if the dream-puss God gave her wasn't enough, she's got to have naturally curly hair yet. Sitting over their turkey, they reminded me of a couple of good children, waiting to get outside and pinch themselves to (Continued on page 71)



No limit to handyman-movie hero Bill's talents! He's been a rancher, dancer (in a show where Van J. charus-bay'ed)—and bit part opera singer.



Steady gal Barbara Hale tratted along to the presentation ceremonies where Hedda Hopper dubbed Bill "the most promising actor of the month." And the award? A magnificent engraved Gruen Watch.

by Hedda Hopper



# Watch **BILL WILLIAMS!**







Esther knocked herself out jitterbugging on "Hoodlum Soint" set with Bill Powell, then went out doncing with husbond-to-be Ben Gage.

S/Sgt. Gage wotched closely to see thot Esther dotted her i's, crossed her t's in filling out license. For V-J Doy, Esther gove Ben loudest ploïd shirt she could find, bought in shop for oversized men. He's 6 ft. 5!

***A wedding of  
two wonderful people who  
think life should  
be lived for the laughs:  
Esther Williams  
and Ben Gage***





By Cynthia Miller

## Thrill of a ROMANCE



■ It was a lovely wedding. The little church was lit only by candles—tall and white on the altar and at the pews. Garlands of white chrysanthemums and Shasta daisies roped off the aisle.

Sonny Tufts, Ed Gardner, Ed Morgan, Bill Tracy—close friends of Ben—showed the guests to their places. As Esther's mother and Ben's were seated, Jane Powell's fresh young voice rose in Grieg's "I Love You."

In the vestry, Esther's eyes suddenly brimmed. Mel McEldowney, her best friend, knew how to handle a crisis.

"Don't let 'em spill over. It'll ruin your makeup—"

Between a gulp and a giggle, Esther forced them back.

Now Jane was singing "Because." Then came the first notes of the Wedding March. Mel walked down the aisle, followed by Robin and David, Esther's niece and nephew, five and four years old, respectively. Robin, in flowered silk, carried a nosegay of sweetheart roses. Holding tight to her hand, David looked around in an interested way.

The bride wore pink. As she came down, all radiance now on her father's arm, her eyes went to Ben, standing at the altar with his brother, Captain Chuck Gage.

In the simple ceremony the guests noted one variation, not knowing it had been made at Esther's request.

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

"Her mother. and I," Mr. Williams replied.

They noted too, (Continued on page 87)

All brides are beautiful . . . but Esther had a headstart! Bill Powell says, "She doesn't need to appear in bathing suits; that girl can get by on her acting!" x-Gl Gage groomed it in the veteran's dream: Just a blue serge suit!







■ Dane Clark was snoozing peacefully in his hotel room one morning when he felt a rude bang on his shoulder and heard a voice like a cannon's cough order him roughly:

"Roll over, Mac!"

Dane rolled over and stared his big brown eyes up into as lethal a looking sample of humanity as he ever hopes to see. The mug had a beak like a buzzard and eyes as cold as dry ice. He was levelling a snub snouted automatic at approximately the level of Dane's startled brain and his trigger finger shook almost as much as the bed sheets that covered Clark.

"Uh-uh," he finally grunted with a disappointed sigh. "Wrong guy. I must have de wrong room. My mistake, Pally." And he slipped the rod back into his pocket and shuffled out.

That happened not in Hollywood or before a camera, but in real life and in Chicago, where Dane was playing on the road in "Golden Boy" and sacking down nights in a dim little hotel across the Chicago River between shows. Not until he checked out in haste did he discover that the hotel was owned by a gang of mobsters and that the wall nicks over his dresser were bullet holes where Bugsy Somebody's gang had rubbed out Cock-Eye Somebody Else's gang and where a similar murder party had been scheduled for his own narrow escape.

But it's one typical reason, among many, why Hollywood held few (Continued on page 113)

Ho ho  
Hamlet

Dane Clark took  
to the road . . . with an empty  
purse, a producer  
who drank, and a (flat)  
tired old car!

➤ Foye Emerson sympathizes with Dane, whose fons mobbed him in New York—including a 300-pounder who landed on D.'s toe! Consolation: Dane received exhibitors' oword os "mon most likely to succeed fostest."



▲ At 17, Dane (back row, second from left) storred in trock, football, baseball, basketball . . . even took a crock at the prize ring! Tried pro sports before crashing The Theatuh; now he's storring in "Stolen Life."









Sometimes they act like two crazy things,  
those wild-in-love Don Taylors-- giggling  
over their little woes, wondering how any  
love could be that big • by Ida Zeitlin

## mr. **B**ig and mrs. **L**ittle

■ Don hauled the bags out. Phyllis looked at them as if they were snakes.

"I'm not going to take a lot of stuff. Just what I absolutely need."

"Sure," said Don. "Make believe it's a weekend or something."

A hopeful gleam lit her eye. "Maybe they won't like me and I'll come right back. Or it might be a flop."

"Is that nice?" he demanded.

"No." She wandered toward the closet, and her voice came back slightly muffled. "Look at all the things you can do while I'm gone. Play tennis, go to football games, make lots of cabinets for when we have our own home—"

"Yeah," said Don.

She turned and gave him an overbright smile. "I'll write every day and tell you what to do tomorrow—"

"That reminds me—" He fished out an envelope and handed it to her. "Your going-away present." It was full of airmail and special delivery stamps. "No wires. The budget can't stand 'em."

"I hate them anyway. They're so short, they always sound mad."

Suddenly they were tight in each other's arms, all the silly words drowned in the ache of parting. But just for a minute. Then Don lifted her chin. "We're pigs," he said firmly. "Look at the millions of kids who really had to say goodbye—" (Continued on page 126)



At long last, somebody took pity on frustrated staff photog Bob Beerman! At MODERN SCREEN's Poll Party, the Don Taylors invited him over to mug on *their* side of the lens (the ham side)—and did he love it!









Department of painted freckles and pained expressions . . . Ella Raines and GI Bey at Cira's going wild 'n' woally West at Press Photographers' Ball.

# "Butch" Bey

■ "Selly" Selahettin, or just "Butch" Bey to his buddies, came back to Hollywood a few weeks ago, sporting three—count 'em, three—expert marksmanship medals on his manly chest and five precious points on his army service record. He came back to tell his folks and his friends goodbye, before Uncle Sam shipped him overseas. And he had a terrible time remembering that he was Turhan Bey, the Terrible Turk, erstwhile movie star, swoon shêik, bobby sock boon and languid lover.

In fact, the first day Private Turhan Selahettin (you don't find the "Bey" on the gold dog tag Lana Turner gave him) came back home from Camp Roberts, he committed the cardinal social sin in Hollywood. He bounced out of bed at 6:30, by force of new habit, making his mother, grandmother and even his black Scottie, Keddy, think he had lost his mind. He made his own bed to drum-tight perfection, rubbed his shoes to a blinding gloss, ran a comb and scissors over his spiky black GI facsimile of a homemade haircut, gobbled a half-dozen eggs and even offered to help with the breakfast dishes.

Then, at 7:30 sharp he grabbed the phone and dialed Ella Raines' number.

"Good morning," greeted Selly over the wire. "Miss Raines?"

"Yes?" yawned Ella fuzzily. "Who—who is this—Western Union? Is there a death in the family?" (Continued on page 120)



Big laugh at La Rue's (before the split-up) over Lana's title, "The Albino Girl." Seems that far "The Pastman Always Rings Twice" she had to dye her hair almost white. But why's T. roaring? In "Night In Paradise" he's decked out as an 80-year-old—plus wig!

THE LAZY LOOK IS STILL THERE, AND THE  
SOFT VOICE AND WAY WITH THE GALS.  
BUT TURHAN'S A GI NOW, AND YANKEE  
AS THAT CREW CUT • BY JACK WADE



# LANA

by **JAMES M. CAIN**

***A famous author  
looks at La Turner (and that's  
not hard!) and sees  
more than blonde beauty . . . he  
sees an actress!***

■ When Carey Wilson of Metro called up one day with the news that he had Lana Turner to play in my "Postman Always Rings Twice," I was not only pleased but elated. For you may think of Lana as a glamor girl—the type that brings nothing but her own flaming personality to the screen. And you can't be blamed at all, for leave us face it, she is a tasty dish. I didn't think of her that way, at least not after that week at the studio last winter when I had to run a number of her pictures one after the other, not only once but many times. This is a murderous test for an actress, but I didn't tire of Lana because I began to notice something. She moved me. Whatever she did, I *felt* something. Then, in "Ziegfeld Girl," I noticed the deft way she played a pretty little rumpot. She didn't go overboard with it. She wasn't monotonous with it. She didn't fail to get vividness into it. So you realized that the girl's trouble was not only booze, but a profound and terrible crack-up inside. Not only did Lana arouse pity in me for this little sinner, but she made such interesting shadings between tight, lit, high, stinko, blotto and stiff, that I became



"Meeting Lana," says author James M. Cain, "was an experience." He went to their appointment, he admits, expecting a slick glamor girl. "What I did meet," he recalls, "was an intelligent woman whose sensitiveness is as phenomenal as it is instinctive."



With her wonderful 2½-year-old daughter Cheryl absorbing most of her free time, Lono still manages to cram in a great deal of gollivanting. Bob Hutton's her top fello right now, with Peter Lowford (here at the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's) and Rory Colhoun in the running.



No athlete, she wears sport clothes in order to ton, prefers books any time—mostly fiction and biography—and reads by the light of the moon!

Lono loves clothes, goes from one extreme to another, like being a *femme fatale* one day, emerging a toll Morgoret O'Brien the next. In "Postman," (she's checking here on lines with co-star John Garfield and script girl), she wears dead white clothes throughout.





1. Frank Chambers (John Garfield), a road bum who has strayed into a job at the Twin Oaks diner "for a few days," hangs an offer meeting the boss' beautiful wife, Cara.



2. Gradually, Frank realizes that Cara hates her husband and would do anything to rid herself of the miserly, dull and 20-years-older Nick. "Let's run away," Frank begs. "Where to?" she retorts, "another beonery?"

fascinated with her. And suddenly it dawned on me; this is no new glamor girl at all, in spite of her lovely face; this is an actress of the very first competence, one to watch, and watch with sober respect.

So when Carey told me she would do my story, I knew my character Cora was going to get the works. And then later, when it had all turned out so beautifully and I found I was to meet her, I was quite excited, as you may imagine.

I hadn't been in Romanoff's five minutes before I got my first surprise, a most agreeable one. Promptly at four o'clock, splitting the minute in half, she showed up. Now punctuality makes more friends than wit, but you don't quite expect it of picture stars meeting writers for afternoon tea.

My next surprise was her height. On the screen, she seems to me petite. No doubt this is because all things in perfect proportion, whether the Parthenon, Frank Sinatra's voice, or a woman's figure, always seem a little smaller than they really are. Her actual height is 5' 3½", which is medium, and yet, with her slimness, high heels, and everything else, she's tall.

Next there is her total effect, which is much quieter, simpler, and more subdued than I would have thought from her pictures. When I mentioned this she laughed and said: "That glow you say I have—maybe it is just an act." She has little of the pert, rapid manner that you might expect from her acting style. She is inclined to be serious, and to speak in a considered, careful way, frequently using *(Continued on page 109)*



# LANA



3. Nick suspects nothing, and one day, after a beach outing, they hatch a plot to murder him by electracuting him in his bath. They love each other, yes, but also this is Cora's chance to "make something" of herself.



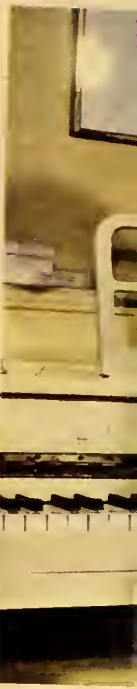
4. The murder attempt fails, and in desperation, they get Nick (Cecil Kellaway) drunk and plan to jump the car, then hurtle it with the groggy Nick inside, over a precipice. But Frank isn't quick enough, and is also pitched down.



5. Dazed, Frank says that Cora tried to murder him, too, but they are acquitted. Riding home, the car overturns, Cora is killed—and Frank is convicted of the one murder he didn't plot!



# teen dream





Was Diana confused on the "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" set! She got her signals crossed, and three boy friends showed up at once!



Diana's all grown up now, changed her hair to golden brown (and doesn't care who knows it), grew four inches in a year, even buys dress-up hats . . . but never gets around to wearing 'em!

***Mom and Pop groaned  
while Diana Lynn moaned and  
moonied around the house. But now  
the growing pains are over . . .***

**By Fredda Dudley**



Meanest Person In The World, thinks Diana, is the crank who sat behind her in the movies last winter and cut a big circle out of her Persian lamb coat! Is Diana serious or spoofing about Loren Tindall?

■ The scene is night in Hollywood, deep night—say around three-thirty a.m. Even the late spots on The Strip are closed, cabbies are dozing or doping the next day's races, and through the sleeping night ring the steps of a man with insomnia.

In a pleasant house in a charming residential district, a girl named Dolly Loehr is stirring fitfully in her sleep. She throws out one arm, flounces over, makes an awful face. Almost at once, she moans, rolls on the other side, thrusts one arm up over the pillows. Then she bites her tongue on a scream and sits bolt upright in bed.

It's the dream again. She has it occasionally; not often enough to get accustomed to, and not seldom enough to scare a person witless, but frequently enough to keep her remembering it.

The dream starts (Continued on page 110)





Guy Madison beams over Suzi Crondoll's shoulder at Ciro's Press Photographers' Ball. Guy's chief complaint as a house guest is that the beds are all too soft for his Navy "ochin' back." Prefers to curl up on the floor!



Sue Carol's fine, thanks, after an attack of flu. Husband Alan Ladd visited pal Richard Denning on "Black Beauty" set, unknowingly stepped into camera range. So they left him in the picture—without any billing!

## LOUELLA PARSONS'

# Good news

**Esther Williams says "I do;" Liz Taylor**

**turns author; Jimmy Stewart's back**

**on the town! Dana Andrews prefers blondes; marriage**

**puts the lid on Betty Hutton**

■ When Esther Williams walked down the aisle to meet Ben Gage at the altar of the Westwood Community Church, one of the most in-love couples I have ever known in all the long years I've been in Hollywood, said, "I do."

And how they looked at one another when they said it!

Only the members of both families and the closest friends were present at the Church ceremony because Ben and Esther wanted to be surrounded by only those nearest to them during their big moment.

But it was a lovely setting. The little church was a bower of white chrysanthemums, for it





Lynn Bari didn't help much when Pete Lowford gently massaged husband Sid Luft's face at Press Photographers' Ball. Lynn's joined the blonde brigade.



June Hoyer tells Frank Lottimore about her eight identical dolls which she intends to dress in copies of her pet costumes from each of her pictures.



At Ball, Mory Andrews pokes fun—and a finger—at Dan, who did his own cooking while on location . . . and fed what he couldn't eat to the birds!

was the chrysanthemum season—a lovely, crisp winter day.

Irene made the bride's gown—and let me tell you about it: It was a long pink crepe trimmed in soft lace and the pink hat that showed her face was trimmed with the same lace. In Esther's hand was a small white satin prayer book and from its pages hung small pink orchids strung along a pink satin streamer.

Her matron of honor, Mrs. Malvina Humphries, looked lovely in her gracious gown. The unbelievably good looking best man (and these gorgeous Gage guys are certainly tall, blonde and handsome!) was Ben's brother,

Captain Charles Gage.

But what made everybody particularly happy was the presence of Ben's little 82-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Louella Austin, who made her first trip in an airplane to be on hand for the wedding. What a charmer she is, really overshadowing the glamor girls who attended the reception, later, at the home of Malvina. A word about Malvina: She is the girl who, ever since Esther arrived on the M-G-M lot, has been her personal representative.

An amusing incident occurred at the wedding when Ben's little grandmother was introduced to Lana Turner. The glamorous Lana

was with Bob Hutton. "What is your name?" asked Grandma, to whom the movies are a closed book. Quick as a flash, Lana answered, "Betty Hutton." Being with Bob, I suppose she had Hutton on her mind. Grandma, none the wiser, politely said, "Pleased to meet you!"

The tall and handsome groom was given a radio contract on his wedding day, so he had only a two-day honeymoon with his lovely bride.

All the young set were there: Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly (on leave from the Navy), Peter Lawford, Sonny Tufts, William Tracy, who has landed a job which he'll take



## LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Gregory Peck lovingly paints o' freckleface an wife Greta at Press Photographers' Boll. Selznick has loaned Gregory to M-G-M, who offered him long term contract. He's started o' \$20,000 annuity for son Jonothan.



Joan Leslie (ot Ciro's with John Sands) hod her friends worried for o while with ill health ond overwork. Rest cure in Yosemite's lofty moun- toins did the trick, and now she's in top doncing farm—and slimmer!

as soon as he gets out of uniform, and Jane Wyman with husband Ronald Reagan. The Reagans posed for dozens of pictures with the bride and groom.

At the wedding I had a long talk with Elizabeth Taylor, whose book, "The Adventures of Nibbles," will come out in March. Her mother showed me a letter from the publishers, and I have never read such raves. They believe the little girl has written a classic. She expresses her own psychology through a squirrel. Really a marvelously imaginative child.

I don't often go out on a limb predicting that Holly- wood couples will be happy—and staying married. But I am doing it in the case of Esther and Ben.

Many months before their marriage, in fact it was at a time when they didn't see when they could be married because Ben was still in the service, I had a long talk with these two at my house. It was obvious that they were maaad about each other. But better than the big romantic urge, was the knowledge they both had that they were grand companions—"the same kind of people" as they put it.

"You know, Louella," Esther told me, her young face very serious, "I would never have married again unless I had been sure it was right. My first marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner was not happy although we stuck it out for four years. They were miserable years for both of us. We had nothing in common. He hated my career and I knew a few weeks after I married him that it was all wrong.

"After we parted, I went out with a lot of other boys. But I made up my mind that I would never marry just because I was infatuated or lonely. It would have to be the real thing—something to last a lifetime."

"And then I met Ben" she said with her eyes glowing. "It was at a Jewish Auxiliary dinner for the Old People's Home! Ben had come with Ginny Simms but I guess it must have been just a "date" between them because, suddenly, Ginny was surrounded by dozens of admirers and Ben was on the outskirts. I was alone—he was alone. So we just naturally gravitated to one another, I suppose.

"That was the beginning. From there on I never wanted to go out with anyone else. Once in awhile, I did—like the time the studio wanted me to attend a premiere with Van Johnson." (I had to laugh at the idea of *that* being a hardship!) Esther was absolutely dead pan when she continued, "But Van understood—and right after the preview he took me back to Ben who was waiting at the Mocambo!"

Do you wonder I say I'm betting this marriage sticks?

Betty Hutton and Hedy Lamarr never used to wear hats. But now Betty has gone in for fancy lids on a big scale. The reason? Her husband, Ted Briskin, likes 'em and buys them for her by the half dozen lots. Sounds funny—but one of the most amusing was a black satin affair that looks exactly like a man's derby. Maybe you or I couldn't wear it—but on Hutton it looks cute and sassy.

Of all the things for a hobby—Sonny Tufts has gone puts over fishes, fishes, fishes.

Not only is he out off Long (Continued on page 62)



CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY. II  
daughter of  
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry  
engaged to  
James Douglas Darling. II

**C**HRISTINA AND JIM met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia's fashionable "Mainline" suburbs.

A few weeks later Christina said "Yes" . . . she's *another* charming Pond's bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing *just* what she likes and why. And Pond's Cold Cream is one of her "likes." "I don't see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere," she says.

*This is how she uses Pond's:* She smooths silky, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks over it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. "This second creaming is grand to make your face feel *extra clean and soft*," she says.



Christina's complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

*She's Engaged!*



**SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!**

You'll find Christina's way of using Pond's Cold Cream delightful. Copy her twice-over Pond's creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier! It's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, *big* jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start your Pond's beauty care tonight!



**CLOTHING NEEDED!** Christina helps regularly at the Needlework Guild in Detroit. Here she is helping to pack new clothes to send away. "Never have so many people needed 'just everyday clothes'," she says. There are clothing relief agencies *you* can help.



**ASK FOR A BIG JAR OF POND'S!** You'll love the luxury-size jar. It has a nice *wide top* that lets you dip in with both hands so you whisk out all the cream you need with one sweep of your fingers. Get a *big* Pond's jar today!

**A few of the many  
Pond's Society Beauties**

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT THE LADY GRENFELL  
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE  
MRS. RICHARD C. DU PONT  
GLORIA VANDERBILT STOKOWSKA





Warner party drew Bob Hutton and Tom D'Andrea. Bob, whose fans plead with him to date Joan Leslie, grins and plays the field. Drinks 3 qts. of milk doily to gain weight.



Upsadaisy! And Editor Henry Malmgreen's little Abigoil was boosted atop Trigger at Rodeo. Roy Rogers calmed the crowds, averted panic when a bull got loose and threatened to charge into audience.



Sonja Henie enjoyed playing spectator instead of performer at Ice Follies opening with Van Johnson. Only pic in Van's room is autographed photo of Norma Shearer and husband.

## LOUELLA PARSONS'

### GOOD NEWS

Beach fishing for abalone every minute he has off from the studio, but he now wants to open a cafe on the pier specializing in unusual fish recipes and dishes.

If you know any novel ways to whip up a fish or if you have some old family recipe for a good sauce, Sonny boy would be glad to hear from you.

"I have a recipe book with about 500 unusual ways to prepare fish dishes," he told me, "all sent me by friends or fans. Now all I need is to get the right chef to prepare them and I'll be set up in the cafe business."

\* \* \*

When little Kristen Morgan lost a baby tooth recently, her pa, Dennis Morgan, told her to put it under a pillow and make a wish. So Kristen wished for a doll and the next day it was there.

Not long after, Lillian Morgan, Dennis' wife, had to have a tooth extracted. Little Kristen was very excited. "Put it under your pillow, mamma" she said, "Daddy said if you make a wish, you can have anything you want."

"All right," said Mrs. Morgan with a gleam in her eye, "I want everybody to hear my wish so you children can see how your father is never wrong. I'm wishing," she giggled, "for a mink coat!"

\* \* \*

Last month, (or was it a couple of months ago?), I gave Dane Clark a little slap on the wrist for taking it big.

Now it is only fair to tell you something nice that happened at a recent radio broadcast which (Continued on page 64)



**S**HE CREATES THE MOST MISCHIEVOUS  
LOVE SITUATION IN HISTORY!

*(because she knows, but definitely,  
everything about love)*



Watch *Elvira* in  
The Year's Greatest Motion Picture Event

NOEL COWARD'S  
**"Blithe Spirit"**

in Blushing **TECHNICOLOR**

*How to kiss . . . and hold your man!*

*How to stay in his life!*

*How to make the competition look pale!*



with  
REX HARRISON • CONSTANCE CUMMINGS  
KAY HAMMOND and MARGARET RUTHERFORD  
A Two Cities Film • Released thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre to bring you the best laughs ever!





Richard Ney's a civilian now, and asked to be released from M-G-M because "I feel I should be at a studio where my wife (Greer Garson, above) is not an important star." They've just vacationed in N. Y.



Paul Brooks knows better than to tempt Jeanne Crain with anything more than soft drinks. Escort who coaxes her to touch hard likker is crossed off date list! Paul's supposed to resemble Errol Flynn.

## LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



He's back in tweeds again, is ex-Capt. Ronald Reagan, and still tops with fans after three years in service. Ex-Lt. Wayne Morris sheds medals and navy blue, too. (With Eleanor Parker at Warners' party.)

proves the kind of all right guy Dane really is.

Dane was starring on the radio show and there were several bit players around him rehearsing their lines before the broadcast started. Everybody was smoking and talking over the play.

Suddenly, a radio attendant came up and said to one of the girls playing a minor role, "Can't you read? That sign behind you says 'NO SMOKING.'"

Embarrassed, the girl quickly snuffed out her cigarette and Dane started to do likewise.

"Oh, I don't mean you—Mr. Clark," said the attendant, "you're the star!"

Zowie! Bing! Bang! Dane's got a temper—and he lost it. He told that guy plenty about one set of rules for stars and another for lesser players—and believe me, he certainly earned the admiration of everyone within ear-shot. So this month, Dane, I'm pinning a carnation on you.

### What They Think of Each Other Department:

Betty Hutton thinks that Joan Leslie is one of the most beautiful girls, off screen, in Hollywood.

Ingrid Bergman loves to slip into the projection room and see the rushes on Jennifer Jones' movies. Then she telephones her and tells her how good she was.

One of the funniest romantic mix-ups of the month occurred at the Mocambo the other night. Talk about your comedy-of-errors—the following (Continued on page 94)





Her nails and lips are Chinese Red, her complexion, Cloud silk



SEND COUPON  
FOR TRIAL SIZES

Please accept trial sizes of  
**CHEN YU**  
Long lasting nail lacquer and lipstick

Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original." Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick \$1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manicures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.



CHEN YU Inc., 200 E. Illinois Street, Dept. MM-2, Chicago (11), Ill.

- ☐ CHINESE RED
- ☐ SEA SHELL
- ☐ PINK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ WISTARIA
- ☐ FLOWERING PLUM
- ☐ BLACK CHERRY
- ☐ BLACK SAPPHIRE
- ☐ MANDARIN RED
- ☐ CANTON RED

☐ Send me two sample size flacons (shades checked here) of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

- ☐ BURMA RED
- ☐ ORIENTAL SAPPHIRE
- ☐ DRAGON'S BLOOD
- ☐ TEMPLE FIRE
- ☐ FROZEN FIRE

☐ For an additional twenty-five cents, I will receive two trial size Chen Yu Lipsticks to match the Lacquer shades I have checked.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

(This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only)



by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

# Lovable Lips



Joan Fontaine's lips entice Mark Stevens—they're play-acting in "From This Day Forward."

■ Maybe I was looking skeptical. Because Joan insisted again, "Really, I always do my own lips. No studio make-up man has ever wielded *my* lipstick!" Now, there. That takes care of all you complainers who whine that your lips could never be as perfect as the Hollywood stars' because they have professional help that you lack. All that you may lack is the know-how of Joan Fontaine. And the business at hand is to provide you with that very lip lore!

**SEEING RED.** There are still more lipstick colors on the makeup horizon than shades of red in the rainbow. The tones run from pale orange to russet brown, from tender pink to deep purple, from light, clear red to brilliant scarlet. Joan Fontaine chooses a delectable cyclamen pink to set off her pale gold hair and delicate, honey-colored skin. Of course, a Rita Hayworth type, with her exotic, Spanish beauty, picks her paints from the other side of the box, in the glamorous blue-red range. One and all, the Hollywood lassies use a darker, bluer-

***Rosy, ripe, lush***

***and gently curved!***

***Let that de-***

***scription fit your***

***own lips.***

***Learn to use***

***lipstick***



toned coloring at night or before the camera because orange tones don't vibrate under artificial lights. Remember that when you want to capture a male on the dance floor, or have a picture taken to send to a distant beau. You might as well use the same "lovable lip" technique that the movie girls have found so successful!

Hollywood experts all agree that no girl need wear the same toned lipstick day after day. You may have as many as your purse can hold—and afford—as long as you don't try bright orange lips with a plum-colored hat, purple toned lipstick if your hair is golden, or heavy, vampire shades if your coloring and features are delicate and unsophisticated. Wear makeup that suits your type and blends with your hair, skin and costume colors; and, within these limits, you'll find a wide range of shades that you can call your own.

**ART SCHOOL.** Artists take years to learn how to draw a picture and it wouldn't hurt Nancy, Betty and Sue to

spend a few hours studying lip-art. Most of the females from Maine, to Texas brandish their lipsticks a couple of times a day, but too many of them still look as if they put it on in a blackout. Joan Fontaine says, "Let's have a little less speed and more skill. A good lipsticking job should last a long time, so learn to do it right."

Joan and practically all movie stars use a brush to paint their lips. They say an artist can't draw a picture with a thick, blunt pole, and they can't make a delicate, clear-cut mouth with a wide, clumsy lipstick. But if you refuse to follow the lead of the Hollywood lovelies, and prefer to depend on the lipstick alone, the least you can do is to keep the end in a workable point! Heavy pressure is unnecessary. It doesn't improve the shape of your mouth to push your lipstick out of shape. If, in spite of your care, though, your lipstick gradually assumes the form of an indefinite blob, put it in the icebox to harden, and shave the end to a neat point with a sharp knife.


It's a timid girl who doesn't try a new mouth on the old lips once in a while. A simple trick is to up-turn the corners of the upper lip. Susan Hayward uses two colors at the same time—a bright one to add width where her mouth is too narrow and a darker one to decrease the size of her lower lip. You can wear light, bright makeup when you want to look like a fresh-faced cherub, and darker, exotic shades when you feel in the glamor girl mood.

**LIPSTICK STICK-ING.** The answer to "How can I make lipstick stay put?" is to put it on right! Never smear new lipstick over stale. Use cream and tissue to give a clean working surface. Draw your outline, fill in the color and then call upon the ever-helpful tissues to blot away excess lipstick.




Learn to depend upon lip pomades and colorless sticks to keep your lips smooth in this rugged weather. Cream your lips at night. Keep 'em fit to deserve the glamor of lipstick. Then your lips will be lovely—and lovable.

## Straight Line Design

*cleans teeth best  
say dentists 2 to 1*



**How Dentists Voted in  
Nationwide Survey**  
There are only 3 basic brushing  
surface designs among all leading  
tooth brushes!

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| Straight Line  | Convex  | Concave   |

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which of these designs cleaned  
teeth best—by overwhelming odds,  
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**has the Straight Line Design  
most dentists recommend**

**Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans  
Teeth Best.** Most teeth in the average mouth  
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itative research shows Pepsodent's Straight  
Line Design fits more teeth better than convex  
or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 30%  
more tooth surface per stroke.



■ American career gals are the best-dressed women in the world. Who says? Statistics, for one thing. For another—and this is warmer—The Great American Boss. Whose clothes is he always raving about, to his girl, to his mom, to his wife? His smooth-typing, smooth-looking secretary's, or the little copywriter's on the 14th floor, or the babe-who-sat-next-to-him-on-the-subway's. Whose clothes? *Yours*. This month's fashions are, we think, in the tradition you love. The easy-going, deliberately simple, ever-so-versatile tradition that keeps you looking as though you lived 'way beyond your means. They are all NanTucket Naturals, which means they are designed with dash and imagination, cut with infinite care and devotion to detail. They are all business-and-pleasure jobs, even as the gals who own them. Quick-change them with accessories, with expensive looking costume jewelry. All the good, heavy looking stuff on these pages is by R. M. Jordan. Heirlooms for pin-money!

*Double-check:* The elegant black and white checked wool for this dress might have been lifted straight off your fella's back. Pre-war as a 'round the world cruise, it's the kind of fabric you've dreamed about. Perfect for the office, it sheds carbon smudges like a duck sheds H<sub>2</sub>O, doesn't get "sat out" even after dozens of nine-to-fives. The jacket's softly tailored as a silk blouse, from dolman sleeves to nipped-in waist, perfect foil for the straight 'n' narrow, strictly business skirt. Here's a marvelous basic outfit with more lives than a cat, more chic (Continued on page 70)



Precision tailored, as a striped dress should be, this grey wool beauty will give you that young executive look you love.

# CAREER GIRL FASHIONS

By JEAN KINKEAD AND TOUSSIA PINES



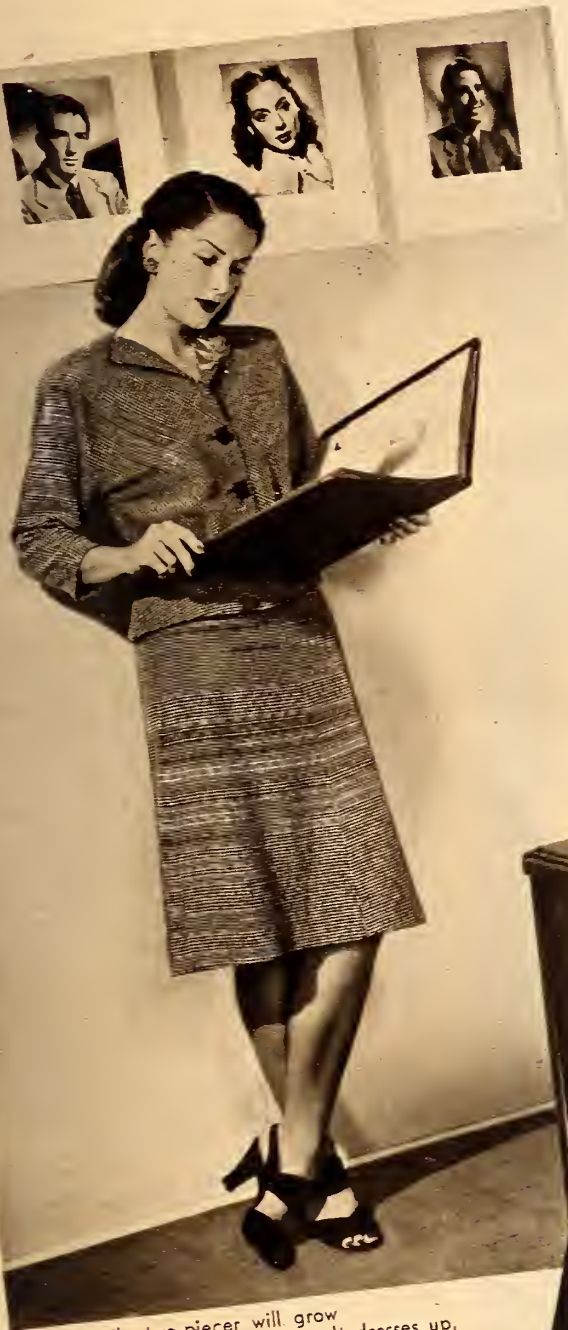
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This versatile two-piecer will grow to be your wardrobe's mainstay. It dresses up, dresses down, always looks just right.



To remind him that Spring is just ahead, here's a lusciously colored heart printed jersey dirndl. Wear black accessories to give it winter glamor.



# Mothers call them Baby-Builders!



## Why most young babies need these cereals rich in added iron

Baby starts off with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. This supply often runs low about two or three months after birth, then baby must get his precious iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists, working with doctors, have added generous amounts of iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both cereals have added vitamins of the B complex derived from natural sources as a further help to baby's well-being.

Both cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve—mix right in baby's dish with milk or formula, hot or cold. Pediatricians advise serving Cereal Food at one feeding, Strained Oatmeal at the next. It helps baby eat better! Be sure to get Gerber's cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.



Free sample

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My baby is now ..... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

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than Hedda. Try it with a sheer black turtle neck sweater or a triple strand of pearls; with a loud ascot or a bow-tie blouse. Wear the skirt with sweaters and blouses, the jacket atop a plain black dress. Endlessly switch-able, endlessly beautiful. Price: About \$30. Marching down the lapel are three good-looking gold leaves, papa, mama and baby—all for just \$2.00!

**Mufti:** What a blue serge suit is to an ex-GI, this chalk-striped grey wool is to a brand new "she-villain." Soft as a Dorsey blue note, feminine as a shoulder-length bob, this is *her* dress, for that momentous switch back to careering. It has everything she's been pining for—everything you've been pining for, even if you've never left home. Good lines, good goods, a terrifically smart casualness. Note the deep and beautiful dolman sleeves, the chaste round neck that is strictly 1946 and ultra-sophisticated, that fool-the-people two-piece look. Gloat over the perfectly matched stripes, the slim self-belt—details that make it look fabulously expensive, fabulously right. Whether you're some nice guy's Girl Friday or just one of the gals in the back room, you'll adore this dress. For its understatement, its well-bred air, its endearing way of making the boss grin when he sees you. Price about \$25, a bit steep for a dress, yes, but that kind of tailoring is worth it.

**June in January:** Wear your heart on your sleeve and all over the place, and don't think your guy won't love it. The whimsical hearts are a wonderful turquois, that incredible shade that's invariably your color whether you're a tow-head, a redhead or Hedy Lamarr. In a smooth print rayon jersey with a fullback's shoulders and a ballerina's waist, it's figure magic and—as night follows day—it's beau-bait. Exciting promise of Spring under your fur coat now, this one'll be just as heart-stopping come a sunny May morning, come a moonlit August night. Wear it to the office over a black jersey blouse, jumper-fashion; stab it with color, swapping black velvet belt for a tangerine-colored one; load it with antique-ish costume jewelry. There's no end to the tricks it has up its hypothetical sleeve, no end to the heads it'll turn. Price: About \$23. On each cuff, two stunning hunks of ersatz gold to make you feel like a duchess for just \$1 each.

\* \* \*

Thank you for all the wonderful mail; you've got us feeling like Alan Ladd or someone. Awful glad you like what you see. Please keep on liking it, and keep on telling us. For names of stores, information about sizes and colors, for all the dope—and quickly—write to Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And by the way—please tell us which issue you're talking about when you write in—you'll get your answer back faster—and it will even be right!

### ARE YOU DATED?

Don't be a leaky dream-boat. Get in the social swim. Jean Kinkead (the gal that knows) gives you all the lowdown on how to snag stags in "HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS," a MODERN SCREEN Service Chart. See Super Coupon on page 22.



## WATCH BILL WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 43)

make sure it was true.

I don't know which of the two was happier over the watch. Barbara touched it and looked up at Bill. "If your head ever swells, I'll take it away from you—"

Bill looked at me. "If my head ever swells," he grinned, "will you cut my throat, please?"

Barbara had to eat and run. She was working—getting her first big break at RKO in "Lady Luck," opposite Bob Young. When Bob's name was mentioned, they fell all over each other in a race of words to tell me how wonderful he'd been to them both—coaching them, fluffing his own lines to cover their mistakes, brushing their thanks off with a gag. They'd have been quite willing to give this whole story to Bob Young if I hadn't stopped them.

However, it was Bill's story I was after, so here it is.

There have been two women in his life—Barbara and his mother. By the time life eased up on Mrs. Williams in one direction, it cracked down in another. She developed bronchial asthma and would wake up at night, gasping for breath. The doctor taught Bill how to give adrenalin shots. For years he slept with one ear open. When he was 18, his mother died.

They'd lived for each other. After the death of Bill's father, she'd gone to work as a waitress—working fourteen hours a day, so exhausted at night that she'd drag herself home from the El with her shoes in her hand. The Jewish family upstairs took care of Bill as if he'd been one of their own. He ate their "lockshen" soup and matzoth balls and slept on a little mattress in their bathtub, since they had no other bed to put him in.

brooklyn boy . . .

It was the kind of neighborhood—in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—that develops the best or worst in its children, depending on their fibre. Bill learned self-reliance early. He ran errands, sold papers, shined shoes and brought the pennies proudly home to his mom. When he was nine, she married a fire department lieutenant, who earned sixty a week—riches in Williamsburg—and was very kind to Bill. But Bill continued to work after school and do his share.

There were no parks or playgrounds in the district, and you took your recreation where you found it. Bill was no sissy, but the tough gangs didn't attract him, and once he'd discovered the YMCA, life took on new meaning. He found that sports were his dish, and especially swimming. His future was all mapped out—engineering for a living and swimming for fun. He became junior national champ in the 220 and 440 yard races, and began picking up a few bucks at exhibition meets. Instead of washing dishes, he could swim his way through Pratt Institute.

He'd been at Pratt six months when a man named George Golden stepped up to him at Sands Point Beach, where ritzy people pay to watch you swim, and asked: "How'dja like to be in show business?"

Uh-huh, a kidder! But Bill's a polite boy. His mother taught him to sir and ma'am his elders—a habit that still persists, by the way. He's the first movie guy who ever said "yes, ma'am" to me, and I liked it!

To return to Mr. Golden, however. "What could I do in show business, sir?" asked Bill.

"Well, you wouldn't have to talk, if that's what's worrying you. I produce vaudeville and nightclub acts, and I need a blonde boy—your height and weight and

MARSHA HUNT, IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "A LETTER FOR EVIE"



### MARSHA HUNT

... of the luscious ivory-and-gold skin. For her "glow-girl" look, fluff on this exciting new shade, Woodbury Champagne Rachel!

A golden, exotic Rachel—so color-full—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its golden glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade as in the box! Compare its misty flattery with the powder you're wearing. Woodbury clings . . . stays fresh! Conceals tiny flaws. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

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After your shampoo, simply dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up Hair Rinse* in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly dulling soap film disappears, your curls sparkle and gleam as they never could with a shampoo alone!

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looks. Here's my card. Give me a ring tomorrow."

A few months later, the team he captained was swimming at the Park Central Hotel, when this guy pops up again. "Why didn't you call me?"

"I forgot all about it—"

"Look, do me a favor. When you're through here, come up to the roof of the Forrest Hotel. You don't have to sign any contracts. Come up and take a look."

That sounded reasonable till Bill found himself on the Forrest Roof, watching two blonde huskies tossing a little dark girl around. He backed hastily away.

Mr. Golden grabbed him. "It's not as tough as it looks. We wouldn't expect you to do it right away, but you can learn, can't you? It pays sixty a week—"

So that's what got Bill into show business—no ache for the footlights, but sixty smackers a week. In a sober mood he went home and asked Mom what she thought.

"It's up to you, son. You're old enough to make up your own mind—"

"Well, it just sounds like too much money to turn down. Think I'll try it."

## adagio act . . .

They rehearsed for two months, and thanks to his disciplined body, he was soon tossing Lita around like a veteran. When the Stuart Morgan Dancers were ready for their first booking, Bill went along as a full-fledged member of the troupe.

At first they played around New York. Then they'd go out on the road. Bill and his mother never said goodbye. It was always "Well, so long, son—"

"S'long, Mom. See you soon—"

He'd bought a little convertible job, which he'd park on the opposite side of the street so she could see him when she waved from the third-story window. Every day he was gone, she'd get a letter from him, and he from her.

Meantime, the act was making itself a name. Booking agents yelled for them, and engagements took them farther and farther afield. In the summer of '38 they went down to Texas.

Bill and his mother had said their so-longs. As usual, he stood at the car door for a moment, looking up. The window was open. Mom leaned out a little as she waved. "Goodbye, son," she called.

It hadn't meant a thing, Bill kept telling himself all the way to Texas. He was a doggone fool to let it upset him. So she'd said goodbye, so what?—he was acting like a superstitious dope. Sure she was sick, but no sicker than she'd been in years. In fact, she'd been looking better lately, he assured himself—

But he didn't rest till he found her first letter waiting at the hotel. Other letters followed. Mom was feeling fine . . .

They were working in Fort Worth that week, and living in Dallas. Every night Bill raced the freight train home—33 miles in 40 minutes. One of those silly games—he'd beat the train or the train'd beat him, it didn't matter. But one stormy night something hit him wrong. He was too darn anxious. The dark slick road, the rain pelting against his windshield, made him uneasy. Suddenly he found that his hands were trembling on the wheel. "Slow down, you jerk!" he snarled at himself—and went faster—

At the hotel he found a message from Western Union. They had a wire for him. As he moved toward the door, a girl in the company caught sight of his face, and stared for a second—

"Where you going in this weather, Bill?"

"Western Union. Says here they've got a wire for me. Nothing important, I guess, but I thought I'd drive down. Want to come along?"

They didn't say much on the way down, but he was glad when she got out of the

car and went in with him. The wire was from his stepfather. "Mother dead—"

He doesn't remember going back to the car. But he does remember the girl's voice, "Go ahead, Bill, cry—" and her arms around him, and himself bawling till there weren't any tears left—

Then she said, "Let's go back, and I'll make some coffee." Then they went outside. The storm was over, the stars had come out, it was a beautiful night. She let him talk for hours about his mother. She wasn't his girl, they weren't even particular friends. But for her tenderness and understanding that night, because she knew what to say and what to leave unsaid, he'll never forget her.

Nor will he forget what the rest of them did. Next day was a bank holiday, and he didn't have enough money to fly home. So they all chipped in for the plane fare.

He didn't see his mother again. "Don't you want to look at her?" they asked.

Bill shook his head. He wanted to remember her alive. That's how she'd have wanted it, too.

Three-and-a-half years later, Uncle Sam sent Bill his greetings, but they didn't take.

Those years included a brilliant tour of Europe, and except for Hitler, they might have stayed on and on. As it was, they pulled out just before war was declared. They signed with Earl Carroll in Hollywood for a long-term stay.

Knowing that it wouldn't be long now, Bill was working and going to school at the same time. With his eye on the air force, he studied navigation and radio from nine to five, gulped his dinner, and worked at the theater till two. But a plane shortage interrupted his pre-flight training. He was drafted, sent to Fort MacArthur, and released in three months.

"That was on account of a horse," Bill explained, "and me being a smart aleck."

A couple of years earlier he'd swaggered into a riding stable, "Give me the wildest horse you've got—"

And they did. And the horse got away from him. He managed to hang on till they came to a turn in the road. Horsie made the turn, and Bill went off on his back. He was laid up for four days, the back got a little troublesome as time went on, but he paid no attention.

But the army doctors discovered a sacro-iliac injury that couldn't be repaired, and Bill was turned loose in Hollywood.

## nothing to lose . . .

The act—which was both home and job to Bill—had broken up. He knew Hollywood was a tough nut to crack. Still, being here, he might as well try his choppers on it. And at first Hollywood seemed bent on proving that it wasn't tough at all.

A friend sent him to Bob Oakley, the agent. Oakley took him to Universal, where Les Goodwins was making "Murder in the Blue Room." Goodwins threw him a glance and said, "Yes, that's the boy." This bit was followed by another in "30 Seconds over Tokyo." That was followed by a phone call from Oakley. "Come on down. I've got a surprise for you—"

The surprise was an RKO contract. "They're crazy," said Bill. "I've never even been on the lot—"

"No, but they got a load of the 'Tokyo' film. Sign here."

That was in '43, and Bill spent the next year going through the grinder and coming out minced.

Then 20th-Fox dropped Tracy, and Warners' dropped Van Johnson. At RKO, they were hunting a big name to play the second lead in "Endearing Young Charms," and couldn't find one. Charlie Koerner, smart fella, said: "Let's test some of our own kids." Bill was one of those tested. He walked out on the set, elated, and walked off, sunk. (Continued on page 74)



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*-and for lovely hands*

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• Incomparables both — a mad but wonderful John-Frederics hat for Spring — the skin softening action of Campana Balm! Famous for generations, Campana Balm is different. Concentrated, rich, full-bodied — not thin, not watery. It provides such sure protection against wind, water, work — such lusciously soft, smooth skin. Why not have the best — Original Campana Balm! Only 10¢ to \$1.00.

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It was just before Christmas. He was so sure they were dropping him, that he felt like a fool going to the Christmas party. He was so sure that, when Laraine Day walked over and said, "You got the part, Bill," he bristled. With movie people, anything's good for a rib, but he thought this was overdoing it a little. Excuse him, Laraine, if he didn't haha—

Then Mr. Koerner came up. "Congratulations, Bill. I see Laraine's told you—"

I'm glad they're not typing him as a cute kid, because he's more than that. In "Deadline at Dawn," he goes dramatic. In "Until the End of Time" with Guy Madison and Bob Mitchum, he plays a highly emotional part. Then he'll be co-starred with Barbara in "A Likely Story." Watch for that one, girls. I think you'll get as big a bang out of seeing them together as I did.

At first they didn't even know each other's names. Bill was that blonde boy with the dimples. Barbara was that sweet looking kid with the dark curly hair. He wanted to take her out, but he knew she was dating somebody else at the time, and it's against his code to horn in on the other guy's gal.

But when you're on the same lot, you can't help bumping into each other, and having coffee or lunch together isn't a date. One noon Barbara told Bill—for no particular reason—that she and the boy friend had broken up.

"Bet you'll be back together inside of three weeks—"

"What would you like to bet?"

Bill saw his chance. "A dinner." Either way, he couldn't miss.

**happy loser . . .**

Sure enough, three weeks later Barbara called him. "You lost your bet. When do we eat that dinner?"

They went to the Villa Nova on the Strip. She told him she was over the other boy. They began seeing each other one or two nights a week, then three or four till it finally stretched to seven.

When Barbara left us that day, I commented on her beauty.

"I don't want to sound like a square," he said, "and a face like hers never hurt a girl with a guy. But I've been around, Miss Hopper, and it's not her looks. It's what she has inside—"

Bill shares a small apartment with a friend. Barbara lives with Annette and Harold Soldering—he's a cutter at RKO, and she's Barbara's stand-in. They budget their money. Bill allows himself \$33 a week, Barbara gets along on \$25. The balance goes into annuities.

"I had too rough a time as a kid," says Bill. "I don't want my own kids—when, as and if—to go through that. I'd rather skimp now for security later—and by security I don't mean plush and platinum. These annuities'll bring in sixty or seventy bucks a week, and that's enough. Then if Hollywood gives you the business, you can always say, 'Thanks for the socko, boys. It was nice bein' here—'"

"Even if Hollywood's kind, I don't want it to own me. I want to live life while I've got it—not make a pile, and then you're too old to enjoy it."

That's the declaration of independence they're working toward. The budget permits no clubbing or dining out. They eat at the Solderings. If the girls are working, and Bill isn't, he markets and cooks. Says he learned how to broil a steak here and a pork chop there, with meat loaf and spaghetti as his specialty. Only thing he won't bother with are vegetables on account of the cleaning—those he gets out of a can. Dinner's on the table when the girls get in at 6:30. By 8:30 they're in bed. The boys sit around for a while gabbing, then Bill goes home to his fan mail.

He's got theories about that, too. "So



far, I've handled it myself. If it ever gets too heavy, I'll have someone address the envelopes. But the signatures'll be mine. I don't want that phony touch. You get letters from kids who are sick—kids just back from overseas. If they set any store by your autograph, the least you can do is give them the real thing—"

I asked Bill what they did with their evenings when they weren't working.

"Go ice skating—take in a movie—roll back the Soldinger rugs for a jam session, wind up with coffee and scrambled eggs and call it a big night. Or we sit with babies."

That one threw me. "Come again," I blinked.

#### everybody loves a baby . . .

"Sure. Show Barbara a baby and she's gone. Any time our friends need sitters, they call us. Barbara thinks they're doing her a favor—"

"What about you?"

"As long as I'm with Barbara," he said quietly, "I don't care what we do—"

Somehow we got on the subject of clothes. I admired his tie. "That's because I'm having lunch with you," he informed me. "Otherwise, I bum around in an open shirt. For professional reasons, I've got to have a wardrobe. But personally, I can't get excited over clothes. Besides, I have no taste. Barbara picks my ties. And I wouldn't think of buying a suit without her—"

"Then of course you let Barbara choose her own," I suggested, and couldn't help howling when I got a flat no.

"It's like this," he explained. "I don't know what colors go together, but I do know what I like on a girl—"

He knows so well that he made Barbara give up makeup. "You look better without it—"

Then they'll pass some cutie on the lot. "Gee, but she's pretty—"

Barbara's nose goes up. "Funny, you like a lot of makeup on her—"

"Nothing funny about it!" says the eternal male. "I don't care if she gets herself up like an Indian. She's not *my* girl—"

People who know them better than I do tell me what they've done for each other. Barbara aimed to be an artist. Someone asked her to model, and then came a movie offer. To Barbara, this was a laugh.

"That's a silly attitude," said Bill. "Either don't do it, or do the best you know how."

Bill, having slugged from birth, was over-serious. He played it too heavy, Barbara keeps it young. But she's got more than the gift of girlish laughter. Under the bubbling surface lies an educated heart. She knows all Bill's missed through the years of struggle and loneliness, through the loss of his mother and, as far as she can, she's going to make it up. I realized that when I heard about his last birthday.

#### happy birthday, willie-boy . . .

They went over to Lucey's to celebrate, driving Barbara's car. It's a little shinier than Bill's, so they use it for swank, and this was definitely a swanky occasion. As they got out, she said: "There's something in the back for you, Willie—" Yes, that's what she calls him, and he calls her Mon-keyface.

In the trunk, he found a huge box crammed with packages. He looked at her questioningly.

"Don't worry," she laughed. "I've been saving up for weeks. Anyway, some of them are gags and they didn't cost so much—"

"But why so many?"

"I owe them to you, darling," Barbara said softly. "One for every year you've lived—"



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76 Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

## STRICTLY FROM DIXIE

(Continued from page 41)

fun." (Mary Wordeman has Southern California's cutest Southern accent—straight from Tennessee.)

"I reckon I might as well go," said her son, whose accent is also strictly from Dixie.

At the party, Charles Vidor (who was looking for someone to do the juvenile role in "Together Again," starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer) spotted the happy features of Cojo. Strolling up to him, Mr. Vidor said, "How would you like to have a screen test?"

Said Cojo seriously, although he thought he was being ribbed, "Ah'm fixin' to go in the ahmy when Ah'm eighteen, which Ah will be next February, but in the meantime Ah reckon Ah might as well."

"Be at the studio tomorrow," said Mr. Vidor.

The next morning nothing of note happened around the Wordeman household. Cojo had a late and leisurely breakfast with his mother, and gossiped about the very nice party of the previous night. The telephone disturbed a scene of domestic relaxation. "Where is your son?" demanded Mr. Vidor of an astonished Mary Wordeman. "That wasn't a joke—I want to test him."

So Cojo was tested and signed the following morning. Mr. Vidor, in making out the preliminary legal forms, said to Cojo, "How do you spell 'Jerome?'" Because he had never really penetrated the Southern accent that turned the name Courtland Jourolmon into something that might be spelled 'Cou'tland Jr'm.' Mr. Vidor actually thought that Cojo's surname was Jerome or Jerrom or Jeromm.

Answered Cojo with magnificent indifference, "I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Vidor. Anyway you like."

Mr. Vidor gave him A Look. "Come on—one r or two?" he asked.

"I guess one r," said Cojo.

"And one m or two?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say, but I feel that one m is probably right," said Cojo, no authority on the names of other people.

After Cojo had gone, Mr. Vidor telephoned Mary Wordeman. "We've decided to turn your son's name around," he explained. "We think Jerome Courtland is a little better for motion picture purposes. We can call him Jerry. And, by the way, how do you spell 'Jerome'—Cojo didn't seem to know."

Mary howled. She said that her son's name was Courtland Jourolmon, not Jerome. But she didn't think that it mattered. Jerome Courtland was a fine stage name. "Everyone who knows him will go right on calling him Cojo, anyhow," she said blithely.

Being in pictures was fine. Mr. Vidor

## I BEGGED HER . . . I PLEADED!

I begged her to stop, but that pesky little sister of mine kept making with the ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta all day, giving for free with what happened when she met that glamorous, gorgeous hunk of movie star. "Parm me for pernting," I finally interrupted, "but don't you know that MODERN SCREEN pays for that palaver?" You should have seen her face when I told her she might win \$5 if she'd just write it out—clear and brief—and mail it off to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



didn't try to direct Cojo; he simply explained the meaning of a scene and the general audience reaction that he hoped to obtain, then left it to Cojo to devise his own business. But Mr. Vidor, being a shrewd operator, kept his camera trained on Cojo, in most instances, after Cojo thought the scene was shot. Remember, after he had kissed Irene Dunne, how he pulled up his trousers over negligible hips, hopped into the air and clicked his heels? Well, that was not directoral technique; but the shot remained in the picture.

Only once did the camera fail to catch something that would have been terrific. When he was supposed to have backed Irene Dunne into a corner to kiss her, Cojo's great worry was that he was going to get some of her lipstick smeared on his face. Even after the final take, he pulled away, rubbed his hand across his cheek, and demanded, "Did you get lipstick all over me?" Unfortunately both the sound track and the camera had been killed.

#### thumb sprainer . . .

During the three months or so of the picture's production time, Cojo was hopping about onto Sunset Boulevard every morning and thumbing a ride to the studio. He could have borrowed any of the family cars, but he didn't want to be bothered. He liked the independence of hitchhiking; the responsibility of taking good care of a car in Los Angeles traffic was a worry, so he skipped it.

One night when a group of friends were spending the evening with the Wordemans, a conversation arose as to the exact wording of a popular song. "It goes like this," said Cojo with authority, and rippled over the first five or six bars of the music. His voice, not quite settled at that time, was a voluminous baritone-bass.

Ralph Blaine, musical genius under contract to Metro, happened to be one of the guests. He didn't exactly leap from his chair and do a jig in the middle of the room, but his mental reaction was along those lines. "Huckleberry Finn," he managed to say. "Perfect for Huckleberry Finn."

Seems that Mr. Blaine, in conjunction with other writing experts at Metro, has written a musical based on the homespun stories of Mark Twain. It would have been produced long ago, except for the problem of casting Huckleberry Finn—and here he was, shy good nature, step-ladder legs, active Adam's apple, deep-set intelligent eyes and all. The perfect Twain character. They persuaded Cojo to come down to Metro the following day and to spend several hours making recordings.

#### lend-lease . . .

Whether Columbia will loan Cojo, when he comes home and is demobilized, is a question that Metro would like to take up with a reliable crystal-gazer.

Don't think for a moment that acting, hitch-hiking, and singing end the list of Cojo's accomplishments. He's versatile.

Cojo's interest in zoology and botany has always been intense. One summer, when his family had rented a ranch in San Bernardino County, he made it a habit to say to his mother, "How about a wax-paper package of eats? I'm going out to get a picture of some deer tonight."

His mother would prepare a stack of sandwiches; Cojo would assemble cameras, lens attachments, and flash bulbs, and set off into the summer night. He'd come back at dawn, scratched, torn, stuck with brambles, and blissfully happy. "I got the best goshdarned shots last night that you've ever seen," was his modest comment.

On another occasion, after sitting for hours observing the antics of a bumblebee, Cojo went to his room and busied himself with pencil, pen and ink, and paint.



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*Carol Bruce*

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When he came downstairs, he was carrying a drawing of a bumblebee wearing a pugilist's turtleneck sweater and boxing gloves on the upper FOUR of his paws.

When Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney were guests at the Wordeman home one night—and when Cojo wasn't around—Mary Wordeman showed the bumblebee drawing to Mr. Disney. "Send that boy over to me if he ever wants a job," glowed Donald Duck's director. "He has the talent to do exactly the kind of thing we need—and can seldom find."

#### exploring nature . . .

When Mary Wordeman wrote to her son, who was on his way to serve in the Army of Occupation in Korea, and asked him to let her know at once what he wanted for Christmas, he answered that he wanted all the drawing materials that could be crammed into one of those regulation-sized overseas mailing cartons. He wanted pastels, poster paint, charcoal, poster board, and drawing paper. This last had to be paper-knived into fairly small sections to satisfy mailing restrictions, but at least Cojo would have something to work with. He wrote, "The scenery is super; I want to record it in color. And I reckon I can learn a lot about expert craftsmanship from some of the types of Oriental art I see around here." How's that for taking advantage of a situation—and having fun, too?

Cojo's intense interest in natural history led him to tell a newspaper writer, while he was working opposite Shirley Temple in "Kiss And Tell," that he was going to make exploration his life work. He mentioned specifically, his ambition to chart the Amazon Valley.

This news had barely hit print when Cojo began to get mail. One husky Tech Sergeant in Georgia wrote that he was about to be demobilized after having served his hitch and that he, too, had always cherished an ambition to chart the Amazon Valley. He said he didn't have any dough except his mustering-out pay with which to finance such an expedition, but he'd be glad to chuck it in, if Cojo could get financing elsewhere. Cojo had to answer that the army was going to take care of his voyages of discovery for a few years, but that he would keep the sergeant in mind, if things developed in the future.

A girl wrote to say, "Gosh, when you talk about the Amazon, don't you realize that the region is simply alive with snakes? Ugh!"

Cojo grinned. As a kid, some of his best friends were snakes. In the morning, his mother used to go to his bedroom door, open the door, but remain just across the doorsill. Before she entered the room, she scrutinized every inch of floor space, and all shadowed corners, because Cojo had a pet black snake that he loved with a great affection. The black snake had a perfectly satisfactory wire box in which he was supposed to sleep, but Cojo decided that the snake was lonesome. If it were possible, Cojo would sneak his four-foot playmate into the house when Mary wasn't looking, and into his bed.

On several occasions, Mary went in to kiss the boy goodnight, and was startled—to put it mildly—to find a heap of coiled reptile peacefully slumbering beside Cojo's tousled head. Luckily, Mary Wordeman is not a screamer. She would withdraw to the door and call in a ringing voice, "Courtland Jourolmon, you wake up this very instant and take that nasty old snake out to his wire box. I will not have a snake sleeping in my house."

While Cojo was taking his basic training in Texas early last spring, a group of men were gathered on the parade ground one morning, so Cojo joined them. The men were keeping a respectable distance from a fine, fat serpent. Cojo moved

into the circle, knelt down, fondled the snake and looked it over carefully. Then he killed it without haste, but with great care that it would be thoroughly dead.

One of the men said, "That was a funny thing to see you pick up that snake, look it over, then kill it. You acted as if you would make a pet of it."

Said Cojo, "Because the weather's so cold, the snake was sluggish, so he was safe to handle for a minute, but that was a copperhead. I had to kill him."

Instead of killing the copperhead with a club, Cojo could have, if necessary, dispatched him with one shot from a revolver—that's how accurate his shooting eye is. All during his school days, Cojo won successive sharpshooting medals. Whenever he received a trophy or a memento of any kind, he would mail it to his mother. Now she has a velvet-lined box filled with silver, gold and bronze medals. While Cojo was still in Texas, he sent her another medal: The silver oblong, blue-enameled, on which is superimposed a silver rifle, indicating that the man who wears it has earned a rating of expert rifleman.

Cojo's letters from Korea are usually brief and to the point, but there is one sentence that he never omits. Somewhere there is always this question, "How's Kurt? Tell him hello for me."

Kurt is Cojo's kid brother, a very husky gent who was a year old on November 4th. When Cojo was at home, it was quite a

#### C'MON, JOIN THE PARTY!

Wild about June Allyson? Got a yen for Pete Lawford? Wouldn't you like them to know how you feel? Then come on and join the gang. "How to JOIN A FAN CLUB," an M.S. Service Chart, tells you all about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION; how to get free snaps, club journals, etc. See Super Coupon, page 22.

sight to see him lugging around fat-cheeked, round-eyed Mr. Wordeman, Jr. When Kurt was hungry, Cojo gave him his bottle; when Kurt turned out to be a drip, Cojo rushed reinforcements in the form of three-cornered slacks.

Cojo, when he reached San Francisco on his way to Korea, was able to notify his mother, so Mr. and Mrs. Wordeman rushed north to tell him goodbye. The first thing Cojo asked was, "Did you bring that old soak, Kurt, along?"

No, they had left Kurt with the nurse. They had been afraid that the trip would be too much for so small a traveler; he might have caught cold. Really, everyone tried to explain at once, it was no place for a baby. Cojo rested his hand on his mother's arm, "That's okay," he said gently. "Just tell the youngster so-long for me for awhile."

During the several days that the Wordemans were with Cojo—as often as he could get a pass—Cojo's mother noted a vague change in him. She tried to analyze it: He had always been rather a quiet person, but now his quiet was not so much of uncertainty, as of perfect adult assurance. His questions were to the point, and neat as a bone. His answers were firm and fast.

Mary Wordeman, groping in her mind for an explanation, finally found it: Cojo had gone into the army very much a boy. Just eighteen, he had been carefree, easy-

going. But now, not quite nineteen, he was a man who had taken a man's responsible place in his outfit.

At night, she said to her husband, "I know I'm foolish to cry, but I just can't help it. I'm used to thinking of him as my baby, and I suppose I've got to get over that. He's a man, and very much of a man. I guess I know now how a mother feels when her only daughter gets married."

Cojo knew that a change had taken place in their relationship. He had always kidded his mother in exactly the same casual way he had kidded his girl friends. He teased her about her hairdo, her sloppy joe sweaters, her pleated skirts. Because she had been only seventeen when he was born, they had practically grown up together.

Now his attitude had changed. He had begun to call her Mother instead of the junior name, "Mommy." The last time they were together, he cupped her shoulder in his big hand. "Don't you go worrin', now. I'm going to be all right. I've had excellent training, and I'm going to profit by it."

To Mr. Wordeman, Cojo said, "I've decided definitely that I want to study architecture when I get home. Two years at U.S.C., then some practical experience. I figure it would be a mistake not to take advantage of the good start you could give me in the profession." (Mr. Wordeman is a well-known architect.)

When someone asked if Cojo didn't plan to return to motion pictures, he said, "I've never looked on it as a life work. You see, when I get back, I may not be as gangling as I am now. The reason they liked me was because I was an adolescent. Having outgrown that stage, I mayn't appeal to directors. I figure I'd better have a profession in mind."

A girl friend? Absolutely. Cojo's family will not disclose her name on pain of Cojo refusing to write, but it's safe to say that she's exactly the type of girl who could live around your corner. She wears her hair parted on one side and fastened with a silver barrett, the ends hanging straight and free. She dotes on saddle oxfords for outdoors, ballet shoes in the house; she likes blue jeans for sports, sweaters and skirts for school, and simple, straight dresses for movie dates.

Cojo brought her to the studio one day, whereupon everyone carefully looked her over. Several days later someone said, "That's a sweet girl, Cojo. Looks like a good scout."

"I'll say she's a good scout," enthused Cojo. "That girl can climb a mountain right beside me, keeping up my pace, and never even getting winded."

#### when a gal's a pal . . .

She can also give him a fast game of tennis, and he's plenty good, having played in the Vince Richards category. She also shares his excitement over a double hot fudge awful-awful. Every afternoon, before Cojo went into the army, he and the G.F. whipped over to the local sugarbowl and sat for hours, working at mounds of ice cream smothered in fruit syrup, chocolate goop, ground nut meats, and gobs of whipped cream.

Stuffed as barrack bags, they would hie themselves to Cojo's home where they would sit around the Capehart and play recordings—strictly on the sweet and sentimental side. You may take your Spike Jones, your Louie Armstrong, your Krupa, but Cojo and his fluff will stick to Glenn Miller, Lombardo, some Dorsey, Freddy Martin and such smoothies.

So the kid in Korea has plenty on his mind and plenty to come back to: Pictures, architecture, a Disney offer, a wonderful home, Kurt, and a girl friend. So, in Cojo's case, G.I. means Great Indications—for a slick future.



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# "One Rose, by those Fair Fingers cull'd, were worth a hundred kisses"—Tennyson



## Nice going, Mr. T....but can fingers stay "fair" and make with the mop?

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Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

## ROGUE MALE

(Continued from page 34)

where he's working is not what you would call very Hollywood conscious. He hasn't got what made Sammy Run. He does not know who was Ciromancing and what they wore. He is a ringer in on a free pass; in other words—being a movie star shouldn't happen to a guy like Bob Mitchum. He's not the type.

The day he started work at M-G-M to make "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," Bob breezed up to the gate. "Wait a minute," called the cop. "Where do you think you're going? There ain't no jobs at the studio now for you guys."

"I've already got a job," came back Bob. "Yeah?" challenged the gateman. "Well, let's see your union card."

He had to explain it wasn't that kind of a job. He was an actor, making a picture. He wasn't a set laborer, a grip, a prop or a carpenter. But you couldn't blame the cop. Bob was wearing an old sweat shirt and a pair of blue jeans. He looked about as much like an actor as L'il Abner.

Frankly, Bob Mitchum feels that way too. Especially now that the lightning has struck him and he's getting the movie star glamor treatment wherever he goes. It's twice the surprise to Bob, because all the time this fantastic fame is cooking, where is Mitchum? Not even in Hollywood. He's in the army. When he went in, he was nobody to toss a director into a twit. When he came out—he was a star in Hollywood.

"gotta see a guy" . . .

There's no more happy-go-lucky, reckless, easy-going guy ever to hit the town than Bob. Why, he even ran out on his first look at the biggest picture he's made to date—"The Story of GI Joe"—the minute some real life excitement started popping.

That was just a few weeks ago, when Private Robert Mitchum was traveling with that Ernie Pyle epic of Yank dog-faces, as it played around the nation. He was under orders to plug the picture, where he played Captain Walker. If it was a hit, Mitchum's Hollywood post-war future was set. So here was the army ordering him to make a hit out of the last film he'd done in civilian life—all expenses paid, no K.P., no sassy top sergeants, no nothin', riding on Pullman cushions and stopping at fancy hotels (when Bob has been used to the rods and hobo jungles whenever he traveled before). Could anything be dreamier? Wouldn't you think Bob Mitchum would know every scene of "GI Joe" backwards and forwards?

Well, Bob never could find time to take a look at "GI Joe." In New York, for instance, he ran into an old pal of his, Freddie Steele, the ex-middleweight ring champ, who'd also had a part in "GI Joe." They both put up at the Sherry-Netherland and started buzzing for bellboys and swapping yarns, so as soon as he'd finish his trick on the stage, ("Mostly I just apologized for being there," Bob says), Bob would hustle back and join Freddie and his prize fight buddies. He told himself, "I'll catch the picture in Detroit."

But when he got to Detroit, he'd hardly cracked open his bag in the Book-Cadillac when a knock came on the door and a wide-eyed young girl was stuttering, "I-I-w-want to interview you-you for my newspaper!" Bob didn't ask what newspaper, if any. He knew it was a smitten sweetie and he just grinned, "Come on in," and went ahead with his unpacking. Right away another teener trooped in with the same excuse, and pretty soon the room was filled with gigglers who somehow never asked him a single question that a newspaper



could use. When he had to report to the theater to make an appearance, they all looked so crushed Bob told them he'd come back and be "interviewed"—and he did. So that killed the chance to see "GI Joe" there.

Pretty soon he was packing for the plane, and the first "newspaper girl" who'd crashed Bob's room in the first place, said she just had to get her story.

"But I'm leaving," explained Bob.

"Oh," said the girl, "I'll wait here."

"I'm afraid, sister," cracked Mitchum, "you might wait a long time. I'm catching a plane for Texas!"

He thought he'd surely get a look at his own movie down deep in the heart of Hollywood, where time stands still and all that.

Well—he was moseying past the Adolphus Hotel on his way to the matinee the day he got in Dallas when a gang of soldiers (Bob was in uniform, of course), grabbed him and said, "Come on upstairs—we got a party going."

"Why not?" said Mitchum. "Soon as I finish my act."

**one strike—he's out . . .**

It was quite a party. One of those "Shore Leave" clambakes being tossed by Lieutenant I. T. Quinn, who's a legendary hero in Arab land, where he rescued the correspondent, Hal Boyle, in a wild jeep ride that was one of the war's classic adventures. Lt. Quinn and his fellow celebrants took Mitchum right over and he was lucky enough to get out of there for the times he had to put over his job on the stage.

Bob just never did get around to seeing his own movie until he landed in San Francisco, after spending V-J Day crossing the desert on a hot train with the air conditioning busted. That calmed him down a bit and he actually sat in a seat in the United Artists theater one day after his personal appearance and watched the very swell picture unreel. But he'd barely got a good look when he heard the usherettes screaming and a lot of shouts, crashes and smashes and uproar in the street. Somebody yelled "Riot!" and Bob jumped up in the middle to see the excitement.

That was the day some Bay City characters picked to go berserk and smash shop windows, and tear up the town (you probably read about it in the papers) and with that sort of goings-on going on—you don't expect a steel-spring type like Mitchum to sit through a movie, do you—even if it was his own? He raced out and mixed in the cops-and-raiders battle, and had the time of his life dodging brickbats and night stick billies. Whether or not Bob Mitchum has yet seen "The Story of GI Joe" from beginning to end, I wouldn't know. But I maintain that traveling all over the nation with it and never getting around to taking a look would be some sort of a Hollywood record—for any actor, that is, besides Robert Mitchum. When you bump up against Baby Boy Bob, though, you just toss away the Hollywood rule book and relax. What happens to him is always out of this Hollywood world.

Who, for instance, ever heard of an actor, under contract to a studio for over a year, turning up as star when his own bosses—and practically everyone else on his home lot—had no idea who he was? That happened to Bob Mitchum.

Shortly after Bob finished "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" he went right into "GI Joe." Then he went right into the U. S. Army. After "Tokyo" was released and the fans had a good swoon, rumors of this sensational young Mitchum character began to float around RKO, where Bob draws his check. Studios began asking for loan-outs and some even offered to pay cash on the line for Bob's contract. Naturally, all this finally came to the desk of

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82 LEIGH Perfumes

RKO's production chief, Hal Wallis. He was puzzled.

"Who is this Robert Mitchum, anyway?" he asked, "and where is he?"

"He's in the army," they told him, "but he was around here for a year."

"What does he look like?" Wallis wanted to know. "I can't place him."

Until Bob Mitchum came back from the army the other day to make "Until The End Of Time" at his home lot, he had made no more impression around RKO than a pea-shooter on a tank. As I said, he's not the type. He had signed on originally to make hoss operas, and half the time those epics weren't even shooting inside the studio gates. But when he was hanging around, he never even had a dressing room, but changed his costumes back between the flats with the extras and stand-ins. Until he came back from the army he'd never even sat at a table in the commissary, perching instead on a corner stool with the camera crew, who were his buddies. He didn't know a star on the lot, outside of the star of his cowboy picture. He'd been in the photo gallery for a portrait only once, and when RKO found they had a new star on their hands, they were amazed to discover that there were only two pictures of Bob Mitchum in all their jam-packed files. One full face and one profile of Mitchum—like a rogue's gallery shot!

free soul . . .

But that's just part of what makes Reckless Robert Mitchum a brand-new experience for glamor-gorged Hollywood. He doesn't do anything according to Hoyle. He's one rugged individualist—hallelujah!

For instance, Bob's never started a picture yet where he didn't lose his script the very first day. Most young actors practically take their movie scripts to bed with them, but something always happens to turn Bob's mind to other, more interesting things. He never learns his lines until he gets on the set and then if he forgets what he's supposed to say in a scene he just rattles on.

The other day, shooting "Until the End Of Time," this happened to Mitchum and Doré Schary, the producer, was amazed to hear Bob come up with some sock dialogue that improved the scene. But the camera had already cut, so he asked Bob to repeat the ad lib.

"I can't remember what it was," said Bob airily. "But let's do it and I'll come up with something else."

He did—and it was even better. They kept it in the picture.

Bob's easy-ace attitude toward the career that has caught up with him is only natural, after all. He's been a free soul all his life, from the time he slipped on long pants and away from home to have a look at the world. There's not half the dreamed-up drama in all Hollywood's studios to match the real life action he's seen. It's the life he's led that makes him as much a character as any he'll ever play, nutty to conventional Hollywood at times, but nimble-witted and ready to rise to whatever comes along. You'd expect a normal reaction from a normal, happy guy—but to Bob Mitchum, Hollywood's just a step along his private royal road to romance.

Before he ever saw the inside of a studio he'd bummed across the country and back nine times. He'd been in and out of trouble more times than a bail bond. Among several dozen ways of earning his tick, Bob has been a truck driver, waiter, bus boy, bouncer, chauffeur, ditch digger, life-guard, fisherman, mechanic, prize fighter, stevedore, astrologer's assistant, dock walloper, powder monkey, and just plain bum—to mention a few. He can sit and spin yarns for hours about each and every one—and will at the drop of a beer bottle.



Because, don't forget it one moment—Bob Mitchum is the kind of Joe things just naturally happen to no matter what he's up to. You can mention any town in the U.S.A. or any weird profession and he can come up with a personal story, usually speckled with laughs.

Like the time he was tripping the light fantastic as an adagio dancer in a night club and he dropped the ballet girl on the piano keys! Or, his stretch as a garage grease monkey—until he put the ring gear in wrong on a customer's Ford and the only way it would run was backwards! Like the time he got \$25 for a semi-wind-up bout on a ham and egg fight program, ignorantly tied into the Mexican Olympic heavyweight champ and got his face murdered so that he stayed a week in the hospital (that's why his nose is off line today).

Or like the day he was riding a day coach along the Texas border and a Yaqui Indian, jug-happy with native liquor, came through the car swishing a knife and tried to slit everybody's throat until Bob and some cowboys roped and tied him. Or the winter night in Idaho when he wrapped up in newspapers to keep from freezing in a box car and a fellow-hobo set him on fire with a cigarette and burned his pants off!

town's gone soft . . .

That's just a sample—you start on Bob's adventures and you're in for a book—but you can plainly see that alongside of what's gone on in the past, Horrible Hollywood is nothing to make Rambling Robert change his ways or turn a whisker.

The other night, the studio handed him tickets for Bob and his pretty wife, Dorothy, to take in a swanky movie social soiree at Ciro's. "You've got to get seen around," said his career advisors. "Nobody knows who you are."

Bob handed them back. "Give 'em to somebody who can use 'em," grinned Mitchum. "Now, what in heck would I do at Ciro's? Besides," he added, "I haven't anything to wear."

"No tuxedo?" they gasped. "I had one," recalled Bob, "but I lent it out a couple of years ago and I guess my friends have kept it working. Never saw it since."

"No dark suit?"  
"No suit—period," said Bob.

It was true. He hadn't even one suit to his name. He had a couple that were battered up when he joined the army, but Dottie got large hearted and gave them away to some foreign relief or other. So when he was discharged there wasn't a suit and he couldn't buy one, or just didn't get around to it, one of the two, and I suspect the latter. Because there's nothing that Bob Mitchum cares less about than clothes—unless maybe it's exercise. Ask Mitchum what he does to keep in trim, and he'll answer, "Well, I carry out the garbage once a week!"

Bob just couldn't be glamorous if he tried—and he certainly is not going to try. He lost 28 pounds in the army, but not his rollicking love of freedom and fun. In fact, it pains him severely, that on his return to Hollywood from the service, a lot of the "disreputable characters" he talks about have forsaken him, become respectable, reformed and even taken to wearing coats and ties and 'combing their hair. He feels let down. Time was when Bob had a gang of stags he could roam around with, barhop, play poker, and chew the fat all night with when he got restless. That was usually his idea of blowing off steam after he'd ground out a twelve day-and-night Western.

Such periodic shenanigans don't bother his pretty and understanding wife, Dorothy, a bit. She's known and loved Bob since he was a wild kid in Delaware and



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she knows the urge to roam runs deep in his bloodstream. In fact, all the time Bob was courting Dottie, he'd be hopping a freight every now and then to chase across the country on some adventure or other. But he always hopped one back.

"When Bob puts on a coat and tie and leaves the house," Dottie sighs with a smile, "it means one of two things. Either he'll be gone two days—or else he's going out to fix the car."

#### mechanical moron . . .

Of the two evils, Dottie will pick the former, any day in the week. She doesn't bother her pretty head about Baby Boy Bobby straying from the fold, because in their relaxed marriage they're as happy as larks and as frank with each other about everything as only schoolday sweethearts who've made a go of it can be.

Other day Bob got a rave letter from a girl in a Midwest small town, where, as it happened, he'd passed through many times on his travels.

"Dear Bob," she wrote. "Didn't you used to sit on my girl friend's front porch and sing—I'm in the Mood for Love?"

Bob showed the letter to Dottie. "Well, did you?" she asked.

He grinned, "Could be," he said, "so what?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Dottie, giving him the back of her hand; "I'll just bet you were thinking of me all the time."

Bob was lounging around one of his favorite night spots (not the fashionable kind) the other night with a "disreputable" pal of his when a couple of cuties, who had no idea he was a movie swoon, edged up and started a conversation. "You know," said one, "you could be a good looking guy if you wanted to."

"Tell me how, Baby," cooed Bob.

"Well," said the cutie. "Do—do you always dress like that?"

"Uh-huh," droned Bob, without batting an eye. He was draped in an old pair of slacks and an open shirt. His hair was slipping down over his eyes. He wore carpet slippers. The girl gave him another size-up, from tip to toe.

"Say," she said, "are you married?"

Bob still gave her the lazy eye and nodded, "Uh-huh."

"Well," she huffed, flouncing off, "that accounts for it!"

He tells that one to Dottie whenever she gets uppity. "See—it's all your fault I'm no pretty-boy," he says, and she just gives him a low, fast look. But when Bob starts tinkering with the family car, Dorothy frowns for sure. Why he has to get dressed up to turn mechanic she doesn't know, and Bob probably wouldn't either, if you asked him; it's just one of his many perverse quirks. But what happens when he puts on a coat and tie and lets go on an ailing automobile is usually disastrous.

He had an old 1929 Whippet that he took apart and worked over, and the first time he took Dottie and the kids out for a spin in the new job, the motor hopped up through the hood and spattered on the highway. Then he bought another jalop and took it around back for a remodel job. It blew up in the garage and knocked off the garage door. When he was on location with Guy Madison down at Del Mar, near San Diego, a few weeks ago, Guy took along his crate, which promptly stalled the minute it arrived. "I'll fix it," said Mitchum. He did, all right. He spent all his spare time on the trip pushing Guy's car around, and loosening everything in the motor. He took off the fuel pump, dismantled the carburetor, and dissected every part of the motor. At the end of the week when Guy wanted to drive home, it still wouldn't run. He had to call a tow-car.

Bob and Dottie and their two boys,

Jimmy and Chris, got caught in the housing shortage in Los Angeles and have had to settle for a little bungalow in the unfashionable part of Hollywood. It's not exactly the kind of a castle you'd expect a movie star to loll around in. In fact, it's a little wooden house that could do with a coat of paint and some new furniture. But it's the center of the world to Bob and his bunch and wherever he is that's the way it always will be.

Everybody's welcome all the time, day or night. Dottie never knows when Bob will want to eat or how many pals he'll drag along with him when he does. Since he's been in the army, his ex-service mates make it their Hollywood headquarters and sleep in all nooks and crannies of the little shack. Jimmy and Chris romp merrily around, and Bob can sleep sound as a top on the divan in his favorite position (prone) while the kids play cops and robbers in, around, and on top of him. He's a swell father, by the way, and Jimmy particularly is the spitting image of his old man. Bob raises them right, with a smack when they need it, but he's thinking about the moppets all the time, and really his heart's just like a watermelon that way.

He and Dottie took a trip up to San Francisco, right after Uncle Sam let him go, to celebrate. They left Jimmy and Chris in Hollywood with Bob's folks. They did the town—which is very nice doing—and saw all their friends. One night at a

#### MARCH ISSUE

The March issue of MODERN SCREEN comes roaring to the newsstands on February 12 . . . but goes off meekly in your hands when you spot Dennis Morgan on the cover! So blow down to the corner and get there on time!

party Bob disappeared right in the middle of dinner and Dottie thought—Good Lord, what now? They looked all around and finally found Mitchum back in the nursery. The big softie was lying on the floor with the phone receiver off and the victrola was grinding out nursery jingles. He'd found some there and thought that Jimmy and Chris ought to have a listen. So he'd called home, long distance, and was playing the kiddie discs to his sons happily—although every minute burned up plenty of dollars in long distance tolls.

That, of course, meant absolutely nothing to Bob Mitchum, because lucre is one commodity he holds in fine scorn. He's always having to leave his ring or his watch at a gas station to fill up the tank, and through force of necessity, Dorothy has had to take over the financial duties for the family. (Bob can't even be trusted with the allowance his agent, Paul Wilkins, doles him out of his salary.) Sometimes he turns up with cash money which goes right away like the wind. He keeps it rolled up in his pocket, when he has it, in little wads and things, all mixed up. It tangles with his handkerchiefs, his keys, and whatever he has in the pocket.

The Mitchums were out on one of their rare evenings (with two kids and the "sitter" situation what it is, you can bet they're rare) when Bob paid off the cab driver with a bill. "Keep the change," he said grandly. He thought it was a dollar bill. But Dorothy has eyes made sharp with just such things as that. She spied the tenspot, even though it was rolled up like a spitball—à la Mitchum.

"Bob," she cried. "Are you crazy? You gave him ten dollars!"

Bob let out a yelp and chased the cabbie down the street. He was still in second and Bob has long legs. He leaped on the running board and got back his ten. But that's typical. What other Hollywood star—I ask you—would have reacted like Bob did recently and come right out with his financial standing over the phone.

He was house hunting for a bigger and better place—and around Hollywood these days that's a long, ghastly and grim process. To get a cubby-hole you have to give your family tree, fingerprints, high school grades and birth certificate, practically. So Bob tied into a prospect that looked all right.

"What do you do, Mr. Mitchum?" Bob said he was an actor. In the movies? Yes. H-m-m-m-m. "What are your assets?" was the next quiz.

"Hey, Dot!" yelled Bob. "How much dough do we have?" She called the answer.

"One hundred and twelve bucks cash," said Bob in the receiver.

He didn't get the house.

For such a frank, forthright and free-wheeling guy as Bob Mitchum you'd expect nothing but trouble getting regimented into the army. But, being a man's man, perhaps, or knowing by plenty experience how to get along in any set of circumstances—something made Bob a swell soldier. For the short time he was in, he hung up the best record in his battalion at Camp Roberts, snagged an expert rifleman's badge and got six separate recommendations for officer's training. That wasn't because he was a Hollywood actor, either, because all his service time Bob went incognito as possible as a GI, and remember, too, if nobody in Hollywood knew the guy—how do you expect a bunch of soldiers to know he was a movie hero?

Of course, when "GI Joe" came out, he had to 'fess up, but by then he was practically out of the army, on dependencies. The only time Bob got any Hollywood star treatment was on his theater tour I mentioned at the start. But even then there wasn't enough to make Bob think he was somebody. And since he's been back he's been far too busy to sit back, puff up and say, "So I'm a star—hey? Well, now ain't that sumpin'!" As though he would!

Bob Mitchum was anxious to get back to Hollywood and to work. He was so anxious that when he got discharged he wangled it in 2½ hours—which Bob thinks is some kind of a world's record for getting your "ruptured duck." He was on duty at the separation center at the time, which explains the technique—but the stimulus was getting back on the job in Hollywood. He loves to make movies,—really goes for the set work—although if you call him an "actor" he'll give you a queer look and tilt that left eyebrow dangerously.

#### ham on the lam . . .

There's an odd hangover Bob Mitchum packs from his days on the road. Sometimes—for no good reason at all—he'll take it on the lam before he can think. It happens when he's startled. One night, he came home late from the studio and flopped on the bed before eating. While he was snoozing, Dottie stepped out of the house to get something at the market and when she came back in she slammed the door. Pretty soon she called for Bob—but no answer. She looked in the bedroom—no Bob. But the window was open.

In a few minutes, the phone rang. "Is everything all right?" hissed Bob.

"Sure, you dope," she said. "Where in the world are you?"

"Around the corner," he said. "I heard somebody after me."

"You nut!" said Dottie, "that was me. Come on home."





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"Well, I'll be darned!" wondered Bob.

It happened, too, just the other day down at Del Mar where Bob was making scenes for "Until the End of Time." He was in the hotel bar talking with the dialogue director and they started toward the door to take a walk by the ocean. But halfway across a waiter dropped a tray of dishes with a resounding clatter. Bob dove right through an open window and climbed a fence before he could stop himself, even though the wide open door was handy.

If you ask him his hopes and his plans, he'll just give you a queer smile and then confess that that's the way he feels about

Hollywood. Someday he'll be jumping out the window and taking it on the lam. The only place that seems real and safe, comfortable and sure, for Bob Mitchum is a farm back in Delaware where he came from—and that's what he hopes to have some day.

"They'll get wise to me here some day—sooner or later," draws Bob Mitchum, blowing a thin blue cigarette smoke ring up to the ceiling and following it reflectively with his lazy eyes.

"But meanwhile," he grins, "to tell the truth—I never found a touch like this before!"

## THRILL OF A ROMANCE

(Continued from page 45)

that, through all the responses, Esther and Ben kept their eyes on each other.

"In sickness and health," she said, looking straight up at him.

"Till death do us part," he said, looking down at her.

It was very moving. It made you think of the old words—they plighted their troth. It made you feel as you ought to feel at a wedding—that this was a sacrament, sweet and good and lasting.

### how they met . . .

"They gotta meet cute—"

That's a Hollywood classic. Producers pull it on writers. "Howdoya get the girl and boy together? They gotta meet cute—"

Esther Williams and Ben Gage met cute. She was selling cigarettes for a benefit at Earl Carroll's. He'd brought Ginny Simms who was going to sing. Bunny Green introduced them.

Esther likes to look up to a man. Being six feet in her heels, it's not always possible. But here was this tremendous blonde creature in uniform, grinning down at her from a peak of six-foot-five. Golly, that looked good.

"What do you do, young man?"

"I was a radio announcer. Now I announce for the army."

"What do you announce?"

"This and that. Read love letters from GIs for one thing, on Ginny Simms' program. Better listen sometime. They're very romantic—"

If you'd told Esther then that she'd have fallen in love at sight, she'd have squelched you. That's stuff for kids in storybooks. She was grown up.

When she left, it was raining. Because of the war, parking lot boys were scarce, and she couldn't find one. Normally, she's an independent gal who's been known to cope with worse. Now she began feeling sorry for herself. Other women had men to get their cars. And here she'd have to go wading out in that downpour, long white formal, flimsy sandals and all. Of course it had its funny side. Champ swimmer afraid of the rain, but she felt more like crying.

"Well, Girl, you seem to be in trouble—"

It was the blonde young giant again. "Can I get your car for you?"

"Oh, if you would—"

He brought it around, she thanked him, they said goodnight and she drove away, thinking: "Gee, that was nice—" But she still felt lonesome.

Though she'd been only 17 at the time of her first marriage, its failure had struck deep. Brought up in a happy home, she'd woven the rosy dreams of girlhood around her own marriage, and set it up on a beautiful shining pedestal. When it began to show flaws, she wouldn't see them. When her eyes were forced open, she kept on trying desperately to make it stick.

When it crashed at the end of four years, she lifted her head from the wreck with one deep resolve. If she never married again—never had the children she longed for—that would still be better than making another mistake.

So it kind of scared her that Ben should stick in her thoughts. She'd find herself twisting the dial, bending an ear to that program he'd talked about. Romantic was right. His voice reading those GI letters—"Darling, I love you so much—" So what? So a guy reads some other guy's letters to some other girl. What was she mooning about? She'd snap it off. And tune in again the next time.

That's why she looked away quick when, a few months later, she caught sight of him towering high at a wedding reception. From his angle, however, Ben couldn't miss her.

"Hello, you're not avoiding me, are you?" One word led to another. "This is going to sound silly," said Ben, "but you've been my dream girl for quite a while. I've got a picture of you in my wallet—"

Now that's a tribute to, flatter any girl, and if she tells you different, she lies. But what pleased Esther most was this. It was no glamor picture but clipped from some sports page of her swimming days.

Before she left, he asked for her phone number, which scared her again. Somehow she squirmed out of giving it to him, but bright and early next morning here's Mr. Gage on the line. "Hello, am I pressing?" That made her howl, and suddenly she was wondering what she'd been scared about. "Look," she said on an impulse. "Would you like to meet my mother?"

So they had their first date—dinner at her mother's house. And after a few more, Esther knew that Ben hadn't been kidding about the dream-girl business.

### no marriage talk . . .

But she wouldn't let him talk marriage; there were too many things in the way. Till her divorce was final, she had no right even to think about marriage, and though she found him terribly attractive, this time she had to be sure down to the roots. Besides, Ben himself, while perfectly willing to plan, wasn't ready to marry. The army'd taken him almost three years ago—fresh from a whopping contract as Bob Hope's announcer. Well, Ben was the kind of guy who'd have to be head of his household, who'd have to foot the bills and run the joint. He wasn't marrying on a sergeant's pay, and who knew how long he'd be in the service?

"Let's not make any plans," said Esther. "Let's just get to know each other and leave the rest to time—"

Mrs. Williams once summed her daughter up. "When her time came to be born, I think God said: 'This one's for laughs.'"

In Ben, Esther found another such

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## our Style-line starts at your Bust-line

Good form is basic for style—that's why your "Perma-lift"\* bra is so important. With a "Perma-lift" bra your bustline is smooth and young and firm—a must for today's fashions. The famous cushion inset, deftly fashioned into the base of each bra cup is utterly unlike any other bra support—does everything you expect a superb bra to do—will withstand countless washings and long wear.

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\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A. Stein & Company, Chicago

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

**THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN**

character—sunny and openhearted. They both like people. She calls him the great emcee of the street corners. Truckdrivers hail him, cops are his pals and he knows every newsboy in town by his first name. Esther understands that language, because high-hatting isn't in her. When kids crowd around, they get a sisterly talking-to along with the autograph... "Crimey, at your age I didn't stand around waiting for some stale movie star to scribble me her name. I was busy swimming—"

"Look," says Ben, "they want an autograph, not a lecture—" "Look," says Esther, "they're getting two-in-one—" Ocean Park's been a favorite hangout with them. Ben would come up on a weekend pass from Santa Ana, they'd start out for a party and wind up on the roller coaster. One night they'd been having a heck of a time playing bingo, when Esther got a yen for an ice cream soda. The first two or three drugstores they tried were out of ice cream. The last one had ice cream, but by then it was closing time. . . .

**and make it sweet . . .**

"Please," Esther begged. "Please make me a chocolate soda."

A bunch of kids who'd been fairly quiet for kids up to that point started raising the roof at their table. The manager hurried over and hurried back.

"Listen. I don't know if you're Esther Williams or not, but will you please settle the argument and shut those kids up?"

"I will," she said sweetly, "if you'll make me a chocolate soda."

As she dug into it the kids started inching over. They addressed Ben. "That's Esther Williams, ain't it, Mister?"

"I wouldn't know, never saw the lady before. She followed me in."

Esther choked but one young cavalier didn't think it was funny. "That's Esther Williams, all right, an' she don't have to follow no guy no place." His hand went into his pocket and extracted a coin. "I gotta dime, Miss Williams. Could I pay for your soda?"

She slid off the stool and hugged him to his squirming embarrassment. Ben rose. "Excuse me for ribbing you gentlemen, but the drinks are on me. How about another round?"

The manager, being a sentimentalist, set 'em up. That little incident, trivial though it may seem, is typical of the warmth and laughter they've brought to each other. Mrs. Williams fell in love with Ben, too, which did him no harm with Esther, who worships her Mom.

"I like what he does to you. You're sweeter these days. You've got that shine in your eyes."

"You know why, don't you Mommy? He's a fool—like me."

One day he announced that he'd changed his name to Howcum. "After you, honey."

"How come after me?"

"That's just what I mean. Howcum after me."

"I don't say Howcum."

"Sure you do, 'n it's cute."

After that he was Howcum. "This is GI Howcum of Howcum, Howcum & Stuff calling about the hole in the dining room rug." The identification bracelet he gave her was inscribed "GI luv you Howcum Ben."

His first gift was a ring of silver links to match his own. The plate joining the links was marked "EW."

"Pardon me for pointing," said Esther "But the initials seem to be off center."

"That's to leave room for the G," said Ben.

But the blue-ribbon gag was the one he pulled at Christmas. Esther'd gone East on a hospital tour. Ben had a furlough but no transportation. He packed a bag anyway and on a sporting chance made for

the airport which was thick with majors and colonels hellbent on the same chance.

It happened that a general who'd been flown in was leaving again in twenty minutes. Ben walked up to him.

"How do you do, sir? I have important business back East. May I ride with you?"

"That's a rather unusual request, Sergeant. Can't you put it through the proper channels?"

"I thought I'd have a better chance by avoiding the red tape, sir."

Even generals go for the human touch. "Well, well, talk to my pilot."

The pilot was a full colonel. "I just asked the general for a ride, sir."

"I see you did."

"He says it's all right with him if it is with you."

"I've got nothing against sergeants, Sergeant," said the colonel gravely. That's how Ben found himself waving goodbye to the grounded majors—but not till he was up where they couldn't see him.

He met Esther at the Chicago airport. Down she tripped complete with mink coat, and orchids presented by the civic authorities. Up stepped the sergeant clutching an old beat-up little daisy.

"I brung you a flower, laady."

First she died of laughing, then started unpinning the orchids to make room for the daisy.

Ben clucked in admiration. "I always say there's nothing like a dead daisy to show off mink."

Time will tell, Esther'd thought, and time did. It told her nothing but good about Ben and it also told her how she felt herself. At the ritziest nightclub wearing the loveliest clothes, dancing to the swooniest music, if she wasn't with Ben she didn't want to be there.

By the time her final decree came through last September she was sure in her heart. If she hadn't been, Mexico would have cinched it.

In mid-October she flew to Mexico to be fitted for the Matador costumes she wears in "Fiesta," and to make the picture. But the starting date was postponed, and M-G-M found they needed added scenes for "Hoodlum Saint," in which she costars with Bill Powell. So at the end of two weeks she was called back.

She'd been away from Ben before, and for longer than two weeks, but never before had she missed him like this. Now she knew how close they'd grown, how lost she'd be without him. The thought of Ben waiting at the airport wrapped her in a wonderful warm glow. And all of a sudden she could hardly wait.

Mel was with her, and she drove Mel crazy. "I've got to be back in time for Ben's birthday. I've got to—"

**glass kiss . . .**

His birthday was the 29th. By nagging and coaxing and the skin of their teeth, they made it. The customs kept Esther and Ben apart for a good twenty minutes, but she sang "Happy Birthday" and kissed him through the glass partition, which was better than nothing. They dined at the Derby. The cake Esther'd ordered by wire bore a Spanish inscription, translating into "Happy Birthday to my Darling from his best girl—" Ben opened his presents—a ring, a sweater and, as the topper, two pairs of pre-war pajamas.

"Whee, that's what I call an achievement—"

"Me, too," she agreed modestly. "Especially after last Christmas, tramping through the whole silly town of New York, trying to buy a shirt big enough to cover you. The clerks were so helpful. 'Sure you don't mean a tent?'"

Ben smiled, but a little absently.

"Honey," said Esther, "You've got something on your mind—"





# "Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

*Gene Tierney*

Lovely star of  
20th Century-Fox's  
"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"



"Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Gene Tierney. "Feels like smoothing beauty in as you work the creamy Active lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, then cold."



"As you pat dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new loveliness."

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care**  
*Lux Girls are Lovelier!*



He nodded, his eyes on hers. "My unit's been disbanded. Only four of us left. I'll be out by the end of the week—"

She drew a long breath. Her smile was tremulous, but radiant. "Well—? What are we waiting for?"

They set the date for November 18th. Ben had a stroke of luck. He's got a wonderful singing voice and was offered a dubbing job in Vic Mature's new picture for the first real money he'd earned in years. Honeymoon Money, he called it.

The blow fell and wham, went the wedding plans. Word came that he'd been transferred to the armed forces radio service, and wouldn't be out for another six months. "Now I know how Punch and Judy feel," Esther wailed, "when the ball socks 'em."

All was confusion. Ben's mother, visiting his grandmother in Illinois, wrote; "I see by Louella Parsons that you're getting married, and I see by Hedda Hopper that you're not. But Jimmy Fidler can't seem to make up his mind, so I'm just waiting till the three of them get together."

Punch and Judy picked themselves up and set another date—March 20th, the anniversary of their meeting. On November 15th, a new army directive was issued. All men in the service 42 months or longer would be promptly discharged. Ben had been in 44 months. But now it was too late. Esther had to leave for Mexico on the 23rd. She'd always sworn there'd be no hurry-up stuff for her. She wanted a church wedding with all the fixings, and all her family around.

If Peggy Wright hadn't married Gail Patrick's brother that night, Esther and Ben wouldn't now be Mr. and Mrs. Ben was Lieutenant Richard Fitzpatrick's best man. The wedding was at Gail's house, and Esther wept steadily through the whole thing. Ben looked the other way—he couldn't stand it.

Later, with Mel and her husband, they went to Bob Dalton's, their favorite eating spot.

"I want to get married," said Esther, all forlorn.

"Look," said Ben. "Couldn't we—?"

And suddenly they were all talking and figuring, and if this and if that, and especially if the studio'd give Esther a little more time, they could be married on the 25th and take a week's honeymoon in Mexico. At this prospect, they flung their arms around each other while Mel tried to shush them and they said the whole world could listen, for all they cared.

**nothing's impossible . . .**

"It can't be done but we're doing it," caroled Esther.

The studio was marvelous. Jack Cummings, producer of "Fiesta," said they could shoot around Esther till December 3rd. Sam Katz said Irene could design the wedding dress. No studio designer's supposed to make personal clothes, but this was to be a gift from M-G-M. Esther phoned Mr. Mayer in New York to give him the news before he got it from the papers.

Ben called his mother in Evanston. He'd always promised his grandmother that he'd never be married without her. His grandmother's an independent little lady of 82—who refuses to live with her children and drove miles once to spend five minutes with Esther between trains. She took her sewing circle to see "Thrill Of A Romance," and reported back to Ben: "The girls all think you've got something there—"

Now Ben said to his mother: "I wonder if we ought to let her fly—"

This was repeated to Granny, who took the phone over. "I'm flying, young man. Rather risk my skin than miss your wedding."

Esther called Sue Ladd. She and Ben

had a dinner date at the Ladds house that night.

"You may not know it, Sue, but you're throwing an announcement party—"

Hospitable Sue was ready to do it up brown, but Esther wouldn't let her. She did get hold of Barbara and Sonny Tufts though, and the table was lovely with crystal and silver and flowers, and Alan dug out some pre-war champagne for the toasts.

In fact, the one villain of the piece was our own MODERN SCREEN. Earlier, we'd set up a date with Esther to shoot pictures that Friday, and wedding or no, Esther's a girl of her word. The only thing was, Ben wanted to meet her at the jeweler's to look at rings. The shop closed at five, and at five she was still in the gallery, posing for us. We felt pretty guilty about it, and said so.

"Skip it," she smiled. "I like MODERN SCREEN too—"

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



One Saturday, a friend and I decided we were going to see Sonny Tufts before he left town. He was staying at the Henry Grady Hotel, so off we went. Upon arriving at the hotel at 10:30 A.M. we asked

for the number of his room. It was 1419. Off we went to the top floor. We walked out of the elevator and who should be there but some other bobbysockers. We sat with the others till around 12 when the bellboy politely told us to leave!

So we went downstairs. Mr. Tufts had left the hotel at 9 o'clock. Finally a girl spotted him—whewee—and he was surrounded. He was enormous! He signed my autograph book and I saw his hankie—it was in his upper pocket. I grabbed it. "Mr. Tufts," I said, "may I have it?" He looked up from his signing and smiled—so I took it. Later I found out that the smile must have meant no!

That Sunday it was all in the paper. Mr. Tufts had gone to Lawson General Hospital and it was very hot. He reached for his hankie—but where was it? Someone with him remembered seeing a "bobbysocker" take it.

For once in my life I got in the paper! I'm the bobby socker!

Joyce Wender  
Atlanta, Georgia

And that, folks, sends Miss Williams to the top of our honey parade.

They chose the rings next day. Ben had found one he liked but wanted Esther to make her own choice, so he told the jeweler to mix it up with the others. As she picked each ring up, he'd cover the price tag with his finger. Finally she said: "I think I like this one." It was his own choice—star sapphire, perfect in cut but modest in size, set in platinum.

"Are you sure, honey?"

She'd replaced it on the pad. Now she picked it up fast and, before Ben had a chance to stop her, glanced at the price tag. . . .

"Yes, I'm sure— Oh Ben, don't look at me like that. This is the one I want, but if it cost too much, I just wouldn't enjoy it. After all, you've been in the army for four years—"

His look changed. "Do something for me, will you? Remind me to tell you later you're a nice girl—"

They picked up a narrow diamond wedding band. Then the jeweler—no dope—brought out a pair of beautiful sapphire guards.

"No," said Esther firmly.

"We'll compromise," said Ben. "Next year I won't be in the army. Would you like the guards for your first anniversary gift?"

"Yes, if you'll let it be a double ring ceremony, so I can buy you a star sapphire too—"

So that was settled.

On Sunday they found the church. Esther wanted a small church, since only close friends and family were being asked to the wedding.

"My movie star bride. She can't play to an empty house—"

"You've got something there. I want someone who loves us in every seat, and there can't be more than a hundred—"

"Why, you've got that many right in your own family—"

He wasn't exaggerating much. Mrs. Williams was one of ten. Esther's brother and sisters are married and have children. But she was in earnest about having the church filled. "It feels warmer that way. I want it cozy, not grand. An aisle that's not too long—an organ that's not too overpowering."

They found it in the Westwood Hills Congregational Church—a simple, old-fashioned place with wooden pews that seated a hundred. One look was enough. "Here's where I'd like to be married, Mr. Gage—"

Fate had still another crisis in store for them. Ben's separation from the army had been set for Wednesday—

"Oh, darling, we'll have dinner and you'll be a civilian. How long before you get adjusted to civilian life?"

"As long as it takes me to get my uniform off—"

But when he walked into the restaurant, Esther turned green. He was still in uniform.

"What—does it mean?" she croaked.

"I don't know, honey. I sailed through all the prelims, stood there at 5 waiting for the final papers, and they said it would take another week—"

"Then we can't have a honeymoon—"

"Take it easy, Baby. There's still a ray of hope. I went to the General. You know me and the generals. I said 'They can't do this to me.' He said 'Come back Saturday and I'll let you know if they can—'"

**fuss 'n feathers . . .**

Well, he did get out Saturday—with just enough time to phone his delirious bride, dash back to town, climb into civvies and appear at Bob Dalton's for his bachelor dinner. Of course the affair was supposed to be strictly stag, but Esther couldn't wait to see her man in civvies. Her own pals had cooked up a shower for her, and among the gifts were two maribou jackets. All her life she's pined for a maribou jacket. So they crashed the boys' party. Ben had to parade for Esther in his civvies, and she returned the compliment in her maribou jackets.

The wedding was at five. Mel helped her dress. It was funny about the slippers. They'd been made for "Thrill Of A Romance," and Esther'd bought them.

"I don't know why," she'd said at the time. "I hardly ever wear pink—"

They were perfect for the dream Irene had designed in palest pink crepe—short, but with long sleeves, draped round the hips and edged with matching lace. The hat was like a little tiara, from which hung a shoulder-length veil. That was all new. Something old was a prayerbook, once used by Mel's greatgrandmother. Something borrowed—a lace handkerchief, brought by Ben's grandmother for just





MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU, wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.

*Mrs. Adolphe Menjou* says:

"In lipsticks, Tangee Gay-Red is the hit-color of Hollywood!"

In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee's newest color creation in lipsticks...Gay-Red...has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets...members of the motion picture colony...agree that this is the lipstick shade to *make lips look young and gay!*

\* \* \*

At last... a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you've used are good in one way...some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal *in every way*. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN  
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Mrs. Huhn is the creator of that exciting new lipstick color, Tangee Gay-Red and of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up as well as many other cosmetic triumphs.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be



"Don't  
let up when Nature  
lets you down!"



It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair's-got-me-attitude" certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues".

So don't pamper—don't give in to menstrual pain. Instead take Midol and experience quick comfort. Midol is offered specifically to relieve menstrual suffering. It contains no opiates, yet acts quickly in three ways: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

Try Midol next time. Take it as directed. See how comfortably those trying days pass by. Midol is sold by all drugstores.

# MIDOL

used more than all  
other products offered exclusively  
to relieve menstrual suffering

**CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"**

that purpose. Something blue—the St. Christopher medal June Allyson had worn at her wedding. The idea is for Esther to pass it on to the next M-G-M bride. In the prayerbook she carried a bouquet of small white, pink-centered orchids and bouvardia.

As always, Esther was behind time. She kept darting frantic glances at the clock. "Before I was old enough to know what a wedding meant, people said, 'That child'll be late at her own wedding.' Mel, don't let me be late at my own wedding—"

Mel came through for a photo finish. They drove up to the church at 4:55.

The reception was at Mel's house. Old family friends mingled with movie stars. Mrs. Gage, Sr., was responsible for the big laugh. Ben introduced Lana Turner to her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't quite catch the name—" Ben's roar threatened to knock the house down.

Their plane didn't leave till 12:30, but time flew. Between hugs and kisses, Esther tried to open wedding presents. She heard that some kids with cameras were hanging around outside, freezing to death. So she and Ben posed in the doorway, then shooed them home. And suddenly it was

time to change to the blue suit and the gray lizard shoes. And the last laugh came when she threw her bouquet. Because it was caught by Little Robin, held high in her mother's arms.

An M-G-M cameraman went to the airport with them. "If you don't take another shot," Esther'd said, "There's one I must have. Me and Ben grinning at each other in the plane on our wedding night. For our dear little grandchildren."

They'll live in the little house Esther bought last year. She feels it's as much Ben's as hers. He mixed buckets of paint and helped her decorate it, and chose a passionate pink for the hallway that scared her at first, but now she loves it. While she's in Mexico, his dad, a retired landscape artist, will do the garden over.

Later they'll build. What kind of place they don't know yet, except it has to be warm and friendly, the way they feel. And they'll take their time—very carefully pick their lot, very carefully find their architect and draw up their plans for their very own home.

"It's got to be perfect," said Mrs. Benjamin Gage. "Because it's for ever and ever and ever—"

## CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

be in the group. If they're all going for cokes, you go, too. If someone says, "Come on over to my house," well, fine! Some day, when you've gained a bit in poise and assurance, toss in your casual invitation: "Want to raid my ice box today?" Do they? Oh brother!

**That Big Dance:** Chub is taking Peggy, and Janie's going with Joe, of course—and everyone's going but you. It's just two weeks off, and how are you going to stand it if nobody asks you. Now, look. Calm down. First of all, remember this, it's happened to everybody at least once in their lives. Furthermore, the other gals are so busy being relieved that they made it that no one is bizz-buzzing about what a sad-sack you are. Anyhow, if you're very, very foxy, you may still be asked. Just forget the dance and how frantic you are, and very quietly go to work on some nice unstaked guy at school. Smile at him, draw him out, discover what he does with his spare time. If he likes music, ask him over some night to hear your records. Maybe he's an amateur photographer. Gosh! You'd love to watch him work! Arrange to see him after school by hook or crook, and from there on, it's just a hoot and a holler to "What are you doing Saturday night?" You know the answer to that, don't you? A dreamy-voiced, "I've just been thinking what fun it would be to drop in on the dance."

**What is a Wallflower?** A wallflower is a female landmine, and no matter how she's camouflaged, the lads are smart enough to leave her alone. In other words, a girl can be 4.0 on looks, wear out-of-this-world clothes and still be strictly lethal with the guys. How does she get that way? Well, maybe she's painfully shy, or excruciatingly loud. She may be a dead pan, or just a dud at everything the boys consider fun—from pitching pennies to pitching woo. She simply hasn't, as the Navy says, gotten The Word. It's a sad, sad plight while it lasts, but the wonderful thing is that no one needs to be one. What's the magic? Why, simply analyze your shortcomings in the cold light of day, and remedy same. If you have trouble with self-analysis, get a trusted friend to help you. Then, if you're loud, aggressive and a perpetual scene-stealer, for Pete's sake, take it easy. Low-

er your voice, pull in your chin and laugh at someone else's jokes now and then. Try building up your date instead of yourself when you're in a group. Talk less, learn to disagree gently, get your way—if you must—via subtlety. If you're shy, brush up your self-esteem. Excel at dancing or skating. Be an authority on something like male sports or jazz. In so doing, you'll gain stature in your own eyes and that's practically the cure for your shyness. Remember that most boys dread being conspicuous, and they hang around the gals who put them at ease. If you're good at that—and it involves little things like performing smooth introductions, cueing guys for their pet anecdotes, smoothing their ruffled feelings, when and if, quelling arguments before they get out of hand—you'll never be a wallflower and that's a promise.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was nearly 6:30 in Hollywood on St. Valentine's Day, 1945, and the Frank Sinatra show was coming to a close for that Wednesday. Frank sang the signing-off theme. Lou Crosby finished with a few words for the sponsor, and

it was over.

Then we all rushed forward to collect (if we were lucky enough) precious pieces of Frank's script.

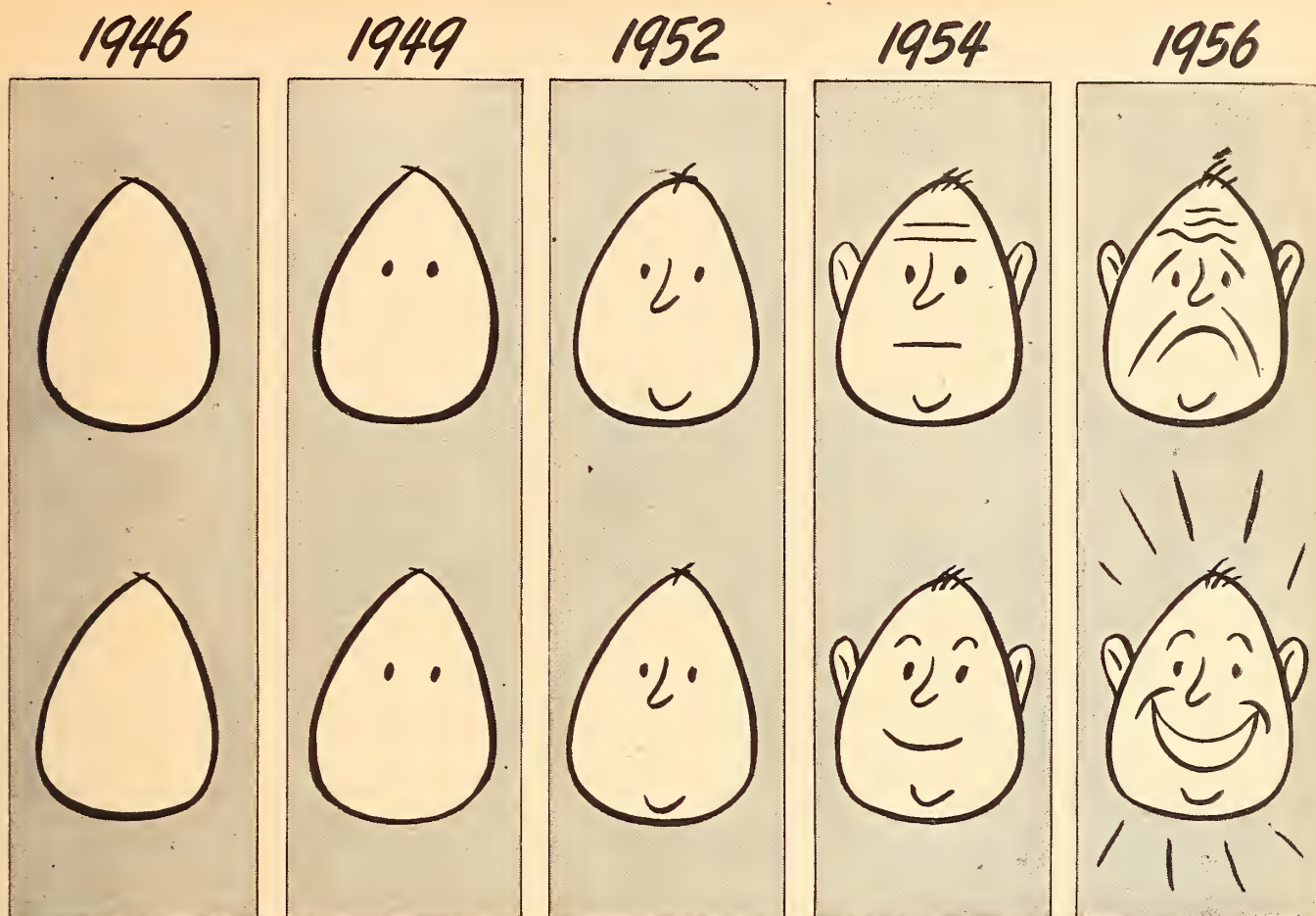
Then I noticed that a member of one of Frank's clubs handed Frank a huge red paper heart. He held it up for the audience to read and on it were inscribed the words:

"Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
Bing's okay but  
We swoon for you."

Frank smiled that boyish smile, and his eyes twinkled as he said, "Well, I swoon for Bing."

Beverlee Cresto  
Los Angeles, Calif.





## Two ways your face can grow in the next few years

**U**SUALLY, our faces show what's happening to us. For instance, suppose financial matters are constantly on your mind.

Suppose you know that there's practically no cash reserve between you and trouble.

It would be surprising if your face didn't show it.

But suppose that, on the contrary, you've managed to get yourself on a pretty sound financial basis.

Suppose that you're putting aside part of everything

you earn . . . that those dollars you save are busy earning *extra* dollars for you . . . that you have a nest egg and an emergency fund.

Naturally, your face will show *that*, too.

There's a simple and pretty accurate way to tell which way your face is going to go in the next few years:

If you are buying, regularly, and holding as many U. S. Savings Bonds as you can, you needn't worry.

Your face will be among the ones that wear a smile.

*Buy all the Bonds you can... keep all the Bonds you buy*





**Put your right  
hand here...then  
you be the judge!**

**If your hand isn't satin-smooth — it's time  
to change to *Luxor***

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands *can't* stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a *real difference* in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives *real help* to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide —

(an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin *look* red, *feel* rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!

*Luxor*



**hand cream**

**not sticky—not greasy**

## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 64)

might not be as good as Shakespeare's, but it certainly held the interest of a fascinated crowd.

Lana Turner walked in with Bob Hutton and was seated at the next table to Cleatus Caldwell (Bob's former big moment) who was with Vic Mature (a former breathless interlude in Lana's life). Get that much?

Then, at the very next table, sat Buff Cobb (who used to be mad for Vic and vice versa) with Robert Walker.

Everybody was trying to pretend that everybody else wasn't there when the head waiter called loudly, "Mr. Greg Bautzer on the telephone for Miss Buff Cobb." And, in case you don't know, Greg is supposed to be back in Lana's life again (he was also her first Hollywood beau!).

Some fun. And it could happen only in Hollywood.

\* \* \*

Ran into Alan Ladd and Sue Carol at the Beverly Hills Club the very night of the day his contract squabbles were settled with Paramount. What a change in Alan! He was his old gay self again. He makes no secret of the fact that he is a worrier and when things go wrong he's always sure they are going to get worse.

"Why, just the other day we bought two horses," said Sue, "and Alan picked out a terrible looking nag. I asked him why, 'Oh' he replied, 'he looked so worried that he might never be bought. And I know just how he felt.'"

\* \* \*

It was a beautiful baby shower Mrs. Bob Hope gave at the Beverly Hills Club for expectant mother Dorothy Lamour. I can't think of any girl who has looked so pretty during the time she was "expecting" than our former sarong girl. Dottie is one of those lucky girls who seem more beautiful than "before" the happy event was scheduled.

The room was decorated in the most beautiful pink and blue flowers and many of the guests had been invited to wear pink or blue chapeaux if they owned them. The table decorations were pink and blue storks and on each table was a little music box playing nursery rhymes.

But the cutest idea of all was the baby picture game. All the gals, including Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Sue Carol, Ann Sothorn, Betty Hutton, Rita Hayworth, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Fred MacMurray and two dozen others, were asked to bring along a baby picture of themselves.

Then all the pictures were put in a big box and everybody was supposed to guess "who was who" when they were all in diapers! Hedy Lamarr was the easiest to guess. She was gorgeous even when adorned with only a safety pin. Barbara Stanwyck looked the least like her own baby picture. Dottie Lamour looks almost the same. She certainly was a beautiful baby, to quote the old song And, oh, yes—almost forgot to add that the



gifts looked good enough to eat with ice cream.

\* \* \*

Ciro's is a night spot in Hollywood where celebrities are always seated in a certain section of the cafe where they can see (and be seen) to better advantage.

So the other night, mine host Herman Hover was flabbergasted to walk through the cafe and notice Van Johnson stuck away over in an inconspicuous corner, the Gregory Pecks equally hidden away and Robert Walker parked over somewhere behind the orchestra.

"I thought I told you always to give actors our best tables," said Hover heatedly to a new head waiter.

"Actors, sir?" said the new captain. "Are there any actors in the place?"

"What do you call Van Johnson, Gregory Peck and Bob Walker?????" demanded the boss.

"If you are asking for my critical opinion, sir," replied the waiter, "I would say they were personalities!" Yuk, Yuk!

\* \* \*

Vignette on Dana Andrews: Blondes are his favorite "type" and he doesn't care who knows it. Both his wife and daughter are blondes. . . . He won't give interviews at noon or during the lunch hour because he always drives home for lunch. . . . He doesn't drink cocktails. Highballs are different. . . . He loves the movie "Laura" but is doggone sick of the song. . . . He likes ham sandwiches, women to wear gloves, to drive a car very fast and the color of tomato red. . . . He hates motorists who honk horns, purple, sardines, people who hem and haw when they talk, suntan makeup and bare legs with street or evening clothes. Just thought we'd let you know.

\* \* \*

The M-G-M studios started getting in a worried mood when Sonja Henie told a Chicago newspaper man that she didn't know what might happen with Van Johnson—that he was telephoning her every day. At that time, Sonja hadn't yet obtained her divorce from Dan Topping, and M-G-M didn't want their fair-haired boy to be entangled.

As for Van—he was a little surprised, himself! His feeling for Sonja is merely a friendly one and the romantic angle had never entered his head. Van told someone I know that his friends are eager to get him married. But he's a thoroughly nice boy and a gentleman, and when a lady makes a statement well, what can he do?

\* \* \*

On the other hand, I predict that one of these days Helmut Dantine and Ida Lupino will marry. They have had their quarrels, yes, some unpleasant publicity and their spectacular moments. But she is the only girl for him.

The torch he carried for his wife is doused and almost any evening he can be located at Ida's house, or you'll see them out dining together.

A romance that has come along as steadily as this will hardly die out in a hurry.

"Two's better'n One!  
—here's what  
we mean—"



**NAN:** Ya don't hafta be twins t'know it's best for baby's skin to be doubly-blessed with Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil. Our beeyootiful, healthy skin sure owes thanks to Mennen "twin blessings". . .

**ANN:** First off . . . bein' antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles.

**NAN:** Second, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent roughness and dryness, keeps skin smooth and lovely. It's the *only* baby oil used with wonderful results on millions of babies over the past 12 years!

**ANN:** Makes us *smell so sweet*, too! Most doctors, hospitals and nurses say Mennen Baby Oil is best; follow *their* advice . . .

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DOCTORS PREFER MENNEN  
ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL  
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MORE BABY  
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*Twin Blessings  
for Baby-*  
**MENNEN**



\*Nationwide surveys



BE SURE TO USE MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth! New scent makes baby smell sweet. 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be antiseptic, and MENNEN is!\*



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Halo glorifies it!**

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water.
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! 10¢ or larger sizes.

*Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!*



It's a little late to be talking about the fabulous party Mike Romanoff gave at which the guests were asked to come as their ancestors. But Hollywood is still talking about this most sumptuous post-war affair to date.

I think the thing that pleased everyone most was the way Jimmy Stewart seemed to have thrown off his war worries and entered into the fun. He came as a skeleton, and he told me that he had called up one of the leading undertakers and asked to be delivered to the party in a coffin. "Certainly not," said the undertaker, horrified, "that would be in very bad taste."

It was at this party that Lana Turner met Bob Hutton for the first time and danced and sat and talked with him—and that was all. But it was certainly a pain in the neck to Cleatus Caldwell, ex-wife of Ken Murray, who has zee beeg yen for Bob and was supposed to marry him when her divorce is final. That night, she and Bob quarreled, and up to the hour of going to press, they haven't made up. It shows you can never tell what will happen at one of these big parties.

It's too bad—because as far as Lana is concerned, Bob is just one of many admirers. She told me after the Turhan Bey break up that she has no intention of getting seriously entangled again.

\* \* \*

A radio commentator had it on the air that Joan Crawford showed up at a night spot wearing black lipstick and black finger nails. Far be it from me to call the gent a fibber, but I think Joan is too smart where her public is concerned to show up looking like a caricature. If it's true—I gotta see it with my own eyes.

\* \* \*

Now that we are almost to the end of this month of GOOD NEWS there are several things I want to ask you—and I would appreciate your writing me about them.

For one thing, I have heard many people say lately that they think Frank Sinatra is becoming too serious and "preachy" with his deep-rooted interest in juvenile delinquency and racial tolerance. I don't feel that way myself. I respect Frank's sincerity—but I'd like to know how you feel.

Then, one fan wrote me and said she thought it was "indelicate" for me to mention in my newspaper columns and in this department, that a movie star was "expecting." Said the lady, "Such intimate things should not be mentioned months and months in advance. Why not be dignified and confine yourself to announcing the birth of the movie babies and not the expectations?" Zowie! I would lose out on a lot of scoops if I did—but how do you feel?

Still another critique was that Hollywood was being too gay these days and tossing too many big parties. After the long, long years of the war in which there was practically no social life in movie town, it seems to me to be perfectly natural that the movie folk should relax a bit and be happy. Do you enjoy reading about the parties I tell you about in Hollywood? Then drop me a little note and say so—and I'll appreciate it. That's all for this month.

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## BOB WALKER

(Continued from page 38)

the "Y." He said he was a young man of good character and—yes—he was willing to work for his bed and board. They wrote out the address on a piece of "Y" stationery and Bob grabbed a subway. He rode to the end of the line. Then he took a street car and jolted on. Finally he swung off, carrying his suitcase. He was clear up in Yonkers. He lugged the grip down the street to the number written on the "Y" paper. His heart sank. It was an ancient house, miles from anywhere.

But inside it wasn't as bad as all that. The Wallace Co-op operated on the old time-honored American colonial principle—"No work, no eat." The room was fifty cents a day and you worked for your meals. Bob hung up his clothes and rolled up his sleeves. He was hungry.

He crawled into the hay that night weary but at peace. He was earning his own way, even if he dreamed about a stack of dishes ten miles high tottering over and about to drown him in a sea of dishwater.

### mother's little helper . . .

For weeks, he rolled out of his cot in the bare room and was mother's little helper around the Wallace Lodge. Then he chased after the Yonkers street car, dived down in the subway and finally got to civilization. For some reason, the first rounds he made were Manhattan restaurants. He thought everybody had to eat and certainly he could land something there that didn't require any skill, experience, training or social standing. He tackled the business offices of all the eatery chains—Horn and Hardart, the Automat people, Childs, Schraffts, and dozens more. For some strange reason they had plenty of bus boys, cooks' helpers, waiters.

Bob hustled around to all the possible job hunting grounds. He filled out enough applications to bind into a book. "We'll let you know," they said—but they didn't. In 1938 jobs were tough to get, even dog-meat jobs—and oddly enough, those were all Bob wanted. He wasn't interested in starting a business career with a future. The only future that made sense to Bob was an acting future. He just wanted to stay in New York until he could stick his foot in a stage door and pry it open a crack. But his first disappointment still seared Bob's sensitive soul. He didn't hit the Broadway pavements in his busted condition. He didn't have the heart. There was nobody to tell him he was good, and he needed that. Then the letter came.

It was postmarked "Tulsa" and the address was the handwriting Bob knew so well. "I'm coming back to school," exulted Phyl. "We'll have a wonderful year."

Bob skipped his job chase that afternoon. When his Co-op labors were over, he pulled the pants of his best suit out from under the mattress and slipped on the snowy clean shirt he'd been hoarding.

Phyl flew into his arms at Penn Station chattering a mile a minute—Tulsa, the tent show, the home folks, the fun, the thrill of being back in New York. They'd both be "seniors" at the Academy of Dramatic Arts this year. What balls of fire they'd be, now that both had been out in the world and rubbed off the green paint.

Bob hailed a cab recklessly and listened, smiling, all the way, up to the Barbizon for Women. It was so wonderful just hearing Phyl's voice and he didn't want to dam the gay cascade by saying what he had to say. "If you have any class," he told himself, "you'll let her down easy." Bob sat in the Barbizon lobby while Phyl fresh-

(Continued on page 100)



## Want Sweet Kisses?

Have kissable skin—with the smoothness of satin.

Dry skin troubles you now?

This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment  
(with thrilling Jergens Face Cream) helps  
smooth dry skin in no time.

### Easy to give yourself this exciting 1-Cream Beauty Treatment



Help Smooth Away  
"Crow's-feet"

Here's all you do for your daily smooth-skin treatment—simply use this new Jergens Face Cream (but faithfully), as though it were 4 creams:

1. for regular Cleansing and Make-up Removal
2. for Softening
3. for a velvet Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—effective against dry skin; helps prevent dry skin lines

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream for you—the same who make your Jergens Lotion. Many a smart girl is thankful. You will be, too. See lovely results, using Jergens Face Cream this way. 10¢ to \$1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.



## JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin



By Nancy Wood

## STAR-GAZING at LUCEY'S

Second in our  
series of Hollywood restaurants,  
Lucey's feeds many of  
your favorite movie stars



Movie actor-restaurateur Steve Crane and Don Alheraros, headwaiter, go into a huddle over one of the best menus in the city of make-believe



Lucey's is a miniature Italian castle with a congenial atmosphere and nothing gaudy in its appearance. Great place for business talk!

■ "STAR-LIGHT, star-bright, first star I see tonight—" The first movie star you might see on entering Lucey's Restaurant is Steve Crane, who, with Al Mathes, owns this favorite Hollywood eating place. (The restaurant business happened to Steve last spring!) Then, after getting Mr. Crane's autograph on one of his own menus, you'd look around and see whole constellations of heavenly bodies from Paramount, Columbia and RKO.

Lucey's has very few tourist guests. It's a little Italian castle, located in the heart of Hollywood. In general, quiet reigns. Dim lights, soft music, little tables in tucked away nooks, a huge fireplace, a placid old-world atmosphere make it

an ideal spot for coherent conversation. Jimmy Fidler, Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons are here often, interviewing. Producers have large luncheons, agents discuss who, what and how much, and movie people can really enjoy a peaceful meal because cameramen aren't permitted to shoot on sight, but only with previous consent of the stars.

Lucey's list of famous patrons is a long one—Rita Hayworth, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Janet Blair, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Sonny Tufts, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Ingrid Bergman, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake among others. The favorite guest of the management is little Cheryl Crane, who comes

here twice a week to eat ice cream with her daddy. She is usually accompanied by either her nurse or her mother, Lana Turner (the former Mrs. Steve Crane). Lana makes a dainty meal of cold sliced chicken and potato salad.

These glamorous customers are exceedingly easy to please. Each usually has his or her favorite booth. Booth 13 was Buddy De Sylva's before his recent illness. Veronica Lake always eats in No. 3 and Betty Hutton unsuperstitiously prefers 13.

When he is working, Bing Crosby is in at least twice a day. Always in a hurry, but, as you would expect, never shouting for service. If the staff's busy, he asks them to put him in any little corner and



leave him to his steak and hashed brown potatoes. However, during the production of "The Bells of St. Mary's," Bing, Ingrid Bergman and Director Leo McCarey could be found lunching in the shaded patio, in plain view of passing fans!

Alan and Sue Ladd are salad fiends. And no wonder! Lucey's is widely known for gorgeous salads—the Lorenzo, Caliente and Marinare. (Coaxing is useless! They won't tell how they make them!) Sonny Tufts can make his way through a really impressive steak. Joan Fontaine can't let the French pastry tray pass without indulging!

### VEAL SCALLOPINI

- 2 lbs. veal cutlet, sliced  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick
- Salt and pepper
- Cracker meal
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup olive and salad oil, combined
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry

Pound thinly sliced veal thoroughly until "spongy." Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and dip into cracker meal. Melt butter in hot skillet, place veal in pan and brown quickly (takes about 2 minutes). Add finely minced garlic to oil and pour over veal slices. Lower heat to simmering, baste veal with sherry and simmer 30 minutes, or until meat is very tender. It's perfectly delicious eating at this point, but perhaps you'd like to serve it with the special sauce Lucey's makes: Saute sliced mushrooms in butter for five minutes over low heat. Add about a cup of meat sauce (like that used for spaghetti) and 2 tablespoons mustard sauce diablo (or add brown prepared mustard to taste). Add a dash of salt if needed. Serve hot over veal. Serves 4 or 5.

### ZUCCHINI FLORENTINE

- 1 lb. zucchini
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup olive oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Cracker meal
- Pepper, if preferred

Cut zucchini lengthwise into slices  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick and then into 3 or 4 inch strips eight hours before cooking time. This allows it to soften. Soak in salt water for 1 hour or more. Drain thoroughly. (This is Lucey's method. By an alternate method also, used in cooking this Italian specialty, freshly sliced zucchini is soaked in hot water 30 minutes before sautéing.) Add finely minced garlic to olive oil in skillet and brown. Meanwhile dip drained zucchini in cracker crumbs (if soaked in unsalted hot water, sprinkle with salt at this point). Place in hot fat in skillet and fry, uncovered, over high heat 9 or 10 minutes or until tender. Serves 2 or 3.

### LUCEY'S ALMOND PUDDING

- 8 ozs. almonds, finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon orange flower water
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons cream

Chop almonds very fine, or put through nut grinder. Cream butter until soft, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks, orange flower water (you can buy this at the drug store, or use vanilla instead), salt and cream. Add almonds and blend thoroughly. Pour into small buttered pudding pan. Place pudding pan in pan of hot water and then in moderate oven (350° F.). Bake 25 minutes, or until firm. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until frothy, adding 3 tablespoons sugar gradually and beating until stiff. Return to moderate oven and brown meringue. A rich dessert, which should serve 6 to 8.



**"They almost weaned me!"**

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two . . . sometimes I wondered if I'd *ever* see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really *white* again!"

# Fels-Naptha Soap

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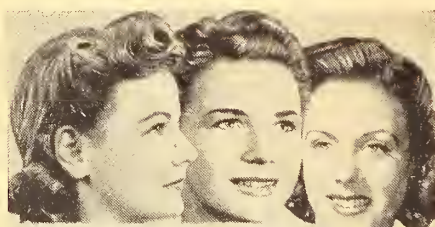
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Here's One Of The Best  
Home Ways To Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to low blood-iron—

So start today—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build up red blood to give more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets help build up the RED QUALITY of the blood (very important) by reinforcing the haemoglobin of red blood cells.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's **TABLETS**

ened up and fixed her train face. The parade of cuties, photo models, Macy sales-girls, show-struck kids like himself and Phyl, tripped in and out, bright and busy. He couldn't say it here. When Phyl came down he suggested: "Let's walk over to the park." They found their favorite bench, the one where the squirrels practically picked your pockets.

"I'm not going back to the Academy," blurted Bob. "I can't afford it. I'm broke." And he told the whole tale. His fight with Aunt Tenny. His resolve to go it alone. The Wallace Co-operative lodge. His fruitless job hunt. The way he'd shied off from Broadway—all of it.

"Then I'm not going back to school, either," said Phyl promptly.

She smothered Bob's protests with glowing ideas. They'd both get jobs on Broadway. They were both good. They rated it.

"Phyl, dear," said Bob, "you're wonderful. Will you marry me?"

soon, maybe not tomorrow . . .

"Of course," she smiled, as if that were already understood. "Of course I will—some day. But we've got to get busy. Come by for me tomorrow—early."

"As soon as I get through the dishes, dear," cracked Bob happily.

They tackled Broadway as a team and they gave it all they had. It wasn't a case of the Walgreen Club, hanging around whiling away hours over the drug store fountain with great ideas and gossip. Bob and Phyl couldn't afford the luxury of Walgreens. They toured the heartless agencies all day, cooled their shoe leather on the outer office benches and dragged home at night—Phyl to the Barbizon, where papa paid the bill, and Bob back up to Yonkers in the middle of the morning, rolling out right after dawn to earn his breakfast.

But nothing happened. Bob was just as snakebit on Broadway as he'd been on Fifth Avenue. And even the beauty and spunk that Phyllis Iseley packed didn't crack one producer's armor. The answer was always, "Sorry." Then they heard about the Cherry Lane Theater down in Greenwich Village where, if you really loved your acting, you might get in a play. Luck broke for Bob and Phyl the first time they called on Paul Gilmore. He ran the tiny place for just such unknown, poor but talented kids as Bob and Phyl.

Paul Gilmore was an old and formerly famous actor but the Cherry Lane was plenty older. In fact, it was antiquated. The stairs were rickety and stage boards creaked. When it rained the trickle might come dripping down anywhere, on audience or actors. Backstage, rats and mice cozily kept house and multiplied.

Bob and Phyl were stars—or at least leads—from the start. They did "Springtime for Henry" and "Three Men on a Horse," old standbys that Phyl had done in stock back in Tulsa. But they did them well, and while fifty cents a night is no road to riches, they were happy. For Bob it was a long haul from the Village clear up to Yonkers, with a way stop at the Barbizon, but he got used to that. Luckily both were the type who got wrapped up in their work, so that the expensive fun Manhattan offers didn't bother them a bit.

Love on a dime, only sometimes it was a nickel—that was Bob and Phyl. But when you're nineteen and she's eighteen—what's money?

But back in Tulsa, Phyllis Iseley's family wasn't so sure. Phyl had gone back East to finish the Academy and here she was playing in some rat trap down in the slums. The Iseleys took a flying trip to New York and when they got a look at the Cherry Lane they weren't impressed. Mr. Iseley was a practical show business man. He owned a chain of theaters in



Oklahoma and Missouri and it was the Iseley Stock Company that Phyl had starred with that traveling tent show summer. Papa Iseley also had an interest in a radio station. He thought his daughter could get just as valuable experience and live a lot more befitting an Iseley back home. He put in a call for New York. There was a spot open on the radio station for a dramatic show and it would be Phyl's baby if she wanted it. She could produce, direct and star in her own show.

The Cherry Lane season would end soon. Phyl thought of Bob up in the Co-op, the struggle he was having and how it ate into her heart. This would be such a wonderful breather for them both—a little money, a project of their own, relief from the grinding, competitive city. But not without Bob.

"Papa, can you use a leading man, too?"

"Sure, bring him along."

Phyl put it up to Bob that night. She didn't say anything about that conversation. She just said the job was open for both of them and it was a wonderful break. What could he lose? It sounded swell and wherever Phyl went that was for Bob Walker.

let's go . . .

Phyl went on to get things started and Bob followed West. First, though, he went around to Aunt Tenny's and patched up things. On his record. Hortense Odum decided Bob had plenty of character to get by and obviously anybody who would act the hard way he did down in the Village and play houseboy days for his board and keep wasn't lacking in character.

Tulsa was almost like being back home in Ogden. A small, live-wire Western city, plenty up-to-date and receptive to new ideas. The Radio Lab Phyl and Bob worked up was one and it went over like a B-29. The Phyllis Iseley Radio Theater was the official tag. Phyl and Bob acted in all the air plays, wrote, directed, studied and pioneered. They had the time of their lives and the program was a success all of its fourteen weeks' run. They made \$50 a week between them, and on top of that Bob took over the job of managing a movie house of the Iseley chain. That brought in another twenty-five. They were practically filthy rich.

Bob camped in Tulsa at a boarding house down town from the Iseley's, but somehow he seldom showed up there for meals. Generally Phyl would say, "Oh, come on home!" and it was hard to refuse. Pretty soon he was accepted as one of the family and nobody in Tulsa batted a surprised eye when they announced their marriage. They knew it would happen someday, but even Bob and Phyl didn't dare hope it would be so soon. He was still 19 and Phyl 18 when they said "I do."

That was right after the P. I. Radio Theater had completed its successful run. By then, between Phyl and Bob, there was a nice little starting out stake of \$600. Papa Iseley came through with a gorgeous red convertible Packard for a wedding gift and with the wheel in his hands, Bob had only one idea.

"We've got to drive to Ogden so the folks can meet you," said Bob. So that was their honeymoon.

On the way they stopped in Salt Lake to meet the old F Street gang, and show lovely Phyl off to the Walker clan. And in Ogden, Horace and Zella Walker swelled like pouter pigeons when they introduced their beautiful new daughter around town.

Now Bob hinted. "You know, Hollywood's not far away. It would be a shame not to go there, long as we're so close."

"I've never seen Hollywood," said Phyl. "Look," argued Bob. "I've got an uncle who has a drag at R.K.O. I'll bet we could get tests. It would be easy with all the experience we've had. What do you say?"



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Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.





"How much money have we left?" asked Phyl.

"About four hundred bucks."

Bob had forgotten his Hollywood heart-break long ago when he came up full of beans and the bright boy actor of San Diego Army and Navy; but after all, he was just a raw kid then. Now it would be different. They had influential friends. Phyl's father had Hollywood connections. It should be a breeze to get a break. Once they got a wedge in they always came through. There were lots of arguments you could toss at yourself kicking the idea around in your head, like that. The red car was just built for Hollywood Boulevard. Four hundred bucks, sunshine, palms and careers waiting to be plucked.

"Aunt Daisy" ran a boarding house up on La Brea, just North of Sunset Boulevard, in the heart of Hollywood. She was a sweet, motherly old lady and perennially young in heart. All her boarders for years, it seemed, had been youngsters like the couple who drove up, busting to show Hollywood a thing or two. She had a room for the honeymooners and also inexhaustible advice and encouragement. The room was cheap and the advice absolutely free.

They moved into Aunt Daisy's Hollywood haven and before they'd unpacked their bags the hunt was on. Bob and Phyl both toted a formidable sheaf of letters of recommendation from their New York dramatic professors and the Cherry Lane.

Bob came back bursting to Aunt Daisy's one night with the glad news. "We're getting a test at R.K.O." They knew his uncle there and they had smiled sweetly.

Aunt Daisy came through with a celebration feed that night. She always had to be in on all the results of Bob and Phyl's day. When they'd come dragging in from their studio rounds, no matter how late, she'd shoo them into the kitchen and

put on the coffee pot. "Now, dears," she'd say, when she had them sitting at the kitchen table. "Tell Aunt Daisy all about it." As the tale unwound she'd nod her head wisely and give advice.

**same old brush-off . . .**

Sometimes Bob and Phyl took her advice and sometimes they didn't. But the results were about the same. It was the old brush, the freeze. The polite boot, or the old square-toed kick, not subtle but convincing. At R.K.O. it was more refined and ladylike. Bob got whizzed through his "relative" test there so fast that his head was dizzy. "Ah—that's fine—now, speak your lines—fine—perfect—perfect—cut . . . A great personality, Mr. Walker—photograph like a million—never heard such a recording voice—goodbye—goodbye—we'll call you—don't you call us. . ."

At M.G.M. the treatment was more direct. They just said "No"—period—and they said it right away. It is a little bewildering to Bob, today, to recall his first contact with Leo who purrs happily at his approach today (and why not—he's one of M.G.M.'s biggest bets!). Back then, Bob couldn't even find Culver City in the first place. He zig-zagged the red Packard over half Southern California before he could locate the studio he'd read about. And when he got there at last the closest he got to an interview was the girl at the reception desk in Casting. His name? Did he have an appointment? No? Then, she was sorry. Goodbye. Next?

Bob and Phyl got their biggest chance at Paramount. They worked their hearts out to get in there, pulling all the wires they knew and finally wangling a test from that young minded studio, then interested in building up young stars. They knocked themselves out at Aunt Daisy's, running up her light bill polishing off

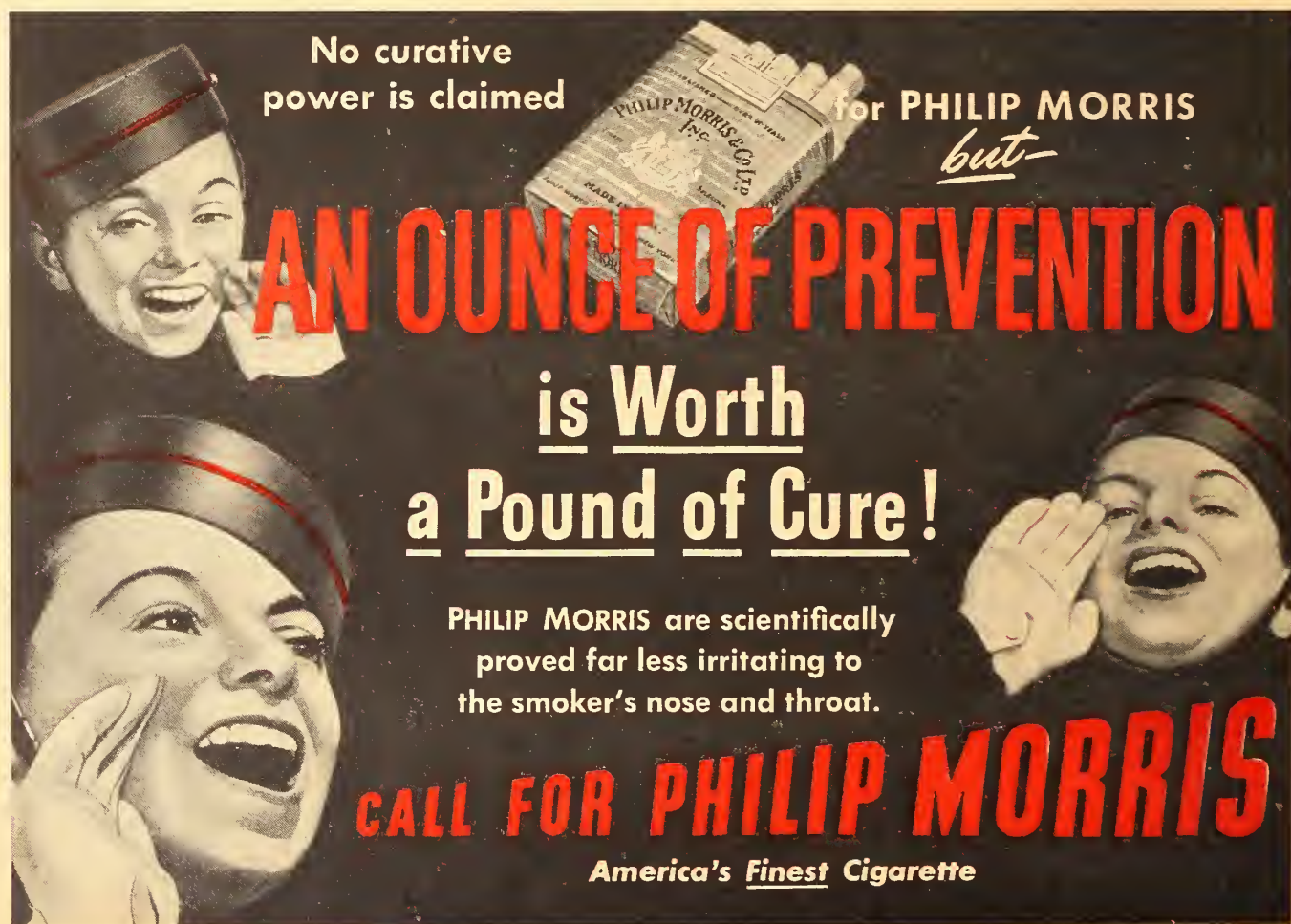
scenes from Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "Tovarich." That, they figured, with typical little theater reasoning, was the stuff to show.

It was a *wrong* mistake. If Bob and Phyl had been less highbrow they might have had a chance. Frank Freeman, the Paramount boss, came into the testing stage six times to give them the eagle eye. But all the artistic acting that Bob and Phyl were throwing around wasn't what he had in mind for the Paramount stock company. A couple of young, appealing kids, such as Bob and Phyl undoubtedly were, might have won a double contract in a walk, by other tactics. As it was, Paramount teetered on the fence for weeks about Phyl, who interested them most, and Bob himself just missed snagging a part in "Henry Aldrich." But in the end the decision was thumbs down.

Phyl finally landed—at Republic—in "New Frontier," a western with John Wayne, and Bob found himself actually before a camera with film in it at Walter Wanger's, chasing Helen Parrish with some other stock kids in and out of "Winter Carnival," one of the saddest film efforts the Lone Star Wanger ever produced. But it was \$75 a week for Bob while it lasted.

Bob wasn't too sensitive. He had no illusions about his early Hollywood art. He was interested mainly in keeping solvent. While he made "Winter Carnival" he packed manuscripts to the set, read and synopsisized them for a story agent, Dave Bader, who'd given him a \$35-a-week reading job. He spent most nights that way, too. Both he and Phyl were determined the Iseleys weren't going to play Santa Claus any more.

Bob and Phyl left Aunt Daisy's for a little dream cottage they found in Laurel Canyon for \$35 a month, with a fireplace, cozy furnitu. and everything. It was their first home really, but even at \$35



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it was an extravagance for the Robert Walkers. Sometimes Phyl came through with a dinner. But mostly she was too busy chasing a job. They dined at Thrifty Drug Stores, hamburger stands and wherever they could. It wasn't all love-in-garret, Hollywood style, though. They rolled along the Pacific Coast in the soft moonlight in the big Packard, just as if the world was a bowl of peaches and cream. Then the gilt rubbed off and the hard, cold brass of Hollywood showed underneath. "I didn't come out here to read scripts," grumbled Bob.

"If you think I'm going to be the cow-girl of the Golden West, you're crazy," rebelled Phyl. They looked at each other and the look met in the middle and spelled "New York." They practically dived for their bags and started packing.

By the time they were packed and cleared out of the bungalow, Bob and Phyl had sobered up. They remembered—New York is expensive, acting is undependable. They both looked at the shiny, red Packard outside. It had been their bucker-upper all through Hollywood.

goodbye, car . . .

Phyl spoke first. "We'd better sell it." "It's our wedding gift."

She bit her lip. "We'd better sell it."

They got \$1100 for it. That got them to New York, paid the first month's rent on an apartment in Woodside, Long Island.

It was fall. The city wore a cocky, bouncy air. The summer visitors were gone and the New Yorkers were back home, rarin' to go. "We can't miss," Bob grinned, optimistically. "Meet you on the 5:15."

But they could miss. In fact, it was very easy—despite their training, despite the people they knew. They missed for four long weeks and then one day, when they met for lunch at Walgreen's counter, Phyl couldn't eat. She didn't feel well, she thought she'd see a doctor. Bob went along. The doctor grinned. "How'd you like to be a father?" he asked Bob.

It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. But it was also a stunning shock to Bob. Marriage was wonderful—responsibilities?—well, he hadn't thought about that, certainly right then he hadn't. Frankly, he got scared. He knew he'd have to do something about it. Suddenly the Broadway acting drama seemed wildly impractical. After he hugged Phyl happily he went outside and had a cigarette.

He'd never thought of radio much before. He knew there was money there, but all he could see was the stage. Now he didn't have the patience to take the brush-offs. He went over to Radio City now—and he found it just as tough. But he landed a tip: An agent named Chamberlain Brown was holding auditions every week for undiscovered talent. In his day Chamberlain Brown had been a big agent on Broadway; he still had the best connections and he'd talked them into looking at the kids he auditioned. It was a good bet and what could a guy lose? Bob went over that week and Phyl went along to help. They did scenes from "The Shining Hour" and "Our Town." A man came up to them afterwards.

"I'm the talent representative here for Paramount," he said. "Gosh, I think you kids are great! How'd you like a test?"

Bob and Phyl laughed. They told him about all the tests at the studios.

"I don't care," said the New York man. "You kids are still great. Let me call them long distance, tell them. If they say yes, will you make another test?"

Sure they would. The man called. He told his story to the Hollywood powers. He built them up big. "What's their names?" asked Hollywood.

"Robert Walker and Phyllis Walker."

The answer came back, "No, thanks!"

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Bob and Phyl hadn't expected anything different. But there was a lady agent who was in solid at NBC, Audrey Wood. She liked them, too. Through her, Bob Walker got his first job on the air, one line in a "Yesterday's Children" show. Five words and his check was \$25. Five bucks a word! To Bob, with his bank account gone and his boy, Bobby, on the way, that was sensational. He plunged into air acting seriously, forgetting the stage, forgetting Broadway. His agent friends, Bill Liebling and Audrey Wood, told him, "Stick around here and keep at it a few months and you'll make a nice living." At that point Bob was ready to settle for just that. He was only twenty-one but he had to be practical. Life, not dreams, was his ticket now and life was a practical business.

In a few months he was busy almost every day, in morning shows like "David Harum," "John's Other Wife," "Stella Dallas"—soap operas and corny tear-jerkers all, but the biggest bonanza in radio.

But long before the big checks came in, Bob and Phyl started tightening their belts for the Big Event. The cozy little apartment in Woodside made them feel like spendthrifts when they checked up on what it cost to have a baby. Their Manhattan friends had the answer, "Move to the Village—it's cheap, and it's handy."

They found an unfurnished walkup over on West Tenth, way past the jail, practically in the slums, for \$18 a month. The kitchen was combined with the living room. The lavatory was in the hall. There was no heat. It was hardly the Ritz Towers.

They lugged their entire house furnishings in from Woodside—one chair, a love seat, a table and two lamps. Bob will never forget the day they moved in. It was raining a gray, sodden downpour, and the Village streets looked incomparably shabby, dirty and old. He hoisted their stock of worldly goods up the stairs. He sat them down and when Phyl surveyed the bleak apartment she curled up in the love seat and buried her face. Bob could have cried too, but neither did. They were so forlorn, weak and weary, it tickled them.

village life . . .

Bob and his wife lived the Bohemian life only briefly. At bottom they were nice, normal western kids and the artistic village simply wasn't their dish. They didn't thrill to all the cults and movements and all-night parties that made the ancient brick patch-up places rock most nights. They didn't drink; they had no political crusades. They didn't paint or sculpt, and unless you could call Bob's script synopses writing, they didn't do anything connected with the arts, except long to act. Phyl sent home for "Polly," her parrot, and "Tinker," the inky black cocker, to help warm up their loft. But as Bobby's arrival drew nearer and nearer they came to their senses and longed for the plain suburbia which was more their speed. The deadline was mighty close when they finally managed to move into a summer shack in Long Beach.

That nest is distinguished in Bob Walker's memory only as the first home of his adored boy, Bobby. It was, frankly, another mistake, in the scrambling attempt of the Walkers to find a place they could call home. They moved there because it seemed to do nothing but rain in the Village and the leaky flat was damp. So to get out of the damp before Baby Bobby came they went to Long Beach. What was worse, Bob talked the landlord into an extra two months free, before the season opened, so they moved in at the height of the clammy seaside spring. Bob picked up an old flivver for \$75 and they chugged out that day with their sticks of furniture. A couple of trips did it and together Bob and Phyl set about unpacking.



They were only half way through—on another day when Phyl thought she'd better stop. It was around three o'clock in the morning when she whispered to Bob and he jumped out of bed and grabbed his clothes. Inwardly he cursed his dumbness for all the jouncing and jolting of their rickety-packety ride in the flivver, for the hasty unpacking and shifting around they'd done to get settled. Now this was it—and there was no phone in the house—and it was raining cats and dogs.

He dashed through the storm down town whistling and yelling for cabs. Luckily, the one prudent thing Bob had done was to tell the cab office he might need one that night. Luckily, they had one there. In a matter of minutes the Walkers were skidding down the pavement to Jamaica in as wild a ride as Bob cares to remember. All the dreadful tales he'd heard about everything connected with babies flashed through his mind—and it was all his fault. He was a nervous wreck and prepared to be more so when they closed the maternity ward door on him at five A.M. But in ten minutes the nurse popped out, smiling, "Congratulations," she beamed, "You're the proud father of a fine son!"

Bob just gawked. He'd thought he'd be pacing all the morning and maybe into the night. With his red curls matted and his clothes soggy and wet, he looked more like the kid who'd run away from home back in Salt Lake City, than a brand new, 21-year old father. He muttered, "Th-thanks," and sank weakly down on the bench. Only then did he realize he'd practically had the baby with Phyl, through all that day and night of moving and getting settled. The hospital, reached in the nick of time, was the very end of the event. From that moment on, Bob Walker felt, as he feels today, that he's an especially privileged parent. What's more, Bobby brought him bright new luck. He landed jobs in two new radio shows the very next day.

But you could hardly attribute all of Robert Walker's success in Radio City to Baby Bob. As he did better and better—won spots on night shows, too, like the Aldrich Family—what was paying off was the training, natural talent, the thorough hard work, the urge for perfection which has always marked Robert Walker's bid for fame. He still owns the recording machine he bought for Phyl to wax his programs at home. They'd replay them together and find out what he'd done on the air that wasn't as good as it could be.

Before long the Walkers were edging right along toward Easy Street. They moved from the Long Beach shack to a furnished house in Garden City, where, a year after Bobby, Michael boosted their family to four.

**smooth sailing . . .**

Outside of occasional snags, Bob and Phyllis Walker sailed along, as smooth as silk. When Bob snagged his own air show, "Maudie's Diary," and got billed over the air, when he found himself dragging down \$300 and \$400 a week and getting his name in radio, he began to believe—against his inner voice—that this was the life. He bought a swell new Buick convertible to race back and forth to town in. He moved the family to wealthy Sands Point, Long Island, to a dreamy Colonial house, set in four green acres. He joined the exclusive Sands Point Club, played tennis with Phyl and his friends while the boys splashed in the salt-water pool. They took in the Forest Hills tennis matches, drove around Long Island in the summer, took long walks by the sea and thrilled to watch their boys get a healthy outdoors start. They even got a nurse for the kids, to take the load off Phyl.

Because Bob was the working breadwinner, ever since they came back from

## Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

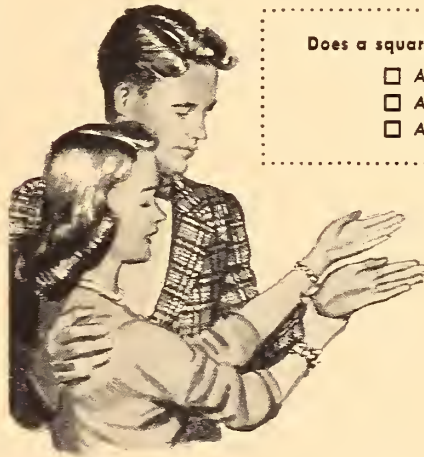
- ☐ Give up breathing
- ☐ Minimize the midriff
- ☐ Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And to help you stay dainty, there's a *deodorant* in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!



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- ☐ An inquiring mind
- ☐ An impulsive nature
- ☐ A dynamic personality



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- ☐ A pickle-pan
- ☐ Dracula's mother
- ☐ Justified

This little lap-lander didn't *mean* to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering... on "those" days, as well, for if you use *care* in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection from problem-day accidents!



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Hollywood and found Broadway closed clam-tight to their joint assaults, Bob achieved the prosperity on his own, while Phyl took care of the home and family. That's the way both of them wanted it, although deep inside the old frustrated acting spark had never been doused in either Bob or the beautiful girl who was to become Hollywood's Jennifer Jones. She still went over his radio scripts with him, criticised his shows, and for fun sometimes when the nights were rainy and the kids put to bed, they'd build a fire and go through one of the old plays they did together at the Academy and the Cherry Lane. Hollywood—that seldom came up—the memories weren't too pleasant—but Broadway still was an open crush with both Walkers and they admitted it. In fact, their greatest pleasures were the trips in town to see a play. Before the nurse came they worked out an alternating deal. One night Phyl stayed home with the kids while Bob drove in town to catch a hit performance. The next time he fed the boys and put them to bed while Phyl had a night at the theater. With the babies under a nurse's care, they made the trip together. And when they did, Bob noticed the rapt look that Phyl wore for days. She was born to act herself, as he was, he knew, and he wasn't surprised when, with the household running smoothly at last, she started driving in town with him days, just as she said, "to look around."

**Phyllis scores one . . .**

Nor was any one in New York more tickled than Bob when Phyl met him one afternoon at their favorite spot on 51st Street, bubbling about a chance to test for the Chicago company of "Claudia." Dorothy Maguire had made that one a big Broadway hit. The words "Chicago Company" gave Bob's heart a twinge but they were two of a kind and he caught the thrill of the break. It was second nature. "Gosh, Phyl, that's great," grinned Bob. "Chicago—there's lots of radio there. Maybe I could get a spot and come along."

They had a drink to celebrate. But Phil didn't get the part. Another Phyllis, Phyllis Thaxter, was author Rose Franken's choice. For both Phyls, however, that test was a one-way ticket to Hollywood—only Phyl Walker got there first. Selnick's alert New York scout saw her and phoned his boss. At that time Twentieth Century was combing the world for the one and only Bernadette for the great religious picture, "The Song of Bernadette." So when Phyl Walker lost, she won. But could she fly out to Hollywood and make a test for "Bernadette?" "Wait until I call my husband," said Phyl.

It was hard to tell it over the phone. But she babbled something and then raced out to Sands Point. Bob and Phyl stayed up most of the night making excited plans. Phyl would go to Hollywood, of course. What a wonderful unbelievable chance! And Bob—he'd keep on with "Maudie's Diary" and watch over the nurse and Bobby and Mike in Sands Point. It was all a long, impossible gamble, but what a swell kick to be thinking and hoping.

So Phyllis Walker flew off to Hollywood, saying, "I'll call you the minute I know!" And it seemed like Bob would have no nails left at all by the time he heard the operator say "Los Angeles calling." Still, he really didn't believe it could happen to Phyl—not—boom!—like that. Maybe she'd get a stock contract, anyway.

He was home with the kids when the call came. It was short and sweet. "Bob," came the familiar voice, high with excitement, "I've got it. I'm Bernadette."

Bob had a hard time keeping his own voice level. All the old plugging, undiscovered actor came back to him and he was as tickled as if it had happened to



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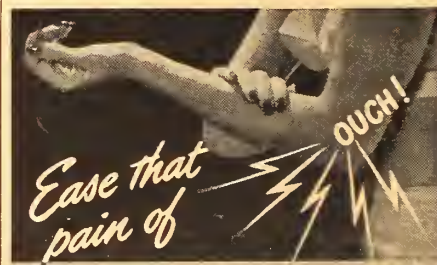
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him. "I'll send out the kids with the nurse," he said, "so you won't be lonely. And maybe later I can come out myself."

"Hurry," said Phyl.

It was Bob who broke up the home at Sands Point, stored the furniture, packed off the boys and the nurse, made the inventories, cleaned up the odds and ends. He knew he couldn't stick in New York with his family 3,000 miles away.

Soft radio spot or not, he had to go West, too. He talked it over with his agent, Marcella Knapp. "There's plenty of big time radio in Hollywood." She wasn't saying anything Bob didn't already know. The glamor end of radio had practically moved to the Coast. "You won't have any trouble getting set in radio, but look," urged Miss Knapp, "Hollywood means one big thing—pictures. Why don't you take some screen tests while you're there?"

Bob laughed. "You should see my report cards," he scoffed. "Ask Paramount, RKO, M-G-M—any of 'em. It's a long and sad story. For radio—yes, but for pictures—well, no studio has ever chanted, 'We want Walker!'"

Marcella Knapp planted one on the button. "Of course, they were crazy about Phyl from the start. That's why she's doing 'Bernadette' today, I suppose."

She had him. Bob grinned. "Okay," he said, "if they start waving screen tests in my face I won't run."

**look who's here! . . .**

He had told Phyl he'd be showing up on a certain date in December, when his radio contract left him off the hook. Happily for Bob that event came around two weeks early. He rushed home and packed his bags and grabbed a train. He was aboard before he realized he hadn't even called Phyl. He started to write a telegram and then tore it up. A dad doesn't get a chance to surprise his wife and kids often.

Bob rolled up in a cab to the apartment house in Beverly Hills and rang the doorbell. Phyl opened the door—and almost fainted with surprise into his arms.

That was almost Christmas. They scurried around town and came up with a house, in time to give the boys a real Christmas, with tree and toys and everything like they had back East. They didn't know it then, but that was to be the last Christmas they would spend together as Bob and Phyl Walker. The day after Bob came to town he was home when the telephone rang and he answered it.

"Hello, is Miss Jones there?"

"Who?" asked Bob.

"Jennifer Jones."

Bob yelled, "Phyl, do you know any Jennifer Jones' around here?"

She laughed. "Sure I do—that's me."

Maybe it's best to leave the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Walker on the happy note of that last Christmas of 1942. Not too long afterwards, when Bob was making "See Here, Private Hargrove" and Jennifer was deep in "The Song of Bernadette," they decided to part. No one knows why and few even guess. Neither Bob nor his Phyl has ever explained, nor do they intend to. It is none of our business, either. Their family still flourishes, normally, happily, with Bobby and Mike growing into healthy, husky boys, dividing their time between their adoring parents. And one thing is certain—it wasn't unbalanced success—the trite but often too true story behind movietown breakups. Because Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker—going their separate ways—became two of the brightest young stars in the Hollywood heavens. Bob's Phyl won her Academy Oscar with her first camera part. Her Hollywood career is screen history that bears no repeating here. Neither does Bob's.

He took that test almost the minute he got in town when M-G-M wanted a young

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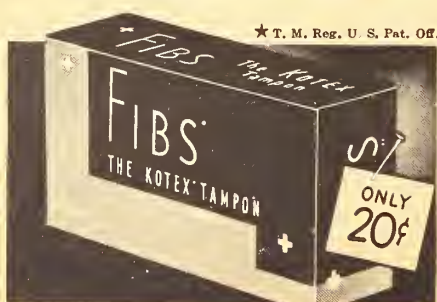
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sailor type for "Bataan." He won his contract in a few minutes. "Private Hargrove" made him a star in his second picture. "Since You Went Away," "The Clock," "Her Highness and the Bellboy," "Sailor Takes A Wife"—for Bob they have marked a steady progression toward the highest shelf of Hollywood achievement. He's played in nothing but hits, he's done nothing but stand-out acting jobs. And along the way he has stubbornly, gradually won a victory over the big bugaboo he had to lick for his personal satisfaction—the tenacious type-casting yen of Hollywood to keep him forever a bashful boy, a perpetual clumsy Private Hargrove.

Only the other day Bob, now twenty-seven, reached movie maturity at last when M-G-M gave in and handed him his first thoroughly grown-up job, one that offers the greatest acting challenge of his life. They picked him to play the late, great popular composer, Jerome Kern, in "Till The Clouds Roll By," Hollywood's musical saga of that melody master's life.

Along with that plum, they handed Bob a new three-year contract which matches his star-standing with what makes the world go 'round—money! So immediately, Bob started looking around Hollywood for an apartment house to buy. Because the kid from Salt Lake is still a Walker and like a good Mormon, he's always thinking of his family. Two years from now his dad, Horace Walker, will retire from his job in Ogden and Bob thinks it would be swell to have the folks down in Hollywood. He knows they'd go crazy just sitting around, so he'd like to hand them the apartment house to manage. And that's a dream that looks like it might soon come true.

He picked another dream out of the sky last year, when he traveled back to New York for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater on Broadway. Years ago, when he first hit New York, Bob and his brother, Walt, used to sit in the Capitol on Sunday afternoons and 'way back then he'd look at the blazing marquee and muse, "Wonder how I'd look up there?" He looked swell this year in mile-high letters, on all four sides. "ROBERT WALKER... IN PERSON" and he knows it's corny but he couldn't help hauling out of bed at dawn and hiking over from the Waldorf to watch the workmen hang the letters up as he muttered, "I never thought it would happen to me!"

**broadway on the brain . . .**

There's still his dream of those same words announcing a starring play on Broadway, and that's one he'll never give up until it's a reality. It blends inseparably with one great ambition in life—an ambition he's clung to since the San Diego Army and Navy Academy days—to be a fine, polished actor. Sometimes it's hard for Hollywood to understand that side of the quiet guy who loses his personal self in the major art of his life.

Bob made his most poignant film scene so far in "Since You Went Away"—the farewell love scene which he played tenderly with Jennifer Jones, the girl who only weeks before had been his wife, Phyl Walker. Sensing a story, a reporter colared him on the Selznick set.

"How can you stand," he asked, "to make love like that to your wife when you've just separated?" He drew a puzzled stare from Bob Walker.

"Why," he said at last. "That's got nothing to do with me and Phyl. You see, it's acting."

But the world which sees his pictures takes a more personal view of Robert Walker, as the world always does when a screen actor becomes a star. Acting craft or not, what comes across when Bob Walker faces a camera is something people like, and if personality, as the sages say, is the sum

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of all experience—then Bob Walker has been on the right track to success since his runaway Salt Lake City days. Because wherever you go, you don't find any complaints.

The other day, before Bob was set for his dream part in "Till The Clouds Roll By," and before the composer's tragic passing, Jerome Kern sat in the office of Arthur Freed, the M-G-M producer. Kern's consent was necessary before Freed could cast the starring part.

"There's only one actor I can see doing it, Jerry," stated Freed. "And that's Robert Walker."

The composer smiled and reached for the telephone. "Just a minute," he said. "Let me call my wife." He dialed that number. "Hello, Eva? Listen—I'm in Arthur Freed's office and he suggests Robert Walker to play me in the picture, what do you think?"

Jerome Kern grinned and tilted the receiver so Arthur Freed could hear. "Well, Jerry," said Mrs. Kern, "you send Robert Walker home to me and you can stay there and play the part yourself!"

## LANA by JAMES M. CAIN

(Continued from page 52)

the "played line," as they call it on the stage. I don't mean she acts when she talks to you. But she becomes intense, and makes every effort to make you feel what she is saying to you. Yet her face is always animated with a real sparkle; expressions flit across it with the rapidity of shadows and light on water. She has never acquired a broad A, and there is nothing about her speech that suggests the stage, screen or radio.

Yet of course I was curious as to why she had wanted to play in my story. When a woman goes romantic over a hobo, then helps him kill her husband, you couldn't exactly call her "sympathetic." So I asked her what had attracted her to Cora. "Her honesty," said Lana.

I almost choked on my tea. "Honesty! Are you kidding?"

honest cora . . .

"Look," said Lana, "Cora didn't pretend to herself. She knew she was a punk, and that what she was going to do about it was wrong. But she wanted something out of life. She wanted something she could never get if she went along in the same old rut."

"And what did she want?" I asked.

"Respectability!"

"I've often wondered if my readers could believe that."

"I believe it. It's what made Cora so human. She'd kill a man so she could have a little piece of property away out in the hills, a lunchroom, some cabins, and a filling station. Then she'd be something. That's what she said. Well that's so silly you can't help feeling sorry for her. But a lot of things people do don't make any sense, and when she was so honest with herself about it, I wanted to play her. And I loved the chances I had to show her when she was human just like anybody else. There she was—just a woman in love, doing things for a man, feeling the way other people feel, even if she had killed somebody."

Well, there's Cora in a nutshell. Lana understood her better than I did. And I wrote the book! The hunch I'd had about Lana was completely justified. She's more than a glamour girl. She's an actress. When she played Cora, she was Cora. I think she's going to make a hit of that "Postman" book yet!

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(1)

## TEEN DREAM

(Continued from page 56)

in the hazy way of nocturnal happenings when a bearded man (the beard blows back and forth like fog) tells Dolly that her father and mother have gone mad.

By this time, Dolly is trying to run away, but her legs have the power of soaked spaghetti and as she looks back over her shoulder, the little old man begins to laugh a horrible, shaking laugh, while shouting, "And you're crazy, too."

Then she wakes up.

This should prove conclusively and for all time that dreams are a lot of nonsense, because Dolly Loehr is Diana Lynn of Paramount, and—together with her urbane, charming mother and father—the Hollywood family Loehr is one of the most sensible and intelligent in America.

Diana is now nineteen, but like her contemporaries who are seniors in high school, or who are going to business, or who are in their early university years, she relies very much on the judgment of her parents in all business affairs, and they take a courteous but firm hand in her social life.

While Diana is working in a picture, she has to be in bed at nine every night, because she rolls out around 5:30 A.M.

When she's between pictures, she may remain out until twelve-thirty or one, but her parents always know where she is, with whom, and at approximately what time she'll reach home. Frequently her parents are still reading in the living room when she arrives. Sometimes they go into the kitchen to raid the icebox, but Diana usually sticks to a glass of fruit juice instead of lacerating a chicken bone.

It has only been something over a year since she shed her baby fat, and she doesn't want to get it back. Just before Mona Freeman was married, Mona and Diana went to Santa Barbara for a week's rest.

**mona eats, diana watches . . .**

Each morning they would have breakfast together, to wit: Diana: Scrambled eggs with tomatoes and coffee; Mona: Cereal with cream, a heated gooey coffee-cake, a glass of milk, a dish of bananas with cream.

During the morning, tenish or so, Mona would lift her head from the sunbanning sand and observe to her roommate, "I'm hungry. Let's go get a malt."

"For you—yes. For me—no," replied the Spartan Miss Lynn. She even accompanied Mona to the fountain and sat there stoically sipping water while Miss Freeman drooled over a double chocolate awful-awful with whipped cream, nuts, and cherry topping . . . and stayed thin!

There is always an occasion when Dolly skips all thought of appetite control: That's when her father mixes up a batch of his out-of-this-world hot cakes.

An old time friend of the family who is always called "Auntie" arrived one morning last spring with a service man as her guest. "I've been promising him the treat of his life," she announced. "A stack of Loehr cakes. Now don't disappoint me."

The breakfast went on and on. Afterward, Dolly-Diana said ruefully, "I know I've gained three pounds. It was a wonderful breakfast, Dad—never better. But I'll never forgive myself for eating so much—never."

Several months passed. Then, one afternoon, a parcel was delivered to Diana. Shipped from Germany by the service man who had been the rollicking guest at Diana's non-dieting table, was a magnificent hand-made black lace mantilla.

Completely awestruck, Diana managed to say, "I forgive myself."

In addition to being a fugitive from



frosting, Diana has another difficulty: she loses things. When the Loehrs go to a movie, it is standard operating procedure for Mr. Loehr to whisper, "Everybody ready? Dolly, do you have your purse? Your gloves? Your coat? Your hat?"

In one theater, there is an usher who knows Diana and who checks her space the instant she has left the theater. One time he even netted Diana's coat. That was a terrific play!

One night, when Diana and a boy friend started to a party, he stopped her in the hallway and looked her over carefully. "I want to know right now," he said severely, "what you are wearing, holding, or carrying that isn't fastened. I want to get acquainted with whatever you're going to lose so that I won't have any trouble reclaiming it."

At present, Diana's chief boy friends are Loren Tindall and Henry Willson. About a year ago she went through a phase during which she had a new beau every week. She met Army men, Navy men and Marines. She liked them all, introduced them to her family, and told her mother afterward, "Mommy, isn't he positively the most attractive person you've ever seen?"

Said Mrs. Loehr serenely, "Yes, indeed—this week."

This was followed by another phase. One of the Army romances that had endured for much more than a week, suddenly went to pieces—as a few million such romances did from coast to coast and back again. Diana was working in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up" at the time, and she felt as if her heart had grown up to the Rip Van Winkle stage, complete with wrinkles.

After each take, she escaped to her dressing room instead of mingling with the other people on the set. She didn't want to talk, or to listen to someone else talking, or to play gin rummy, or to tune in the radio. She wanted to brood.

At night she would have a silent dinner—vaguely aware that her father and mother were exchanging glances that only great politeness kept from being amused. Then, excusing herself, she would drift to her room and return to her brooding.

Sometimes she read—particularly if the story dealt with a girl to whom all romance had turned to dust. One night she was devouring a particularly clever story when her horrified eye caught a sentence: "She was suffering from a bad case of teen-itis," said the author.

who, me? . . .

Miss Lynn sat up smartly, re-read the story to that point. Have you ever seen yourself in one of those distortion mirrors at the beach? Well, Dolly felt as if . . . in words on a printed page . . . she had seen a distorted image of herself.

She finished the story, turned off the radio, hopped into a shower and into bed. The next morning she came downstairs, humming. To her parents she said, "Think I'll call somebody and make a deal to go to the beach. Just look at that sunshine. What a day! What a day!"

Observed her father, glancing briefly from his newspaper with a straight face, "It says here that Languid Lily has left town, thank God."

Diana isn't on a clothing budget, because Mrs. Loehr has great confidence in Dolly's good sense. Sometimes, of course, she goes berserk. While wandering around with her mother one day, Dolly spotted a stiff rayon taffeta frock, short-formal type, embroidered with spots of sequins. "That's the best looking thing I've seen in years," she enthused. "That's for me!"

"You know how you are," warned Mrs. Loehr. "Your imagination is taken by something pretty dashing, but when you get it home and try it on before going to a

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party, you always lose your courage and wear some simple little afternoon dress."

"Not this time," chirped Dolly. "All the fashion books say that we're slipping into the elegant season, so watch me slip."

Several days later she received an invitation to a small dinner party. "I think you could wear your new dress," suggested Mrs. Loehr.

After thinking it over, Dolly decided that it was a fraction too formal. Better wait for a bigger party. Several weeks passed, then invitations to a really posh affair were put into the mail. "Now you're all set to spring that sequin affair," said Mrs. Loehr, folding the invitation.

"I'm a cinch," agreed Dolly. Came the night of the affair. She descended the stairs in a girlish blue frock, explaining, "I've talked to some of the other girls to find out what they were going to wear, and this is more appropriate."

To date, the lavish job hasn't been worn outside Diana's bedroom.

**mad hatter . . .**

Another pet madness of Diana's is hats. The wilder they are, the lovelier they seem. When she went to New York on a personal appearance tour this fall, she had only one day to shop with a friend.

So they descended upon one of the most imaginative milliners in town, and Diana began to try on hats. In joyous succession, she selected six, one a little more fantastic than the other. "At least," Diana said proudly, "I can go home and show off my headgear when everyone asks me what I did in New York."

For the first luncheon to which she was invited on her return, Diana got gussied up like Easter on Fifth Avenue; she was BUT elegant. Mad hat, slim, slick dress, gloves the gay shade of the hat, and mood strictly from Manhattan.

Everyone raved over her; the outfit was a huge success. But early in the afternoon, Diana removed the hat as inconspicuously as possible. When she reached home, she was carrying it.

Since that time she has worn a second hat, but the other four New York purchases remain on the closet shelf, leering maliciously at the unworn sequin dress.

Shortly before Mona Freeman was married, Diana gave a shower for her. In discussing it, one of the guests said, "I've been trying to think what it was about that party that struck me so forcibly. The girls all looked like high school or college students instead of professional people."

**typical teensters . . .**

"When we arrived, Mrs. Loehr and Diana were beside Mona in a receiving line—the first I've seen in lackadaisical Hollywood for a long time. When gift time came, Mona sat in the middle of the floor, opened her parcels and squealed with delight, then passed around the gifts for everyone to see. The presents were charming, but not embarrassingly expensive.

"For refreshments, we had ice cream, chocolate cake, and coffee. I've been trying to think why I was so impressed," said the guest.

Her friend, who had also attended the party, laughed. "Well, the answer's simple: There were no gold-plated goblets among the bride's gifts, and there was no champagne served. Everyone was natural, sincere and friendly. Here's the secret: that party would have been in perfect taste in Detroit, or Dallas, or Denver."

So there you have it: Dolly-Diana could belong to your Girl's Club or your sorority, and she'd fit in perfectly. There she is, worrying about weight, fussing about clothes, forgetting her belongings, mooning over boy friends, amusing her parents, but generally having a smooth time—a typical teenster.



## HOBO HAMLET

(Continued from page 46)

terrors for Dane, ever since he headed his jalopy west one day and decided to smack the movies right in the nose. Knocking around the country playing road company shows, Dane collected a flock of rugged experiences Hollywood could never match in a million years, and he thanks his lucky stars today for that. For one thing, because it's whetted an edge on his slashing personality that paid off on the screen the minute he got a break, and tagged him pronto as the most vital package of male star material to storm the studios in years. For another, because his strictly-from-hunger tramping past had handed Dane Clark's natural eager-beaver ambition a keep-punching spirit that turned a raw college athlete into a finished actor. And for a third, because it got him into the habit of seizing a chance by the neck, like a bulldog, and hanging on until something happened.

Take the day, a couple of years ago, that Dane latched on to a flock of refusals and turned them into a ticket to fame.

He'd been eased out of Producer Jerry Wald's office twice that day, when he followed up a tip that there was an acting job open with Humphrey Bogart in "Action in the North Atlantic."

"No," said Jerry, the first time Dane breezed in. "I'm looking for a young John Garfield."

"Why look further?" asked Dane. "That's me."

"Goodbye now," said Mr. Wald.

The second time it was more painful. "Sorry," explained Producer Wald. "You see, this guy has to act right along with Bogart."

"I think he can keep up with me," said Dane with a straight face.

"Are you kidding?" barked Mr. Wald, closing the door.

The third time Dane ducked his fresh face in, Jerry Wald was patiently grim.

"Look," he said. "There's no use of all this. I might as well tell you I've already tested twenty experienced actors for the part."

"Then why not make it twenty-one?" came back Dane. "What have you got to lose?"

That struck Mr. Wald as logical—and besides, his defenses were crumbling before Dane Clark's undismayed peppering persistence. He waved him through to the test stage—maybe to get rid of the guy, and Warner's got themselves a brand new star.

**learning to be a tough guy . . .**

When Dane's friends tell him to take it easy and relax, for a change, he usually grins and relates to them the above handy incident. "Suppose I'd taken 'No' for the answer the first trip," he points out. "Where would I be today? In a furnished room with housekeeping privileges, that's where—sitting around frying eggs and latching on to the extra line!"

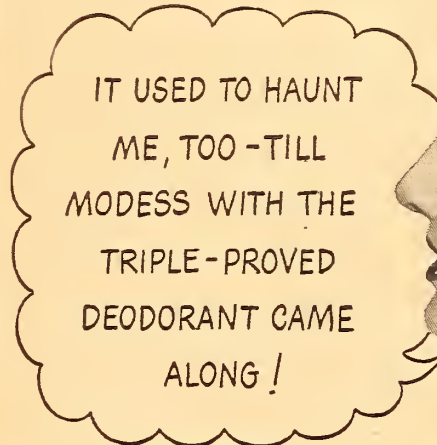
He doesn't bother to explain that what's made him tough inside and tuned up like a dynamo was the catch-as-catch-can career up and down the land scratching a living out of heartbreaks, disappointments and stranded hopes, and bouncing back from dainty haymakers by Lady Luck.

He had it coming, of course, because no pea was ever greener than Dane Clark was about the emoting game when he walked in with his guard down back in New York just fresh out of college. Even today Dane will put you straight right away. "I'm no actor's actor," he'll tell you right off without apologizing a bit. "I'm not artistic. I'm just realistic." Oddly enough, Dane

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City \_\_\_\_\_ if any \_\_\_\_\_



hung up one of his best bits of realism on his first crack at acting—only it wasn't on the stage.

That was when Dane was drifting around trying to find himself after they'd dressed him up in a cap and gown at St. John's University, where he'd taken a law course after Cornell. Somehow, after all the boning he'd done, law just didn't make Dane vibrate and when he'd walked off the campus for keeps he made a few feeble passes at a legal career but found himself relying for his cakes and coffee on another radically different type of endeavor. He'd hired himself out as a sparring partner for a lot of leather pushers and even taken a crack at the prize ring himself. He'd played pro baseball and football and he'd even picked up a few bucks modeling for a sculptor, cashing in on his body beautiful and the three varsity letters he won at Cornell and St. John's.

his first great role . . .

But his conscience was poking him around the bed at night and maybe that's why he tried this acting effort first. It wasn't anything exactly to cover the front pages of the Sunday drama sections—in fact, as Dane remembers, he was Third Assistant Bearer of Spears and Number Ten in the Chorus of Off-Stage Voices—just the same, he thought he ought to take it seriously. But it's hard to take eight dollars, his weekly check, very seriously when a chance arrives to pick off \$75 for an afternoon of fun. That's how he found out about realism in acting.

Because right in the middle of his first week of the artistic life, up popped a chance to play with a pro team against the Brooklyn Eagles at Ebbetts Field and there was \$75 practically in his pocket.

Well, the only thing Dane could think of to do was see if he really had any hidden talent. He didn't stop to consider that he was picking a tough audience of professionals for his dramatic debut. He just walked right into the theater before the afternoon show, put on a long face, summoned some crocodile tears and a quavering voice, and when everyone gathered around, sobbed out that his mother was desperately ill. "Why you poor boy, go right home!" chorused the cast. But Dane mumbled some corny crack, between sobs, that the show must go on, and worked up even more sympathy. They packed him out the stage door and Dane hopped a subway right out to the field.

Only right in the middle of the scrimmage he tangled with a tough tackle on the Eagles and when he picked himself up his lip was split, his nose flattened and a black eye was spreading over his face like an eclipse of the moon. He thought that would cook him for sure at the evening performance when he showed up with the telltale scars of combat. But when they asked him what happened he spied out a long tale about rushing out for the doctor and running into a door. Even that got over and worked up so much sympathy that Dane felt ashamed of himself.

Of course, they weren't tossing breaks Dane's way right and left in those early days. For a long time he was plenty lucky to find himself billed in fine print down at the bottom of the program under "Ensemble." Clark wasn't choosy, and maybe, too, he wasn't good. But he never lacked enthusiasm. He landed one job heckling from the audience in one of those audience participation plays they're always trying around Broadway. Dane's big moment was to rise up out of the pit at a strategic moment and yell, "Shut up, you big bum!" Then he had to race down the aisle, jump up on the stage and wrestle one of the actors around the stage. Not exactly the sort of thing to cop an Academy Oscar or whatever they hand

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out around Broadway. But the way Dane figured, whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing up brown. He screamed so loud that a couple of old dowagers in front of him fainted away and almost had heart attacks and getting into the aisle, he got so tangled up with another row of females that he bowled half of them over. They rose and stomped out indignantly and the house manager read him the riot act.

Another time they had Dane mixed up in one of those gusty dramas about prisoners and stool pigeons and his particular stage job was to uncover a jerk who'd been singing to the cops and choke the daylights out of him. Strictly with motions, of course. But to Dane choking was choking and he got so wrapped up in his art that the poor Thesp turned as purple as the Northern Lights and two other actors had to run over and louse up the performance to pry Dane away.

That event in his all-out saga happened right after one of Dane's artistic enthusiasms busted up his first real chance to make a name for himself in the arty stage set and left him right where he'd started from—only maybe a little farther back.

The play was "Coriolanus" and Dane's job was playing Junius Brutus, a rabble rousing Roman who spent most of his time on the stage making long speeches to imaginary mobs. The play was one of those modern, stylized productions making its debut before a special Sunday audience of nobody but highbrows. All the drama critics were there and the swallow-tailed pooh-bahs of Manhattan's "theatah." Not only was it Dane's first crack at a real speaking part, at Shakespeare and at the center of the stage, but it was also his first chance to show himself off to the People Who Count.

But that prospect only made Dane double up on his high octane, super charged job approach. So he tore his heart out in every rehearsal speech, screamed, thundered and raved and ranted so perfectly tremendously terrific that when he woke up the Sunday morning of the performance he could barely open his mouth and squeak. He went on stage sounding like a bullfrog with tonsillitis and walked off again without half his important audience hearing what he'd croaked. The critics were not impressed and after that debacle Dane Clark decided the best thing he could do was get out of town.

#### art for art's sake . . .

How he ever let himself in for the beating he took with "Sailor Beware" Dane will never know, except that he was young and foolish and trusting and as always, an eager beaver supreme. But right after his disastrous tangle with art and Shakespeare he went for the phony project of a fast talking promoter hook, line and sinker. We'll call the wacky impresario Fred, because that's not his name. Fred was the owner, business manager, director, advance agent, press agent and everything else for "Sailor Beware." He was also the star and his wife was the leading lady.

Life began for Dane and the other young hopeful suckers in an attic over a delicatessen, where they had to yell at rehearsals to make themselves heard above the El train that rattled by inches away. But that made it all the better because at last Dane told himself he was in the real thing. It was La Boheme, art for art's sake, the divine fire, and a couple of Muses thrown in. Like the rest of the kids who fell for Fred's fast talk, he was fired up like a furnace at the very suggestion of "the road." There was nobody in the audience to yell, "You'll be sorry," either—although the funny part is Dane's not sure he is sorry.

Anyway, they all met for the triumphal tour one gray dawn at 45th Street and Broadway and piled their luggage into a train of the rattiest automobiles Dane had



## ACT I: Back Home to Mother . . .

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ever seen, fugitives from a junk heap. Still he wasn't dismayed although he'd been rehearsing for weeks and weeks without any pay except promises and fine talk. They rattled and wheezed down toward Wheeling, West Virginia, in the chilly fall weather and almost froze in the Alleghenies. Half the cars rattled and died en route. Of course there wasn't a red cent to have them fixed or even to keep the gas tanks full and if the Mighty Art Players themselves hadn't dug down into their pocketbooks, that part of the Drama Caravan that finally made it to Wheeling would never have showed up.

As it was, when curtain time came for their gala first night in Wheeling, two-thirds of the cast of "Sailor Beware" were scattered around the West Virginia mountains with flat tires, and among them was the leading man, director, producer, etc.: Fred. Somehow, Dane and the survivors scraped together a ragged performance, but, naturally the audience hooted and the theater informed them pronto that the engagement was terminated. Next morning Fred arrived. Turned out he'd spent the night undismayed with a bottle.

**barnstorming commands . . .**

That fiasco should have been the tip-off of coming events, but Fred had a mesmerizing way about him that Dane admires to this day. When the going got tough, that's when Fred really got in the groove. He could tell the most awe-inspiring fibs, make the most glowing promises and charm the arm off a statue. Looking back, Dane cherishes the experience as a liberal education and a living lesson in how to live off hot air. When the cast grumbled, Fred raised salaries magnanimously. Dane had his salary hiked so many times that, on promises he was making Hollywood wages, although in cold cash he thinks he collected all of ten bucks. He even had a percentage of the show, as it was, which Fred liberally bestowed one time when he put up a squawk.

They found out in Wheeling that the advance bookings were as phony as Fred. They were really on a barnstorming tour, set to live off the land like Commandos. The next target was Toledo, Ohio, where "Sailor Beware" was streamlined down to a prologue for movie theaters, but sounded good to a gullible theater manager hypnotized by Fred's high flown telegrams. Dane will never forget his entry into Toledo.

He started out again over the mountains in one of the surviving shaky heaps with another dazed member of the cast. They survived snow, rain, sleet and empty stomachs until, 75 miles out of town, the tissue paper tires popped and rolled them into a ditch. Towing was out of the question with plenty of no money, and passing cars whizzed merrily past ignoring their thumbs. But finally Dane flagged down a vegetable truck, and capitalizing on what he'd learned from Fred's breezy chatter, Dane sold the driver a bill of goods to haul them into town. He rolled at last into Toledo mixed up with a load of cabbages and tomatoes and smelling just as ripe.

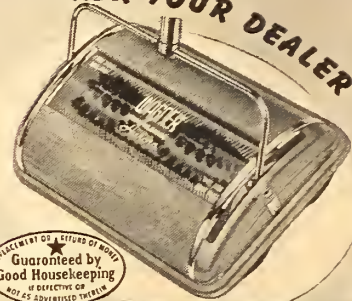
But strangely enough, the show actually clicked at the Toledo movie house the first night and that called for a party. Fred and his wife threw a big whing-ding (on the cuff) at a Toledo hotel and the walls echoed with optimism and get-rich promises. The only trouble was—Fred kept right on celebrating the next day and when show time came around he was out like a light. That did it. The manager kicked them all out on the street.

That's the way it went, while Dane sopped up about every trick any trouping ham-and-egger knows, from sheer necessity. Somehow the show dragged around towns in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and points all over, between Fred's

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binges. When the jalopies expired, Fred fast-talked bus companies into transportation deals. Dane slept in flop houses and ate whenever Fred could charm a restaurateur out of a hamburger. He marveled at the way Fred could charge hotel bills, bus bills, cafe bills and all other bills to the theater where they weren't even working yet.

Obviously the system couldn't last forever. One day in Cleveland their sins—and the cops—caught up with "Sailor Beware." One of Fred's rubber checks had bounced fast enough to upset his calculations and the hotel grabbed their baggage. Dane came to the rescue with his legal knowledge and got the troupe out of jail and their suitcases back, but for him that was the last straw. He'd seen plenty.

"Let's get out of here," he told the gang, sitting on their suitcases on the sidewalk.

The sixty-four dollar question was "How?" Dane took up a collection with the four guys who had the same idea he had. The kitty added up to ninety cents. "I'll be back," Dane said. He walked into the hotel lobby, bought nine chances on a punchboard and won a gold watch. He took it to a hock shop and collected forty dollars. He bought four nine-dollar coach tickets to New York with the six cents over for candy bars. He got back home maybe broker, sadder, but plenty wiser.

As for Fred, what happened to him and "Sailor Beware" immediately afterwards, Dane doesn't know. But the last time he heard, Fred was doing most of his fast talking to himself and a few keepers. He was in an insane asylum.

### turning scene stealer . . .

After "Sailor Beware," Dane Clark was prepared for practically anything, but that was a good thing, because it seemed Fate kept slipping him some kind of a Mickey Finn every time he tied in to a show. Back on Broadway, he broadened his rugged record considerably when a casting tip landed him in the office of a new show called "Dead End." He nabbed an understudy job and later went on the road. "Dead End" was no Sunday school picnic, to begin with. And for Dane it was the first of a stretch of tough guy parts that played on his puncher body, strong face and Brooklyn accent which still hung over even after a couple of colleges. He didn't mind being "Babyface Martin" a bit, a nice little character who was usually rubbing somebody out, and kicking his mother around the house. By playing something he could really get his teeth into, Dane found out that riding his realistic hobby horse he was turning into a guy who could steal scenes with the greatest of ease. And he wasn't exactly mad when he got compliments, no matter how left-handed.

In fact, Dane thinks that about the nicest last-tag he ever collected got tossed at him inadvertently up in Providence, Rhode Island, home of Brown University. Dane had snarled through his "Babyface" at the local theater and was sharing a room with another cast member at the best hotel in town. So one day a couple of girls from the Brown school paper came in to interview the visiting actors. Dane was in the room getting dressed, but he stopped, put on his robe and tried to be the perfect host. But the girls shied away from him like he was poison ivy and finally, in a huff, he walked out of the room. Then he heard them whisper to his roommate.

"How can you live with that awful person?"

"Huh?" gasped Dane's buddy. "Why?" "Why," said the girls, "he's such a heel, such a mean, contemptible low-down louse. I don't see how you can stand it!"

That eavesdropping made Dane sore as an owl for one split second. Then he

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realized that he really must be putting something over on the stage to work up a reaction like that. So he walked back in the room, took a bow and thanked the kids—to their immense surprise.

But back in his stage days, the bitter pill Dane Clark had to swallow was his very obscurity, which persisted through all kinds of stage jobs and road company tours. Somehow Broadway could keep the guy busy but refused to put him up in lights. When he wasn't an understudy to a star he was shot out in the sticks with the road company. Dane understudied in "Dead End," "Of Mice and Men," "Stage Door," "Golden Boy," and four or five more, and as long as he was out of town he'd get his chances to fill in the show. At least, Dane figures, it taught him patience and it made him a quick script study, sometimes too quick for comfort.

For instance, when Dane was subbing for Wallace Ford in the John Steinbeck prize play, "Of Mice and Men," he knew the part of George so well he could almost say it backwards. But Wally Ford felt just dandy every night and Dane sat in the wings biting his nails for weeks and weeks. So who should up and come down with the pip one night but Sam Byrd, whose part was "Curly," and who didn't even have an understudy to his name, because he was considered indestructible, having played for five years in "Tobacco Road" without missing a minute. And Dane it was who stepped into the spot, grabbing the next scene as he exited from the one before and learning it before his cue came to go on again!

For an up and at 'em, high pressure personality like Dane Clark playing second fiddle, if and when he got the chance, was slow torture, and it's a tribute to his moxie that he stuck to that sort of life for five long years before deciding to make Hollywood yell "Uncle" and break the jinx. Especially since, by the time a couple of years had rolled by, Dane had dropped that strictly-for-the-check attitude he had for acting and was all wrapped up in it like a Christmas gift. That's when it was especially tough to watch another actor playing a scene and lousing it up.

telling 'em off...

In one show of which Dane was very proud to be even an understudy, he thought the leading man was kidding and gagging around on the stage and being too cute. Dane didn't like it. So he walked up to the star and told him off.

"Listen," he boiled, "I think you're a four-star heel, mugging up a good play like this. Here I am telling all my friends to see it and working overtime to press-agent your hit and you're playing Little Lord Fauntleroy with yourself. You're just a big, swell-headed ham!"

But sometimes Dane's frank, outspoken opinions boomeranged. One of the bitterest disappointments in his stage career was getting fired from a part in "Stage Door" on the tryout trip, a part he'd won in competition with Broadway's best known actors. But once he had the job, Dane couldn't help sticking in his oar and the other actors got sore. Pretty soon they had aced him out and the producer was explaining, "It's not your work—that's swell. But for the sake of harmony—"

Yep, Dane Clark learned plenty in the five years he battled around Broadway and the sleeper jumps. But his oddest job was cut out for him in "Dead End." That's where he played nursemaid to those cocky, hell raising young stars, the Dead End Kids. Dane was only an understudy in the original cast with time on his hands, and that's one reason why they saddled him with the job of keeping the kids from wrecking the play. The other was—Dane was the only one in the company husky

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enough to keep the little devils in line.

They'd had reams of publicity and they were eating it up. All the write-ups pictured the kids as holy terrors, which was true as far as it went. They played devastating pranks all over the stage, razed the stars, tore up the scenery and generally messed up the place. Finally, the play owners consulted a psychologist. He worked with the problem kids one week and at the end they'd driven him to a sanitarium! Then they called in Norman Bel Geddes, the designer, to plan them a playroom at the theater, where they could relax and keep out of mischief between acts. Well, the Dead Enders wrecked that expensive joint in one day flat. Things were in a state of crisis and even Dane was getting tired of smacking their heads together—when he had a bright idea.

#### fixing the dead end kids . . .

He knew the Dead End rascals were sold on their own publicity and considered themselves about as tough as they came. But Dane knew where some kids were a whole lot tougher. One day he took the brilliant brats to a movie and afterward led them into a smoky little pool room down on Third Avenue where some real juvenile delinquents hung out.

As Dane expected, his own little darlings swaggered right in and took over the place, spitting on the tables and messing up the games. But not for very long. There was a shrill whistle and the gang of real Dead End kids swarmed in like alley cats. When the curtain went up that night on the show, the Dead End Kids were strangely quiet and their faces looked like they had been kissing electric fans.

Dane originally wanted to use the air waves as a stepladder out of the Broadway understudy bog but he found it a tight little circle, strictly barred against newcomers. So he sat down and wrote himself a few radio plays and when the stations tried to buy them he said, "I go with the deal—or else." And that's something else he's got for Hollywood. He can knock off a radio show in his sleep, almost, because he's mike-broken from away back.

In short, Dane Clark's a right handy man to have around Hollywood. So far there's only one thing that's got him fooled.

He took in the preview of his second Warner epic, "Destination Tokyo," and strolling blithely out of the theater, he almost fell over to find himself hemmed in by a bunch of teen-age cuties bent on touching him, snatching his autograph and if possible a lock of his curly hair.

He stood like a man in a daze. He didn't get it.

"Wh-what do you want my autograph for?" he stammered.

"Because you're cute!" cried a silly filly.

"You're a swoon-goon!" explained another doll.

"Hubba-hubba-hubba!" raved a third.

Dane traveled right home and stared at himself in his mirror. He rubbed his busted nose contemplatively and stroked the angular face that earned him all his jobs as a "tough type" in the drama circuit. He considered his thirty-odd years and the beatings he'd taken. He shook his head and called to his wife.

"Darling, did you know I was cute?"

"What?"

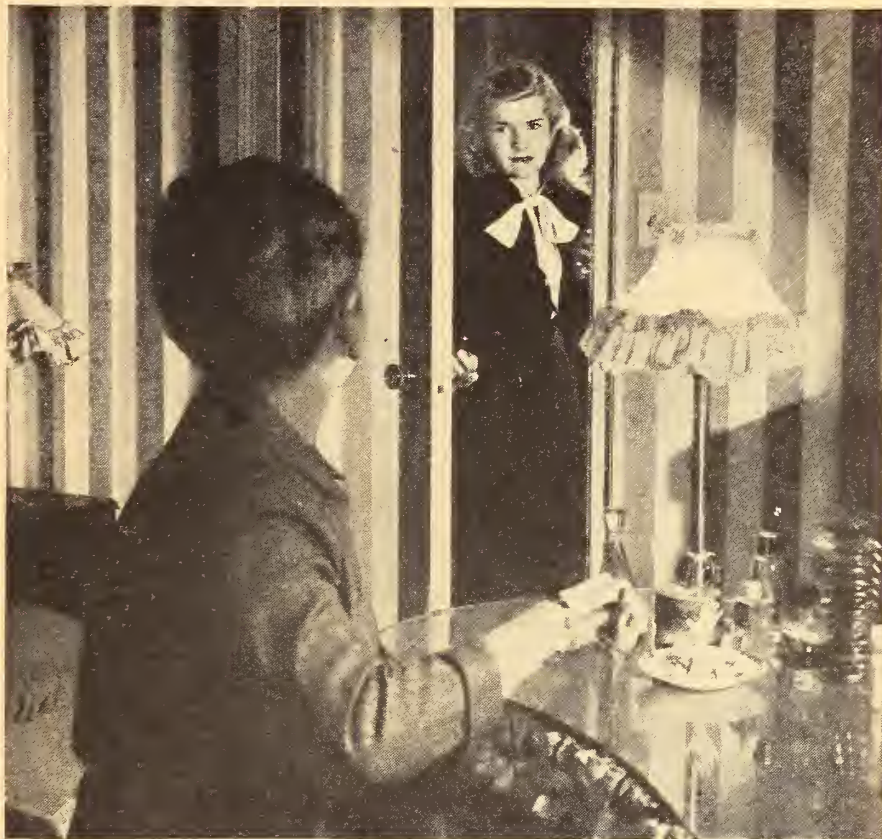
"I'm a swoon-goon," explained Dane.

"Hubba-hubba."

"You should have come right home," said Mrs. Clark, "instead of stopping in all the bars you could find. Sober up and get to bed."

Dane climbed the stairs wearing a quizzical grin. He thought he'd seen and done about everything and knew all the answers. But obviously he didn't know from nothin'! After all he'd been through, life was just beginning in Hollywood.

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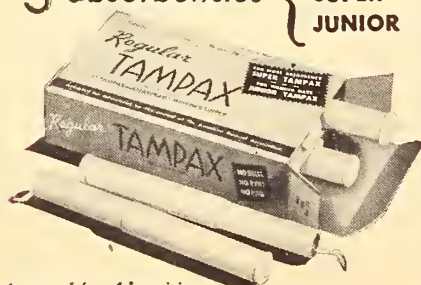
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## "BUTCH" BEY

(Continued from page 50)

"My dear," crooned Selly, getting back into form. "Your voice sounds ravishing—muted, like a distant lute. How about dinner tonight?"

"Dinner?" gasped Miss Raines, "It's still dark—do you mean breakfast?"

"Breakfast—ha-ha," chuckled Butch Bey. "That was hours ago. I thought maybe we'd—"

"Say," interrupted Ella "Who is this anyway?"

"But, of course," cried Private Selly, remembering he was in Hollywood again, "it's Turhan—Turhan Bey."

"I don't believe it," stated Miss Raines flatly. "And I don't like gags. Not this early in the morning. Good night!" And she slammed down the receiver.

That brought the Bey to his senses at last. He was in Hollywood—not in a Camp Roberts barracks. Time was when he'd have done the same thing himself—only worse—to anyone who jingled his boudoir buzzer a minute before ten a.m. He waited until eleven o'clock before he tried again—and he got results. But it seemed to bugle-happy Bey like half the day was gone by then. And because he's really a philosophical semi-Oriental soul, Private Selly Selahettin puffed his pipe reflectively and grinned to the mirror: "How much can you change?"

A lot of guys have been asking themselves that same riddle, of course, ever since Uncle Sam founded the dear old Gamma Iota Army Fraternity back in 1941. Most of them are loyal GI alumni of the U. S. Armed Forces by now, because commencement started V-J Day, and the heroes who survived the greatest battle in history are now back in drape shapes and reet pleats—if they can find some. Turhan Bey got pledged a little late, because army medics blackballed him twice. But there's plenty of military work still to be done all over this One World—and as you read this, Turhan will be hard at it somewhere—in Japan, or Germany, China or Italy, Tarlac, Tinian or Timbuctoo, wherever orders send him. He's in the army now—and for some time to come it's goodbye Hollywood.

### the travelin' turk . . .

That furlough was Turhan's last official "morale builder leave"—ten days back home to get him set mentally for the long, long trail—which was a laugh for the Bey, because he's been traveling around all his life, and because his morale doesn't need any props at this point. He's headed for a new adventure and he couldn't be more thrilled if you wired him to a shock machine. It's not exactly in the style he's been accustomed to travel—but that's what makes it fun. The Hollywood surprise of the month—to those who tagged Turhan as a mere snaky divan artist and hand kisser—is this: The Turk is a trooper. What's more, he likes it. What's still more, Turhan hasn't changed even as much as he thinks he has. Basically, he's had the stuff from the start.

It's true enough that all his young life, before he hit Hollywood, Turhan had things pretty much on the plush side. He was born an aristocrat, cradled in the lap of Continental luxury, schooled as a gentleman, and maybe spoiled a bit by the lovely ladies of Europe's capitals, before he reached the age of reason. But all that was only normal in his set. That's the kind of raisin' he had.

The night before he was inducted at Fort MacArthur, Turhan came home early from telling Lana Turner goodbye. He

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walked in about nine o'clock, in fact, because he wanted to wind up a few things and hit the hay by ten to start his army career daisy-fresh the next day. In his room he found three suitcases, all packed. He called his mother, the handsome, youngish European lady who's as much his pal as his parent.

"What's this?" asked Turhan.

"Why," explained Mrs. Selahettin, "the things you'll need in the army, of course. Your robe, smoking gown, riding clothes, dinner jacket—"

She looked a little puzzled when Turhan whooped and explained that in the army he was joining you didn't need duds like that. Maybe in Europe, but for a Yank GI, all he aimed to take along was a razor kit and toothbrush. He spent his last night in Hollywood unpacking the suitcases and putting his clothes back in the closet.

You see, Turhan had had a crack at the military life before. He was a cadet in Turkey when he was a growing lad, and there it's quite a dress-up affair all the way. Not that it's panty-waist. In fact, the way they bring up young stags over in those parts is on the Spartan plan and that's why Turhan has been grossly underrated as a gorgeous guy ever since he started making faces on Hollywood sets and let his sideburns grow. The truth is, that before half the U.S.A. brand of Hollywood actors who are the Bey's contemporaries could spell c-a-t, Turhan could ride like a Cossack, shoot like a Dead-Eye Dick and drill like a West Pointer. His father, in short, made a man of him early, as is the Turkish custom. Along the way, he learned the correct manners, dress and gallantries of Continental court circles. He knew the right people and did the right things.

For instance, the week before he joined up on Uncle Sam's service team, Turhan and his handsome mom were up in San Francisco at the United Nations Conference. They had a nostalgic bit of the old days, doing the town with friends in the Turkish diplomatic delegation. There were formal dinners, receptions, wining and dining with all the fuss and ceremony. Naturally, after that week, it was easy for Mrs. Selahettin to slip in a tux and pearl studs for her boy's career in the army. She just forgot.

### american by adoption . . .

But Turhan, in spite of his background, became Americanized easily. He likes democracy's doings and has always managed to carry his own weight in Yankland. He knows it's a joke for the Joe Miller book that the world regards him as a kind of 1945 Valentino, a Menace from Venice, a Turk at Work. His slantish eyes and accent did it—let's face it—but underneath the oily villain parts and torrid love scenes with Maria Montez and Katharine Hepburn, Butch Selahettin himself was always a right guy and no perfumed poodle to pick on—as was painfully discovered by various Hollywood characters who knocked chips off his shoulder.

Steve Crane, for instance, picked himself off the floor the night he tried it, you'll remember, at Ann Rutherford's party a year ago when Turhan was squiring Lana around. Steve asked for it and got it, and the impression was so rudely awakening that he's been taking boxing lessons ever since. But Turhan already had had 'em.

All of which is beside the point, except to show that Turhan Selahettin entered the army with no complexes, inhibitions, or shrinking violet soft spots. He was as good a hunk of GI material as the next guy and he's proved it. So far he's been a model soldier. And he says, "It's my ambition to make as good a record as it's

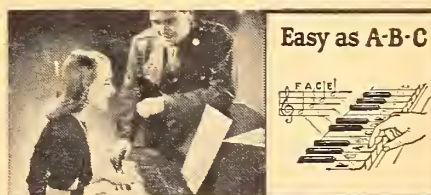


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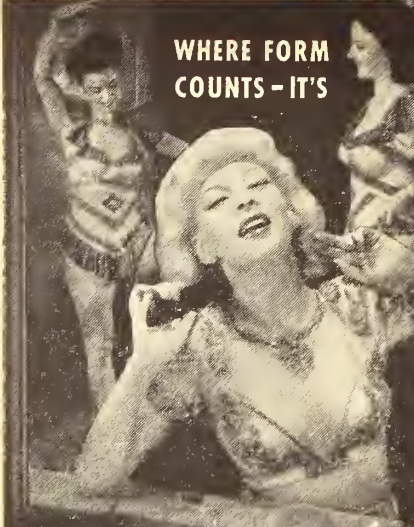
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possible to make in the army. It's the biggest chance I've ever had."

Not for ambition or advancement. The Bey, despite his gold spoon raising, is going it the GI way—and by choice, because he had an opportunity to put in for O.C.S. With his military training and continental connections, there were plenty of specialized jobs he could be trained to handle as an officer. But Turhan had a funny angle on that: "You don't know what's really going on in the army if you're an officer. You don't know what the army's thinking and I want to learn." And that's another facet of Turhan Bey's makeup you'd probably never suspect from looking at his slinky pictures. The guy is bright, alert, up to the minute in current affairs, and you can't catch him flat-footed on many subjects. He's intelligent and articulate. He reads everything, stops, looks and listens—and he thinks every young man and woman had better, too, if this old world's to be saved. But before we go into that serious side of the Terrible Turk, I'll have to tell the story on him about the GI-vs.-O.C.S. item I mentioned a few lines back.

There were a couple of army majors Turhan knew in civvie life and they both put the bee on him to go out for officer's training. This was several days after he'd done all the screening tests and induction rigamarole they put all rookies through down at Fort MacArthur. The officer friends weren't taking no for an answer at that point so they went right ahead starting the ball rolling. But in a few hours they came back to Turhan. Their faces were long.

"You flunked your I.Q. test," said one dismally. "You can't even apply for O.C.S. if you've flunked that!"

"What's an I.Q. test?" Turhan wanted to know.

"Briefly," explained the officer, "it tells whether you're a moron or whether you can bend your brains around a bit."

"Which means?" grinned Turhan.

The officer sighed. "Moron is a horrid word. But your test is one of the lowest on record. How did it ever happen?"

Turhan couldn't remember. Except that they'd shot all kinds of tests at him at MacArthur and some of them he'd just sort of done with a once-over-lightly-and-no-hot-towel. He didn't know which was important and which wasn't and being a foreign guy, his English wasn't as fast as that of Yanks, born and bred. So to keep up, he'd skipped here and there—and one of the ones he'd given the go-by to was the all-important I.Q. test.

retake please . . .

They arranged another I.Q. for him and Private Turhan passed with a blue ribbon mark, when he paid attention. But he still wagged "No" to the chance to apply for O.C.S.

Turhan joined the Army last June, right after he finished "Night in Paradise." In fact, he got deferred ten days to make retakes and added scenes for that one, which well may be the last time you'll see the Bey on the screen. Not that he has any plans to give Hollywood the pitch, but then the fortunes of a soldier are precarious, even in peace time, and two years—which is what Turhan figures he'll spend in uniform—is a fairly long time in which plenty can happen.

The day before he left, Frank, the Universal studio barber, who's been trimming his hair in that long sleek sweep and letting the sideburns creep down below his ears, almost wept to shear off his own glamorous tonsorial handiwork, including the wispy black moustache. But when he got through, the transformation was enough to fool an expert. Turhan got such a kraut head-crop that on the street car

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ride down to the Fort and when he got there, not one of his inductee buddies recognized him, although it turned out practically all of them had seen him in the Montez extravaganza. (Although they all admitted the attraction was sexy Montez and not Bey!)

The funniest thing about his incognito, to Turhan, though, was the reverse side. He came back to Hollywood on his first liberty pass from Camp Roberts, wearing the GI clothes that always seem to be sizes too big in the wrong places, and this lawn mower hair-do. He went to a party with Lana Turner (they were still love-happy then) expecting to get the same kind of good natured razz he'd drawn when he did a show at Camp Roberts. He'd played "Don Jose" in "The Loves of Carmen" that night, in costumes and everything, and it was supposed to be very romantic. But when the other dogfaces saw the silky Bey looking like a reaper had waltzed over his noggin, they rolled in the aisles.

#### part of the act . . .

But at this particular Hollywood party, Turhan strolled around without getting even a raised eyebrow. Finally one of his actor friends inquired, "You doing an army picture now?" He thought Turhan had just rushed over from the studio set!

Others he'd meet on Hollywood Boulevard would spot his uniform and say, "Oh, are you still in the army?" "Still in? I just got in!" Turhan would bark back. It was all very confusing to the Hollywood folk and still is, more or less. Half Turhan's friends don't know but what he's still out at Universal creeping up on Maria Montez with a scimitar or something. As for new GI buddies, they've tactfully refrained from giving him the Hollywood treatment, too, for which Butch Bey is very grateful. Because he went into the army to be a soldier, not a celebrity, and that's exactly what he's been concentrating on.

Outside of that "Carmen" show and another stage turn in "Hit the Deck" at camp, Turhan has been strictly in the audience at post theatricals. He sat and cheered when Earl Carroll's cuties and the Ice Follies came up to entertain the boys, just as if he hadn't seen them both a couple of dozen times in Hollywood. He only did the two camp productions because they asked him to, and it was no rest cure, going through his long daily training drudgery until all he wanted was to make with the shut-eye. Instead, he watched his buddies sink on their cots blissfully while he changed into costume and started a full night's work for Special Service! But he was glad he was able to bring the boys he worked with a few laughs—even if they stemmed from his clipped haircut.

What has been foremost in Private Selahettin's ambitions, however, since he donned khaki, is to add up to what the War Department calls a good soldier. On his first test at the range Turhan captured the Expert Medal in rifle, machine gun and automatic practice. He's officially an infantry rifleman, but by now he's handy with all the weapons his outfit uses. He hasn't been in a speck of disciplinary trouble because from his cadet days he already knew what was expected in the neatness department. Like a lot of GIs, he learned to make a bed tight enough to bounce a golf ball on, and to keep it that way by cheating a little and sleeping between the blankets instead of mussing up the nice, white sheets.

K.P. was sort of new to the Bey, because he'd never run into the kitchen mechanic side of army life in his European cadet days. Did he like it? He did not! Until he went on the detail, he'd never washed or wiped a dish in his life, much less greased pans, manicured spuds, hoisted



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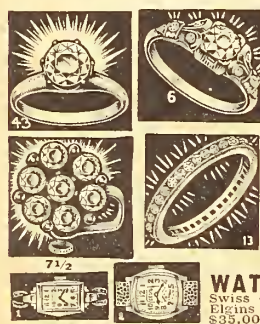
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garbage or slung hash at tables. And as for latrine and such details—well, what happened to Turhan shouldn't happen to a dog. But he rallied around for all of those minor tragedies of a rookie's existence and kept his record clean. He didn't even get giggled once for A.W.O.L.—even though all the time he was at camp he kept a car handy and when he could snatch a pass, roared South with eight hours' driving to spend four seeing somebody precious, like Lana or Ella, or one of his stable of cuties. Because that's one way in which the army didn't change Turhan.

It was on one of these flying junkets that Turhan came as close to spoiling his lily-white report card as he ever did. The Bey's weaknesses have always been women and automobiles, and when he changed over from Torrid Turhan to plain Butch Bey (he got his nickname from a leather-tough sarge who'd spent a whole year in the front lines in Europe, named "Uncle Joe," so he's pretty proud of that "Butch" tag). Well, as I say, going into uniform didn't alter Selly Selahettin's crushes. And of the two—I hate to disillusion you gals—motor cars come first.

Turhan has a flock of them, he hopes, still scattered around Europe in storage, a Mercedes at Vienna, a Lancia in Vienna, a Fiat in Rome

just like a nazi...

He came up next with a little BMW, a pint-sized German car. Turhan found it hidden somewhere around Hollywood, worked it over, and took it on its maiden trip back to the camp. In no time at all—like a true Nazi—it gave him the double-cross, expiring just short of Ventura with a sardonic cough. That put Turhan in a pretty pickle for a couple of reasons. One, he had to find another ride or wind up A.W.O.L., and two, he had to do something about the case of beer he was bringing back to his buddies.

That started the midnight ride of the case of beer—(and I wish I could rhyme that with Paul Revere—but what can you do with "Selahettin"?). Anyway, Turhan knew if he showed up without the lager, as advertised, his name was mud. So he started along the highway lugging the beer and twitching his thumb. Try that sometime for your chilblains. After a couple of miles he got a ride. It lasted about ten miles and then—bam!—two tires blew out. Turhan started the lonesome journey again. A truck driver picked him up. He broke down on a hill. More making with the hoofs lugging beer. That night Turhan had six separate hitches and he wound up at Camp Roberts riding in a farmer's pickup truck mixed in with a load of fertilizer, but he was on time—and he had his beer. He and his buddies buried that treasure not too far from their barracks and for several nights the pleasant tinkling sounds of trench shovels striking glass disturbed the midnight calm.

Of course, Turhan, like any normal guy, would far rather flirt than fight. I said his weakness is women—next to jalops—and that's true talk.

He met a couple of cuties in a cafe at Paso Robles, who had never seen Hollywood. He fell for their typically American, un-Hollywood charms and so when his next forty-eight hour pass came up he invited them down to see all the wonders of Glamorland.

"Oh no," they shied. "We'd be embarrassed going around Hollywood with a celebrity."

khaki disguise...

"Nuts, my dears," replied the Bey. "Nobody knows me in Hollywood. In this GI rig, I assure you I'm just one of the mob." And he told them how sometimes

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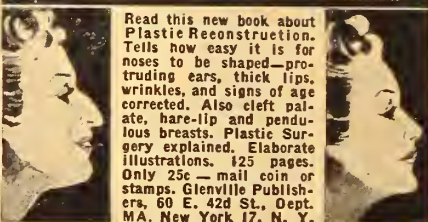
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even his own movie set pals passed him by these days without a tumble. Finally Butch Bey talked them into the junket.

Well, they did pretty well along Hollywood Boulevard and the Strip. The screen colony let Turhan and his double dates alone, just nodding "hello" and strutting on by. Without Lana he wasn't an item to the columnists or a picture for the camera boys. Then Turhan took his out of town loves down to the spot where every visiting elk or doe always ends up—Olvera Street, the old Mexican bazaar you don't find anywhere else but in Los Angeles.

They were doing fine with their *enchiladas*, jumping beans and *serapes*, until a gang of strolling dusky Spanish maids turned their dark eyes on the Bey. He was their particular film favorite in the Main Street movies, with his smooth latin love looks, it turned out, and they penetrated his GI disguise in a wink.

"Toor-hahn!" they screamed. "Primo! Caballero! Hombre! Dulce! Sweetie-pie!" And in a flash all the sparkling señoritas in the Spanish quarter swarmed him like bees around honey. They snatched his army buttons, ripped off his tan tie, covered him with seven different flavors of latin lipstick.

But those episodes and escapades, while bound to creep up now and then on a 23-year-old guy who's good looking, full of beans and movie-glamour to boot, didn't interfere during Turhan's five months' basic training stretch with the job at hand—which was learning to be a soldier the U. S. Army way.

He won his expert marksman medals, like I said, for automatic rifle, machine gun and M-One shooting. His machine gun crew made the best record in the battalion, even though he snapped his favorite pipe to smithereens and bunged up his face hitting the dust in the tests. Butch Bey made a whistle clean record on his two-week bivouac, too, although he passed out cold right in the middle of the twelve mile hike with full pack. But when he came to be staggered up and finished it on foot instead of including himself out like some guys with stronger tickers than his (Turhan's heart's on the athletic side).

They picked him to lead the fifteen minute discussions on world events, a part of the new way Uncle Sam trains his boys. Every day, wherever rookies are, in dusty fields, on maneuvers, in barracks, drill ground or class, an officer calls time out and sets the GIs off in an open forum, to speak their minds on what's what in the world. It's an enlightened nod to the fact that we're going to have to use brain as well as brawn in the army to keep us all from atomizing each other sooner or later.

Turhan got in the habit of leading these sessions, because he was always up to the minute on his world affairs. One time, he set the pace and the argument got hot and heavy. A lieutenant came over.

"What's going on here?" he asked. Turhan told him and summarized the discussion points.

"I don't agree," said the looey. And he plunged into the word scrap. Came next the company commander, a captain. He said his piece. Then a major drifted up. They shot the breeze hotly for an hour-and-a-half, even though orders said fifteen minutes. At the end, the brass hats had their back hair down, pounding away with their viewpoints and the GIs coming right back in sizzling rebuttal.

There's one thing that Turhan Bey has won so far out of his U. S. Army service, which he prizes above all. He's in fighting trim physically, he can "eat anything that can't eat me," as he grins. He's got the inner serenity that comes from serving his fellow men, he's set for adventure and he's piled up memories.

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(Continued from page 48)

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"And what's a couple—DON!! I never washed your socks. Shall I do them now or d'you think I'd better pack first?"

"Wash my socks," he grinned.

Little Phyllis Avery and big Don Taylor—Pinky to you—were married in September of '44 while they were playing in "Winged Victory." Madly in love then, they're even more in love now and more deeply necessary to each other—sign of a true marriage. This was their first real separation. The other didn't count, because its end was in sight before it began.

That was last May, after the show closed and Phyllis had her appendix out and Don was transferred to the AAF Base Unit in Hollywood. But he didn't have to go till the operation was well over, and she'd left the hospital.

Nowadays an appendix is nothing. "Like yanking a tooth," Phyllis assured Don.

He pretended to be equally nonchalant. "I said in sickness and health, but did you have to take me up on it so soon?"

morale division . . .

There was just one thing she insisted on. He had to be sticking around when it happened. You couldn't have kept him away with block busters, but Phyllis was taking no chances. At 7:30 a.m., all groggy from last night's shots, she called him. "Get up, Don. It's time for you to come. They're going to operate any minute now."

"An appendix is nothing," Don'll tell you. "Except they lie just as still—" That was the bad moment—that throb of unreasonable terror when they wheeled the stretcher in with its quiet burden, which wasn't his laughing Phyllis but something mute and remote, beyond his reach . . .

They said she'd come out of it soon. But it felt more like eons before the lids fluttered and the lips moved. He bent over to catch the words—

"If he's not dead by the time I come out," said Phyllis, the gentle, "I'm going to kill him—"

"Who?" Don asked softly, though he wanted to shout and sing.

"Yehudi," she sighed. And fell asleep.

The rest was a lark. Word got around that the pretty little appendectomy in Room So and So was Pinky's wife. Girl orderlies popped in and languished at his picture on the dresser. Probationers waylaid him for his autograph. Phyllis thought that was wonderful. The more they loved Don, the more Don's wife loved them. He was doing a lot of radio work at the time, but he'd come in every noon with posies and blue elephants and lipsticks, and she'd sit up in bed, making herself new faces. After the show he'd come back, and she wouldn't let him leave till midnight. That was against the rules, of course, but whoever looked in pretended he wasn't there. Sometimes he'd fall asleep in the low chair and wake up to find her eyes fixed on him in wifely admiration.

"It's your long legs," she'd explain. "They look so cute, sprawled halfway across the room."

Don left for Hollywood two weeks ahead of Phyllis, and worked a miracle. Within six days he'd found an apartment. Not just any apartment either, but one with a fireplace, an upstairs and down, and a feeling of home. Luck had something to do with it. So did the Pinky-charm, which he turned on brazenly, twisting his

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cap and looking appealingly forlorn. "My wife's just out of the hospital. She needs home cooking. We've only been married nine months. We've never even opened our wedding presents—"

The agent, being a woman, fell, and one Sunday afternoon Don took off to meet Phyllis's plane. Instead of a wife, he got wires. She was bumped nineteen times. He waited till three in the morning and then gave up. At five, Phyllis phoned from Mines Field where her plane had landed.

"I'm coming in an army bus. It feels just like 'Winged Victory.' One girl and a hundred guys."

It felt even more like "Winged Victory" when the bus drew up at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Phyllis hopped off into Don's welcoming arms, while a hundred guys hubba-ed like mad.

Don had told the truth when he said his wife needed home cooking. They both needed it. Only he'd neglected to add that his wife couldn't cook.

While they'd been traipsing cross country with the show, it hadn't mattered. Everyone ate out. Now Phyllis wasn't working, and Don's army check was small, and the kitchen stove kept glaring, "Why don't you use me?"

One morning she said: "We're eating in tonight—"

"What, for instance?"

"Look, Don, I'll have to learn some time. Are you game—?"

"If you cook it, I'll eat it—" He kissed her and was off to the post. When he got home that night, smoke poured from the kitchen. He went in to find his wife surrounded by cookbooks and every pot and pan the establishment boasted. She looked flustered but radiant.

"Go in and sit down. I'll have everything ready in a minute."

A few minutes later Phyllis appeared, proudly bearing a platter of eight enormous baked potatoes, stuffed with tuna fish. Her pride was of brief duration. They weren't very good. Each managed to choke down one. "What'll we do with the rest of 'em?" she asked.

"Look, honey, I know people are starving in Europe. But with transportation the way it is—let's just chuck 'em out, huh?"

it's confidence that counts...

By knocking her head against the wall, Phyllis finally learned. The crisis came the night she tried macaroni—Don's favorite dish. After three helpings, he laid down his fork with reverence. "You're in, Mrs. T." That gave her confidence—which is all you need, says Phyllis. Before long, they were throwing parties for six—roast beef, browned potatoes and a salad you'd pay a buck-and-a-half for at Chasen's.

They've lived simply, because that's how they like it. A good thing too, since they couldn't afford to live any other way. Once they went to the Mocambo—to celebrate their first anniversary. Phyllis gave Don some hand-made socks, and a Kelly green album. When he brings it out, you notice that he's pasted up two pictures of Phyllis for every one of himself. He gave her a subscription to Vogue magazine, and a cushion for the car. The cushion was in self-defense. She kept whipping them off the couch, till the poor guy didn't know where to lay his head.

While Don was at the post, Phyllis kept house. Never having worked at anything but acting, she'd expected to loathe housekeeping, and was pleasantly surprised to find she didn't. Once in a while she'd go on a shopping jag—run up to Saks', price everything in sight, decide what she'd buy if they had any money, and come home feeling almost as good as though she'd bought it.

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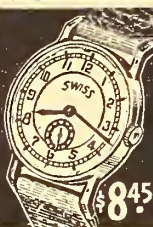
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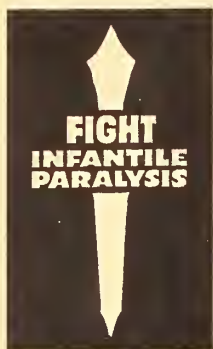
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Evenings they'd go to a movie, or friends would drop in—the Barry Sullivans, boys from the post, the writing Epstein brothers—it was one of the Epsteins who got Don his first movie break. Or they'd be alone and sit by the fire, Phyllis knitting, Don working on whatever he happened to be working on. Like her, he's discovered in himself a home-making talent. The barstand he built, the tool chest, the book shelves, would do credit to a professional cabinetmaker.

Phyllis tries to beat Don to bed. Otherwise, he appropriates all the pillows and the side with the big light, so he can read and do his crossword puzzles. Sits there smug as a shah and deaf to protests. "Big lights for big people, little lights for little people," he murmurs. That's his favorite line. His wife's smallness enchants him—he likes to dwell on it. "We'll have a Doberman and a Peke—big dogs for big people, little dogs for little people—" Or: "I'll take the armchair and you can sit at my feet—big chairs, etc."

Besides, the last one in has all the dirty work to do—opening windows, turning out lights, running down to the kitchen for milk and cookies. It never fails. The minute they climb into bed, they're starved. So they generally manage to hit at the same second, and then there's a battle of wits to see who can shame whom into getting up. . . .

dream house . . .

On Sundays they'd go looking at houses. Found one that was perfect, except it wasn't for sale. Which was lucky, because they had no money to buy it with. Just the same, they'd go back every week, driving by slowly, turning at the end of the road, and driving by again. Once, when it looked as if no one were home, they got up nerve enough to peer over the back fence to make sure there was ground enough in the rear. A small brown-eyed boy lifted his head from a sandpile to smile at them—

"That settles it," whispered Don. "We won't buy the place unless he goes with it—"

One of their treasures is a book, bound by Don within wooden covers in the shape of a shiny red, white-windowed barn. It's full of magazine clippings—a fireplace here, a stone wall there, a room with a lovely corner, an article on how to build your roof out of plastics. If nothing else, at least they've got lots of ideas for the house-to-be. It'll have a big workroom for Don. There'll be a fourposter and a fireplace in the old fashioned bedroom, and a maple tree on the lawn—dropping leaves in autumn—no matter what it costs, or how far they have to haul it. The house'll be big enough for kids and dogs, but not so big as to swamp Mom and Pop when the kids grow up and take off.

Finally and most important, it's got to be a white house with green shutters and a lawn in front. That's the only kind of house that spells home to these two.

Pinky grew up in such a house, and Phyllis fell in love with it shortly after falling in love with him. By birth and background, Phyllis could have been a sophisticate. Her father's a well-known playwright. She was born in New York and spent much of her girlhood in Paris. But not till Don took her to Freeport, Pa.—pop. 3000—did she feel that she'd come home.

"Oh, Don, it's so wonderful. You walk up the stairs, and the stairs belong to the people, and the people belong to the house, and the whole place smells like hot biscuits and polished wood—"

"Glory be!" yelled Don. "I'm married to a small-town girl—"

They went up to Penn State, Don's alma mater, to see his sister Janet. They





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saved all their fillings for the dentist who'd pulled Don's first tooth, and it was remarkable how many porches needed cleaning when Don and his bride walked down the street. Kids would stop in on their way to school for an autograph. After Don's twentieth trip to the door, his mother decided that something would have to be done—

"I've got it—" She went off and came back with a tablet, and had him sign every page. Then, when the bell rang, she'd step to the door and rip off a sheet. "Here you are, dear—" "Mother, you'll do that once too often," Don warned her. "Sooner or later, it's bound to be the milkman—" "Well, it won't kill the milkman to have your autograph—" "Now children," Mrs. Taylor would say, "the day is yours. You don't have to see a soul. If anyone calls, I'll simply say you're not in—"

No sooner were the words out when the phone would ring, and Mother would come back, looking guilty. "That was Mrs. Jones. She wants to drop in this afternoon. I couldn't fib to her. She's been a friend of the family for years."

There was one Taylor habit that had Phyllis scared to death for a couple of days. They're a tribe of shouters. They shout around corners, up and down stairs and all over the place. About anything or nothing. How the eggs are cooked. Why the orange juice isn't on the table. They all get into it. Everybody has a pitch. Then, as suddenly as it started, the noise subsides— The first time it happened, Phyllis sat and trembled. How did her husband's folks ever get along? The second time, she turned pleading eyes to Don, which his mother caught—

"The child's frightened, and no wonder. All this yelling around—" "Were we yelling?" asked Don absently. "I hadn't noticed—"

Dad turned to his new daughter-in-law. "Pay no attention, Phyllis. We might as well be singing—" Dad's also the one who turned pale when his only son said, "I'm going to be an actor—" How a sensible man could want to be anything but an engineer, he couldn't quite figure, but he was prepared to admit there were other professions. "I'm reasonable," said Dad. "Anything but an actor—"

**fond fathers . . .**  
 As president of the State School Board Association, he attended periodic meetings in Harrisburg. Before getting down to business, the directors would exchange notes on the subject of their sons— "My boy's at Penn State, taking economics. . . ." "Mine's at the University, pre-med. What's your boy doing, Taylor?" "Oh, he's at State too—" "What's he taking up?" Dad would cringe. So help him if he'd say dramatics! "Well—liberal arts—" When Don was signed by M-G-M, there were news items in the Los Angeles press. He sent a clipping home. Two weeks later his mother wrote: "I can't find that clipping anywhere. It's gone. Will you please send another?"

The clipping, they discovered later, had been swiped by Dad and tucked away in his wallet and taken to Harrisburg. When the my-boy, your-boy stuff started, he flipped it out. "Seems my kid's just signed a Hollywood contract," he said modestly. Finally, Dad's the one who does things nobody else would think of. On the last day of "Winged Victory" in New York, Phyl and Don got a letter from him, enclosing a ten dollar bill. "Go to Sardi's," he wrote, "and have a big dinner on me—" That's why a green-shuttered, white frame house means home to the young

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At M-G-M, where he's still under contract, they'd smack their lips. "Boy, what a part we've got for you! If only you were out—"

Meantime, Phyllis had received offers for Broadway shows, and had turned them down. She and Don couldn't bear the thought of separation. Phyllis loves acting, but Don comes first, last and always. They've talked it all out. When Don goes back to work, she's quitting—

"I'll miss it, but it's not worth the sacrifice of one little sliver of our happiness. You can't put your whole heart into marriage and a career. You can have both, but not the way we want it. I'm putting my whole heart into marriage."

Then why is Phyllis doing a show in New York while Don stays in Hollywood? For three reasons. Because he's in the army and can't bring home the bacon yet. Because Jean Dalrymple's a persistent woman. Because Phyl and Don are reasoning adults, as well as a couple of kids in love. . . .

pretty please . . .

Jean Dalrymple, producer of "Uncle Jeffrey," wanted Phyllis for the lead. Twice Phyllis had told her no. One day last October Miss Dalrymple called again.

"Won't you please reconsider, Phyllis? I've got such a strong hunch about your doing this part. We'll make it worth your while. We'll give you thus-and-such-and-this-and-the-other."

"Well, I still don't know, Jean. Let me talk to Don and I'll wire you tonight—"

They talked for hours. There were a dozen arguments pro against the one big CON. Don paced, with his hands in his pockets and a light in his eyes. Phyllis made a discovery. "You're excited, darling. For the first time in months—"

"Sure, we've got something to talk about—instead of sitting in two chairs, with nothing to tell each other. When you're not working, you're only half alive. This way, at least one of us would be perking. And you know, Phyl, I'd get something out of it too. Even stuck out here, I'd be right in the midst of it with you—"

"You could send me refresher courses by mail. And, oh Don, we play Pittsburgh. I could go to Freeport—"

"Maybe I'll be discharged by Christmas. Imagine Christmas in Freeport together—"

"But suppose you're not. I don't want to spend Christmas away from you, Don—"

She made him decide, half hoping he'd say no. Finally he turned to her. "Look, honey, I'm like a democracy with two parties. One's yelling yes and the other no. But I guess the ayes have it. I guess we'd be awful saps if you didn't go—"

The plane soared and circled and melted away into the distance. Don went back to the car. His eyes carefully avoided the white walls Phyllis had painted, only to come smack up against the little cushion on the seat next to him—

Then a thought hit him. Suddenly he was out from behind the wheel, sprinting for Western Union, his heart at least ten degrees lighter as he wrote his message. They'd said no wires, but this one was different. It wouldn't cost much. And while it was very short, it still didn't sound mad.

Phyllis got it next morning. "HELLO, DARLING," was all it said.

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THAT—many cancers can be cured when recognized early and treated promptly by your doctor or an approved clinic?

THAT—the only medically approved methods of cancer treatment are Surgery, X-Rays and Radium?

THAT—your best investments are periodic check-ups by your doctor?

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# ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY

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VOGUE PRODUCTS 1151 Seward Street Hollywood 38, Calif.

## CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 26)

cards right, next time he'll have no one on his mind but you.

As a male reader, I am curious to know why so few boys give parties. Is it considered sissy or something? W. T. S., Oak Park, Ill.

It isn't sissy at all. It's just that the gals spoil the boys to death and it simply doesn't occur to said boys to reciprocate. But gosh, how they love a lad who does! When you give yours, you can either invite the boys you want and have them bring their own dates, or you can designate what girls you'd like them to bring. Don't forget to call for your own date a bit in advance of party-time, and let her help you launch things. She'd love to, you know.

How can I cope with an unromantic father? Whenever I have house-dates, he sits it out with us from eight to eleven. Not talking or anything, just there. T. G., Burlingame, Calif.

We'd like to meet the gal who could be alluring with The Boss right on the spot. On the other hand, it's your dad's living room, and he doesn't get much of a shot at it, does he? Some smart girls we know have taken to the kitchen. They've moved a couple of chairs out there, they've hung a dart board over the sink, dragged down a radio from upstairs, and everybody's happy. Think of the accessibility to cokes and cookies. Think of that sleek waxable linoleum floor for dancing. The idea has its points—and though they don't include a sofa and soft lights, is that bad, considering some of the sad numbers you occasionally entertain?

I have been dating a boy who has just told me that he's married. I'm so much in love with him that I can't give him up, and he has begged me not to stop seeing him. You see, his wife is an invalid and he hasn't the heart to divorce her. What do you think about a situation of this kind? H. S., Paris, Ky.

It is tragic for everyone but the husband, who seems to be doing all right. You really have no alternative but to give him up if you care anything at all about your future. It won't be easy, but it will be infinitely better in the long run than the living death you're letting yourself in for. Make the break clean and fast, and then whatever you do, don't look back. The first month will be ghastly, but hang on, and you'll be okay.

Kids, there are holidays ahead, and they are wonderful, but they are often dilemma-ridden, too. Blind dates that don't jell and leave you wondering what the heck you did wrong; parties to plan on an all but invisible allowance; we know how it is. If you'll write us the facts, we'll send you our Sunday-best solution, which really is a very good solution indeed. Or so you've told us, all you very nice people. This is us: Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

## HAPPINESS, INC.

(Continued from page 36)

and shove. Yet in the park, though heads would turn here and there, that was all. Once settled, they were largely left to themselves. Of course the protecting trees had something to do with it, but Betty thinks it was mostly that people were nice enough to respect their family privacy.



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Send your booklet and full particulars.

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The "Dolly Sisters" schedule had been arranged so that Betty could finish in time to be with Harry on his three-months engagement in Manhattan. Ever since their marriage, that's the one thing they've schemed for—how not to be separated.

As luck would have it, they even found an apartment that some friend of a friend wanted to sublet for the summer. These people were charmed to have Betty and Harry take over, till they heard about Punkin. Punkin almost ruined the deal. The lady's brow furrowed. Frankly, she didn't like the idea of a dog.

"Oh, you don't know Punkin!" Betty was almost insulted. "Why, he wouldn't so much as chew a tired old slipper—"

So one day they all went out—Harry and Betty and her mother, Vickie and the nurse—leaving Punkin locked in the bedroom. Normally, he'd have gone straight to sleep. But a gale was blowing that day, especially strong around the umpteenth floor where they lived. As they reconstructed the crime later, the wind must have turned the Venetian blind into a rattling enemy, and Punkin attacked. When they got back, he lay with his head on his paws, weary but triumphant. Half the Venetian blind hung in shreds.

"He couldn't have done it," wailed Betty. "It must have been the wind—"

"Since when," her mother inquired, "do winds leave toothmarks?"

Shopping wasn't easy. Like any movie favorite with sense, Betty appreciates fans. On the other hand, there are certain advantages in being able to go about one's business unhampered. So she works out what she called her disguise—lowheeled shoes, a blouse and dirndl skirt, head wrapped tight in a scarf, face washed clean of makeup, and a pair of dark glasses. Mrs. Grable called it "getting yourself up like a fright—" She thought it was silly—

One evening "Diamond Horseshoe" was playing at a neighboring house. Harry was working. Mrs. Grable hadn't seen it—

"I'll go with you," Betty offered, "if you'll let me wear my disguise—"

"Oh, Betty, you don't have to doll up. But can't you look normal?"

"No disguise, no movie—"

the legs have it...

They had to stand in line for tickets. People looked at her face, then at her legs. "Too bad you can't disguise them," murmured her mother.

"I can," Betty murmured back—and stood pigeon-toed.

At this point a boy detached himself from the line. "Please can I have your autograph, Miss Grable?"

But it was a taxi-driver who helped Mrs. Grable win her point. They'd been standing at the curb, waiting for a cab, when somebody yelled, "Betty Grable!" That was all it needed. The crowd gathered so thick that the cab could hardly inch through—

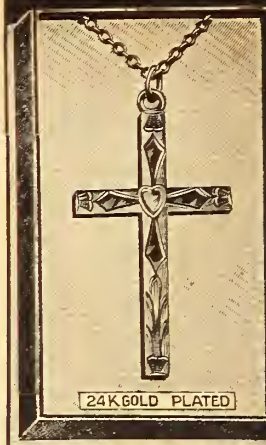
As they finally pulled away, the driver asked: "Wottsa sensation? Anybody hurt?"

"I'm afraid it was me," said Betty meekly.

During the war GIs wrote to Betty from all over the world. No, she didn't answer every letter herself. That would have needed six of her. But pinups were posted to all who asked, and the special letters got personal replies. What touched her most deeply were the toys and souvenirs that came for Vickie from Germany and Italy and the South Pacific. She went out and bought a hope chest and stored them away, knowing that Vickie would treasure them all her life.

While Harry was playing Atlantic City, she made some dates of her own at Camps Kilmer and Halloran, at St. Albans and Mitchel Field Hospital. At Kilmer, ten thousand boys waited in the open-air auditorium, with five thousand more standing.

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Betty came on in a black dress and big picture hat and was greeted by a roar.  
 "TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, BETTY—"  
 She stepped to the mike. "My hair'll fly—"  
 "LET IT FLY—"  
 Off came the hat. First, she sang tunes they'd liked in pictures, then they hollered requests. In between, they'd ask her—  
 "Why didn't Harry come along?"  
 "He's working—"  
 "Where's Vickie?"  
 "Taking a nap—"  
 "How about a dance?"

She was wearing high heels and the stage was rough, but they wouldn't let her go till she'd done a few steps. Then they crowded round the car with helmets and belts and shirts to be autographed.

At St. Albans a guy was standing at the door as she went in.

"Hello," said Betty, "how are you?"  
 "I'm all right," he growled, frozenfaced. Okay, she thought, if that's how you feel about it, and moved on. It was so hot that one boy followed her from bed to bed, wielding a fan. But she got her biggest laugh out of two characters—one in a wheelchair, the other on crutches—who never took their eyes off her legs and never intended her to overhear their comments.  
 "Gee, they're classy all right, but what's so different about 'em?"

"Whajja expect her to have?" glared the other. "Three of 'em?"

When it came time to go, the first guy blocked her way in the hall. "What do you do this for, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know. To see some of the boys I've written to maybe—"

He eyed her for a moment. "Well, I guess you're okay—"

"Gee, thanks, mister. So you finally came around—"

"Yeah, and you know why? I was lookin' for four cameras to be trailin' you. They never showed up—"

"I know how you feel," grinned Betty, and stuck out her paw. He almost pumped it off.

a lady called sugar . . .

First thing the James' did when they got back was to buy a couple of horses. Betty's always loved horses—longed to ride as a kid, but was always too busy dancing. Having heard of a pair of perfectly matched pintos for sale, they bought them on the spot. The gelding's named Billy, the mare was named Lady, but that's too formal for Betty. She calls her Sugar.

"Now that we've got the horses," said Harry, "we'll have to find that ranch—"

They'd been ranch-hunting for a year. You're more likely to associate them with nightclubs, and that's where you're wrong. Except for purposes of Harry's profession, they've never been to a nightclub together. Once, before they were married, the Palladium ran a dance contest for band-leaders. Harry asked Betty to be his partner. He won the cup, but with another girl. At the last minute, Betty got cold feet.

One day a boy in the band called up. "Can you drive out to the valley this afternoon? I think I've found you a ranch." And so it turned out—63 acres near Calabasas, beyond a couple of miles of dirt road, with corrals and stalls and barns and a darling white farm house. Betty was enchanted. "The horses'll love it," she squealed.

Once the horses were moved out, Betty had to take over, because Harry was scheduled to leave on a short tour. Also, she had to work fast. Her new picture, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," was starting in November. She shopped for brushes and sponges and currycombs, ordered hay and oats and grain.

"Are you sure they don't want something tastier?" she asked the caretaker.



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"That sounds like a bunch of shredded wheat without cream—"

"Well," he said, "you can get them carrots for dessert—"

They've got to buy feed now, Farmer Grable explains, because the place is run down. But pretty soon they'll be raising their own crops. Like all farmers, they have their worries. When Harry phoned one night, Betty told him it was raining. He seemed upset.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I think you're supposed to plant hay before the rains come—"

Not till she'd made the horses comfortable, did Betty turn her attention to the house. It's a real farmhouse, with a porch all around, a living room, three bedrooms, large kitchen, laundry and bathroom. For the bedrooms she got bunkbeds, so they can sleep a lot of people. But for the living room, where they eat, she bought good old pieces—a big maple table with benches and armchairs, a chest for linens, a cobbler's bench coffee table—stuff they can use when they build their ranchhouse and go out there to live.

**oats or diamonds? . . .**

Betty's not a showy spender. Her income tax man was astonished at her relatively small expenditure for clothes.

But buying for a place that you're going to keep all your life—that's different.

Apropos of which, Betty and Harry have just bought another horse. A little brown horse and a little brown saddle for Peter, Betty's nine-year-old nephew. "When the folks come out Christmas Day, and we go to the corral and say, 'Peter, here's your horse,' and see the look on his face—well, I don't know which of us'll be getting the Christmas present—"

There's never been any discussion between the James' about Betty's work in relation to marriage. She's said more than once for publication that, if it ever came to a choice, the career would go. But she and Harry don't talk about it. If they did, he'd probably say: "Look, honey, it's up to you. You've worked hard to reach this spot, and I have no right to ask you to drop it. I know Vickie and I come first, and that's all that matters. The rest is your business—"

Betty's too clear-eyed to kid herself. She knows she can't have both without making compromises. Her vacations and Harry's, for instance, have never coincided. He's been free while she worked, and the other way around. That's bad, she says. And it's bad to be away from Vickie all day when she works.

Because she's so alive to the handicaps of the situation, she probably gives more thought to the welfare of her home than plenty of women who have nothing else to do. There was a time, while "The Dolly Sisters" was shooting, when they had no cook. Well, Harry'd rather eat bread and cheese at the kitchen table than go out to a meal. And that's what he doubtless thought he was going to eat.

Mrs. James had her own ideas. Mrs. James was no dope, she'd learn how.

"Nothing to it," said the kids at the studio. "Just broil your steak, bake your potatoes—"

"Not so fast. How do you bake a potato?"

They drew diagrams and she bought a cookbook. Next evening she dashed home, popped in on Vickie—Mrs. Grable was taking care of her that day—and down to the kitchen. Betty's nothing if not thorough. Things may turn out wrong, but not because she didn't take pains. It said in the book exactly what temperature they wanted. She twisted the dial, then—to make doubly sure—stuck a thermometer in. It said in the book that the steak had to be three inches below the flame. So she knelt on the floor, tried to keep

her head out of the oven, and measured the distance between flame and steak with a tapemeasure. When Mrs. Grable came in to say goodnight, she found Betty dealing with the potatoes like a heavyweight champ defending his title.

The payoff? It was a swell meal. And she went right on cooking till they got help. Sure, she had her ups and downs. Like the time she stuck a roast beef in the oven and it came out veal. Which was very strange, because she'd distinctly asked the man for roast beef.

Betty used to think she'd hate being domestic. Now she's sure she'll like it. It's part of being Harry's wife and Vickie's mother.

Needless to say, the James world revolves round the blonde head of Vickie Elizabeth.

Betty took to mothering as if Vickie had been her fifth instead of her first. No qualms, no awkwardness, no jitters. According to Harry, just a natural talent. According to Betty, "She's got her father's disposition. There are no problems. If I'm a good mother, it's because she's such a good baby—"

You can't spoil her. Not that they try. For the most part, she's kept strictly on schedule. It soon became apparent, however, that if you relaxed a little, Vickie wasn't the kind to take advantage. Her bedtime's 6:30. But when Harry works at night, they bring her down in her little robe to sit with him while he has his dinner. She loves that, but doesn't de-

### **AW, YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE!**

That WAS Charles Drake in "Conflict!" It WASN'T. Yes, it was! No, it wasn't! Our "Super Star Information Chart" (see page 22) settles disputes like this one in a jiffy.

mand it as a right. There's no fussing next night, if they don't bring her down.

Only two things make her cry, and one of them she's getting over. Until recently, she'd scream blue murder when her ears and nose were being cleaned. Now that she's growing up, she just whimpers. And she doesn't like Betty to leave in the morning. She adores riding, so they're not sure whether it's Betty or the car that she wants most. It wouldn't be so bad if she'd get mad and yell. But all she does is hold out her arms, and the lower lip trembles. That kills her mother.

Otherwise, she's a consistently happy baby. On the whole, she prefers people to things, but she can also amuse herself. Give her a bunch of magazines and she'll sit for an hour, turning the pages. The tiniest picture of Betty brings forth an ecstatic "Mama!" and her daddy's still easier to recognize. She knows him by the horn.

She likes playing with Punkin more than Punkin likes playing with her. He doesn't quite trust her. She pulls his topknot and biffs him over the head. When she's through, he sneers and walks away. But he's a glutton for punishment. Because all she has to do is call, and he goes trotting back.

She's a tease, too. "Love Mommy?" asks Betty. She shakes her head. "Love daddy?" Another solemn wag. "Love Vickie?" No, she doesn't love Vickie either. "Love your new shoes?" Harry brought her a pair of green sandals she's mad about. But she tightens her lips to keep the smile from showing, and her head goes back and forth like a blonde and curly pendulum.

At first they thought maybe no meant

yes, till Betty trapped her. "Vick, you want to go for a ride?" That was all, brother. The head bobbed a vigorous assent. Where Vick comes from, you don't kid about rides.

Many people get the idea that movie stars are a race apart, that Hollywood has nothing in common with Tuckahoe, New York—and they shed a tear over the poor little rich child who calls Miss Glamorgirl mother, and gets to come in and curtsy after dinner. This may be true of some, but it's also true of some in Boston, Mass. Betty and Harry are the same kind of parents they'd have been in Spodunk—crazy about their youngster, spending every possible minute with her, happiest when they're all together. A perfect day is a day with Vickie, and her favorite game is the same as your own kid's. They'll spend whole afternoons in the living room with Harry hiding, Vickie go-seeking, Betty pretending to help, Punkin barking, the radio blaring—and the baby shrieking for joy when Daddy pops out from behind a chair. . .

Betty doesn't take her happiness for granted, but treasures it like a hard-won jewel. More—far more than she ever craved a career—she's always longed for what every woman wants—love and home and children. When she said "I do," she made herself a couple of promises, and to those she's stuck.

She doesn't lug her job home with her. There's no dinner-table twaddle about what she said on the set or what the director did or how she fluffed her lines and no wonder—that awful script! For all Harry hears about movies, she might have been selling hot dogs the livelong day. But sauce for the goose isn't sauce for the gander. Not that Harry goes in for shop-talk. Only, to Betty, music isn't shop-talk, it's one of her passions. She follows every new recording that comes out, so it's hardly surprising that she can't wait to hear about Harry's. That doesn't explain, however, why she saw more rushes of "Kitten on the Keys" than she did of "The Dolly Sisters." Nor why she loves Greg Ratoff, who raves about a certain bandleader in the picture.

They go out rarely. More often, people drop in to play cards and listen to records. Most of their friends are musicians, or connected with music. Among the few exceptions are the John Paynes. Betty and Gloria talk babies. Gloria's wearing Betty's maternity dresses, and the new Payne baby will be using Vickie's sterilizer.

**harry says . . .**

More than anything else, it's the way Betty talks about her husband that makes you realize what a good marriage this is.

"I've never heard him say a cross word to anyone. That's not just a wife speaking, it's the literal truth. He can't stand friction. If anyone starts an argument around him, he'll walk out—"

"I'm a different proposition. When things and people would irritate me, I'd let off steam. You could always count on Grable for the snappy answer. Well, Harry cured me. Not by anything he said. He's the last one in the world to preach or lecture. But I knew if I kept it up, he'd think less of me. And I couldn't bear to lose his good opinion. So I learned to control myself—"

"I'm still no angel. You know how it is—some days you don't feel as good as others, you get a little depressed. That used to upset Harry. Now I just say, 'Look, honey, I don't feel so good—' He says okay, and waits for me to feel better—"

"But it happens less and less often, and maybe by the time we're eighty, it won't happen at all—" Betty jumped up. "Anyway, I'm talking too much. I can give you my recipe for happiness in three words. Marry Harry James. Only I saw him first, thank God—"



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