

Modern Screen

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FEB 11 1948

DENNIS MORGAN

FEB 20 1946



**No other shampoo leaves
your hair so lustrous
yet so easy to manage**

Romance in the air! Dates in the making!

And you... looking irresistible with shining-smooth hair. There's something about Drene-lovely hair that goes straight to a man's heart.

"Change your hair-do to match the moods of many wonderful evenings," says famous Cover Girl Madelon Mason.

She shows you these alluring hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate.

Your hair is so easy to fix, so smooth and manageable when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning Action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

IF HE'S A SOPHISTICATE and loves you to look glamorous, try this brilliant upsweep. "I use Drene," says Madelon, "because it leaves my hair far more lustrous than any soap." Actually as much as 33 percent more lustre! Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it. The dramatic neckline of this Ceil Chapman gown sets off this striking hair-do, that you can arrange by gathering all hair to side-top, tie and divide into twin swirls.

Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



IF HE PREFERS SPORTS like bowling, he admires a tailored hair-do like this shining braid. "I like to wear a scarf in active games," says Madelon, "but still show plenty of hair." Of course you'll want to show your hair too, when it's so lovely. The natural brilliance is revealed by Drene.

"Brush me off, will you?"



CUPID: Now wait, Sis! Hold it!

GIRL: For *what*, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

CUPID: So! It's that way, huh? Well now *you* listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!



GIRL: With *my* dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle... hah! They—

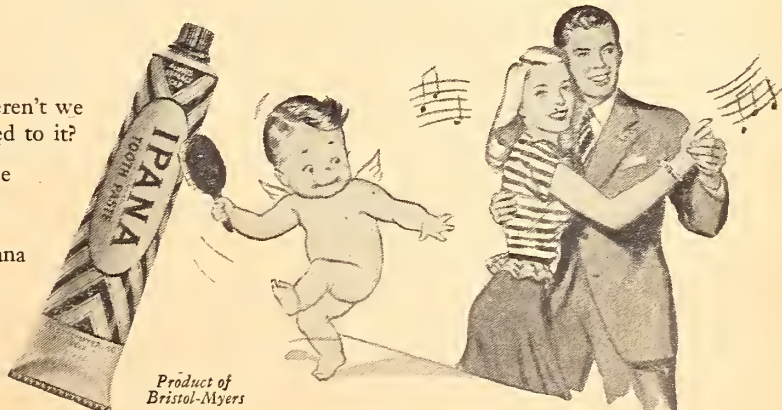
CUPID: Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Just lately. Why?

CUPID: *Why?* Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign to *see your dentist*—and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

CUPID: Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? 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 you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!



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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!

Guess who's back?

And guess who's got him?

GABLE'S
BACK!



and
GARSON'S
GOT HIM!

in M-G-M's exciting love story...

ADVENTURE.

Yes, *Adventure* adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen *Adventure* we've been on, in many a season of movie-going.

Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday.

Then—WHAM! They meet!

It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting *Adventure*!

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

They've given us a great entertainment *Adventure* that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—Leo



"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!

modern screen

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Albert P. Delacorte, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

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Gus Gale, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Bob Beerman, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

BEVERLY LINET, Information Desk

TOUSSIA PINES, Fashion Editor

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Gable's back



and Garson's got him!

in M-G-M's exciting screen
"Adventure"

CLARK GABLE • GREER GARSON in Victor Fleming's production of "ADVENTURE" with Joan Blondell • Thomas Mitchell
TOM TULLY • JOHN QUALEN • RICHARD HAYDN • LINA ROMAY • HARRY DAVENPORT • Screen Play by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN and VINCENT LAWRENCE • Adaptation by
Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright • Based on a Novel by Clyde Brion Davis • DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING • PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

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



It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

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*Literally floats off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime ordinary creams may miss...

A CREAM must liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris... dirt, grime, grease, stale, old make-up... and particularly, stubborn cake make-up!

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Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty... conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering make-up effects.

You see, Albolene is *all-cleansing*... no fillers or chemicals... and none of the water so many creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture... how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh make-up looks.

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One of the 225 products made by McKesson & Robbins for your beauty, health, and comfort

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Road to Utopia


■ If Crosby, Hope and Lamour ever run out of roads, I will build them a new one personally. "The Road To Utopia" is as breezy and nonsensical and utterly delightful as its predecessors. It has a talking fish, a talking bear, and a running commentary by the late Robert Benchley. It also has a very screwy plot, which may look silly in print, but looks fine on the screen with Crosby and Hope to put it across.

It seems there's a gold mine in Alaska. Yeah, I know, there are lots of gold mines in Alaska, but this one is special because it belongs to the father of Sal (Dorothy Lamour). He is murdered by a pair of bearded desperadoes named Sperry and McGurk who escape with the map of the mine. Sal, a determined type, starts for Alaska after them. Meanwhile, a couple of confidence men are also on their way to Alaska. Duke (Bing Crosby) and Chester (Bob Hope) are specialists in gypping suckers out of their hard earned cash. Duke is convinced that Alaska, where everyone has gold practically coming out of their ears, is a Utopia for crooks like them. Chester isn't so sure. He's heard that they shoot first up there, and ask for your biography afterward.

As usual, Duke gets his way. Chester is going to win *one* argument, however. "I'm going to put all our dough in this nice safe," he says as soon as they get to their stateroom on the boat. Unfortunately, the "safe" turns out to be a porthole, and there goes all that lovely money! So the boys have to work for their passage, and in the course of their labors, they find the map of the mine which Sperry and McGurk have (Continued on page 14)



Duke (Bing Crosby) and Chester (Bob Hope) yen after Alaskan gold mines—and Dot Lamour!



"Turn away!
Turn away!"

"You can't stop
loving him!"

"You can't,
You can't!"

GENE TIERNEY at the
flood-tide of her glory...
in a motion picture that
engulfs the screen in
dramatic greatness!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
presents

GENE TIERNEY

in
Dragonwyck

From the Novel by Anya Seton

with
WALTER HUSTON
VINCENT PRICE
GLENN LANGAN

and
ANNE REVERE • SPRING BYINGTON
CONNIE MARSHALL • HENRY MORGAN

Written for the Screen and Directed By JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

CO-ED

CO-ED LETTERBOX

My mom soys my guy is "too old" for me. I'm sixteen, he's twenty-one. Whot do you think? K. L., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

You'll bash our teeth in for this, but we're afraid Mom's right. At sixteen, you really should be picking on kids your size, although a few years hence, that five-year age difference won't mean a thing. You see, at twenty-one, a guy has grown-up ideas about smoking, drinking and woo, whereas your contemporaries are still fairly unsophisticated. Granted, there's glamor in an "older man," you'll still have much more fun with the 17 and 18-year-old bracket. Not only that, if you stick to the bush leagues, you won't be a faded old lady who's seen everything when you turn twenty-one.

I hoven't o proyer of getting o dote for the Sophomore Hop, and I honestly wouldn't mind so much if the gals in my club weren't oll signed up olready. I just can't bear their scorn. Whot can I do to shut them up? H. Z., Stote College, Po.

Gee, we gals can be mean to each other, can't we? Here's how we'd deal with that group of ghouls. Cease wailing and whining over your plight in front of them, and go to work on some chap. (See "First Love" in the other column.) If it's still no dice, cook up an out-of-town engagement, and then put yourself under wraps that weekend. Come the Monday-after, when it's all yah-ta-ta, yah-ta-ta about who wore what to the dance, be interested, but not avid, and just a wee bit superior and mysterious about your Saturday night. By the following Friday, the whole business will be so much ancient history, and you'll wonder what all the stew was about anyway.

Our doncing school hos evening classes, and of course (Continued on page 10)

To have and to hold is this month's text:

How to snare your gent, know when it's puppy love, make him forget that "let's be pals" routine.



JEAN KINHEAD

■ Valentine time again, and we can't think of a better excuse for dusting off our favorite topic—that heart-shaking, heart-breaking business of love. There are so many angles to the darn stuff—how to get it, how to hang on to it, how to brush it off. And you just think you know 'em all, when—wham!—there's another one. This is by way of helping over the rough spots. It's kind of a guide post, so if you've got a guy, or want one, read on.

First love: It's wonderful when you get it, but it's so darned elusive. How does one hook that very first guy? Well, let's see. S'posing there's a lad in Latin who is absolutely atomic. Blond and barrel-chested. And definitely for you, only he doesn't know it yet. How can you get him looking your way? First of all, be sure he's not already staked. If he's going steady or is ma-ad for some other gal, don't waste your wiles. If all's clear, begin inquiring around about him. What's he interested in? Where does he hang out after school? All that stuff. (But be foxy with your questions or everyone will know you adore him, and that is bad.) Then, looking ever so cute, plant yourself where he can't possibly miss you. Smile at him, say something friendly and casual, and then move on to someone else. Now and then bring him a good clipping on baseball or jazz or whatever he's all wrapped up in. Give him a scrumptious brownie you've made. Take his side in a red hot argument. Don't haunt him, don't be self-conscious with (Continued on page 12)

**A Million Dollars Worth of Fun
in the New Billion-Dollar
Smart Set Playground!**

Paramount sets a new style in romancing,
dancing, singing and laughing... in the
lavish... lovely show that only Mitchell
Leisen of "Lady In The Dark" and
"Frenchman's Creek" fame could give you!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
and
ARTURO DE CORDOVA

**"Masquerade
in Mexico"**

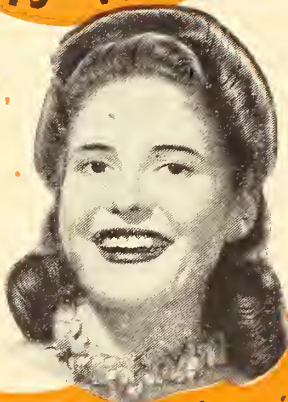
with
PATRIC KNOWLES • ANN DVORAK • GEORGE RIGAUD
Natalie Schafer • Mikhail Rasumny • Billy Daniels
and The Guadalajara Trio

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by **KARL TUNBERG** • Directed by **MITCHELL LEISEN**
Screen Play by **KARL TUNBERG** • Based on a Story by **EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER** and **FRANZ SPENCER**
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Hear Dottie's South-of-the-
Border songs and see the most
gorgeous gowns you've ever
"Ooohed" and "Aaahed" at.

**WANT TO BE
HIS VALENTINE?**



*He'll love the girl
with sparkling hair!*

Yes—there's nothing like bright, sparkling hair to make a girl more attractive AND—to bring a flood of Valentines to her door.



What's the secret of such glamorous hair? It's simple—when you use Nestle Colorinse. For Colorinse fills your hair with glowing highlights—adds radiant color and

gives your hair a softer, silkier sheen.

See how gleaming hair makes your eyes and your whole face brighter! Start today to use Nestle Colorinse and discover for yourself that glamorous hair is one sure way to a man's heart.



NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

**Nestle
COLORINSE**



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. At beauty counters everywhere.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC



CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 8)

we wear long dresses. My father won't give me the money for a couple of formals because he thinks it's silly. How can I convince him that it's vital? J. J. B., Pensacola, Fla.

Why not be very adult and independent about the thing and get the dresses for yourself? Earn money being a "sitter" or working part-time at a local store or cooking breakfast and supper for your family. There are all sorts of jobs a big girl like you could do. Then when you've amassed the dough, spend it wisely. Get a black velvet or black jersey skirt and two knock-out blouses, one white and off the shoulder-ish, one in a blazing color like Kelly green or brilliant blue or hot pink. The works shouldn't set you back more than fifteen dollars if you shop around. And don't think your pa won't be proud!

It's almost my turn to have the kids to my house for Sunday night supper again. How can I change the potato salad and hot dog routine without running it into Money? A. R., Stowe, Vt.

Why not have Heavenly Hamburgers with all sorts of fixings the way they have them in the deluxe New York meat wagons? Get lots of freshly ground meat (¼ pound per person), make it into patties—two each, and wrap 'em in wax paper till you're ready to serve them. Then round up four or five smallish wooden salad bowls, and fill each with one of these items: Onion rings, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, bread and butter pickles, sweet relish, a plate of sliced American cheese, and any other accessory you can think of. Also line up three or four bottles of sauces. Have buttered rolls in the oven, and let the lads do the cooking, while the gals pour pepsis, dish out hot casserole baked beans. Fun, different, and not expensive.

I'm just plain fat, and still my family won't let me go on a real diet. Please give me a few reducing hints that won't antagonize them or starve me. I love to eat. B. K., Athens, Ohio.

If you're very, very fat, say—twenty pounds overweight—you should persuade your family to let you see a doctor, just in case it's a glandular irregularity. If you're just kind of tubby, chances are all you need are a few setting-up exercises and a couple of very important don'ts. Don't eat between meals, unless it's just a glass of tomato juice or a cup of tea with lemon. Cut out butter, and take no more than two slices of bread a day. Try to limit yourself to just one gooey dessert a week—fruit the rest of the time. Dispense with seconds in order to shrink your stomach. Get enough sleep, but not too much. (Anything over nine hours is rubbing it in.)

Kiddies, thanks for all the peachy mail. We eat it up, you know, and we're awful glad that we're really and truly helping. The quiz biz is our meat, so keep the questions coming and we promise to answer 'em all. Write me, Jean Kinkead, at MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

APRIL ISSUE

You've got a date with Alan Ladd on March 12 if you'll just get to your newsstand fast enough . . . because Laddie decorates our April cover!

INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet

Hear ye:

This month, 'stead of answering questions, your Info Desk is going to play Columbus and do some discovering. So let's forge ahead with info on another batch of young hopefuls, who, with your help and encouragement through fan mail and votes on the MODERN SCREEN Poll, can't miss their goal of stardom.

Let's start off with terrific DANNY MORTON, who scored so as "Bugs Kelly" in "Crime, Inc." He's a Brooklyn boy, and Feb. 5, 1912 is his official birth date. He's 6 feet tall, weighs 165 lbs., and has topaz eyes and light brown hair. He is married to Marie Rhodes, and has two children. He can be reached at Universal, where his latest film is "Crimson Canary."

RORY CALHOUN is the one that intrigued you with his performance of "Jim Corbett" in "The Great John L." His real name is Francis McCowan, and he was born in Los Angeles on Aug. 8, 1922. He has black hair and blue eyes, is 6' 3" tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He was discovered by Alan Ladd and Sue Carol while horseback riding one day. He is under contract to Selznick Studios, so why not write him there? P.S.—Not a wife in sight!

Although he just danced to "Why Do You Want to Make Eyes at Me For?" with Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde," your attention was nevertheless drawn to 25-year-old, New Haven-born JOHN DEAUVILLE. He's 5' 11" tall, 170 lbs. and has brown eyes and hair. Unmarried, he was discovered for films while dancing with a date in a Los Angeles ballroom. Will next be seen with Eddie Bracken in "Ladies' Man," and Paramount Studios is his address.

Everyone calls him "Mr. Johnson" 'cause the resemblance between 28-year-old JAY NORRIS and your favorite Van, is soooo striking. Jay hails from Albany, Ga., and is an ex-Navy man with a Purple Heart to his credit. Is 6 feet tall, has reddish-blond hair and deep green eyes, and is unattached. His latest films are "Walk In The Sun," and "Well Groomed Bride," and he's currently trying his luck on Broadway in "Strange Fruit." Write to him at The Royale Theater, Broadway and W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

And remember Durbin in "It's a Date?" Well, surely you can't forget her leading man, charming LOUIS HOWARD. Louis is just out of the Army and featured in "Up Goes Maisie" and "I Have Always Loved You." Is 6' 3½", 195 lbs., and has green eyes and brown hair. Strictly a bachelor! Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, California.

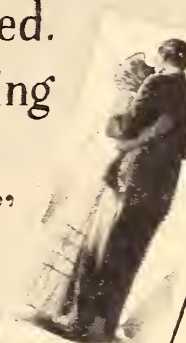
That does it for now . . . but remember, I've pul-enty of other info stored on pul-enty of other stars, featured players, movies, and what have you. All I ask is that self-addressed (with zone number) envelope, sent to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Are you with me?

Lots of love—
Bev.


"I Know what I'm Doing!" she said...

"A woman isn't meant to be lonely,
she's meant to be loved.

From now on I'm going
to live my life
my way!"



"Nobody
needs to know
anything...
they'd never
suspect you..."



"What can any
woman say to
prove she's worth
a second chance
at Love...?"

BARBARA STANWYCK

WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN AS "JESS" IN

"MY REPUTATION"

*It's Barbara's best, truly! and a new triumph for **WARNERS!***

GEORGE BRENT • WARNER ANDERSON • LUCILE WATSON • JOHN RIDGELY • EVE ARDEN • CURTIS BERNHARDT • HENRY BLANKE

Screen play by CATHERINE TURNEY from the novel "Instruct My Sorrows" by Clare Jaynes • Music by MAX STEINER

BRIGHT EYE-DEAS!



Looking down into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set". (About 30 seconds.) Wipe brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.



To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the *wrong* way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.



At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. Gently work out toward temple under eye — back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!



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

SITROUX

SAV
SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

CO-ED

(Continued from page 8)

him, and don't make yourself conspicuous in front of him via giggling, loud talking, etc. Very gradually, he'll become aware of you. You'll see it happening. He'll come up to the juke box when you're there, ask you what you want to play. Some day he'll ask you to dance. And then one wonderful Saturday night, he'll take you out, and you'll look wonderful, be wonderful—and it will hit him the way it's hit you. You'll be in love, you two.

He Loves You Like a Sister: You've known him forever, and he's always called you Goonface, and you've always called him Driz. For years he's run errands for your mom and thought he owned your dog, and just generally been all tied up with your life in a completely unromantic way. Now all of a sudden you realize he looks like Van Johnson and that all the gals burn for him. And gee, how you'd love to change the brother-and-sister act to something cozier. Well, it won't happen overnight, but it can be done. Your first move is to eliminate "Driz" from your vocabulary and start calling him by his right name, or—better still—Van! (He'll tell you to lay off, but he'll love it.) Next, make it your business to look cute when he's around. No more of that curler 'n' cold cream stuff when he comes to shovel the walk for your dad. Begin flattering him a bit (subtly, natch) instead of panning him at every turn. "That's a wonderful looking sweater," or "Gosh, I wish I could skate like that."

Tell him some of the nice things you've heard about him. Then some night, when you've got your relationship going on a more civilized plane, get your mom to invite him, in an offhand way, to stay for dinner. You'll appear looking daisy in your best sweater and skirt, friendly and merry and plying him with steak. After dinner, you'll dig out some good records or a pack of cards or an old year book, and you'll both have a wonderful time. And what do you bet, when he's going home, it'll be "Night, Swoonface." Instead of you-know-what.

It Can't Be Puppy Love: There are stars at high noon, and the world's never been so beautiful. You're in heaven when he's around, and when he's not, you're just a big blond ache. The stuff is really there, still your mom beats on you to break it up and play the field. It's only puppy love, she says, and we know that's unbearable to hear. In the first place, you just don't want to date other guys, and in the second, if you do break it up, maybe no one else will ever ask you out. How to appease your mom, hold your man, and do right by yourself simultaneously is quite a trick, but it can be done. First you must acknowledge, be it ever so painful, that your mom may be right. Maybe it is puppy love. In that case, you'll make it last twice as long, make it infinitely more wonderful, if you'll spread it a little thin. If, on the other hand, this colossal amour of

FREE OFFER!

You can assure your favorite star a place on MODERN SCREEN'S Popularity Poll—and maybe win a free gift for yourself, besides. For it's you fans, filling in the Questionnaire below and mailing it in to us no later than February 20, who are judge and jury when it comes to deciding what stars should be featured in MODERN SCREEN. And speedy does it this time, too. Because we've got just 500 super Dell magazines to give away to the first 500 of you who fill in the blank spaces herein and scoot your frank views M.S.-ward via the trusty postman.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| For Pete's Sake (Lawford)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | All God's Chillun ... | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Dennis Morgan's Life Story (part one) | <input type="checkbox"/> | (Frank Sinatra) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Watch Johnny Coy! by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | "Diary of a Chambermaid" | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Lover Man (Helmut Dantine) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Bogey Girl (Lauren Bacall) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sentimental Gentleman (John Hodiak) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Portrait of Hurd Hatfield | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| From Mother, With Love (Dick Haymes) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Billy, the Kid (William Eythe) | <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

.....

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yours is deep and good and unending, dating other lads won't change it, but it will make you a more poised, more interesting, more attractive gal, and—in the long run—a much more satisfactory wife. Either way then, playing the field obviously makes sense. The thing to do is to have a nice adult talk with your fella and tell him that he is It, your favorite guy, but that you feel that both of you should shop around a little more. The junior prom, church on Easter, New Year's Eve—times like those belong to you and Him, but a stray Friday or Saturday night here and there can go to Tom, Dick or the other guy, and to Mary or Janie or Bett. It'll keep you both on your toes, keep you from getting stodgy and old-married-ish before your time. Not only that, it'll give you more and more opportunities to prove to yourself and mom that your very young love is very true love.

How To Brush It Off: This is a good stunt to know, when things just plain have ceased to fizz for both of you or for one of you. In the first case, where the two of you no longer give much of a hoot, but just can't seem to break the thing up, proceed so: In a blithe and ungoosey mood, tell him that you think you've both hit the end of the line, and that you think he's been an angel and a gentleman to let you do the breaking off. Tell him you hope he'll still drop around, 'cause you still think he's a wonderful gent, but that you feel variety is what you both need. Ask him if he'll tell the lads that you have amicably gone pfft, so that you won't be left high, dry and guy-less, and promise to do the same for him with the gals. Wind up the evening merrily, with all the emphasis on what fun it's been, rather than how deadlly it became, and you'll have brushed it off beautifully and sensibly. If you have ceased to care, while he still goes for you, the procedure is very much the same. Pretend you think it's mutual in order to save his face. Be less merry, more tender about it, and play up the "I hope you'll still come to see me," part. He'll be crestfallen of course, but he'll still have his pride, and he'll still think you're terrific. If he's the one who's cooled, while you're still a-flame, try to beat him to the draw if it kills you. However, if he throws you over before you have a chance to resign, keep your chin up and don't tell a soul what it's done to your heart. Be casual when you see the guy, neither cutting him nor drooling over him, and when the kids start quizzing you about what happened, grin and say you ran out of allure. If you don't brood or get bitter, there'll be other guys pretty soon. Wait 'n' see!

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

hidden in their cabin. "Aha! A gold mine. What did I tell you! We're rich!" Duke says blandly. But just then Sperry and McGurk show up. The boys dispose of them temporarily, and go ashore in their clothes and false beards. They walk around scaring the hell out of the citizens of the Yukon, who think they are Sperry and McGurk. By this time Sal has arrived and confided her troubles to Ace Larsen (Douglas Dumbrille), who promises to help her. Don't trust him, though. In fact, don't trust anybody!—Par.

P. S.

"Road to Utopia" is the fourth in a series of "Road" shows which originated in the mind of the late director Victor Shertzinger when he lost a golf match listening to the quips of Bing and Bob.

Are you in the know?



This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because —

- ☐ She's a curfew keeper
- ☐ She should be pram-trotting
- ☐ She's still wearing makeup

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times...that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep you sweet-and-lovely!



In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

- ☐ Miss Dinah Mite
- ☐ Miss Mite

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making *any* business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin *really* protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center*. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!



Do you choose the colors of your clothes —

- ☐ To copy your gal pal
- ☐ To suit your color-type
- ☐ Because they're hi-fashion

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show... don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing*... doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!



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Shertzinger figured the combination would make money on the screen. He was so right that when Paramount announced "Road to Morocco" as the last of the series, the studio was swamped with protests... Fresh from his role in "Going My Way," Bing welcomed "Road to Utopia" as a relief from worry and an opportunity to get even with Hope... Bob enjoyed working in the film, too, except for the scene where he tangled with a 700-pound Russian bear. Bob said the brute had obviously heard his broadcasts. Although Hope escaped injury, a week later the bear bit his owner so severely that a hospital trip was necessary... Dottie Lamour's usual costume weighed 45 pounds, but Paramount couldn't resist throwing in a scene in which Dottie wears a fur-lined sarong.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE

It's pretty swell to have Bob Montgomery back in pictures. And it's a pretty swell picture he has come back in. Made from the William L. White best seller, "They Were Expendable," it tells the story of the PT boats. Of, specifically, Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3, stationed at Manila.

The lieutenant in charge of the squadron is John Brickley (Robert Montgomery), known as "Brick" to practically everyone. Second in command is tall, tough Rusty Ryan (John Wayne). When the picture—and the war—begins, Rusty is a little bit sore at Brick who has talked him into this PT boat routine. It looks as if the PT boats aren't going to get into action at all. Oh, sure, when the Jap planes came over at the beginning, the baby boats went out and manoeuvred around and got a couple of planes. Rusty got some shrapnel in the arm, too. But all that was nothing. And ever since, the boats have been used for messenger service. Messenger service! That's something to tell your children about. "What did you do in the war, daddy?" "I was a messenger." Great stuff!

But before long there is a bigger job for two of the boats. A Jap carrier is nearby. Maybe a PT can get near enough to knock it out. It's a mosquito against an elephant. It's David against Goliath. But it works. One of the PT boats doesn't come back, but Brick's boat gets the carrier and escapes. Rusty wasn't along on the expedition at all, because the shrapnel in his arm sent him to the hospital. He figures he's been robbed, and he takes it out on the hospital staff until he meets Sandy. She's a nurse, Lieutenant Davis (Donna Reed), and she and Rusty fall deeply in love.

The PT boats are assigned the job of evacuating General MacArthur and his family to Mindanao. They make it, but when they get there, they are told to stay. They are now under Army orders instead of Navy, and they aren't very happy about it. Then Brick blackmails some torpedoes and aviation gas out of a former classmate at Annapolis, and gets an okay on a trip to blow up a Jap cruiser. He knows that the PT boats, like so many ships and men in this war, are "expendable."

John Wayne, whose acting improves with every picture, and Bob Montgomery are both tops in this exciting story. And keep your eye on a little guy named Marshall Thompson.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Directed by Commander John Ford, in between real-life Navy action, "They Were Expendable" comes out as authentic as a movie can get. Choosing women to portray South Pacific natives, Ford was sent a batch of curvaceous cuties. He exploded. "Send over some grannies. My God, sarongs where we were were as hard to find as peashooters at a bubble dancer's convention. And nobody looked like Dorothy Lamour!" As a result, the native women in "They

Were Expendable" are about as exciting as a clock... Every foot of the marine photography and dock scenes was taken on location at Key Biscayne, Florida... On the day Ford sighted a brush fire on an island six miles off the coast, he set up the shots for the battle of Cavite and filmed it as "Manila burning in the background"... Bob Montgomery's training as a PT boat skipper during his early months in the Navy came in handy. He needed no direction about the boats, and handled them certainly as well as the many Navy veterans hired for the picture.

THE HOODLUM SAINT

So you think you know your saints. But do you know about the hoodlum saint, who watches over tramps and mugs and bums? His name is St. Dismas, and he has quite a job looking out for characters like the Snarp (James Gleason), Fishface (Rags Ragland), the Eel (Slim Summerville), and Three Fingers (Frank McHugh).

These assorted gyp artists are all pals of Terry McNeil (William Powell). They helped put him through college, and they now regard him as the greatest man in the world. Terry is just back from World War I, a major, with several wound stripes but no dough. The "characters" have no dough now either, and for a while it looks as if they will have to go to work—obviously a fate worse than death. Terry, who was a newspaperman before the war, crashes a society wedding in the hope of meeting Joe Lorrison, a newspaper owner. He does meet Joe, and talks himself right into a job. But he also meets Joe's niece, Kay (Esther Williams), and falls in love.

What can he do about it? The job doesn't pay much, and Kay is rich. Obviously, Terry must get rich, too, as fast as possible. He keeps the newspaper job just long enough to make some connections, then goes off to Chicago. He has decided to go to work for a man named Malbery, who is head of a large corporation. Of course the "characters" trail along, and he has to spend a lot of time getting them out of trouble. Terry works hard at his new job, trying not to think about Kay, and before you can say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he is vice-president of the company. He has also acquired an ornamental girl friend called Dusty (Angela Lansbury), to keep him occupied until he gets back to Kay.

Terry gets pretty tired of yanking his crackpot pals out of jams, so he tells them about St. Dismas, the patron saint of hoodlums. "Next time you get in trouble, pray to St. Dismas instead of coming to me," he says sternly. Doubtfully the "characters" try it—and it works. No one could be more surprised than Terry. But Terry is in for a lot of surprises before the end of the picture.

William Powell is at his smoothest and "the characters" will enchant you. It's a top-flight cast all around.—M-G-M.

P. S.

The St. Dismas Orphanage, which inspired the film, was several hundred dollars richer after the picture was completed. Bill Powell originated the idea of keeping a slotted box on the set and started it off with a neat ten-dollar bill. Set visitors were invited to deposit a quarter, and the cast and crew donated their own bits of coin... During the filming, both Esther and Bill had birthdays. Bill received one small cup cake adorned by one small candle, whereas Esther, being a gal, got a considerably larger cake inscribed "To a Saint—from the Hoodlums"... Angela Lansbury was married to Richard Cromwell during the picture's shooting, and rushed home every day to watch her new husband re-finish the antique furniture they had bought together. A week before her marriage, Angela was horrified to discover



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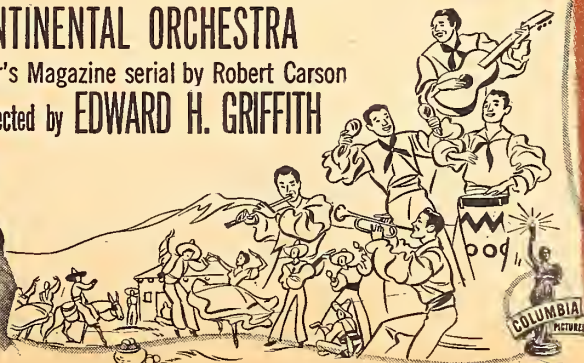
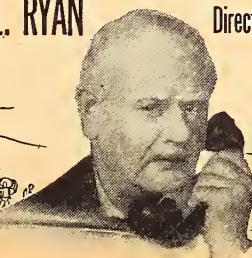
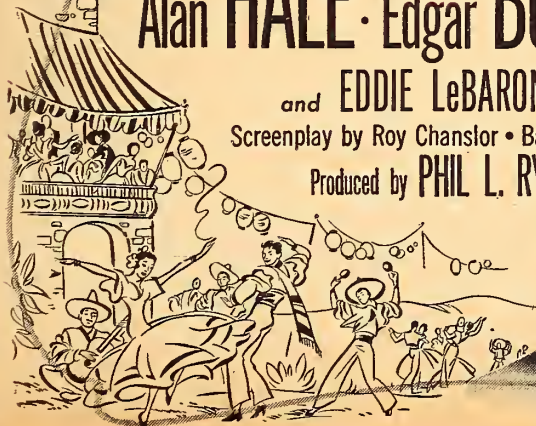
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the biggest, blackest, hairiest spider she had ever seen walking nonchalantly across her bed. Both Angela and her mother flailed the creature with frying pans and fireplace implements, finally called a squad car to the rescue. . . . Angela also bumped into trouble when one of her twin brothers, attempting to simulate an atomic bomb, got his hair singed from his concoction of kerosene in a tin can. Angela figures life keeps her busy, but she loves it.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE

You're sick. Maybe you have a stomach ache, or maybe it's something really serious. Either way, what do you do? You send for the doctor. But do you ever stop to think about the years it took him to get to be a doctor? The long, tough struggle, before he can walk in and look at your tongue and take your temperature and tell you what's the matter with you? You'll appreciate it more after you see "Miss Susie Slagle." There's a swell cast—Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, and Joan Caulfield, with Lillian Gish in the title role.

Miss Susie Slagle's is a boarding house where the luckier students from the medical school live. In 1910, several new ones have just arrived. One is Pug Prentiss (Sonny Tufts). It has taken Pug a lot of years to get this far. He had to work on a farm in Vermont to get the money and now that he's here, he can't quite believe it. Then there's Bert Riggs (Pat Phelan) who has come all the way from China. Miss Susie greets them all graciously. A second year student named Ben (Billy De Wolfe) gives them the dope on the various classes and professors. Work begins.

Pug has ability as a surgeon, but he has a big psychological handicap—the fear of seeing death. He tries to forget it, and for a while he thinks he has it conquered. His social life revolves around pretty Greta Howe (Joan Caulfield). The first time she meets Pug she decides to marry him, and she's a girl who gets her way.

Bert meets a girl, too. She's a student nurse, Nan (Veronica Lake) and they are soon deeply in love. Bert hesitates about asking her to marry him. He must go back to China and be a medical missionary. It's no life for a girl. But all Nan asks is to be near Bert, in China or anywhere else. It doesn't seem like much, does it? Still, it's more than life is destined to give her.

Pug's old fear returns as he comes closer to being a surgeon. If it weren't for Miss Susie, his medical career would have ended. They all owe a lot to Miss Susie. You'll see what I mean when you see the picture.—Par.

P. S.

Owned by the studio for seven years, the script was not tackled sooner because of its complexity of characters and stories. It was finally written in finished form by John Houseman, co-founder with Orson Welles of the Mercury Theater. It was directed by John Berry, who was associated with Houseman in the Mercury Theater, and who introduced a new technique in Hollywood of a full week's rehearsal with the entire cast before actually shooting. . . . Despite the fact that the film is overflowing with newcomers to the screen, the cast also includes a favorite old-timer, Lillian Gish, who plays the title role. It is her first important role since she left films for the stage in 1930, and makes her the only screen star to be active during both war periods. . . . The studio hired Dr. Benjamin Sachs, noted diagnostician, as technical adviser. He spent six months on research, and under his supervision sets were constructed to produce a typical medical school of thirty-five years ago. Four laboratories contained more than 5000 props valued at \$10,000 in medical equipment, all of which

was practical with running water and gas heat, to allow for actual experiments. . . . Walls of the students' bedrooms and bathroom at the boarding house were adorned with anatomical drawings by studio artists. Featured was "Little Elize," a feminine figure of questionable reputation drawn on the bathroom ceiling. Her popularity was enhanced by a song written especially for her, sung by male members of the cast, which paid tribute to her in anatomical terms.

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD

You've probably heard the "Breakfast in Hollywood" program, with Tom Breneman officiating, on the air. If you haven't, you should, and in either case you'll enjoy the picture. By the way, our own Hedda Hopper is featured in it. And in the swaziest hat!

Hollywood at six a.m. is a busier place than you might think. Pretty little extras in everything from cowgirl costumes to evening gowns are just going to work. A nice old lady, Mrs. Reed (Beulah Bondi) is tying her dog up in the yard, preparatory to starting for the "Breakfast" broadcast. Miss Spriggins (Zasu Pitts) is going there, too. She has on a hat she has bought for the occasion. When the milkman tells her it looks like a permanent waving machine, she is delighted. It seems they give a prize at the broadcast for the dizziest hat. Mrs. Cartwright (Billie Burke) is going, too, but she doesn't have a dizzy hat on. She dresses very conservatively and doesn't even wear makeup. She thinks her husband prefers her this way, but the minute she gets out of the house this morning he calls up a blonde who uses lots of makeup.

Tom Breneman is on his way to the broadcast, too. After all, the guy has to earn a living some way. He picks up a young soldier named Ken (Eddie Ryan) and gives him a ticket to the show. Ken meets a pretty girl there. Her name is Dot (Bonita Granville) and she's from his home town, Minneapolis. They have something else in common, for they both know Jimmy Glennon of the Navy. They discuss Minneapolis and Jimmy during the broadcast, in between watching celebrities like Hedda Hopper. Of course Hedda wins the prize for the screwiest hat! Later on, Dot tells Ken that she's engaged to Jimmy. Ken happens to know that Jimmy is married, but he doesn't know whether he should tell her that.

The other people at the broadcast have problems, too. You get quite a cross-section of Hollywood in the course of the picture. The Hollywood that has nothing to do with the movies, but is made up of people like you and me. I think this "breakfast" is worth your money.—U.A.

P. S.

Although a microphone has never given Tom Breneman so much as a qualm, he viewed the movie cameras with a great deal of suspicion. After he saw his screen tests he told his wife, "I'm much better looking than I appear on the screen," then laughed and added, "I guess I'm an awful ham". . . . Breneman was impressed by the sets, one an authentic reproduction of his restaurant, and the other a \$5,000 office. He doesn't actually have an office, uses a top drawer in the desk of somebody else's receptionist. . . . Because the film specializes in crazy hats, Hedda Hopper was given a role in the picture to utilize her reputation for whacky headgear. . . . Andy Russell sings "Amour," "Magic in the Moonlight" and a new song, "If I Had a Wishing Ring." Slightly chubby at the time the film started shooting, Andy was ordered to lose fifteen pounds, had to go through a Sinatizing process. . . . The film was a windfall for the

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town's elderly female extras. Because of the need for actresses to portray Breneman's restaurant audience, more than 200 of the more aged extras found themselves with three weeks of solid work.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

This is a story about a boy and girl who fall in love and get married. It's the sort of thing that's happening every day, and that's what makes it real and beautiful. Joan Fontaine is wistfully lovely as the young wife, and Marc Stevens will charm you with his portrayal of the husband. They're bewildered and a little frightened by life, but they're willing to take a chance.

If they weren't, Susan (Joan Fontaine) and Peter (Marc Stevens) wouldn't get married. Peter is only making twenty dollars a week, and even in 1937 that doesn't take you far. But Susan has a job too, in a bookstore, and between them they can certainly make enough to get along on. Can't they? Can't they? Susan's older sister, Martha (Rosemary De Camp) tries to discourage them. "Listen, you've got a job and a room at the Y.W., and while it may not be exciting, you could be worse off. Leave it at that for a while." Martha is married and has two children and her husband's out of a job. She knows what she's talking about.

Susan marries Peter, anyway. They don't have a honeymoon because they can't leave their jobs, but they have a one room and kitchenette apartment where Susan fixes breakfast. They have a big armchair where Peter can sit and hold her on his lap in the evening. They have everything! Then Peter loses his job, and there don't seem to be any others. Susan goes on working at the bookstore while he stays home and does the housework, which he loathes. One evening Susan comes home with good news. The owner of the bookstore has written a book. He has seen some of the art work Peter does for a hobby and he wants him to illustrate the book. He has sent fifty dollars to clinch the bargain. Peter takes off his apron, turns off the gas under the beans (which are burned, anyway), and takes his wife out to dinner. He doesn't know the mess that fifty dollars is going to get him into. Oh, Peter and Susan have a tough time, all right. But are they sorry they got married? See the picture and you'll know the answer.—RKO

P. S.

Some studio in Hollywood once took a poll on the subject of titles, and among the facts gleaned was the information that people do not flock to see a movie with marriage mentioned in its title. The industry has never been able to understand why, because the biggest money makers among films have been those dealing with marriage. "From This Day Forward" was originally titled "All Brides Are Beautiful," from the novel of the same name, but courage failed in the Title Department and they changed it to a monicker that smacked only slightly of marriage but didn't hit movie-goers in the face with it. . . . Mark Stevens, who is being hailed as the newest sensation on the screen, has his first important role in the picture, that of male lead opposite Joan Fontaine. Mark worked in the film with tongue in cheek, because after floundering around Hollywood for a long time and suffering dropped options from several studios, including RKO, he decided to free lance and was almost immediately called back by RKO for the lead in the picture. . . . Of the definite opinion that makeup is a sissy business, Mark refused to have any applied to his face. Then he saw the rushes and realized that he looked slightly embalmed. The makeup man had better success the following morning.

DEADLINE AT DAWN

You're a sailor on furlough in New York, and a girl manoeuvres you into a crap game with her brother. The game turns out to be crooked, and you've been drinking a lot, and you lose your temper. You draw a blank for a while, and the next thing you know, you're walking along the street with a portable radio in one hand and a wad of dough in the other. Neither of which belongs to you.

It's a bit worrying, especially when you're young and serious minded like Alex (Bill Williams). Has he stolen the money? Should he go back and see Edna and her brother, Romano (Joseph Calleia), and find out what it's all about? Or should he just hop the next bus back to the base at Norfolk? While he's trying to decide, he wanders in to a dime-a-dance joint and meets June (Susan Hayward). She's sorry for this bewildered kid, and against her better judgment finally goes with him to Edna's place to return the money.

But Edna is dead. She's lying there on the floor, and she isn't beautiful any more. Not beautiful at all, because she's been strangled. Alex' first thought, naturally, is that he did it himself. But June doesn't believe that, and neither does he, really. He has a feeling he would have known if he had done a thing like that.

By morning someone will have notified the police. And Romano will say he went away and left Alex with his sister and she was alive then. Maybe Alex will be convicted of the murder. Unless, that is, he and June can find the murderer themselves between now and the deadline at dawn. There are a couple of clues. A lipstick, and a white carnation. The lipstick leads them eventually to a frightened blonde, and the carnation turns out to be the property of a blind piano player named Sleepy. There are other people, too, whom Edna has been blackmailing. Is one of them the murderer? By now Alex and June aren't sure of anything. They've found a philosophical taxi driver named Gus (Paul Lukas) who helps them in their search. But can they find the murderer—by dawn?

This is an unusual picture, with an unusual characterization by Paul Lukas.—RKO

P. S.

Production was so rushed that cast and crew often worked at night. Because scenes were laid in Manhattan, on a supposedly torrid evening, stars drank ice water every few minutes to cool their breath and keep it from vaporizing in front of cameras. . . . Portraying a cripple, Osa Massen was afraid she would forget to limp, finally solved the problem by wearing a pebble in her shoe throughout entire production. . . . In one scene, Bill Williams was required to chew peanuts as he talked to Susan Hayward. During rehearsals, Susan seemed to become more and more nervous. "What's the matter?" the director asked her. "It's my silly phobia," explained Susan. "I can't stand to hear anyone chew peanuts or taffy." "How about bananas?" suggested director Clurman. It turned out that Susan has a great affinity for bananas, and ate one in the scene along with Bill. It took a bit of timing to synchronize their eating so as not to interfere with the dialogue. . . . Strangest sign of all time to appear on a set was the one reading "Keep Off the Shadows." Shooting Bill and Susan on a moonlit New York street, the cameraman had their shadows painted on the sidewalk, was terrified that somebody would walk on the fresh paint and delay production. . . . A photographer before she became an actress, Osa Massen became very friendly with Susan Hayward, and while working in "Deadline at Dawn" started making a weekly photographic record of Susan's twins. . . . Bill Williams, who never wears (Continued on page 26)

Killer Hunt!

... FOUR HOURS TO GO!

Gob on shore leave...dance
hall hostess. Fear in their
hearts...murder on their
hands...and only time until
dawn to prove an innocence
they themselves doubt!

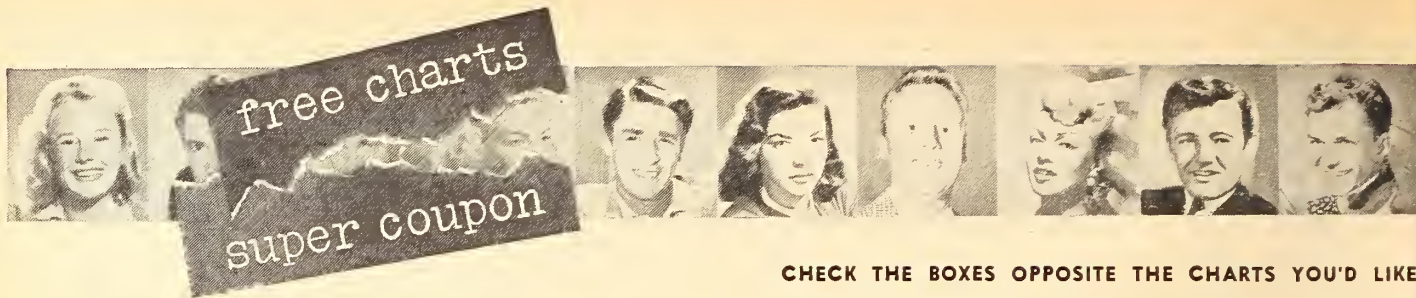
SUSAN HAYWARD · PAUL LUKAS
BILL WILLIAMS

(The Sergeant of "THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS")
in

DEADLINE AT DAWN

JOSEPH CALLEIA · OSA MASSEN · LOLA LANE · JEROME COWAN
Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Screen Play by CLIFFORD ODETS





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HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB—Brand-new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for all your favorites—Frank Sinatra, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Guy Madison, Alan Ladd, etc. Here's how to get the most fun out of being a movie fan; learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION; how to write fan letters that merit personal replies. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ☐

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that ever pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and their movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in the film you saw last night, see box on page 10 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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Rochel—who changed France because of one German kiss

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JANE EYRE

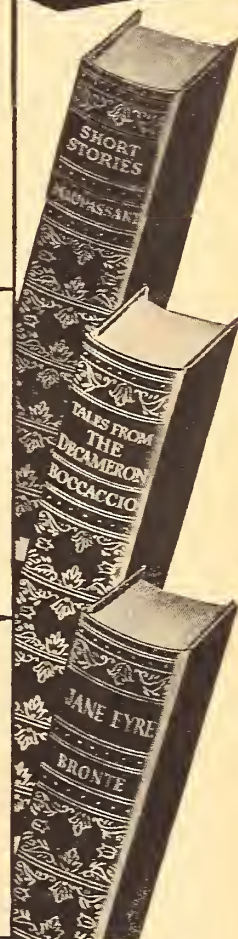
By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED THEIR LOVE? Passionate, daring story of a man who spent his life seeking a woman he could love.

His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?



Orton Welles, Joan Fontaine in FOX CANTLEY FOX Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."



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Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Cold, huh? Well if the weather's got you feeling slightly on ice, how about picking up a fireplace somewhere and winding yourself around some nice hot music? Strictly the life. Only hey, wait a minute. You're not supposed to go looking for that fireplace setup just yet. Not until I give you The Word about a few things to go with it. The two very best records of the month, for instance. One sweet, one hot, and both worth your hard-earned dough. For sweet, I'll give you "Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin'"—the Stan Kenton-June Christy version (with "Artistry Jumps," on Capitol) and for hot, take "Jivin' Joe Jackson," coupled with "Queer Street," by Count Basie on Columbia. So that's that. Now for the usual records (don't forget the complete list at the end of the article for easy clipping and carrying) arranged with the sweet choices first, hot next, and albums trailing merrily.



Yank overseas forces dubbed la streamlined Stafford "GI Jo."

BEST POPULAR

AS LONG AS I LIVE—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)—This is the song from "Saratoga Trunk," and *not* the original "As Long As I Live" which everybody knows. It's one of several recent songs that are title duplications. For instance, there's a number out now called "Blue," probably the thirty-nine thousand and sixteenth with that label. Popular Mr. Johnston sings "One More Dream" on the other side of "As Long As I Live," and he's aided by the vocal group known as The Satisfiers. From the cigarette of the same faculty.

COME TO BABY, DO—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)—This is the first time I've ever mentioned a number three months in a row. But these two new versions are so good I had to let you know.

A lot of successful tunes have been written by taking a line out of another popular tune, and building a new song around it. "Come to Baby" is a switch on that line out of "Embraceable You." I think it goes, "Come to papa, come to papa, do—" Anyhow, the other side of the King Cole recording is "Frim Fram." And in case you read that line in a New York column about how "those in the know are laughing at the way 'Frim Fram' got past the radio censors," you can relax. It's a lot of eyewash. The line that's causing all the commotion goes: I want some frim (*Continued on page 78*)



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"SHOWBOAT" by TOMMY DORSEY

Jerome Kern's immortal music from "Showboat" in new super-smooth arrangements by Tommy Dorsey: *Why Do I Love You; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Make Believe; Ah Still Suits Me; Ol' Man River; You Are Love, Bill*; plus Kern's latest, *No-body Else But Me*. Smart Set Album P-152, \$2.50.



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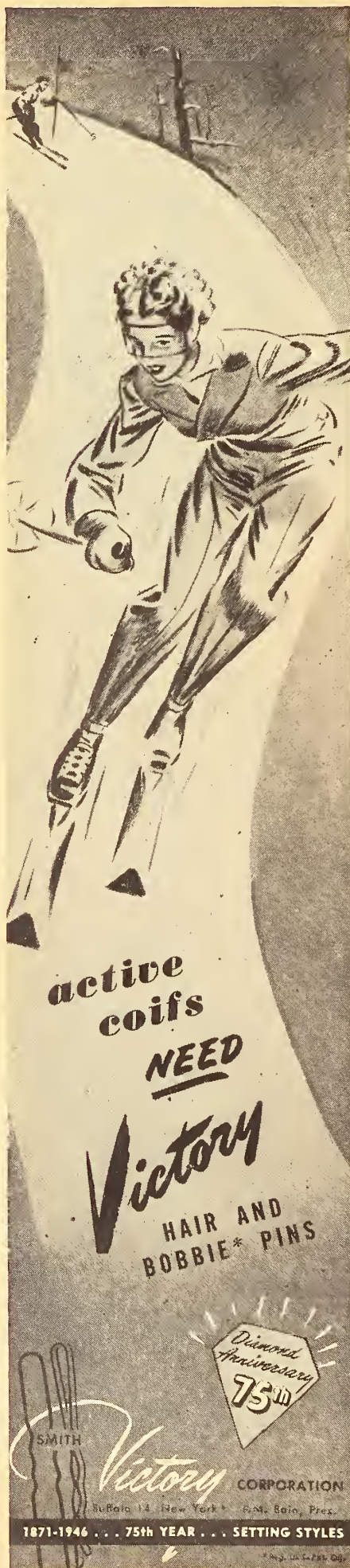
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 20)

a hat off-screen and is continually misplacing the Navy cap he wears in the film, collects hats as a hobby. He owns everything from a cockney's headgear to toppers worn by South Pacific natives.

THE SEVENTH VEIL

Don't be deceived by the title. This English picture has nothing whatever to do with Salome. The only strip tease in it is a mental one, whereby a neurotic patient's mind is finally unveiled to a psychiatrist. The patient is lovely Francesca Cunningham (Ann Todd), who has been one of England's really great concert pianists. She is now confined to a mental hospital, with the delusion that her hands are injured so she can no longer play.

The reasons for this delusion go back a long way. They begin with Francesca in boarding school. One time the head mistress caned her for being late to classes, and her fingers swelled so that she failed in an examination for a musical scholarship. Afterward she leaves school and goes to live with her Uncle Nicholas (James Mason), who is not her uncle at all, but a distant cousin. He is an intensely domineering person, but attractive in a curious way. He's a cripple, and his life has been unhappy. When he discovers Francesca's talent for the piano, he sends her to the Royal Academy of Music. He has decided to make her a concert pianist, and when Nicholas decides something, it's as good as done.

The next seven years are extraordinary ones for the shy girl. She falls in love with a young man, Peter (Hugh McDermott), an American bandleader working his way through the Academy, but Nicholas promptly whisks her off to Paris to continue her studies. Francesca is heartbroken, and she throws herself completely into her music, which is what Nicholas wants. She becomes a great pianist, and yet she is always under Nicholas' domination, and always unhappy. When after many years they return to London, she looks for Peter, but it is too late.

Another man comes into her life then. He is Max Leyden (Albert Lieven), a famous artist. Nicholas asks him to paint Francesca's picture, and that leads to the series of events which land her in the mental hospital . . . and, eventually, get her out again.

The musical score of "The Seventh Veil" is beautifully played by the London Symphony Orchestra. Make a special effort to see this, it is a truly superb picture—Univ.

P. S.

London audiences and critics have gone balmy over the film, maintaining it is one of the few that pay a compliment to the intelligence and imagination of the audience . . . Ann Todd, who paints in oils as a hobby, is the mother of two children, David, aged 9 and Francesca, 5. She borrowed the name of her daughter to use as her character name in the film. . . . Hugh McDermott, who plays Peter, has portrayed an American in several English stage productions. During the war, his dressing room was often swamped by GIs who thought him an American. He hated to tell them that he really is from Edinburgh. . . . For the hypnotic sequences, an American major in the medical corps was employed as technical director.

BECAUSE OF HIM

In "Because Of Him" Charles Laughton plays a great actor who, like most great

actors, is also a bit of a ham. Type casting they call that. Deanna Durbin is the young girl who comes to New York to get on the stage. Franchot Tone plays the other reason young girls come to New York.

Kim Walker (Deanna Durbin) has been trying for some time to get an autograph from the great theater idol, John Sheridan (Charles Laughton). But it can't be just any old autograph—she wants it on a special piece of paper. In fact, what Kim is up to is to get Sheridan's signature to a letter. She gets it the night he leaves on a fishing trip, and Sheridan goes off peacefully, not knowing he has just signed a glowing testimonial to Kim's ability as an actress.

Armed with the letter, she goes next day to Sheridan's manager, Gilbert. On the way to his office, she brushes off a handsome but wolfish young man who tries to pick her up. It is definitely disconcerting to find the same man in Gilbert's office when she gets there. He is Paul Taylor (Franchot Tone) the author of Sheridan's next play. He revenges himself for the brush-off by insinuating that it is Kim's looks rather than her acting ability Sheridan has been interested in. But Gilbert is sure that the great man intends to have Kim play opposite him in the new play. He gives a big party for her at Sheridan's apartment, and not only announces her as the new leading lady, but conveys the impression that there is a romance between her and Sheridan.

Kim is bewildered by the way the situation has gotten out of hand. When Sheridan returns unexpectedly in the middle of the party, she can't think of anything to do except faint. Sheridan takes her in the other room, lectures her severely on her attempt to impose on him, and adds that it was a damned bad faint. Kim resents this criticism of her acting ability so much that later she stages a fake suicide attempt. This leads to more complications, while Paul simmers quietly in the background. Eventually, I hasten to add, love conquers all.—Univ.

P. S.

Directors believe that one of Deanna Durbin's best "camera angles" is her walking. They gave her long walking scenes in "His Butler's Sister" and "Can't Help Singing." In "Because of Him," Director Richard Wallace strolled her arm in arm with Charles Laughton down 320 feet of a New York Street. Just in case you notice in future Durbin pictures that she is going in more and more for liking, you'll know the reason why. . . . When a "Cyrano de Bergerac" nose was needed for Laughton, property men went into a twitch. The size of the famed man's nose has long been a subject of controversy in the theater world. Makeup man Jack Pierce finally settled the issue by making a rubber snoot two and one-half inches long at the base and three-quarters of an inch wide, curved to fit the Laughton features. . . . It seems Franchot Tone's offspring always arrive while he is working in a picture with Deanna. His first son was born during the shooting of "His Butler's Sister," the second arrived smack in the middle of "Because of Him." . . . Required to portray waitresses in the film, Deanna and Helen Broderick learned the tricks of the trade from a studio commissary veteran with eighteen years of experience. . . . The famous oyster bar in Grand Central Station was authentically duplicated as a set for the film. The only difference was that the smaller oysters of the type available on the West coast were used.

Overnight

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Patricia Vaniver

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PUZZLE—WHICH IS THE PIN-UP GAL?

One look at GLENDORA DONALDSON's sparkling beauty and you know she's a famous model.

And her cuddly daughter, Linda, is giving Glennie plenty of competition. Who could choose between two such perfect complexions?

"We share a family beauty secret," Glennie says. "It's *Ivory* care! I learned about pure, mild *Ivory* in my bathinette and it's still my beauty soap today!"



Here's Glennie's style secret

Being a Navy wife, mother and famous model, isn't enough for Glennie's many talents—she makes her own clothes, too! This tricky playsuit is her own idea.

"Nice clothes aren't all that count in modeling," Glennie says. "A fresh, radiant complexion is the most important asset of all—I call it that *Ivory Look!*"

Say, who's the model here?

Glennie is also an artist with an eye for beauty. "Real beauty starts with a lovely complexion," she says.

"Models can't afford to be careless about skin care. I'd advise anyone who wants to look her loveliest to remember that."

Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild *Ivory*—Glennie's beauty soap—the soap doctors advise. You can have softer, smoother, lovelier skin—that *Ivory Look!*



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure



More doctors advise
Ivory than any other
soap

Don't be a soap waster—Ivory contains scarce materials—make it last!

To our Readers...

■ Some time when you're in a dreamy mood, treat yourself to a good look at Frankie Boy. And tell me if you don't get a strange feeling that maybe the guy is all soul. It happens to me so often, I just thought I'd ask around to make sure I'm not losing my grip.

I remember long, long ago, the first time I heard Frankie sing. It was a number called "I'll Never Smile Again." I remember thinking, "He isn't just *singing* that number." And a million volts of lightning ran down my spine.

Then recently George Evans asked me down to hear Frank talk at a high school. A simple talk. Frank was telling the kids about a fight he'd had back in his Hoboken days. He and his dad and a small task force of their buddies had knocked out a meeting of hooded Ku Klux Klansmen.

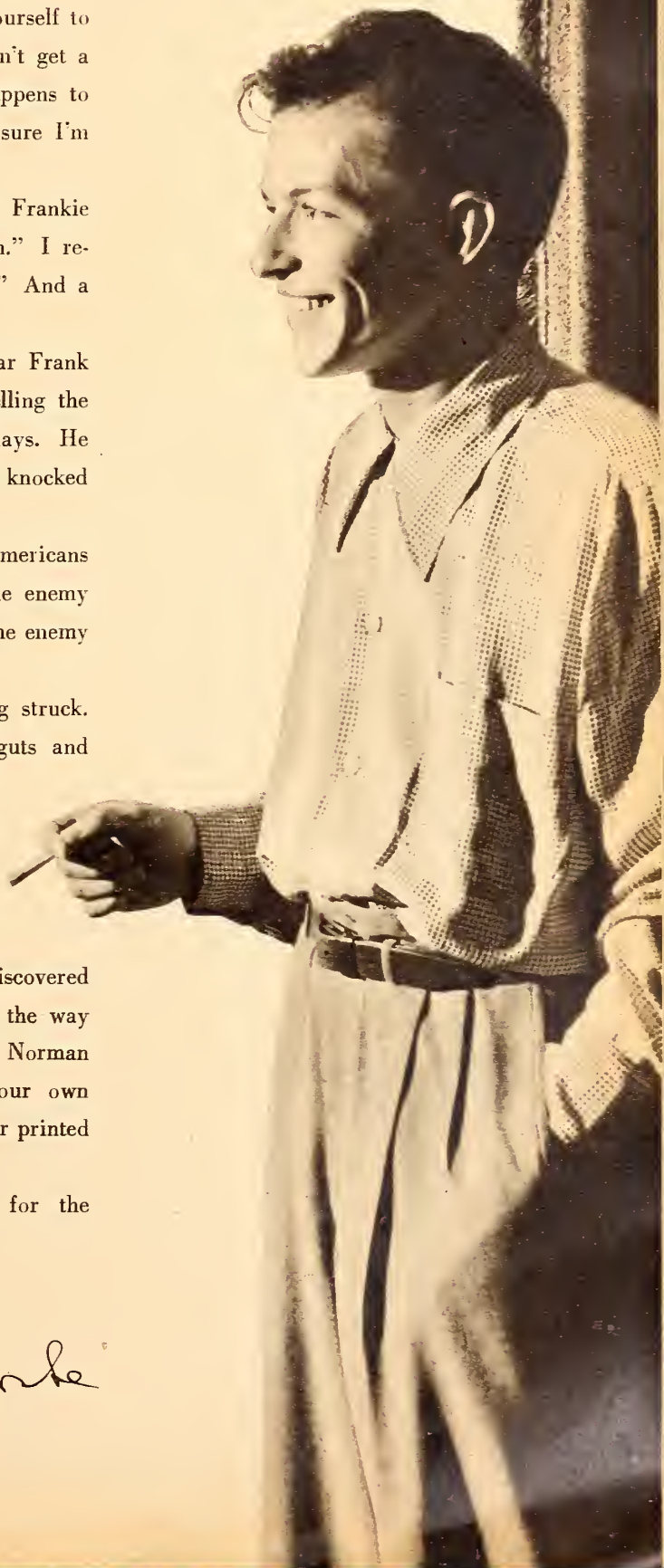
Frank told the kids what the Klan does to make Americans hate other Americans. Then he warned them that the enemy isn't always a jerk hiding out in a hood. Sometimes, the enemy is hiding in your own heart!

It was a simple talk. But once again the lightning struck. Frankie the fighter. 130-odd pounds of bone and guts and soul challenging half a world of intolerance. A sweet guy who makes a million dollars a year . . . talking about an *ideal*. Men who make that kind of money like to save their ideals for their old age.

I got the feeling then and there that Frank Sinatra was the bravest man I'd ever known. Better still, I discovered that there are lots of folks who think about Frankie the way I do. And so for this issue, the great radio writer, Norman Corwin, has written him a ringing tribute. And our own Virginia Wilson has written the finest Sinatra story ever printed in any magazine!

A word of warning. As you read, look out for the lightning.

Al Jolson



FOR PETE'S SAKE

"I WOULDN'T WALK 20 YARDS TO SEE ANY MAN—NOT EVEN PETE,"

CHUCKLED LADY LAWFORD. GRINNED THE GIRL, "YOU'RE NOT

15—AND I'M NOT HIS MOTHER!" • BY IDA ZEITLIN

Pete himself christened one of his fan clubs "The PL's"—was so thrilled when Mom and Dad wrote in for charter membership.



Still impressed with husband Sir Sidney's excitement at his excursion into the "theatuh" (remember him in "Kitty"?), Lady May pooh-poohs rumors of her film debut. "Two actors in the family are plenty," she smiles. "I'll sit by and enjoy them."



■ Three times in six months, the Lawfords have had their unlisted phone number changed. It doesn't seem to help much. Two days after the last change, a treble voice on the wire inquired for Pete. By the Pete, Lady Lawford knows them. No bobby-socker would be caught dead calling him Peter. As one youngster demanded: "Why be formal at our age?"

"Peter's not in," Lady Lawford said. "Would you like to leave a message?"

"No thanks, he wouldn't know me from Adam. I'm just an ardent fan—"

"Well, I'm Peter's mother and I wonder if you'd tell me something. How did you ever manage to get this number?"

"From the black market at school. You can (Continued on page 109)



As a rule, Pete can't be bothered with primping—can't sit still that long. Even has to steal time from his athletics and socializing to gorge on scripts—any scripts—"so I can get the feel of them."



Along with slang and jive, Pete's picked up our passion for camera'ing. Was dubbed "hero" recently when he invited Nora Flynn to his table, got her out of range of some gents fiddling with a gun—that went off!

■ The Swedish housewife, red-faced, shook her fists and advanced on the husky kid rubbing his ripped knee pants and ruefully fingering the bent spoke of his bike wheel.

"Now you've done it!" she shrieked. "You've gone and killed my husband, Nels!"

The boy gulped miserably. A few seconds before he'd come kiting down the street lickety split, the wind biting his pink cheeks, his pale blue eyes glistening. He hadn't seen the man who stepped off the sidewalk and the man hadn't seen him. They'd connected with a belly busting bump that sent him flying over the handle-bars and the man skidding, head over heels. He lay in a very undignified position by the curb, gasping for air like a stranded catfish, and he was one of Prentice, Wisconsin's, leading merchants.

"I'm sorry," blurted the kid, "I didn't mean—"

"You're sorry," mocked the boiling woman. "You didn't mean! You did *too* mean. You're always up to something. Stanley Morner—you're the worst boy in this town!"

"Tuffy" Morner scraped his toe in the gravel and sighed. His folks would hear about this, as they



"And unto the fourth generation. . . ." Four-year-old Dennis (at that time, "Stanley,") with great-grandmother, Mrs. Rabbits, Mrs. F. Morner, his mother, and grandmother Van Dusen.



During his Prentice, Wisconsin, high school days, he started playing basketball, combing his hair, letting his nails grow—and dating. Met Lillian as a senior, married her 8 years later.



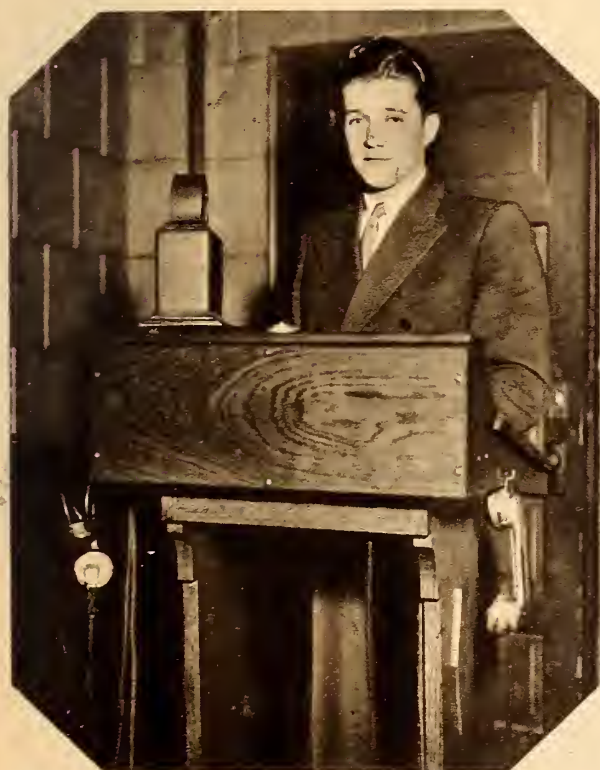
Already expert at skiing and hunting, Dennis fast became "The Compleat Angler;" at 11 had already caught a 28-lb. fish. Here he's "praud fisherman'ing" with his pal, Ben Wing.



At 36, Dennis is starring in "The Time, The Place and The Girl." At 3, sister Darathy was the only female he'd grin at. Mothers had another son, Kenneth, who died at Dennis' birth.



D. started his rot-tot-tot style of speech during this "cowboys and Indians" phase. His horse, "Strawberry," just died, after having thrown, in 3 years, the boss, son Stanley and pal Johnny Mitchell.



First time his music teacher heard him sing, she wept. Later started sneaking in voice lessons with his piano practice. At 23 he was announcing for Milwaukee radio station WLMJ.

dennis morgan

"Tuffy," they called him, and he

lived up to it, even bicycling right over the
town's leading merchant! (Life Story, Part I)

By Kirtley Baskette

had heard about so many other things. It wasn't true that he had killed Nels, of course. Nels disproved that the minute he got his wind back by joining in bawling him out with a vigor that showed he was little the worse for the crash. It wasn't true either, Tuffy reasoned honestly, that he was the worst kid in town. Things just seemed to happen when he felt particularly full of beans, which was practically all of the time.

Always up to something, that was "Tuff" Morner. The first kid, if he could run fast enough, to smash the glass and blow the siren when somebody yelled "Fire!" First to grab the handles of the hose trailer and help the shouting, sweating men haul it the night the bank burned down. A busy kid, "Tuffy." Youngest trombone player in the city band, the boy tenor star of practically

every get-together and bang-up event in Southern Price county. The smallest hunter to get his deer and haul a giant muskellunge out of the Jump. The busiest and best young actor in town, too, and so advanced about it that they had to co-star the principal's wife with him in the school graduation play to make it look even.

Maybe a good part of the reason that "Tuffy" Morner, whose folks called him Stanley, grew up to become Dennis Morgan, Hollywood's golden-voiced star and Prentice's pride, is because he kept "up to something" all along the way. Through athletics, acting, debate, music and culture in high school and in college. And afterwards, refusing to settle for a steady, secure business life, through Chautauqua, radio, night clubs, concerts, opera—through the build-ups (*Continued on page 89*)



Jim promises to inherit Dad's hatred of dress-up, is old enough to giggle at the old story of how young Dennis, forced into a Palm Beach suit, once walked a block to a berry bush, squatted in it until the suit was suitably stained.

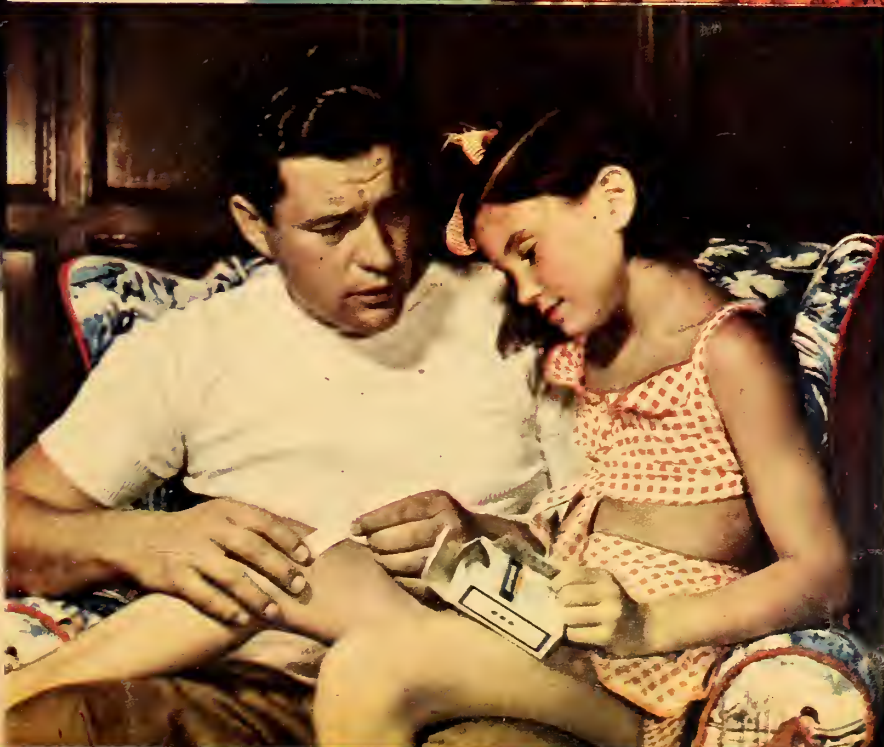
dennis morgan



Co-star Martha Vickers finally caught D.'s bug for the outdoors. He once crept into sis Dot's room, made her jump from porch roof into snow—while she had measles!



Kodachrome by Willinger



Look who's First Aid-ing daughter Kris! D., chopping down a tree recently, smashed in the house roof, lacerated 3 fingers!

HE'S HEDDA HOPPER'S CHOICE FOR THE "STAR OF THE MONTH,"

IS JOHNNY COY—THE LAD WITH THE DANCING FEET, THE LIGHT HEART . . .

AND A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY-HABIT OF PERFORMING AT PARTIES!

W a T C H **JOHNNY COY!**



Johnny, soon in "Ladies' Men," looks Coy as Hedda Hopper owords him his splendid Gruen Watch. John, who "discovered" Lucille Bremer, has fan clubs aolare, although he's only appeored in 3 pics.

by HEDDA HOPPER

■ FRED ASTAIRE said, "Excuse me a minute, Hedda," and stepped across the stage to where a wiry young man stood watching the dance rehearsal with worshipping eyes—for all the world like a red hot fan.

I was studio set-hopping that day and I'd headed straight for Fred's "Blue Skies" set at Paramount. For one, because there's nothing that perks me up like a look at flying feet—especially Fred Astaire's flying feet—and for two, because I knew this was Astaire's swan dance, the last toe symphony that great dancing star would tap out for the movies before he retired.

That's how I happened to see and hear what I did.

Fred smiled and stuck out his hand. "You're Johnny Coy, the dancer, aren't you?"

The young guy bobbed his rumpled head and gave a grin that lit up the set like a row of arcs. "Yes sir, Mister Astaire," he said, just as if he were talking to the President of the United States.

"I've seen your pictures and I like your work," Fred told him, "and from my experience, let me say you're going to be around Hollywood for a long, long time!"

I moved in like Gang Busters then, eaves-dropping all over the place. This I wouldn't want to miss, for a lot of reasons.

"Gee, thanks," I heard Johnny Coy stammer. "I never dreamed this would ever happen to me. Mister Astaire, you've been my idol ever since I was a kid!"

"Thank you," smiled Fred. "Look—would you like to see my routine?"

"Would I!"

He took the time right there, did Fred, to run through his whole (*Continued on page 100*)



"HI, CHARLIE," SAYS HUMPHREY TO
LAUREN. OR "BUTCH." OR "SLIM." BUT THE LOOK
IN HIS EYES SAYS, "HELLO, DARLING."

Bogey girl

■ The most exclamatory news about Betty and Humphrey Bogart is that they have bought "The Santana," a 55-foot yawl with an illustrious past and a promising future. The Bogarts are selling their 35-foot cabin cruiser, which was satisfactory for jaunting to Catalina, but which couldn't compete with "The Santana" in, say, the soon-to-be-revived annual race to Honolulu.

"The Santana's" previous roster of ownership includes, most recently, Dick and June Powell, and before that, George Brent. When he bought the boat, Bogey announced laconically that he would probably find some of Ann Sheridan's bobby pins in the cabin.

Incidentally, the cabin was originally one huge room, but under the Brent ownership this was subdivided into two compartments. The Bogarts, scanning the construction blueprints, have decided to knock out the new partitions and return the boat to its initial plan.

Working up to the ownership of a craft of "The Santana" class is a project that has kept the Bogarts busy practically since their marriage last May. Bogart (Continued on page 86)



The Bogarts really loved this old boat. Now they've bought "The Santana," and L. gave H. a navigation instrument set.



BY
FREDDA
DUDLEY

Lauren (with Humphrey in "The Big Sleep") almost fainted in death scene of "Confidential Agent." Gagger Peter Lorre put a wet sponge inside his shirt. She touched . . . and shrieked!





Nancy Guild (with Hi in "Somewhere in the Night") loved that pre-induction gag the "Harvey Girls" cast and crew pulled. They nailed up his dressing room—and Hi upped and got classified 4F!

"HI" HODIAK'S THE GUY

WHO WORSHIPS HIS MOM, ONCE

SPENT A FULL DAY ON THE

SET APOLOGIZING TO

DUMMIES AND COLLECTS ETCH-

INGS—FOR HIS WALLS.



Portrait of three stags and a heart: Jahnnny's still dating Anne Baxter even though Mam B. said uh-uh. So now the kids claim it's just friendship... Peter Lawford and Bob Walker are the town's newest Daman and Pythias team.



▲ Now that his folks are settled on the ranch he bought them in Tarzana, Jahn's huge appetite keeps Mam Anna Hadiak bustling for sure.

**By
NANCY
WINSLOW
SQUIRE**

Sentimental Gentleman

■ Several years ago, when John Hodiak was serving apprenticeship as an actor for a Detroit radio station, he and three fellow actors decided to catch the night boat to Cleveland for a weekend of relaxation. They made reservations for two cabins and boarded the excursion vessel promising each other that they were going to turn in early, that they were going to catch up on some much needed rest—that they were going to take it easy.

During the early evening they investigated the boat, dined well, and listened to the music. John noticed a wan-looking girl trying to keep an eye on two jack-in-the-box youngsters of two and four years, and on one occasion John captured the smaller baby just as that individual was grinning down into Lake Erie and contemplating a high dive.

When he returned the (Continued on page 115)



► That's all Hi does—stuff himself with sinkers and scripts. And so fashion-wise! Bought Mom a birthday gown, begs Annie B. to wear wedgies to get her to his level.





The Hoymes' heir, Skipper, 3, promises to turn out as handsome as was—and is—his Dad (above, at 10 years old). Pop's nixing oll film offers—wants kid to hove "normol" childhood.



"He's got it!" cried

Mrs. Haymes, when Dick was 16.

And now, years later,

the rest of us are catching on.

By CYNTHIA MILLER

from mother with love...

Kodachrome by Willinger

■ The lights dimmed, and a blue spot centered on a blond, match-thin boy of sixteen. He held a guitar that was almost as big as he was, and he had a carefree grin almost as big as the guitar. He played a couple of bars and then began to sing "Robins and Roses" in a voice that somehow seemed to walk right into your heart.

At a ringside table, a pretty, blonde woman grasped the arm of the boy beside her. "He's got it!" she whispered. "Oh, Bob, he's really got it!"

"Got what, mother?" Bob's voice was gruff. He was eleven years old, and he couldn't see what all the shooting was about. Sure, Dick could sing. Heck, they'd always known that, hadn't they? Of course this was the first time he'd sung in public, with a mike and all that stuff, but this was just an amateur show in Jersey. You'd think. (Continued on page 105)



The Hoymes' are "sick and tired" of all those divorce rumors: Last one started when Dick come home first from weekend while Joanne stayed behind—to nurse the baby's cold! She's coaching with H. Hawks for career as "new Bacall."



Kodachrome by Willinger

On a note of tribute



BY NORMAN CORWIN

Two talents with one thought: Norman Corwin, Frank.

■ The editors of MODERN SCREEN have asked me to say a few words of introduction to Virginia Wilson's splendid Sinatra story (starting page 46, Ed.). It kind of gives me a laugh that they should come to me—of all people. You see, I used to growl and even bark at the mention of Frank Sinatra. I was one of the millions of my sex who hated Frank in a mild and tolerant way because his fame seemed to be limitless and out of control. Our feeling was purely sour grapes and had nothing to do with his singing or with him. We hated Frank without ever having heard or met him, simply because women were making such a fuss over him.

Now it takes a good deal to turn millions of resentful anti-crooners into a bunch of worshippers. Yet Frank did just that. He won me over, as he did millions of others, by having the courage to be an honest citizen. You may not think that takes much courage. It's something you do every time you vote and pay taxes. But it's different with an artist whose fortune happens to be his voice—his appeal to the public. Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean.

In 1944, during the presidential campaign, I produced a big all-network Election Eve broadcast for our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt,

which some of you may have heard. Now a famous comedian had agreed to be on the broadcast. In doing so he would have had to come out publicly for the man in whom he believed. But at the last minute he got cold feet. His advisers urged him not to take a stand. They told him, in effect, "Think of the people in your audience who have already made up their minds to vote the other way. They may resent you. Maybe your own radio programs will lose audience. Maybe your pictures and personal appearances will do bad business. You may lose half your income." He was influenced by these advisers and he never appeared. His loss was a great blow to the program. Of course, he was ill-advised, because the American people are far too sportsmanlike ever to penalize any artist, actor, athlete or public figure for his politics. But he was the perfect example of a man afraid to be a citizen above being a performer—afraid to come out at a critical moment for what he believed.

Frank Sinatra is an equally perfect example of the opposite. In the same political campaign Frank fought tooth and nail for the candidate of his choice. He electioneered for Franklin D. Roosevelt all over the country. He made speeches and sang, and never worried for a (Continued on page 63)

■ It was the same, and yet it was different, too. There was the huge auditorium packed with applauding kids, and there was the lighted stage, and there was Frank. He stood there, one tanned hand touching the mike, just as he'd stood a thousand times in the last four years. But now inside him was that new, driving urge. The urge that had brought him here to Gary, not to sing, but to talk. He *had* to make these kids understand. It was so damned important, not just to him, Frank Sinatra, but to the

kids themselves, to the whole world. His mind flashed back suddenly to a scene in Hoboken many years before . . .

The gang had been to the movies. They were straggling along home, sniffing the sweet spring night, when the thin, little guy on the end said "Hey, fellows, what's that big light burning over on the rocks? It looks like a cross, almost."

The rest of them turned to look. "Gosh, it is a cross," Fats said nervously.

"The Klan must be out. We'd better get on home. Come on, Frank. Quit staring and hustle."

"What's the Klan, Fats? And why all the rush?"

"Heck, don't you know *anything*? The Klan's a lot of guys who dress up in sheets and stuff, and if you're a Negro or a Catholic or a Jew, they're liable to beat you up."

"What are the sheets for?" Frank was still puzzled.

"So nobody'll know who they are.

by Virginia Wilson

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN...

Frankie doesn't

like seeing them pushed around,
the kids with

the black skins,

the different gods. That's why now it's his fight



His last show at N. Y.'s Paramount, Frank's "kids" presented him with a rose heart, a gold key because "you've our hearts, here's the key," a shower of confetti—and so much emotion in their "Auld Long Syne" they got *him* crying.

you big dope."

Frank thought about that for a minute. A group of men who hid behind sheets and beat up other men or boys, because they looked or believed a different way. He decided he didn't care for the idea.

"How many of 'em are there?"

"Oh, not so many, I guess. Too many for us to do anything about, though. I hear they're carrying guns lately, too."

"Yeah?" Frank thrust his stubborn



It was a bitter-sweet moment when Frank Sinatra met, for the first time in many years, an old Hoboken boyhood pal, Sgt. George Cardes, a sightless war veteran.



After the show was over, Frankie, with Danny Koye along for the laughs, hosted the P.O.s, ushers and stage hands at Taos Shar's. Said it was the least he could do as thanks "after what they'd been through."



As soon as he finished a Command Performance with Harry James, F. dashed off to N. Y., left "The Horn" frantically trying to contact him to arrange a match—Harry's baseball team wants to challenge Frankie's nine.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN..



Frank flew to Gary, Indiana, to try and persuade striking white students to return to school with their Negro associates.



The Swaoner Softball team was organized to give F. and his pals a workout—so now they practice 5 hours each Sat. and have played 2 pra games. Only thing, sang pluggers who ump wan't call Frank out!



Louis Watts led the welcoming festivities for Frank at Fraebel High, helped prepare signs and sangs for his arrival with Alma Smith, Eurra Whitaker, Mattie Hicks, Dat Williams and Mattie Dunleavy.

chin out. "Well, I'll bet they're not so tough, if they're such cowards they hide behind sheets. And if each of us had our pop with us, there'd be twice as many of us, wouldn't there?"

The logic was unanswerable. The gang didn't need a diagram drawn for them. "Let's meet on this corner in half an hour," Pete suggested, and they disappeared into the darkness.

Not much later, a small but determined group climbed an isolated section of the Palisades. Frank's father had

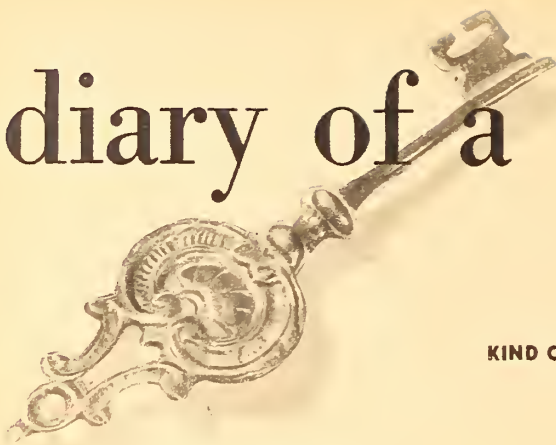
been easy to convince, and most of the other boys had come back similarly accompanied. The Klan had gotten away with everything short of murder lately, and it was whispered that murder would be next. Maybe a lesson now would help some.

Frank climbed quickly, staring through the gathering black. "There they are," he whispered suddenly. "Hey, pop, see 'em over there by the grove?"

In an open space beside the maple grove, the remains of the cross still gave out an (Continued on page 119).



diary of a chambermaid



CELESTINE'S BEAUTY ALWAYS TEMPTED THE WRONG
KIND OF MAN. SHE HATED THEM—THEN NEARLY PAID WITH HER LIFE
FOR LOVING ONE • BY MARIS MAC CULLERS

STORY The man in the carriage watched the train from Paris puff into the small country station like a tired poodle. As it came to a stop he got out of the carriage and walked, bustling, down the platform to the third class coaches. Two girls stepped out, holding their worn luggage tightly in their arms, staring curiously all about them. *(Continued on page 80)*

PRODUCTION Because the film includes a generous dose of characters who are "light" in the head, there were bound to be wacky goings-on on the set. Burgess Meredith, who co-produces as well as acts, portrays a gay old bird who impresses the ladies (he thinks) by consuming beetles and rose petals. Meredith was spared the beetle episode, *(Continued on page 104)*



3. Mme. Lanlaire (Judith Anderson), a vicious tyrant whose only weakness is for her dying son, Georges, plots to make Celestine desirable in his eyes, thus trapping the boy into remaining at home, under her control.



6. She persuades him to take her to the Carnival and when they arrive, he begs her to come to Paris with him. "We'll live like kings," he boasts, "and why not? I've 25,000 francs hidden away in my room!"



7. Joseph overhears the conversation, steals to Mauger's room and murders the old man when he is discovered in the act. He forces Celestine to promise to marry him because "we're accomplices." Georges is stunned.



1. Paris is too full of designing men for Celestine (Paulette Goddard), so she flees to the countryside, and the service of the rich Lanlaire family, where she meets valet Joseph (F. Lederer) and Louise (Irene Ryan).



2. Mr. Lanlaire (Reginald Owen) is a thwarted old man, cowed by his wife and intrigued by the pert new maid. When he offers Celestine "romance," she accepts. "I'll use men—rich men—to get places," she vows.



4. But Georges (Hurd Hatfield), though wracked with pain and bitter, sees through his mother's scheme and resists Celestine's enticements. He has crawled home to die—no woman will make *his* agony the less lonely!



5. As soon as Celestine realizes that old Lanlaire is penniless, she sets her cap for his old enemy, Copt. Mouger (Burgess Meredith), who'll "eat anything that's dead—or olive" and is "the strongest man in the world."



8. In his agony, the young Lanlaire flees to the greenhouse. Celestine follows him and Joseph comes upon them locked in each other's arms. They fight, and the girl saves her lover's life by begging Joseph to elope.



9. The carriage bearing the escaping couple runs into a mob of celebrating villagers. In his panic to protect some loot, Joseph falls under the horses' hoofs and is killed, as Celestine is rescued by Georges.

over man



Poor Helmut! First he and true love Ido Lupino (here on Command Perf.) had a whopping row and split up, then "Shadow of a Woman" needed retakes—fon tangles on that p.o. tour knocked off 15 pounds!

■ The Broadway cop swore a mighty oath and shrilled his whistle till his face turned purple. "Hey, you!" he yelled.

Cars were swishing and swerving, squealing their tires and blasting their horns around a tall, dark guy standing spang in the middle of the busiest street in the world, calmly focusing a camera at the Strand Theater marquee which blazed—"HELMUT DANTINE—IN PERSON." The whistle didn't even make him look up. Neither did the yell. The cop gave a growl, raised his hand and plunged into the murderous traffic. He grabbed the guy by the coat collar and yanked him back on to the sidewalk.

"Listen, Screwball," he snapped. "What you think you're doin'—Promotin' a free ambulance ride to Bellevue?"

"No, Sir," replied the handsome photographer politely, flashing his most courteous smile. "I was just taking a picture of the sign that says 'Helmut Dantine.' I want to send it home. You see—"

"A-h-h-h-h-h!" New York's Finest tilted his cap with a sarcastic flip of the back of his hand. "I get it. One of them crazy jerk movie fans—hey?"

"Well," shrugged Helmut, "yes."

"Okay, swooner," barked the law. "Get your pictures and autographs—but get this, too. Do I catch you pilin' up traffic on Broadway again and so help me, it's the wagon!"

"Yes, sir," bowed Helmut again, ducking into the crowd, and musing wryly that that cop had aced himself (*Continued on page 129*)

GIRLS ASK HIM TO BITE

THEIR PENCILS AND PEGGY GARNER GIVES

HIM THE EYE, BUT HELMUT DANTINE

LIKES IT, LIKES THIS ROMEO ROUTINE.

by Jack Wade



Portrait of Hurd Hatfield

CHARACTER PARTS WERE FINE,

SURE—BUT WHEN THEY ASKED HURD TO PLAY THE BEAU-

TIFUL DORIAN, HE WONDERED UNEASILY IF

THEY'D LOOKED AT HIS FACE . . . by ABIGAIL PUTNAM

■ The long arm of chance sent Hurd Hatfield to Ojai—some eighty miles from movie-dom—while M-G-M was hunting a Dorian Gray. Iris Tree, Hurd's hostess, gave the arm a jog, and that's how stars are born.

She was just back from a few days in Hollywood. "I dined with Albert Lewin," she said, passing the soup. "They're looking for someone to play Dorian. You're not absolutely right in appearance, but I suggested you anyway—"

Just like that. Recovering from the shock, Hurd said: "I don't stand a chance," and waited hopefully to be contradicted.

"Maybe not," came the placid answer. "But it's worth trying—"

After dinner he raced out to borrow the book. At college it had been required reading, but he'd never finished it. By the time he'd turned the last page at 4 a.m., hope had burned to a crisp. Iris was an angel but crazy, and so he told her next day.

"The golden-haired darling of London!" he jeered. "The radiant glamor boy! How long since you took a squint at my dark, morbid features?"

"Don't be an ass," she advised in her crisp British way. "Call and make an appointment. What have you got to lose?"

He'd come to Ojai for relaxation. It was no part of his plan to batter at the movie gates. The theater was *his* meat, he'd studied with (Continued on page 109)



Hurd Hatfield's got the romantic lead in "Diary Of A Chambermaid," but he's got problems: Like driving a car. A taxi driver once offered to teach him for ten dailars, no matter how long it took, but quit after two lessons!



bigly the kid

■ "What if we wait till he's half asleep?" suggested Bill with a bright smile.

"Or hit him over the head, soft like?" Ruth wondered thoughtfully.

From over in the depths of the deep armchair big Dutch untangled himself. "How's about slitting his throat?" he drawled.

Bill paled. Fun was fun but suppose this goof of a brother really *meant* it?

"Don't you come one inch closer," he wavered.

"And *who* is going to stop me?" murmured Dutch.

"Me—I . . ." Desperately, Bill turned to his parents as the enormity of his brother's ninety pound, ten year advantage suddenly swept over him. "Mom—Dad, *do* something!"

"All right, you've had your fun, children, now stop it. At once." Mrs. Eythe picked up the big cooking spoon, gave a last vigorous shake to the bottle in her hand and marched to the middle of the living room.

"Come, Dip," she crooned. "There's a good boy. Come, Dippy, come take your nice, sweet castor oil so you'll feel all better." Warily, she approached the big dog, knelt beside his sprawling bulk and gently pried the spoon past his pointed teeth. For a split second, there was a dead hush, and then with one flashing motion, the huge chow grabbed the spoon and slithered under the sofa, his rough tongue joyously licking off the last drops of oil with little yips of pleasure. Two days of planning strategy and now this! The Eythes didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Being the Eythes—they laughed.

They've always laughed, especially when, like any other average American family, not finding some chink in their particular cloud of trouble could've started them weeping. Like the time they thought Bill would die. Or when Mr. Eythe nearly lost his contracting business in the depression of '29. And Dutch broke his arm in the big game against Notre Dame and Ruth wrote home (*Continued on page 58*)

It kept nagging at us—why is Bill Eythe so terrific? So one of our editors scooted to Mars, Pa., dug up inside stuff about that pants splitting episode, about Mom's football career, about Dip, the dog. Aah, now we know . . .



When Bill was 4, the Eythes had to be on good behavior. Because Willie warbled the family woes to anyone who'd listen . . . so *every-one* knew what mommy said to daddy when daddy came home late!



By
MIRIAM
ALBERTA
GHIDALIA

Bill Eythe took Margaret Whiting (above) to the Hollywood Bowl, even preferring her to 50000 many nice gals, like Anne Baxter, Greta Garbo and Tallulah Bankhead—



Bill's folks visited him in Hollywood for 7 months. Best of all, Mom liked the Mocamba, where she rhumba'd with Bill—and got flustered as a babbysocker when Van J. danced by!

Bill's house has a swing, a lumpy studio couch, and a door that's wide open to servicemen. They swarm in and take over while Bill stoops over the stove, whipping up omelettes and angel cakes that fly away fast.



(Continued from page 56)
from Harrisburg High would
someone come and rescue her
please, the mice were at her sweat-
ers again.

Ruth was six when Bill was
born, and from the very begin-
ning, she started proving the bi-
ology books wrong—Bill was *her*
baby. The accident of birth? Phooey!
Bill was the child of her heart and to a woman, what else
mattered? Who else could appre-
ciate the curled pinkness of ten
perfect fingers and toes? The
heartache of that little naked spot
on the back of his fuzzy head?
Only a female who had a half-
dozen experience-crammed years
behind her, yet was only six years
removed (Continued on page 60)



The phone makes Bill feel not so far away from home. Likes going back to visit school chums, but he's always ready to return to Calif.



Bill blushed as red as his Irish setter on "Royal Scandal" set when he lifted up the glamorous Bonkhead. Zip! went his tight-fitting 18th century pants across the seat and zoom! went his dignity!



He's lucky to have a sweater left, because the fans ripped his coat to pieces on Bill's last N. Y. appearance! Bill's technicolorful in "Centennial Summer," his next picture.

bigly the kid

She's Engaged!



Her complexion is ivory-miniature smooth! Pond's is her complexion care.

**ROSE MERIWETHER LEWIS, of Atlanta, Ga. and Coral Gables, Fla.,
engaged to Lt. Comdr. BRUCE GREGORY KROGER, U.S.N.R.**

Rose-Meri's middle name comes from the famous Meriwether Lewis who helped discover the Pacific Northwest. "There's been a Meriwether in every generation ever since," she says!

Another adorable Pond's bride-to-be, Rose Meriwether Lewis has true Southern charm—dark-dreamy eyes, a complexion so smoothly soft it fascinates.

"I just love Pond's Cold Cream," she says—and here is the soft-smooth way she especially likes for using it . . .

She slips luscious feeling Pond's Cold

Cream all over her face and throat, and pats it well to soften and release dirt and make up. She tissues off—clean.

She rinses with more fluffy-soft Pond's, whirling her white-tipped fingers around her face in little circles. Tissues again—"to get my face extra clean and soft."

Copy Rose-Meri's twice-over Pond's creamings—every night, every morning, for in-between-time cleanups, too! You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

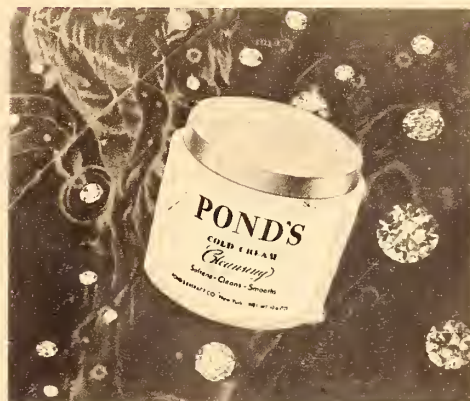


ROSE-MERI'S RING—
a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover!



IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can you give one?

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



"DOWN SOUTH" Rose-Meri says, "You have to take good care of your skin if you want to keep it nice. Pond's Cold Cream is such a help! It leaves my face with the grandest soft, clean feeling. I honestly don't think there's a finer cream anywhere." You'll love Pond's Cold Cream, too! Get a big luxury-size jar—today! On sale at beauty counters.

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

*The Countess of Winchelsea · Miss Mimi McAdoo · Mrs. Victor L. Drexel
Mrs. Victor du Pont, III · Lady Stanley of Alderley*

Write your pen troubles away with this new ink!

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK WORKS THE MAGIC!

"S'MATTER, MOM, IS YOUR PEN STUFFED-UP?"

Sure, sonny, your mom's addressing those invitations with just ordinary high-acid ink. And high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles! Why don't you tip her off to Quink—the kind your teacher uses. It contains pen-protecting *solv-x*.



"USE MY QUINK, IT CLEANS PENS AS IT WRITES!"

Smart boy! No wonder your school papers won all those gold stars for neatness! And Quink does much more than keep pens free-flowing. For while ordinary high-acid inks damage vital pen parts, *solv-x* in Parker Quink guards against metal corrosion and rubber rot.



"OH, BOY! DOESN'T THAT SOLV-X MAKE A DIFFERENCE?"

Smooth writing now, isn't it lady? And brilliant! That's why Quink is America's largest-selling ink. That's why new millions are switching to Quink. And remember, only this ink developed by Parker scientists, contains wonder-working *solv-x*. Yet Quink costs no more than other inks!



Copy, 1946 by The Parker Pen Company

Solv-x in Parker Quink protects pens 4 ways:

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



Stop pen troubles before they start. Quink with *solv-x* comes in 4 permanent, 5 washable colors at 25c. School size, 15c. Also pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.



PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING **SOLV-X**

BILLY THE KID

(Continued from page 58)

from babyhood herself. So for the rest of their lives, (and even to this very day), Bill kept his place as Ruth's baby, to coddle and tease and go half out of her mind over with worry.

At first they thought it was only an upset stomach. "Mommy," Ruth reported from the nursery. "The baby, he feels hot."

"Nonsense, dear, it's just that he's been tossing around in his crib."

"But he cries so hard," she frowned.

"Of course, honey. When you were three months old you cried 'so hard,' too. But we'll go check, shall we?"

They checked, and a minute later Mrs. Eythe was at the phone. Let's see now, was Dr. Brown three rings or four? Darn these party lines. Silly to get upset, Ruth and Dutch used to run temperatures all the time, never meant a thing. Ah, yes, here it was, Mars 297 Ring 3. Sorry, came the voice at the other end, Dr. Brown was out, he'd be back in an hour.

"But Mrs. Brown, can't you please find him? It's little Billy, he's so flushed—"

An hour later Dr. Brown showed up and reported an upset stomach. Keep the baby quiet, give him these drops every hour, he'd be fit as a fiddle in a day or two. Two hours later the baby was screaming, his red face dry and hot, the veins in his forehead bulging with the pain.

This time the doctor came running. Responsible women like Kate Eythe didn't phone at three a.m. without good reason. It was an ear infection, with the fever running to 105. If Billy lived through the night, he had a fighting chance. But oh God, he's such a tiny baby—

lonely vigil . . .

It was a long night. Ice packs, sheets wrung out in cold water to soothe the burning little body. Mrs. Eythe calm and competent, her eyes wide and staring to hold back the hot tears, her husband locked in his room with only the steady fall of his steps back and forth breaking the monotony of the baby's whimpers.

At daybreak the doctor straightened up from the crib, stretched his cramped back and announced, "He'll make it. Frankly, Mrs. Eythe, I never for a minute thought he would." And then with a kindly look at her face, "Run along and get some rest yourself now, you're exhausted. I'll take over until the nurse arrives."

"Thank you, oh thank you," she whispered. Slowly, she walked out of the room, nearly stumbled over a little form huddled on the floor against the doorway.

"Ruth! Ruth, baby, what are you doing?"

"Taking care of Billy."

"Come, come to your bed, darling. You did a beautiful job, a splendid job. Billy's going to live!"

"Oh, I knew he would," the child answered simply. She held up her little Bible. "I can't read it but I talked to it. It always works, huh, Mommy?"

And as she gathered up the sleepy child in her arms, Kate Eythe cried. For the first time in that long, grey night.

Bill never fully recovered from that old infection. There was always an earache or a buzzing sensation or a slight dizziness to plague him. When he was twelve his parents took him to the leading ear specialist in Pittsburgh. The doctor probed and peered, asked questions, and then dismissed the boy into the next room.

"It's chronic, Mrs. Eythe, he'll never be without some discomfort for the rest of his life. And he'll have to be careful, very careful. Shall I tell him now?"

"No. No, thank you, doctor. I don't thing he needs to be told. What good would it do?"

"But he's a boy, madam. Young boys swim and throw snowballs and play catch. Bill mayn't, you know. He'll even have to stuff cotton in his ears every time he washes his face."

"I'll see to it that he doesn't harm himself, doctor. Billy's a good boy, he'll listen."

And until three years ago, when Bill went to Hollywood, he never knew that his ear condition was chronic.

Bill was always a round little boy; round cheeks, a dumpling body and long arms and legs that never seemed to belong to the pudgy rest of him. And gentle? Angels would have let him tug at their wings.

But what a temper he had! Not the kind that stamped and bellowed and made fine scenes. No. When Bill got really sore his eyes would narrow, his fists clench taut and a thin white line trace itself around his mouth. The family hadn't come up against it yet when he was cast in Miss Kyser's Easter play at the Mars public school.

you're for me . . .

His sister Ruth had come in from Harrisburg, where she was rooming with a girl friend and working in the State Department as a clerk, to help create the costume. As "character" lead in the play, "Pappy" in "Peter Rabbit," Bill's costume had to be a really splendid production. And Lord knew it was! A skin-tight red satin body with long absorbent cotton ears that looked so real they nearly twitched, and mud-colored heavy cotton stockings and a tail that wriggled with every step he took.

The stage at the Mars grade school wasn't a very elaborate affair in those days. Three flashlights with red lollipop cellophane wrappings were the footlights, and what looked suspiciously like two sheets from the infirmary stitched together dubbed in as the curtain.

The play was going along famously when—oh woe!—Billy knelt at the foot of the queen, struggled to heave himself up again and slirrp!, his pants split! The quivering red satin parted to a wonderful expanse of white underdrawers. The audience went wild. They roared. Miss Kyser threw her head back and laughed till she hiccupped. Miss Jeffreys backstage could be heard gasping for breath. To Bill, it was pure horror. He just stood there, frozen, not moving a muscle.

Mrs. Eythe and Ruth ran backstage after the curtain calls.

"You were splendid, son," his mother assured him.

All of a sudden, he got very busy tugging at his absorbent cotton ears.

"But darling, everybody loved it," consoled Ruth. "It made them laugh and be happy."

Fiercely, he whirled around, looked them straight in the eye.

"But you didn't have to laugh," he raged. "My people didn't have to laugh. I should've had somebody with me."

The next year when he was Santa Claus he wouldn't let anybody attend the play, only Ruth. And his mother didn't discover until weeks later that this time his sofa pillow belly had dropped to his knees.

Ruth's a quiet girl with wide-set brown eyes and a good-little-girl look. She doesn't laugh much, but there's always a smile trembling on her lips, as though she's ready to love you dearly and wouldn't you like to be friends, please?

She was working in Harrisburg at the time, where "the brat" used to come on regular Thursday to Monday weekend visits. He never asked for much when he got out there, it was enough just to be near Ruthie. He'd trot around the

apartment after her as she swept and dusted, hand her bobby pins when she put up her hair, sit patiently while she changed dressings on his poor, aching ear.

It was about four in the afternoon, this Saturday, the radio was on and Ruth was swinging around the room in a fast two-step, a mop clasped adoringly to her chest. The gang was coming up later and she felt good.

"Is it hard to dance, Sis?"

"Oh, I dunno. Sorta comes natural, I guess." And then with a twinkle, "Natural, that is, to grown-ups."

He was still for a moment, then, "Teach me, Sis?"

So she flipped the dial to a waltz, grabbed him by his stubby middle and dragged him around the room. She could've cried at the starry look in his eyes. He looked like Porky Pig auditioning for a Gene Kelly role.

A few hours later the bell started ringing. Every time it did, Bill'd race for the door. If it was a girl, "Hi!" he'd chirp in his best Doug Fairbanks voice, "wanna dance?" And before the girl had a chance to gawk, he'd stretch his arms up until they barely touched her shoulders and start jiggling up and down, that same beatific smirk on his face. But Bill never fooled anybody—he wasn't giving a darn about how many girls he trampled underfoot. If he could practice on them so that

THAT'S FOR ME!

Yep, that five-dollar check is for you—but def—and all you've got to do is tell what happened when you met that movie star. So perch your typewriter upon your knee (though a pen will do!) and write briefly and clearly to your "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If you make us feel that we were right there with you, we'll publish your True Confession (that's for us!) and send you five dollars (that's for you!)

he'd be a better partner for Ruth, well . . .

A Doug Fairbanks voice wasn't the only thing young Billy acquired in that three-movie-shows-a-day period where, among other things, he developed a passion for chocolate bars, serials, Greta Garbo and being a director—all four of which last to this day. His parents, of course, objected bitterly.

"He'll ruin his eyes," Mr. Eythe would complain.

"He says he doesn't look half the time, just listens," Mrs. Eythe would answer.

But Bill was too far gone. After seeing "The Ten Commandments" for the fourth time, he couldn't resist. He wrote a long, searching letter to Cecil B. DeMille. He, William Eythe, Esquire, intended becoming a director, too. What did Mr. DeMille suggest? Mr. DeMille very kindly, answered with an ultimatum—four pages long. Either Bill went to classes every day and studied hard or there was no hope. So Bill framed the letter, went to classes every day—and got his movie-going done after school.

There's an old jingle that goes, "A son is a son till he gets him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all the rest of her life." But possibly because Bill was his mother's last born, or because she had so nearly lost him, they were closer to each other than most. Although if ever boys had a mother they could pal with, Bill and Dutch Eythe are so blessed, for Katie Anne Eythe is clever and chic with a lovely face and a young, bouncy manner.

Like any fond mother, Katherine Eythe looked forward to the time when her youngest boy would be married, with a wife and family of his own, but Bill never went for girls much. They were pleasant to have around and if they were good to look at, who was he to quibble? But he never "dated steady" and he never played favorites. In Bill's gang they all went out in a crowd where everybody danced with everybody and no hearts broken. And when you took a girl home, it was because she was the next on the block to be dropped off and not because you'd seen the latest Valentino picture and wanted to practice the technique on someone. They had a pretty reasonable curfew in Mars, home by midnight or one on a Saturday night, two-ish if the occasion was special and you'd told your parents beforehand. For a long time, Bill had a habit of poking his head into his parents' room after a night out, chirp "Anybody conscious?" and without waiting for an answer, sprawl across his mother's bed, munch an apple and give a detailed account of the evening.

It never failed, somehow, but that right in the middle of what Mrs. Beardsley had served, they'd hear the front door squeak open and seconds later, a cautious creak from that darned sixth step from the top that wouldn't shut up, no matter where you stepped, even with your shoes off. A muffled "darn!" and "Dutch!" the three conspirators would whisper in unison. "He's sneaking in," Mr. Eythe would announce, and exchange a profound look with his wife. The look would be lost on Bill. "Sissy," he'd hoot. "Who does he think he's kidding? What does he see in girls anyhow?" And dropping a light kiss on his mother's head, he'd lounge off to bed. Bill was nearly 21 before he started figuring out for himself exactly how you could keep that sixth step from the top shut up. Even with your shoes off.

In his whole life, Bill wavered in his decision to be an actor just once, and that was during his senior year at high.

It was pretty touchy, announcing his decision to postpone going to college to his folks. Dinner was the best time, he imagined, but with Ruth away in Harrisburg and Dutch at Carnegie Tech, anything a fella said fell with such a darned dramatic *thud* in the conversation.

"Swell roast, Mom."

"Oh? Glad you like it, dear."

"Say, dad, there's something I'd like to ask you. Dad, I'd like to—"

"Yes, son?"

"—have some more gravy, if I may."

The Eythes hadn't brought up two other children without learning the signs. They waited. They discussed the weather.

"Say, dad, what do you think of art?"

"I think it's a very fine institution, Bill."

"So do I! So folks, that's why I'm going to—that is, I'd like to—Mom, Dad, I'm signing up at Pitt Art School because I did swell work in High's required art courses and I think I'd make a swell commercial artist and please say it's okay with you and I'll work hard and earn my tuition and you're not sore, are you, that I'm not going to Tech even though Dad went and Dutch is going and you'd like me to?"

work and worry . . .

They didn't mind. But there was one point they later bitterly regretted not having clamped down on. That "I'll work hard and earn my tuition" clause. Because Bill started an orchestra while still in high school. He wore a tux, played the piano and arranged bookings for the school dances. But obviously, before they could get bookings, they had to practice. They practiced at the Carl Eythes.

At midnight, Mr. Eythe would be pleading, "Please Kate, do something!"

"Do something!" she'd repeat in a shrill 61

voice, "it's all I can manage to keep inside my skin!"

At one he'd be reduced to moans.

At two, he'd be firm. "Young men," he'd announce, standing tall and majestic at the head of the stairs, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave."

At three, Mr. and Mrs. Eythe would be fast asleep to the strains of "Tiger Rag." Exhaustion.

By the time graduation rolled around, Bill was holding down three jobs. There was the orchestra, of course, and then the stint managing Olson's Dairy after classes and the weekend job assisting the director in charge of the fashion show at the local department store.

Graduation is a big event in Mars. It's a big event any place, with the first long gowns and a corsage for your best girl.

"Who are you taking to the dance, Bill?" his mother asked idly that morning.

"I'm not going."

"Not go— But Bill, your father and I are on the receiving line! Did you ask Mary Beardsley? Or maybe Jane Wilson?"

"Oh, it's not that, Mom," he smiled. "It's not getting a girl. But I've got to work tonight. I've got to do inventory at Olson's. Aw, don't feel sorry, Mom, it makes me feel swell . . ."

So graduation night, Bill Eythe changed out of his tux in the gym lockers after the ceremonies, pinned an orchid on his mother's evening gown and went off to do inventory at Olson's Dairy. That was the second time in his life, Kate Eythe recalled, that her son had made her cry.

ah love, ah life . . .

For a whole year Bill concentrated on art at Pitt, but all along, deep down he knew what he wanted, and art wasn't it. The term up, he applied at the Fox-Chapel Summer Theater as apprentice actor. He went through the whole pattern: Typing

scripts, painting flats, swimming in cold Chapel Creek at two in the morning with the air sweet and heavy on his wet body, declaiming Shakespeare over beer and pretzels at the "Town House," falling maybe a little in love with his current leading lady, but always falling out in time for the next play and the next leading lady.

Elizabeth was one of them, cute as a button and blonde as flax. Mom knew her from back home, so when Liz was cast as the carousel keeper in "Liliom," with him doing the lead, he wired for her and Dad and Ruthie to come to the opening.

He was a little nervous, sure. You don't mind making faces in front of a bunch of strangers, but when it's people who belong to you sitting down front, third row, seats 11, 13 and 15, you feel like three years old and it's Hallowe'en Eve. Liz looked swell, the rouge in hard circles on her overpowdered cheeks, her fine yellow hair dyed blood-red and frizzed—she really looked the part. A slut. He made his entrance, there was a splatter of applause and right away he could feel the folks up there with him, pulling for him.

He was going swell until the second act. Here was the big scene. He threw Liz her cue, she came on from upstage right—and the guffawing started. Seats 11, 13 and 15 were practically rolling in the aisles! The folks had spotted Liz in her flaming frizz-top and had just broken up over it all. But when they trouped backstage to congratulate him, they took their bawling out like troupers. Even when he looked down at his mom's still-dimpling face and hissed, "I'm ashamed of you. You damn near wrecked that second act!"

They nearly pulled the same routine when Bill opened in his first show, "The King's Maid," playing a doctor, Van Dyke beard and all. But they calmed down soon enough when they overheard two wiseguys behind them cackling, "This

beaut'll have a hell of a ways to go to get to Broadway." With Baltimore only 186 miles from New York, they realized the reference wasn't to mileage. "Maid" died an unnatural death when it was just a week old, but two weeks later Oscar Serlin, who had directed it, sent for Bill to do "The Moon Is Down." After that role, Bill certainly did go a "hell of a ways."

The registrar nearly keeled over when Bill registered at Carnegie Tech for the four-year drama course.

"But aren't you Dutch Eythe's brother?"

"I am."

"But—but—but you're registering for drama!" she gasped.

"Yup."

"Well, what does Dutch say?"

"Howard? Oh, he says I'm nuts!"

That's how it was all along the line. The brother of the great Dutch Eythe, All-American, professor now at Maryland Boy's Academy, going in for drama? It was incredible.

dip the dog . . .

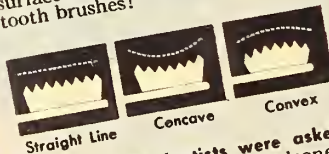
The neighbors keep asking the Eythes about Margaret Whiting. "What's this we read in Parsons' column about Bill and Margaret?" Mrs. Eythe shrugs her shoulders. "All I know is what I read in the papers—I've given up trying to keep check on Bill's newspaper romances. I've met Margaret, of course, she's a charming girl."

Bill's just bought himself a new home in North Hollywood, and so far, Dip the dog is the only member of the family who's seen it. Dip was just six weeks old when Ruth sent him to her "brat" from Harrisburg back in '30, where he was promptly adopted and christened "Dip" in honor of Ruth's not-yet-then husband, Charles Dippery. Dip's sixteen years old now, and his teeth aren't too good and whenever he gets a spell of rheumatism or indigestion or just plain old-age'itis, the family has to take

Straight Line Design



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There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative 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.

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turns sitting up with him and feeding him aspirin. Bill got sort of lonesome for the dog recently, so Mom talked to the old fellow for hours, convincing him that being sent first class mail was fun and wouldn't he love to see Billy? They didn't tell Bill about it, thought they'd make this package a whopper, so what happens but that Dip landed in Hollywood on a Sunday and the station master had to go down himself and keep him company because depots are closed on Sundays and the old boy looked so lonesome! Bill thinks Dip recognized him. He leaped up and started drooling all over his old master. And of course it could have been just that his eyes were watery from traveling, but Bill'll swear there were tears. Dip wanted to make friends with the three setters Bill's got frisking around the place, but he'd lost most of his social grace. Kept walking into them with his near-sighted old eyes and when the pups wanted to make something of it, just turned and walked off, his tail fluttering bravely with the glory that was once Dip's.

Dip's back home in Mars again, a bit the worse for wear, maybe, but a little brighter, a little more resigned to this sad business of living out your life an old, tired dog. He likes having people around to talk to, especially "Mom" Eythe. They spend a lot of time together lately, mostly at night when the house is very still and she can kneel by his bed and scratch him, oh so gently, between the eyes and look deep out the window for long minutes. They understand each other, these two. Know how it feels to be laughing and joking in a room full of people and all of a sudden have a catch at your heart and know it for loneliness. Dip helps remind Kate Eythe of her baby, brings the old days tumbling back so it doesn't seem too close, this maybe having another "fool woman" to worry about the boy. Not that she won't be glad to get him off her hands, you understand. It's just that "A son is a son till he gets him a wife." And Billy's such a good boy . . .

ON A NOTE OF TRIBUTE

(Continued from page 45)

second whether any of his fans differed with his politics. That was their right, as it was his right to take a position.

Since those days Frank has served an even greater cause, a non-partisan cause, and served it unsparingly. Instead of being dazzled by his brilliant success, he looked around carefully and saw the dangers which confront us all today. He saw that the war didn't really end last August—that Fascism is still alive, even though its armies have been smashed. He saw that the greatest friend of Fascism in this country is racial mistrust and antagonism, and he knows that certain vicious men make a profession of arousing hate.

Frank Sinatra decided it was his duty as a citizen to help fight that sort of thing. He has been preaching unity—unity of all peoples.

It would be easy for Frank to rest on his laurels, or to use his fantastically great fame strictly as a source of income—to endorse cigarettes and shaving soap and make personal appearances as a singer for the sake of Sinatra alone. But Frank has chosen to apply his fame to more constructive purposes—to endorse democracy and unity, and make personal appearances as a citizen (such as his visit to Gary, Indiana) for the sake of harmony in this country. He is, as I say, a citizen above all else. Being that, he is, as all good citizens automatically become, a patriot.

We, who once snickered, salute him.

TAWNY ORCHID BRUNETTE — *by Earl Cordrey*



Brunettes be glad! Artist Earl Cordrey shows how *your* type of coloring is enriched, enlivened with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET
face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you*!

FOR LIGHT TYPES

Natural, Rachel No. 1
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FOR MEDIUM TYPES

Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES

*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

We give you a brunette's best bet! It's Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder. lovely Rose Brunette. With the faintest flash of pink, it makes those gorgeous, tawny tones in your skin come to life. It clings for hours, smooth as silk, veiling tiny blemishes. Cashmere Bouquet comes in six new "Flower-fresh" shades, keyed to all skin types from an ice-cream blonde to a green-eyed red head.

RITA AND ORSON CALL THE WHOLE
 THING OFF—PETER LAWFORD PLAYS SIR
 GALAHAD—BETTY HUTTON'S HEFTY—
 LAUREN B. TAKES CRITICISM LIKE A TROUPEUR

louella parsons'

Good news

■ In spite of the fact that Victor Mature and Orson Welles exchanged hot words and cold looks at a night club a couple of nights before Rita and Welles parted, I'm making a bet that la Hayworth and Vic do not resume.

The reason? June Haver!

Of course, where Vic is concerned you never know. Ever since I've known that boy he has been maaadly in love with some fair charmer and she's always "the love of my life."

I'm not saying that June and Vic will marry. He has been twice divorced and she is a very devout little girl in her faith which forbids marriage to a divorced man. But these two are very much in love. She wants to spend all her time with him even when she goes on shopping or marketing errands.

And to prove just how much she thinks of him, not long ago she walked out on a dinner party given by her boss, Darryl Zanuck and his charming wife, Virginia, because she had a date with Vic later in the evening! In fact, he called for her at the Zanucks' wearing a sweater and sports clothes, and little Junie got into her fur coat over her sparkling evening gown and drove away with him.

The party June left behind at the Zanucks' was one of the gayest I've been to lately. Our younger set is not only party conscious since the end of the war, but it seems to me everybody wants to make up for lost time. I've never seen so many pretty girls in such gorgeous clothes.

The affair was in honor of (Continued on page 66)



Duet by Hildegarde and Diono Lynn, who guested at H.'s show when in New York. Diono's constant cry while touring the town: "Couldn't we stop at 8 a.m.? I can always sleep at home, but I can't afford to miss this!"



All you've got to do to get kissed by Gene Tierney (like Perry Como here) is complete one year on radio's "Supper Club" program. Gene's got big plans for husband Oleg Cassini: Studio consultant on costume design.



Jeanne Crain says she'd rather stay home and learn lines than go partying, but she couldn't resist new husband Paul Brooks' invitation to dance at the Macamba. J.'s excited about playing opposite Greg Peck.



Who wouldn't be gay, dancing with Nanette Fabray? But Bing Crosby's got other reasons, too: On the last day of "Blue Skies," he took his usual "last day" photo with all four sons, then quit for a year's rest.



What's with the match between Bob Walker and Florence Pritchett? He's at the Stark Club with her here . . . but just a few nights ago it was Buff Cobb! Bob's getting ready to play the role of the late Jerome Kern.



While Lana Turner was in Arizona, male visitors included Greg Bautzer and Rory Calhoun . . . but the daily phone calls came from Bob Hutton! She and Bob (dining here at The Trac) have Hollywood wandering.

Why **POWERS MODELS** have such *naturally lustrous* *shining-bright hair!*



Miss Ann Wickham, resplendent Powers Model, finds Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair so much easier to arrange in the stunning new hair-do's

Positively Never Leaves Any Excess Dull Soapy Film

The way Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses every tiny strand of hair and brings out all its natural shimmering highlights is sheer sorcery! Here's a shampoo that *really* KEEPS ITS PROMISE.

Those divinely beautiful Powers Models—famous for their shining bright locks—use Kreml Shampoo and how they rave about it! They claim there's nothing better to leave hair softer, silkier and easier to arrange. Kreml Shampoo leaves the hair so sparkling clean—fairly *dancing* with its natural glossy brilliance that lasts for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base is simply wonderful to help soften dry, brittle ends. It rinses out like a charm and never leaves any excess dull soapy film which makes hair look so muddy and lifeless.

So glorify your hair with beautifying Kreml Shampoo—then see how quickly "he" succumbs to your added charm. Buy a bottle at any drug, department or 10¢ store.



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Kreml Shampoo brings out your hair's natural shimmering highlights and silken sheen



Leaves hair with its silken sheen that lasts for days



Makes hair easier to set and arrange in any style

Tyrone Power, just out of the Marines, and his happy wife, Annabella. She was all done up in a shocking pink dress, that is, the top of it was shocking pink and it had one of those new necklaces embroidered on the blouse which, when combined with her own diamonds, was stunning.

Jeanne Crain is certainly a cutie-pie when it comes to dressing her type. With that lovely red hair of hers she knows she looks wonderful in green. Her gown was a soft sea-green with sequins.

I don't think anyone had any more fun than Jimmie Stewart, Henry Fonda and Tyrone, who were swapping stories like mad.

Nineteen-year-old London actress Peggy Cummins, whom you will know very soon as Amber in "Forever Amber," was proudly telling everyone that her lovely white dress was part of her American wardrobe. "All English girls envy American girls their lovely clothes," Peggy told me.

Little Diana Powell, Bill's vest pocket-size wife, told me about how she had been shopping all day with William Powell, Jr., who is just home from overseas and is returning to Princeton. "I'm so proud that Bill Jr. likes me so much—enough to call me Mother." I couldn't help laughing because Diana looks like a baby and young Bill is head and shoulders taller.

Clark Gable, who had a previous engagement, came in after dinner with Anita Colby, who looked like a fashion plate. I spotted Cary Grant and Joseph Cotten talking together in a corner and maybe you think I didn't bust into that twosome. That's too much manpower going to waste!

I've never seen Joe in such a serious mood. He talked about the experience necessary for young actors and how heartbreaking it is that so many kids are coming to Hollywood with dreams of crashing the movies when they have not one ounce of training behind them.

"Now that the war is over, more and more boys and girls are coming here drawn by the glamor of fame and fortune," Joe said. "They have money from war jobs and other good jobs to last them a little while until they can crash the studios—they hope," Joe went on. I can't go into all the details of advice he has for the youngsters because space forbids. But his best tip is this: If you've got the acting or movie bug—try to get in some dramatic school or Little Theater in your home town before trying to crash Hollywood!

Darryl Zanuck, boss of the 20th Century-Fox, who usually has the cares of the studio on his shoulders, forgot (Continued on page 74)

Joan Coulfield, lovely star of Paramount's new picture, "Miss Susie Slagle," chooses this beautifully fitting cerise coat by Hi-Ho Juniors.

To find out where to buy this coat, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S fashion pages, write to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



Modern Screen

fashions



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...and any teen on the beam knows it's a Teentimer OOriginal.

Designed by **GRACE NORMAN**, this delightful rayon print by **COHAMA** is styled to do wonders for a teen's figure. Choice of lime, aqua, or pink. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About \$8. Wear it with the Teentimer Cosmetics that are specially "timed for teens" and you'll really be a Band-box Beauty. For name of nearest store, write Teen-timers, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Listen to the Teentimers Club starring Johnny Desmond and top name bands Saturday mornings on your local station!

MANDARIN MISS

BY TOUSSIA PINES

■ Exciting as tomorrow, cute as cute Mme. Chiang, are these bright colored coolie coats; and we wish you could see them in color! Designed by Gordon-Corpuel, they're just right for you teen-aged lovelies, right for your tiny figures and for your slender budgets. Slimly belted, bound in gleaming black braid, these little wonders go happily over your suits come Spring, over your crisp cottons come Summer. Wear over a plain, slim black skirt and black sweater to make a tunic suit that's terrific! Or add a tiny black beret, loads and loads of gold or silver bracelets over your black gloves to give glamor to those fine, full sleeves! These coats are made in all those lush Chinese-y colors, like coral red, bright royal blue, brilliant green. Note the deep wing sleeves, the fine flare of the skirt, the dashing movie-hero look of the knotted belt, and make up your mind right now to own one!



RIGHT: This collarless beauty is a natural for that black skirt and sweater combine mentioned above. And how about wearing that scarf you got for Christmas muffled high at the neckline? Note braid around the armhole, that's news!

ABOVE: Braid-bound high, high neck, deep armhole sleeves, pulled in tiny waist; fashion points that make this honey of a coolie coat new as tomorrow's headlines! Wear it as you see it, closed high and pinned or open, with lapels.



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Line

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MAKE THESE YOURSELF



The best way to brighten up that tired old wardrobe is to get busy and whip up a few things for yourself! Here are two dresses, two blouses and a skirt—all lovely to look at, easy-as-pie to make! Make the poncho-blouse first, it's so easy that it will give you the push you need to go to work on the rest! Learn to pick up pretty fabrics here and there when you see them, pretty buttons, bits of trimming. And you'll see! Suddenly you'll find yourself the best-dressed gal in your whole admiring crowd!

A. Make this square-necked honey in a bright print with eyelet embroidery at the neck, or in a dressy black sheer with black lace. This one is No. 2879, and it's cut in sizes 10 to 40.

B. Easy to make, yet with that smart, professional look is this scalloped neck dress with three fancy buttons. Make it in bright rayon gabor-dine for Spring, in a colorful cotton for Summer. It's No. 2966, and it comes in sizes 12 to 42.

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with quaint lace trim
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MAKE THESE YOURSELF



C. The overblouse is the thing, especially if it has a peplum. Make it in taffeta for dates, or in pastel rayon with a black skirt, or in wool jersey for school. Blouse No. 2861 in sizes 10 to 40. Skirt No. 2837, in waist sizes 24 to 32.

D. The newest thing in easy-to-make blouses—the panchò type, which you make in a jiffy, wear with everything you own. No harder to make than a dickey, but ever so much more practical! No. 2880, in one size that fits anybody.

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Inexpensive — but styled to the minute. A smart, casual Topper with the new softly rounded shoulders, nipped waistline, winged sleeve and deep armhole. Tailored in all-wool Shetland. Tie sash belt, shirred elastic back for easy action. In neon blue, gold, aqua, sky blue, lime, melon. Sizes 9 to 15.

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ABOVE: There's nothing to beat that fine old Southern belle look, ma'am! That scooped out neck, those huge puffed sleeves, the rows of sweet, sweet eyelet embroidery are dynamite!

RIGHT: Stripes have no rival for that crisp, fresh-out-of-the-handbox look! And the way they're matched in this honey of a cotton dress is just nothing short of miraculous!

FAR RIGHT: This plaid seersucker lovely will be your best friend this Summer! It is cool to look at, cool to wear, easy to launder. The corselet belt, bow tied, is a new touch.

COTTON

GRACE NORMAN,

OF TEENTIMERS' FAME, PREVIEWS THE

LUSCIOUS COTTON DRESSES SHE

HAS DESIGNED FOR YOU TO WEAR

FROM TODAY ON AND ON!



PREVIEW for TEEN-AGERS



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

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

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

Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That is what Mrs. Clarke achieved through the DuBarry Success Course. "I was overweight, tired, irritable, and so self-conscious about my looks that I just stayed home," says Mrs. Clarke. "How different now! I lost 53 pounds and that middle-aged look. My skin is clear, my hair truly lovely."



LOST
53
POUNDS

BUST
9" LESS

WAIST
9½" LESS

ABDOMEN
17½" LESS

HIPS
12" LESS

Above, Mrs. Clarke on starting her course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.

"If I had only known how easily I could become slender," Mrs. Clarke says, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. As for the Success Course, Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.



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With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

everything and had more fun than anyone else. I never saw him laugh so much and have such a really good time—but then we all did.

NOMINATED FOR THE HEAVIEST-PUBLIC-NECKER-IN-HOLLYWOOD: Turhan Bey! He and Peggy Badey don't even move out of the spotlight to do their kissing in night clubs.

Peter Lawford tells me he is going to have to give his mother some lessons on how to be the mother of a movie star. Lady May Lawford is so gracious and so hospitable she just can't turn away the fans and bobby soxers who come to the house asking to see Peter.

Not long ago, three young daughters of a neighbor stopped by to meet him. Lady Lawford invited them in but explained that her son was asleep and couldn't be disturbed. Having established that fact, she spent the rest of the evening entertaining them and telling them all about her son.

When the girls decided to go home they discovered with considerable surprise that it was eleven o'clock.

"Oh, you can't go home alone at this hour," insisted Lady Lawford as she headed for Peter's room to awaken him! So at nearly midnight, a very sleepy hero, clad only in pajamas and an overcoat, was driving the Beverly Hills streets delivering home three very thrilled sub-debs.

Hold on to your beanie! You aren't going to believe this—but Betty Hutton now tips the scales at 140 pounds—12 pounds heavier than she weighed in for "Stork Club."

"It's because I'm happy," wailed Betty, "and been eating my own cooking!"

I have to admit that those Thursday night dinners at Betty's honeymoon house are becoming really famous. Ted Briskin, her beaming groom, likes her cooking—"And any good cook will tell you that you can't cook anything good that isn't fattening," Betty said.

Right here is where I want to give Lauren Bacall a great big hand. I don't know whether you call her "Baby" or Betty—as Humphrey Bogart does. I call her a wonderful scout.

Recently, Lauren was hurt to the quick over the unfavorable reviews in all the papers on her performance in "Confidential Agent." The critics really took the girl over the coals.

She said, just the other day at my home, "I'm not a great actress. I need plenty of help in every scene I play before the camera. I have to be told what to do with my hands and feet and which way to turn my head. My studio failed to take this into consideration when they gave me Herman Shumlin, a stage director, to handle me in 'Confidential Agent.' "In the future I am going to say the first day on the set, 'Boys, I need a helping hand. Please help see me through.' "

Well, if the girl does that, you'll see her go farther and farther in her career—and I mean it. One bad performance will not finish Lauren by any means.

That little house where Alan Ladd and Sue Carol have lived so long and happily during their married life, in the Los Feliz district of Los Angeles, will soon be a happy memory of the past.

Every day Sue and Alan are out in the Valley scouting for property and they want at least ten or twelve acres. I suppose you know they have gone crazy over horses, horses, horses and intend to breed them.

"What we want," says Alan, "is a small rambling farm house and plenty of room for stables, hen coops, a play house for Alana and a small guest house." Speaking of Alana, guess she isn't a baby any longer. She's just been presented with a miniature riding outfit—the exact duplicate of the ones worn by her Ma and Pa.

Van Johnson-In-Shorts: He has never read "Forever Amber". . . . He defends Greta Garbo in arguments when that lady is being fied by some of her critics. . . . He never has any late Christmas shopping to do because he buys Christmas presents for his pals any time during the year—wherever he happens to run across nice things. . . . The headaches that bothered him for so long are coming less frequently. . . . He flatters older women, and the mothers of his girl friends, by calling them by their first names. . . . He's given up desserts, which he loves, because he was gaining weight. . . . He's not quite as happy as he was when he first came to Hollywood—but he doesn't know why. . . . He's an awful good guy.

News that Joan Crawford and Phil Terry had suddenly parted came to me around midnight after I had retired to a good night's sleep—I thought!

Then came the 'phone call that sent me to my typewriter to write my exclusive story—a story I hated to write and which was a definite surprise.

Just two days before Phil left home, he and Joan had entertained at a small cocktail party. They certainly seemed happy and proud of their two children. The den was a mass of Christmas presents Joan was wrapping and ornaments were all over the house for the trees they planned to decorate the next night.

Little Christina was upstairs bedded with the flu. But little blonde Phil, Jr. was all over the place. He is one of the most adorable children I have ever met. You just want to bite a chunk out of his fat little knees and arms. Only three years old, he bows formally when he is introduced. But the cutest thing he does is to mutter under his breath when he is not actively included in the conversation.

I can't help but think that whatever happened between Joan and Phil was very sudden. I'm sorry, for they are both nice people.

The first party given by he-man Randy Scott and his lovely wife, Pat, was a terrific affair—and I'm not apologizing for that adjective. Just everybody in town was invited.

(Continued on page 77)

*Applaud
Tina Leser
for a lovely
hostess gown—*

—and for lovely hands

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IF A SILKIER, SMOOTHER COMPLEXION WOULD
MAKE YOU HAPPY, THEN HEED THIS HOLLYWOOD ADVICE
ABOUT THE USE OF FACE POWDER AND CREAMS!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor



Susan
Hayward



Gail
Russell

HINTS FOR

HAPPY FACES



Jinx
Falkenburg

Shirley
Temple



Deanna
Durbin

■ They're gleeful, they're glad, they're joyous, they're merry . . . these girls just plain feel good! Why? 'Cause, one and all, they are sure of their complexion beauty. If you would have *your* mirror reflect as happily smooth a complexion as Deanna's or Shirley's, it would be wise to check on the care you give your skin. Out Hollywood way, the lassies are downright fastidious about the powder they dab on their noses, they are quick to take advantage of the many fine facial creams that cosmetic folks whip up.

First off, how do you powder your face? Do you buy the nearest shade on the counter, then dab it on hit or miss, or rub it in as if you were polishing old furniture? That's just about as wrong as casting Joan Davis in the "Forever Amber" lead. Let your powder blend with your complexion tone and see to it, if you use a tinted powder base, that the base also fits into the ensemble. Then gently pat on the silky grained stuff with a clean puff as it should be applied. I want you to note this "gentle patting on" procedure very carefully. It is important because clumsily rubbing the puff over your skin will disturb the even distribution of foundation and (Continued on page 118)

Cocktails started at Romanoff's at six and ended way past curfew time. Lana Turner, who has everyone worried that she will slip off and marry one of her dozens of admirers, was with Bob Hutton. Lana is so pretty and romantic she's apt to do what we least expect when we least expect it. She wore a poke bonnet, the cutest thing you ever saw. But it wasn't big or deep enough to keep Bob from peering at her every moment. Does that boy have it bad!

Lew Ayres made his first public appearance, and what an ovation everyone gave him! He still has that same serious charm that made you love him on the screen. The war changed many of his ideas and there has been much talk that he is taking up the ministry. But, in just meeting him at a social gathering, I cannot say I think Lew has changed greatly. He was always a quiet, reserved man but he has great warmth and a gentle humor, too.

Cary Grant and Betty Hensel are no longer pretending they don't care. Imagine having Cary so much in love with YOU that he wouldn't leave your side all evening. Ain't bad. Betty was wearing Cary's Christmas gift—a diamond and ruby brooch. I suppose I'll be writing about their marriage as soon as his divorce from Barbara Hutton becomes final.

* * *

I asked one of the members of The Hollywood Women's Press Club if giving "booby prizes" to the stars who had been the least co-operative during the year ever hurt any player—and by the same token, if giving Golden Apples for good behavior with the press, was of any value.

Personally, I have always felt these awards were a little unfair. But this girl, who is a fan magazine writer, said: "Well, look at Cary Grant. He won the booby-prize one year and felt so badly about it and became so co-operative and willing to help that he won the Golden Apple the next year! I've never known anyone to be so pleased. Cary even asked to become a member of the Club. He pays dues and plays Santa Claus at all our Christmas parties."

Joan Crawford won the popularity vote this year by a huge margin. And when you stop and think how long Joan has been a top star you'll agree that playing ball with the press pays off. Gregory Peck won the "good boy" honors.

HOW TO SNAG STAGS

Stags—that's a crossword puzzle word for men . . . males . . . fellers. When they're beating a path to your door, you're a gay, happy thing. When they're not—then you're flashing the S.O.S. signal to Jean Kinkead. 'Cause Jean's the gal who knows all the answers to the \$64 question, "How To Be Popular With Boys." In fact, that's the title of the MODERN SCREEN Super Chart in which our Jeannie covers her favorite subject from A to Z. Turn to the Super Coupon (page 22) for details of how to get your free copy.

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 24)

fram sauce with the ossenfay and shiffa on the side." I was up to the Copacabana a while ago and heard King Cole do it, and the composer, Redd Evans was there too, so I asked for the lowdown. Redd just grinned. "It's nothing but double-talk—doesn't mean a thing," King Cole admitted it took him three days to learn the line, and he had to postpone his recording. He doesn't like to have to read music on record dates. Being a great perfectionist, he likes everything pat.

IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING—Larry Stevens (Victor)—Larry Stevens has one of those lovely stories nobody believes. There he was, singing at a gas station and dishing out gas, and up drives Jack Benny and practically hauls out a pen and a contract on the spot. But there's no sense in any of us dashing for the nearest filling station, kids. Probably not even Groucho Marx would show up. That's life. Anyhow, Larry sings "It's a Grand Night for Singing" from the picture "State Fair" very nicely, and on the other side he does "Closer to Me," from the picture "Easy to Wed." This one's got the final chorus in Spanish, with Latin background by Mahlon Merrick and his orchestra.

JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Now the number I told you was my choice for the best popular record of the month. It's got a very knocked-out vocal by beautiful June Christy who sounds just like Anita O'Day, and it's got a wild arrangement that really rocks. On the other side there's a jazz number called "Artistry Jumps." It's a jump version of Kenton's theme, "Artistry in Rhythm." The Kenton boys have recorded "Artistry in Rhythm," but this is an entirely different treatment. It features Vido Musso on tenor sax, and Stan himself at the piano.

LONG, LONG JOURNEY—Billy Eckstine (National)—This is a tune I wrote about a year ago, and Billy Eckstine had been going to wax it all along, so it was entirely a coincidence that the elevator strike was called the day the band was finally set to record. Everybody had to walk up twelve flights of stairs—carrying everything including the bass fiddle—a long, long journey indeed. Which fact, combined with the title, made lots of people think it was a press agent's stunt. It wasn't, honest. Billy sings the lyric, and solos on trombone. Incidentally, though I wrote "Long, Long Journey," I like "I'm In The Mood For Love" (on the other side) better.

STRANGER IN TOWN—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)—Here's a song composed by the amazing Mel Torme. I first heard of this kid when he was fourteen years old. He'd written a tune called "Lament to Love" and Les Brown recorded it! Now he's eighteen, and a popular drummer, singer, band-leader, song-writer, etc. I saw Mel and his group—The Meltones—when I was on the Coast last January, but it was under rather amusing conditions. I'd gone out to catch the Bandwagon show one Sunday afternoon, and I noticed Mel and the Meltones sitting quite calmly through about half the show. Then suddenly they got up as one man, sang, "Don't itch it, Fitch it," and sat down again. For the rest of the show. To get back to the Charlie Spivak arrangement, it's sung by Jimmy Saunders, a boy who made news recently by marrying Rita Daigle, one of the Rheingold girls. Probably everything will be beer and skittles for him from now on. The other side of Spivak's "Stranger" is "Home Country"

with a vocal by the popular Irene Daye. **SYMPHONY**—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Bing Crosby (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia)—One of the few ballads of the war to originate overseas, this was the number one favorite of the fellows in France.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest (Decca)—From the new Orson Welles picture of the same name, this "Tomorrow is Forever" gets sung here by Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes. To tell the truth, I'm not wild about these double feature jobs. I think each vocalist does better when the arrangement is built around him or her. I also think Helen was singing much better five years ago, when she was with a band. It seems to me she's become a little affected. The orchestra with her and Haymes on this job was directed by Earle Hagen. He's the trombonist who used to be with Ray Noble, and he's the composer of an awfully pretty tune called "Harlem Nocturne." (Harlem Nocturne's been recorded by Johnny Otis for Excelsior, and I think you'd like it.)

BEST HOT JAZZ

JIVIN' JOE JACKSON—Count Basie (Columbia)—Count Basie's new vocal discovery, Ann Moore, is featured on this record. The other side of "Jivin' Joe" is an instrument number by the band. It's called "Queer Street."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather BEST POPULAR

AS LONG AS I LIVE—Johnny Johnston (Capitol)
COME TO BABY, DO—Les Brown (Columbia), King Cole Trio (Capitol)
DIG YOU LATER (HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBA)—Perry Como (Victor)
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING—Paul Weston-Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Ray Noble (Columbia)
IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING—Larry Stevens (Victor)
JUST A-SITTIN' AND A-ROCKIN'—Duke Ellington (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol), Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Delta Rhythm Boys (Decca)
LONG, LONG JOURNEY—Billy Eckstine (National)
STRANGER IN TOWN—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Mel Torme (Decca)
SYMPHONY—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca)
TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Helen Forrest-Dick Haymes (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Queer Street (Columbia)
ROYAL ELDRIIDGE—Embraceable You (Decca)
EDMOND HALL—It's Been So Long (Blue Note)
ERSKINE HAWKINS—Good Dip (Victor)
HARRY JAMES—9:20 Special (Columbia)
CHARLIE LAVERE—Can't We Talk It Over? (Jump)
RED NORVO—Slam Slam Blues (Comet)
STUFF SMITH—Time And Again (Musicraft)
REX STEWART—Solid Rock (H.R.S.)
EDDIE VINSON—Mr. Cleanhead Steps Out (Mercury)

BEST ALBUMS

KITTY CARLISLE-WILBUR EVANS-FELIX KNIGHT—The Desert Song (Decca)
EDDIE CONDON—Jazz Concert of Gershwin Songs (Decca)
SPIKE JONES—Nutcracker Suite (Victor)
POLONAISE—Al Goodman Orchestra and singers (Victor)
SHOWBOAT ALBUM—Diane Courtney and others, Kern songs (Pilotone)
ARTURO TOSCANINI—Rossini Overtures (Victor)
SOPHIE LUCKER—Songs She Made Famous (Decca)
ORSON WELLES—Famous Presidential Speeches (Decca)
BEN YOST SINGERS—Old Timers (Sonora)

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DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID

(Story)

(Continued from page 51)

"Are you here for Lanlaire's?" the man said.

"Yes. I'm the new chambermaid."

"Your name?"

"Celestine."

The man stared at her for a full moment and his eyes moved from the gleaming black hair to the small trim ankles.

"You'll do."

The other girl looked up meekly.

"My name is Louise. I'm the new scullery maid."

The man said shortly: "You're ugly. Go back to Paris."

"But—"

"You heard what I said."

He started to turn but the girl Celestine didn't move and she said softly: "Are you Mr. Lanlaire?"

The man's head snapped around: "I run the Lanlaire establishment."

"The valet?" Celestine said.

"Among other things."

"What is your name?"

"Joseph."

"You can tell your master, Joseph, that because you chose to insult the scullery maid, the new chambermaid decided to quit, too."

"Now—" Joseph said.

"Both of us—or neither," Celestine said.

"Come along, then," Joseph said; his eyes flicked over the two of them. "Both of you."

Celestine's heels clicked like two exclamation points over the rough cobblestones. As they came to the carriage Joseph turned once more.

"I want it understood that I am a person of some importance at Lanlaire's," he said. "Understand it now. For your own good."

"Valet!" Celestine said contemptuously.

And her heels clicked again.

This was Celestine: Dark and pretty and poor. Born into poverty, fighting the world from the time her flashing eyes first flickered at the drabness around her. It was never easy and she never expected it to be. There was early wisdom in her face and she knew what she wanted. Hadn't she written it in her diary? Oh, she wasn't going to be a chambermaid forever. There were men in the world and some of them had money; and all of them, or almost all, had a way of looking twice at a pretty black-haired girl with trim ankles . . .

So she came to Lanlaire's. And it didn't take her long to see her chances and to size them up. Mrs. Lanlaire was a she-wolf. But the Master? Ah, there was another story. And Mauger, the neighbor. And there was even talk of a son—Georges; he might turn up some day. There were plenty of chances at Lanlaire's if a girl were smart.

It was Joseph who stopped her in one of the corridors one day.

"You don't have much time for me," he said.

"A chambermaid?" Celestine said. "A chambermaid has no time for people of importance."

"Like the Master—"

Celestine shrugged.

"You're wasting your time there," Joseph said. "All the money is in Mrs. Lanlaire's name. He hasn't a cent of his own."

"Others do," Celestine said.

"Mauger?"

"He tells me he has twenty five thousand francs, in cash alone, in the house.

Among other things. You're not so smart, Joseph."

"You'd never consider Mauger," Joseph said. "Not seriously. The man is a fool—"

"Are you the only smart one in France?"

Celestine asked.

"In this part of France."

"I'm not so keen on brains," Celestine said. "A good man doesn't need them."

Joseph laughed.

"We're alike," he said. "You're a sharp one. And so am I. And I'm patient. You'll get to like me better some day."

"I doubt it."

Joseph smiled: "I don't. Wait and see. I'm not a bad sort at all."

"Valet!" Celestine said.

"Not forever," Joseph said. "Not forever, by a long shot."

The letter came the following day. Celestine brought it in to Mrs. Lanlaire at dinner and reading it, the great, harsh face suddenly lit, and she turned, rising from the table. After that it was all excitement. Orders were shouted down the halls of the house. The suite on the second floor was cleaned and aired. Mrs. Lanlaire was everywhere at once. She caught Celestine in one of the corridors and twirled her as if she were inspecting a toy doll.

"The dress!" Mrs. Lanlaire cried. "It won't do."

She hurried into her own room, opened one of the great closets, rummaged for a moment and came out bearing a gown.

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, Madame, but—"

"Then it's settled. If you need more let me know. Hurry now—" Celestine turned to go. "Celestine!" Mrs. Lanlaire's face was almost soft now. "You're the prettiest here. He likes pretty things. Be kind to him—"

"Him?" Celestine said.

"My son. He's coming back. He must have whatever he wants. I couldn't bear to see him leave again. I want everything to be so perfect here that he'll never dream of going—"

"Your son . . . ?"

Mrs. Lanlaire's face was alight.

"Georges is coming back!" she cried.

Celestine didn't see him when he came. She heard the rumble of the carriage outside but by the time she ran to the window, the courtyard was bare. She hurried out to the great hall but she was too late. She heard their voices high up, beyond the turn of the great stairs, and then the door to the new suite being opened. Mrs. Lanlaire, high on the upper landing, called: "Celestine!"

She turned.

"Bring up champagne. To Georges' room—"

She felt even then, a sudden sense of strangeness; as if this moment in her life, walking up the curving stairs with the iced bucket of champagne and the tray with the delicate and beautiful etched glass goblet—as if this moment marked the turn in her life. She had a curious sensation that walking up these stairs now, she was walking out of the past, climbing into some unknown future . . .

She knocked on the door.

She could only see, at first, the sweep of brown hair against the white pillow. Then she saw his face: Pale, gravely white under the startling brown eyes. He looked frail, weak; and yet there was something

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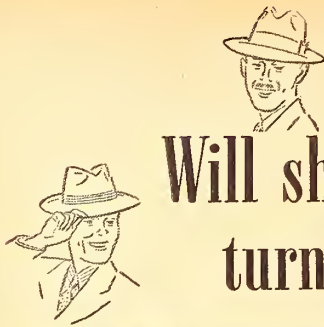
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Phillips'

strong and sensitive in the turn of his chin, the quiet line of his mouth.

"Good afternoon, sir—" she said.

He didn't turn.

"The champagne—"

"Take it away."

"But Madame said—"

"Take it away. Champagne. I've had it!"

"The bottle is unopened, sir."

He almost smiled then and turned to her, half rising against the backboard of the bed. He looked at her for a full minute before he spoke again.

"Your hair . . . against the light . . ."

He shrugged angrily. "Are you the maid?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll have the champagne."

"It might make you feel better. If you have a touch of a cold there's nothing like—"

"I've had this cold for six years," he said; he said it almost as if it were a joke. Then his face grew grave again, looking at her, and he said: "Mother told you to bring the champagne?"

"Yes."

"Mother takes good care of me," he said mockingly. "Even though I am the black sheep of the family. Champagne and a pretty maid." He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I've nothing against you, of course—"

He turned away from her again, looking out of the huge window that framed the gentle French countryside, green now, and beautiful with growing things, rising gently to a sky that stretched like a blue arch of grace east and west to the ends of the world.

It was quiet in those calm summer days, a soft beguiling calm that bathed the garden and the walks around the house and even the tiny village over the hill in beauty. It might have been the beauty of summer that brought them together so often—Georges and Celestine. Or it might have been more. But they walked the garden paths together and down to the village under the green of the trees, spread like an aerial canopy over their heads.

The old man, Lanlaire, saw it and he stopped Georges one day as he walked alone. He looked gently at his son and then he said: "Ah, you've been touched, too, I see—"

"Touched?"

"Celestine."

Georges didn't answer for a moment.

"More than touched, my son?" Lanlaire said softly.

"Much more. I'd marry her—"

"Then why don't you?"

Georges smiled almost sardonically: "Me? Sick, tired, cynical, beaten. I'd make a fine husband."

"She might be the medicine you need."

"No," Georges said harshly. "I wouldn't wish that on her."

He turned away abruptly, suddenly silent, and left the garden. The old man looked after him and frowned and then walked slowly back to the house. They could hear Georges pacing in his room all through dinner that night . . . and beyond into the small hours: The irregular click of his heels, stopping suddenly, and beginning again.

"I'm going up to him," Mrs. Lanlaire said.

"No, don't," the old man said. "He doesn't want to see you."

"Whom would he want to see?" she said sharply.

"I don't know," the old man said. "Celestine, possibly. Maybe not even her . . ."

"He must stop this endless pacing. It's not good for him."

"The world is full of things which aren't good for us," said the old man softly.

Mrs. Lanlaire stared at him impassively for a moment and then turned toward the

small corridor that led to the servants' quarters. She found Celestine.

"My son is very upset for some reason. Perhaps a cup of hot broth might soothe him. Will you bring it to him?"

"Of course," Celestine said.

"Georges is unhappy and ill," Mrs. Lanlaire said. "He may be thinking of leaving, sick as he is. I won't have it! I won't allow it! You must help me . . ."

"Whatever I can do, Madame," Celestine said.

He was standing at the window when she came in, standing with his back toward her. He swung around as she came in, looking at the bowl of broth she was carrying, looking at her.

"Why did you come?" he said.

"The broth—"

"Who told you I needed it?"

"Madame said—"

"How often has she sent you to me?"

"Sent me?" Celestine said.

His face was a mask.

"When we walked in the Garden? In the village?"

"No—"

"All those pleasant, seemingly accidental meetings? Maman sent you—"

"No—"

He said harshly: "You're lying. My mother is a very wise woman. She knows my weaknesses. But she doesn't know my strength—"

He strode suddenly to the door, threw it open. Mrs. Lanlaire was there. Georges said sardonically: "Come, in Maman."

His face was flushed and his eyes very bright, like a man in a fever. But his voice was low and steady and when he spoke he didn't look at Celestine.

"It almost worked," he said. "It almost worked again, Mother. You almost had me. That's what you want, isn't it? To possess me the way you possess Father and everything your hand touches. You don't care how you'd get it. You'd use anything. Even love—"

"Georges, I swear—"

"I don't believe you. She's very pretty, Mother. It would be very easy to love her. But I'm going away. If I have to crawl from this house, I'm getting out!"

It was then Celestine suddenly turned and ran. There was only silence behind her and she could feel Georges' accusing eyes following her down the corridor.

She was packing her bag in the small room in the attic when Joseph appeared at the door.

"So you're leaving," he said.

"What do they think I am?" Celestine said. "Don't they think I'm human? That I have feelings? How can he believe I'd harm him? I never want to see him again now. None of them!"

"So you're running away. Back to Paris," Joseph said. "Back to drudgery. And all the rest. I thought you were smarter than that."

"I'm smart enough."

"Smart enough to listen to me?"

Her eyes met his across the small room. Joseph spoke softly: "A long time ago I bought a little cafe in Cherbourg. It's almost paid for now. It needs a touch of the feminine. One could be independent there. Never hear an order again—"

"Be your serving girl in Cherbourg?" Celestine said sarcastically.

"My wife—" Joseph said.

There was silence in the small room.

"And we could leave now," Celestine whispered.

"Give me a day."

"A day," Celestine said. "One day."

"Done."

He touched her then, only a small stroking movement that brushed her cheek. She almost drew away but his eyes held her. He said softly: "I knew that day at the station. My wife . . ."

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Hinds for Hands

The fourteenth of July was a holiday: The Day of Freedom. It was a holiday everywhere but at Lanlaire's. Mrs. Lanlaire never admitted that the Revolution had taken place. But in the village, it was the finest day of the year. The streets were lit and booths were set up in the cobblestoned gutters. A carousel twirled, flinging music into the still summer air.

It was there that Celestine waited for Joseph. She wandered from booth to booth with Louise, almost carried away by the laughter of the Fair, caught up in the gay swirling spirits, forgetting everything—Joseph had said to meet her back in the Garden at eleven. She hardly knew what time it was when she found herself back on the road to the Lanlaire's again.

She turned down the path between the Lanlaire's and the Mangers. And it was then she saw Joseph. For a moment she almost thought he had come from the Mangers'. But maybe it was the wine. He came toward her silently. And when he touched her his fingers were like ice.

"Celestine . . ." he said.

She looked at him a little tipsily and she poked her finger at his nose: "Joseph . . . funny Joseph . . . always so serious." "We leave for Cherbourg tonight."

"Fine. Let's go."

"No. After dinner. We must serve dinner first."

"I don't want to go back to them."

"We must."

"I want to go to Cherbourg . . ."

"Tonight. I swear it. I have the money."

"Enough for fare? For both of us?"

"More. Much more. Twenty five thousand francs . . ."

"Twenty five thousand francs?"

And suddenly it was as if a cold wind had blown over her. She stared at him. "Where did you get it?"

"What does it matter? I have it . . ."

"Where did you get it?"

And suddenly she saw again in her mind how she had first seen him: Almost as if he had come from Manger's.

"Mauger . . ." she whispered. "You stole it."

Joseph laughed harshly: "He'll never tell."

"Never tell . . . ?" Celestine gripped his arm. "Where is Mauger?"

Joseph didn't answer.

"You killed him," Celestine said.

Joseph said sharply: "We've got to get back to Lanlaire's. Quick, now. And don't be a fool." As he almost pulled her across the quiet field, he said: "I did it for you, I did it for you . . ."

The great candles burned sombrely in the dining room. Celestine seemed to see them almost through a haze. Mauger's name kept running through her head.

It was with the coffee that Joseph made his announcement.

"Madame," he said; and there was a thin edge of sarcasm to his voice. "I have served you for many years. But I'm sure you will not think it disloyal if I dreamed of some day being my own master. Today I find it possible. I beg to inform Madame that I am leaving her service—"

Mrs. Lanlaire hardly stirred.

"May I," Joseph continued, "also inform you of my coming marriage. Celestine has been kind enough to accept my plea—"

"Liar!"

The voice was like a whip. And then they saw Georges rising from his chair at the end of the table.

"Liar!" he said again.

"You may ask Celestine," Joseph said smoothly.

He turned to her.

She stared from one to the other. "It's true," she whispered.

"True?" Georges said mockingly. "You love him?"

"Yes . . ."

"Kiss him, then!" Georges said savagely. "You love him, you say. Let me see you kiss the man you love!"

She saw Joseph coming to her. And for the second time she ran from a room. She hardly felt her tears until a hand wiped them from her eyes, lifted her chin, forced her to look up at a pale thin face and the brown tousled hair.

"Celestine . . ."

"Leave me alone."

"You can't marry him."

"Why?" she said bitterly. "Do you still think that I have my cap set for you?"

"I'm sorry for what I said in the room that night. I was angry at my mother. Not you . . ."

"You told me you never wanted to see me again."

"I lied. Forgive me . . ."

She swayed, feeling the pulses beat in her head, seeing again the image of Mauger racing through the channels of her mind. "It's too late, Georges. It's too late now. I must go with Joseph . . ."

"The woman is right," a voice said.

They turned together and they saw Joseph standing there. Georges started slowly toward him.

"Get out, Joseph," he said.

"I warn you," Joseph said coldly. "You come to me at your own risk—"

Georges didn't stop. She heard the sharp sting of blows, heard Joseph's voice cut like a whip: "I'll kill you . . ."

She ran toward them.

"Joseph, don't! Don't touch him!"

"Are you coming?"

"Yes . . ." she said.

Without looking back she left the room. She heard Georges' labored breathing, heard him try to rise, and fail . . .

The rest of it was a nightmare. Joseph had a carriage waiting in the courtyard. He pushed her on to it. There were two trunks lashed to the seat beside them. The fevered sway of the carriage jolted open the lid of one of the trunks. Inside, like a hidden sun, she caught the glint of silver.

"Where did you get it, Joseph?"

"Lanlaire's," he said harshly. "They owe me something for the years of service."

The horses swung sharply at the road curve. It was all she could do to hang on.

The village loomed ahead. Down the small road, a band came marching, playing their gay tunes, carrying torches to light the night. The Fourteenth of July. Joseph cursed, pulled at the reins. The crowd swirled around them.

They were drunk on wine and gaiety and laughter. Joseph cursed and lashed out with the whip. Then suddenly they were free of the crowd again and Joseph was saying: "The fools . . . the fools . . ."

They were at full gallop once more when Joseph saw that the trunks were loose. They were swaying at the edge of the carriage, threatening to fall to the road. The reins fell from his hands. He lunged to save the trunks.

"Joseph!" Celestine screamed.

But it was too late. He was struggling with the trunks and he never saw the turn in the road. Then the trunks tumbled from their perch and he was carried with them. She heard his scream, cut short, suddenly silent. And then there was only the beat of the horses' hooves, like pelted hail on the cobblestones.

She never knew how she stopped the carriage. Suddenly she saw a slight, frail figure coming toward her through the dark.

"Georges . . ."

"Celestine!"

And she knew then that the dark night would soon be over; the dark night and the nightmare. She knew then that never again, in all the days to come, would she ever be frightened or lonely or cruel. No matter what came, she was home . . .



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BOGEY GIRL

(Continued from page 39)

has studied seamanship and navigation at every opportunity; Betty has been learning the jobs of deck hand, cabin boy, and cook. On their cabin cruiser, the Bogarts usually rolled out around eight in the morning, and Bogey went topside to check the weather and other mysterious nautical details. Betty would make up the bunks, dust the cabin, and prepare breakfast. She learned to make good coffee at once; later she learned to scramble eggs, and fry bacon. Sometimes, bridelike, she had trouble.

One morning she had fried thick lamb chops in a skillet without a pouring spout. She wanted to save the grease, so transferred it from the large skillet to a smaller skillet boasting a spout. Bogey watched this operation with a dubious eye.

Next, the amateur chef started to pour the blisteringly hot oil from the little skillet into an empty coffee can; in her haste, she dumped the entire contents in a miniature Niagara that cascaded over her thumb. Yelling like a trapped banshee, she managed to set down skillet and coffee can before she turned on a dance that the Hopis are going to copyright for their next Snake festival.

Her thumb peeled, layer after layer, for a month, and indications are that a faint pink scar will be permanent.

Bogey laid down several rules for careful kitchen conduct: Hot fats were to be poured only into receptacles placed on tables—not held in hand. Fats were to be decanted only after cooling had taken place. His solicitude was great, which probably explains his saying unhappily, "Carelessness, Charlie. Carelessness."

pride goeth . . .

Came then the day, several weeks later, when the Bogarts returned to the dock after a fast automobile trip for supplies. When the last item was stowed aboard, the skipper returned to the car, checked for forgotten merchandise, found that all was shipshape, and locked the car.

Ten fast seconds later he realized that he had locked the ignition keys inside. Mr. B. carried on a fast monologue that might have given innocent passersby the impression that Bogey was a minister describing the more lurid results of riotous living. Mrs. Bogart said nothing.

After his conversational block-busting, Bogey located a telephone from which he called a locksmith. Somewhat later, he was once again in full command of his car. At which time he looked at his girl with the guileless face and observed, "It's a good thing you didn't do that, or I would really have given you hell!"

The Bogarts looked at one another and burst into shouts of laughter.

When Betty and Bogey aren't on their boat, they eagle away their lives in a dream house perched on the top of a Hollywood hill. Finding the house in the first place was a minor miracle; they had been looking everywhere when a friend said one night, "I just heard about a house owned by people who are moving to South America. Thought you might be interested, so I got all the information."

Betty drove up the next morning, and the papers were signed a few days later. The house is built in layers. On the top floor, entered from the spiral street that arises like a flagpole from Sunset Boulevard, is the dining room, kitchen, and quarters for May, the world's best cook. She's been with Bogey for ten years.

On the lower floor, reached by a bride's processional dream of a stairway, is the living room, the game room, a terrace from

which eighty percent of Southern California is visible on a clear day, and a guest room and bath.

The bedrock floor, down another flight of stairs from the living room, is occupied by two master bedrooms and baths, and the quarters of Fred, an Anglo-African who has been with the Bogarts for over a year and for whose services half of Hollywood would gladly commit mayhem.

Fred, born and reared in London, was referred to as a Jamaican in a Hollywood column and said to Bogey, "If I'm to be mentioned at all, it would seem that I might be properly designated."

His habitual use of the address form "milady" to Lauren and "milord" to an amazed Mr. Bogart, is the result of his service in British coroneted households.

After an evening out with friends, the Bogarts arrived one night, used their latchkey instead of ringing, and found Fred in the game room, struggling mightily in an attempt to play-by ear—a popular song. They had been standing in the doorway, through two uncertain choruses, before Fred became aware of them. Leaping up, he said regretfully, "Good evening, milord and lady. I have been dusting the piano without harmonious success."

This house is the first in which Lauren has lived: she grew up in New York apartments, vowing that when she became a home-owner, she was going to have a fireplace in every room. She didn't quite make it, but both the living room and the game room boast fireplaces.

The game room was originally furnished with a bleached mahogany spinet, a fireplace whose red brick had been painted yellow, and a bamboo bar with matching stools. The Bogarts promptly sold the bar and stools, installed matching right-angle red chairs, and had the yellow paint scraped off the fireplace. Betty scouted around Los Angeles stores until she found beige crash figured in red: she had drapes made of this material. She also found a handsome lamp, the base of which is a deep red stallion head, and the shade a fluted cylinder of straw cloth.

bathing beauty . . .

When showing guests through their house, the Bogarts throw open a door leading off the game room, and the astounded eye is smacked by a complete tile bath the dazzling blue of an angel's eye. All the usual equipment is present, but the installation that amazes everyone is a Roman bath five feet deep, about three feet wide, and eight feet long, complete with chromium ladder.

The Bogarts keep it drained, fearing for the safety of some presaturated guest. However, this fascinating affair provides the Bogarts with a permanent topic of conversation. "If Warner's had let me make 'Arsenic And Old Lace,'" opined Bogey, "it would have been a swell place for the bodies."

One of the most charming things about the game room is that, above the piano, Betty has placed a series of framed pictures of herself and Bogey. Some are shots that were made immediately after their wedding on Louis Bromfield's farm; there is an autographed picture of Mr. Bromfield, and there are two pictures of Bogey painted by his mother. On the opposite wall there is an etching of Bogey as "Duke" in "The Petrified Forest."

Hanging from one of the wall bracket-lights is a doll made of driftwood, raffia, shells and imagination; Lauren fell in love with it at The Beachcomber's one night, so Bogey bought it for her.

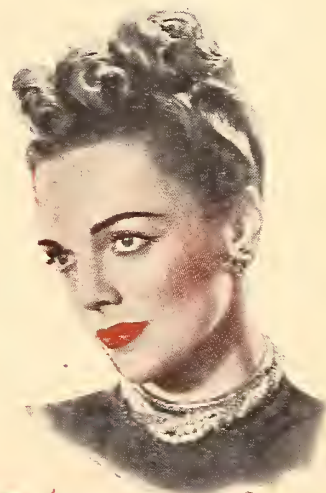
Ordinarily, however, her gifts come in packages simply because she is like a kid on Christmas morning about a package—any package. Bogey, like most men, loathes shopping; his idea of proper procedure is

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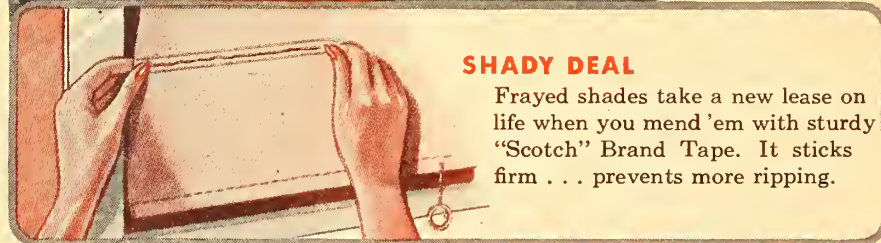
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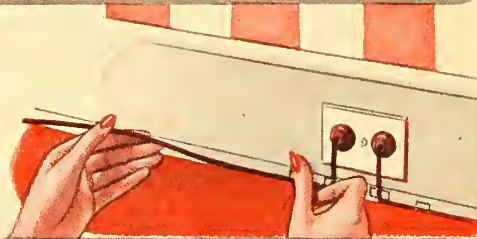
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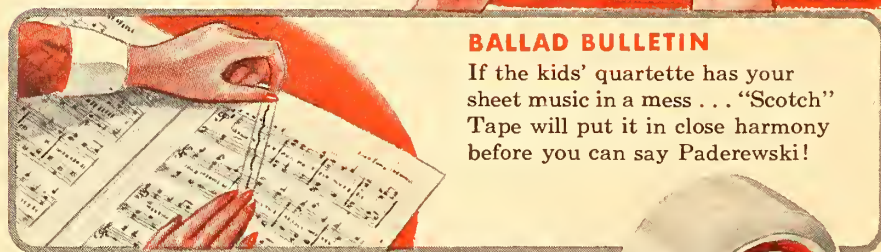
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Lamp cords look neater if you "Scotch" Tape 'em to the base-board. "Scotch" Tape leaves no ugly holes in your woodwork.



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to see an object in a shop window, walk in, say, "I want that," pay for it and walk out. Lately, he has been having anything he buys for Betty done up in style.

Two months before Lauren's birthday, Bogey ordered a chrysoberyl clip to match her ring. Two weeks before Lauren's birthday, the jeweler called Bogey to say that the clip was ready. "I'll be right over," said Mr. Bogart, being the type who is never in a rush about anything.

That night he strolled into the house with the right hand pocket of his jacket bulging importantly. "Hello," he said, giving the word a reading that was worth an Academy Award.

"You've got my birthday present," diagnosed his wife. "Let's open it."

"Nothing doing. I just brought it home because it was ready, but I'm going to put it away until the proper day," said Bogey. In full view of Betty, he strolled to his bureau and dropped the parcel into the bottom drawer. "There it stays until your birthday."

"Give me just a little hint—is it something to wear?" inquired Lauren. "Is it gold? Or is it perfume? Is it. . ."

bequiling betty . . .

Ten minutes later Betty was wearing her birthday present, and Bogey was giving her the details about what he had said to the jeweler, and what the jeweler had said to him; how long the work had required and how much the stone weighed.

Lauren's latest gift from her husband didn't come in a velvet box from Beverly Hills, but in a cage from Ohio. His name is Harvey and his ears have been cropped. Don't jump to the conclusion that an accident has befallen Frank Fay's invisible six-foot rabbit, because the Bogart Harvey is a boxer puppy six months old. Seen from the front he looks as if he'd been eating out of a coal scuttle, and seen from the rear he looks as if he'd backed into a snow-drift, but he has the disposition of a candy bar: Sweet and sticky.

If Betty Bogart's first enthusiasm is opening packages, her second is preparing gifts for others to open. Bogey is not an easy person for whom to select a gift. He wears two rings and a watch; owns a tie-clip that he has never worn; refuses to wear an identification bracelet; likes old ties, relaxed tweeds, non-matching sport jackets. Clearly not a candidate for extensive package-opening.

Yet, for Christmas, Lauren bought him a robe, pajamas, a fountain pen, inscribed matches for use on the boat, and—for laughs—a gold toothpick to be worn on his watch chain. Bogey went all over town afterward, inspiring hilarious laughter by his deadpan praise of the gift.

One of the first things Lauren learned about her husband was that any of his "dese and doses" on the screen were purely theater and were not to be confused with the man himself. "He's one of the best informed men I've ever met," is the invariable comment of those who spend an evening with the Bogarts.

The Bogarts are currently enthusiastic about "The Brick Foxhole" by Richard Brooks, and "The Life of Enrico Caruso" by the singer's wife. They spend many of their evenings in town, reading together and interrupting the reading to discuss a paragraph or an idea. In talking about these quiet evenings at home, Betty told a friend, "When I was tearing around, having dates, I used to squirm if a silence fell between me and the boy I was with. I began to feel stupid and dull and embarrassed. Sometimes, when I thought about being married, I thought it must be awful to run out of things to say, and then to sit there with that same person, night after night, even when you were talked out."

Drawing a deep breath and smiling toward a picture of Bogey, she went on, "But everything is so different when you're married. Bogey and I can sit together for hours without exchanging a word, yet there's no feeling of strain. There's only a wonderful companionship and a sense of completeness."

The actress, Lauren Bacall, has taken a terrible beating from the critics for her work in "Confidential Agent." In all fairness, it should be pointed out that the script was bad, and that it was only the director's second picture. Although no one likes to take a drubbing, Betty Bogart—as a private individual rather than a professional personality—has refused to allow it to make her miserable. Not long ago she told friends, "If I never make another picture, I won't really care. I have everything a girl could want anyhow."

While the Powells and the Bogarts were agreeing on the transfer of ownership of "The Santana," they had dinner together on several occasions. One night June and Betty were gabbing like mad about the best little linen shops in which to pick up oversize sheets, where one could buy good wool blankets, how long it required to have towels monogrammed—in short, girlie talk.

Dick Powell and Bogey exchanged glances and winked. "Look at them," grinned Bogey, "talking like housewives over their tall glasses of cold milk."

Bubbled June, "Isn't it wonderful to be married?"

Betty Bogart is a woman of few words. All she said was, "It is," but the look she gave her husband obviously closed the sentence with an exclamation point.

DENNIS MORGAN

(Continued from page 35)

and let-downs, fiascos and lucky breaks of Hollywood, where he finally faced the greatest job of keeping busy yet—until he clinched his chance.

Back in the last century, the engineer of the pioneer Soo Line train dropped Dennis Morgan's maternal great grandfather, O. D. Van Dusen, off beside a lonely stretch of track and puffed on around the bend. Around O. D. was nothing but dark pines, a rushing river, wild animals and Indians. But Grandpa Van Dusen was hunting a site to start a lumber mill and he built one, to found the town of Prentice, named after his partner. His granddaughter, Grace, married the son of another lumber pioneer who left the cozy coastal comfort of Providence, Rhode Island, to go West and make his stake. Her bridegroom's name was Frank Morner, and he was of pure Swedish descent. The Van Dusens were Dutch. In American terms, the blood heritage of Dennis Morgan is pure pioneer. But it was pioneer refined by education.

Grandfather Morner was the first superintendent of schools in South Price County, and he possessed a stubborn Yankee faith in learning. He sent his boy, Frank, to Chicago to Morgan Park Academy and then on to Whalen Academy in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Frank met Grace Van Dusen while she was studying music in nearby Lawrence College at Appleton. He was twenty-five and she nineteen when they married and settled back home in Prentice, where Frank Morner took a job in the bank. Their first child, Kenneth, was in his third year on the bitter cold morning of December 20, 1915, when Doctor William Ellis carried his snow-dusted medical bag inside the warm and quiet Morner house. As he unwound his muffler and rubbed his chilled hands by the glow-

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A featherweight formula makes blonde shades go on sheer... delicate... never "pasty."

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BRIGHT IDEAS

from Hollywood



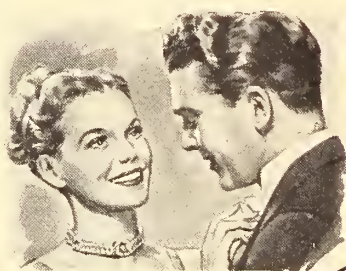
DOROTHY LAMOUR

star of Paramount's

"MASQUERADE IN MEXICO"

grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.

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ing base burner, Doctor Ellis sighed at the imponderable ways of the Lord.

He was on a double mission. In one room he would soon bring into this world the second child of Grace Morner. In another, he knew, her firstborn lay dying.

The Morners knew it, too. It had been evident for months that they soon would lose Baby Kenneth. They summoned up their Protestant faith to give them strength for the inevitable sadness, prayed that the new child would be a boy to replace the loss, and asked God to grant him the strong spark of life their first boy had lacked.

Doctor Ellis brought the answer to their prayer as Frank Morner paced in the parlor by the crackling stove, chewing an unfilled pipe.

"You've got a fine son, Frank," he said wearily. "I never saw a better baby. Perfectly formed, sound as a dollar. Nine and a half pounds. Everything's all right. Now about Kenneth—" He paused, reflecting that some people who envied a country doctor were plumb crazy.

"Go on."

Kenneth died New Year's Eve, less than a week after Stanley Morner dangled by one foot from his father's strong fist and "let out a yip." The compensations of Providence were never more evident. From the start, the physical ruggedness denied his brother was concentrated in the solid male body of Baby Stanley, named by his dad after a close college chum at Whalen.

He walked at nine months, and talked at eighteen. He crawled around his nursery like a spider, never still a minute. When he could toddle, he was into everything in the house like a nosey puppy to drive his mother mad. He cried seldom but lustily and then only because he was sick. The only trouble he had was gums reluctant to let baby teeth through. They had to be lanced. Later on, he puffed up with the mumps. That's the only sickness Dennis Morgan ever knew as a kid. It was a good thing. The North Wisconsin woods was no place for a weakling.

sportsman . . .

In this boy heaven, Stan, as his folks called him, grew up like a young Indian. He could ski at eight and ice skate earlier, setting off up the creek before the snow fuzzed it, the first kid on the ice every winter. He never fell through the thin crust, because he had a natural outdoors know-how and confidence. He was hardy, too. Once, in first grade, his teacher heard a commotion on the pond near the schoolhouse. Running out, she found Stan gliding across the frozen surface in his bare feet. She hustled him inside, plunked his toes in cold water and chafed them to ward off frostbite. He laughed at the idea. Frost couldn't bite him. "Why did you do it?" she demanded.

"Somebody dared me," said Stan. He added, "And it was fun."

It was fun, too, for young Stan to haul out of his warm bed in the below zero cold of a winter's morning, strap on his skis and make the rounds of his river fur traps in the gray dawn. He trapped for muskrat, mostly, because he had a baby sister by then, Dorothy, and he wanted to catch her a warm coat. He caught enough to do that and ship more off besides, down to St. Louis where they paid him \$1.50 a piece for the pelts, fabulous wealth to a woods kid.

Because of his size, strength, outdoor skill and early manliness it was natural that Stan should be the leader of his gang. There were scads of kids his age in Prentice, all country kids, and at home in the woods—his cousin Arnold Morner, the Shigley boys, Sam Louis, Ralph, Gibby and "Twisty" Bloomberg, Bill Branch—dozens more. None of them softies. Prentice didn't breed softies. But somehow, when a

crisis came up, it was Stan the kids looked to take over. Like the time he got his nickname, "Tuff."

They were playing choose-up baseball on a vacant lot when a bigger and older kid, Pete, we'll call him, came up and started to take over. Pete was a husky character, older and a natural bully. He could lick any kid in grade school and often did, just to show the rest who was boss. He didn't stick to kids his size. It was easier to push small fry around. So that's what Pete was doing this day and Stan Morner didn't like it. He walked over to Pete, calm and quiet as always but his eyes cold.

"You want to fight?" He said it like that, short and flat.

Pete started to bristle, but the bristle wilted. He didn't like the ominous way Stan Morner's arms hung with the fists half closed and his mouth straight and tight. Pete was bigger, older, more brawly-wise and had a reputation at stake. But that didn't starch his spine enough to face the deadly look he was getting.

"Naw," he said, surprisingly meek all of a sudden. "I don't want to fight." And he sauntered off. Immediately the kids marvelled. "Gee whiz, gosh-jiminy!—Pete never done that before. I guess you're plenty tough, Stan. Ol' 'Tuff' Morner!" And that's how he was named.

Tuff was thirteen that noon when he got home from school and asked his Mother for seventy-five cents.

"What for?" Mrs. Morner wanted to know. They lived comfortably and there was always enough. But nobody threw money around—even six-bits of it—in Prentice.

"Sam and me saw a big muskie in a pool up the river and I need some bait to fish him with."

His Mother waved him away. "That's

man's business. Go see your father." Stan raced downtown to the bank and put the bite on Pop Morner. "That's a lot of money," his Dad objected.

"Need a lot of bait," countered Stan. "It's a big fish. We saw him yesterday. I bet he's twenty pounds!" His Dad snorted but produced the three quarters. "All right—but you better catch that whopper!"

"I'll catch him, all right," said Stan.

Before the noon hour was over, he and his chum were hauling the 28-pound muskellunge dangling from a stick down the main street to the bank. Everybody in town knew about that feat.

no angel . . .

But if young Stan was a superior specimen in most ways—he wasn't too good to be true. Nobody ever pinned wings on him, even though he attended Sunday school and wriggled in his pew when the preacher cornered him. The main thing he hated about Sunday school was that his mother made him dress up. Stan's idea of the proper outfit for a regular guy was something in the leather, corduroy, wool or sheepskin line, preferably with patches of red flannel sewed on here and there for woods warnings to hunters. Somehow, even when he was coaxed into party clothes, Stan had to have a touch of the outdoors in his ensemble. His first long pants suit was a rough, tweedy deal in which he made his manly debut at 14 at a chum's birthday party where you danced with girls. Stan wore the suit all right, with shirt, tie and everything, but he insisted on also wearing rubber boots! Clumped around the floor in them all evening, very happily.

There were other ways Stan Morner fell from grace, when his spirits got the best of him. One day he and cousin Arnold were scuffling along the main street when right in front of Red Nelson's restaurant

they spied a prize—a discarded package of real cigarettes. They snatched it and made for Grandpa Van Dusen's cow-pasture. Stan had experimented with cornsilk, caltapa beans and leaves before, but this genuine pack with eight real cigarettes left was a devastating temptation. They divvied up, four apiece, and set out to smoke up the whole lot. Two was enough. In a few minutes the blue sky above had turned yellow-green and comets and shooting stars raced around the clouds. Tuff Morner, 12, tried to pull himself to his feet and stumble home, but he couldn't make it. Neither could Arnold. They just lay there rolling their eyes helplessly and groaning until dusk. Then they helped each other home.

One Hallowe'en Tuff Morner was a conspirator in what remains a painful memory of the Prentice school board.

Some older boys did the dirty work—sneaking up the fire escape in the dead of night and sprinkling the stuff over all the chairs and desks, whose varnish it promptly ate away. So technically, you can't call Tuff Morner directly responsible for the fact that the high school closed up tight for two days and was an unholy place to be near for a good month. But after all, Tuff's role, though removed from the scene of operations, was basic. He supplied the Essence of Skunk.

Every calendar red letter day, whether Hallowe'en, Decoration Day, Thanksgiving, Easter or Fourth of July, was a big event in Prentice. It was remote, 200 miles from Minneapolis, the first big town Dennis Morgan ever saw and where he spied his first awe-inspiring street car. And in small lonesome towns a holiday is a holiday; they make a fuss; there isn't much other excitement to spice up the year.

His birthday was December 20 and that was the day the family always trimmed the Christmas tree. Stanley had his presents



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that night after dinner—a separate batch of birthday gifts—that didn't take anything away from the second haul five days later. And one Christmas he found a trombone under the tree. Music was in his blood.

Grace Morner was always singing around the house and she had been studying music at Lawrence College when Stan's father, Frank, met and married her. Her musical ear knew the gift when she heard it, and when her boy began singing the songs she sang and, untutored, making music in his boyish soprano, she knew what to do. She called Miss Nellie Dwyer, the best music teacher in Prentice. Tuff Morner felt a little silly at first but the teacher cleverly coaxed him. Miss Dwyer closed her eyes and listened. When she opened them she dabbed with her kerchief. "He's got a beautiful voice," she said. Stan pawed the rug with his toe, embarrassed. "He ought to be taking piano lessons right now," suggested Nellie Dwyer. "He'll appreciate it so much when he grows up."

So Tuff Morner began learning his finger exercises, scales and chords. He was ten years old and singing was one thing, but the mathematics of a keyboard were another. The lessons started out all right, but half way through Stan would plead, "Let's have a singing lesson," and Miss Dwyer, who couldn't resist that clear young voice, would weaken. She felt a little guilty, sneaking in singing lessons, when piano was her specialty—but—well it was obvious Stanley Morner wasn't ever going to send Paderewski back to Poland. He labored almost three years before he finally quit.

you'll be sorry . . .

One of Dennis Morgan's adult regrets today is that he didn't muddle through with his piano lessons. What he'd give today to accompany his mature voice adequately! He felt Nellie Dwyer was right even then when she said, "You'll regret it later, Stanley." But still he quit. He didn't like to finger any old piano, darn it! He liked to sing. Fortunately, Dennis' own boy, Stanley, Junior, can ripple over the keys. When his dad tunes up at home, Stan, Jr., asks, "What key you want it in, Dad?"

When he was twelve, the "Beethoven Trio" was born. It was Stan Morner's first self-propelled step toward a career, extravagant as the pretentious title sounded. Beethoven was about the best, wasn't he? Okay, nothing but the best for Tuff Morner. His cousin, Phyllis, played the piano in the "trio," Carl Samuelson, another Prentice boy, the violin, and Stan sang. They got to be a regular feature whenever anybody celebrated anything in Prentice. As long as he could use his natural voice, Stan Morner loved every minute of it, even if it meant practice in working up a repertoire. There's only one time on record where he ever missed a singing engagement, no matter how big or dinky, once he got started.

That was one Christmas day, oddly enough, and it involved a matter of the heart. Try and make Tuff Morner sick enough in an ordinary way to miss a chance to sing for an audience. But this was a little different. He had a dog, the best dog he ever had, named Bob. Bob was a collie with a black eye and while collies aren't bred to hunt, ordinarily, Bob could do anything any dog could and some things a human could, too.

This Christmas was especially severe and a heavy blanket of snow covered the ground. When he got up for his presents, Stan noticed that Bob was droopy. Dis temper. As the day progressed it got worse and finally he began acting funny. They let him out and off he tore through the snow, running his heart out, and Stan plunging after him. He never caught Bob until he was dead, although he stumbled clear across town and into the open fields, with not enough clothes on. Even that

wasn't what made him sick. It was just that Bob, his best friend, was gone, on Christmas of all times. Mrs. Morner had to call up the committee for the Christmas choral and explain. That's the only time Stan ever missed a concert.

About that time something else happened that was to leave a deep impression on Stanley Morner's subconscious mind. He didn't know it at the time. But the night his father's bank burned to the ground a bee began to buzz under his beanie.

In fighting the fire, the hoses soaked half the paper money in Prentice, and Stan's dad, being cashier, carried the sopping greenbacks home to his house. There he spread them out on every bed, sofa and chair in the house to dry.

It was to make Tuff Morner ponder. He approached his dad.

"How do people ever make so much money?" he wanted to know.

His dad smiled. "Oh, lots of ways. Mostly by doing something they're good at—and like. That helps. When you like something you're usually good at it, too."

"What do people like?"

"Oh, all kinds of things. Around here they like the lumber business."

"I don't," said Stan. "I like to sing."

His father went on counting the crinkled greenbacks and the conversation ended. But he wondered what thoughts were going on in his boy's head. It would be years before he found out, or before Stan did either, for that matter.

busy little lad . . .

The trombone added a new interest to the rapidly multiplying operations of Tuff Morner's life. Stan blared away in the attic and backyard until the neighbors almost went out of their minds. But he mastered it at last and joined the Prentice city band, with cousin Arnold. They tooted at all civic occasions and always at the County Fair, down at the county seat, near-by Phillips, Wisconsin. By this time, too, Tuff Morner was deep in high school athletics, the pillar of the Prentice High basketball team, at center, and the catcher on the baseball team. And he still had energy to spare.

At one County Fair, Dennis remembers, he played with the Prentice band all morning, took time off that afternoon to catch the feature ball game between Prentice and Phillips, and was back at his slide trombone that evening to blare away until they shut off the lights at the Fair. That job netted him an even five bucks.

Stanley Morner's multiple interests expanded even more when the family moved to Marshfield. He was 16 then, a huge hulk of a kid. He'd had three years at Prentice High and it seemed more or less like the end of the world when his dad decided to take the job as office manager of a veneer door company at Marshfield.

The house in Marshfield was more modern and citified. But the only way the larger town changed Stan was to plunge him into more activity. He missed the woods so much that every holiday he ran right back, carrying his shotgun or fishing rod (as he still does clear from Hollywood—when he gets the chance) but where he had been a ten dollar whiz at Prentice, Tuff grew into a fifty-dollar sensation at Marshfield's McKinley High. He also grew out of the belligerent tag of his boyhood. "Tuff" vanished and he became strictly Stan. After all, a senior in high school has to have some dignity. And right away Stan Morner laid claim to fame as he never had even at Prentice.

He made every athletic team there was to make, collecting enough "M" sweaters that year to keep his mother's moths happy for years. There was baseball, of course, basketball, and two new big town sports

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Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram). For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—and for compliments!



Edna Wallace Hopper

Twin Treatment

for a lovelier, younger look

Prentice hadn't gone in for much—football and track. He kept up with his singing, under a Mrs. William, made the Glee Club, where he soloed. The period of voice changing suspense had safely passed with Stan Morner. Instead of losing—as some predicted—the clear boyish tenor that all Price County knew, he emerged from the cracking process with a firm, manly young tenor that was better than ever.

He took up dramatics and debating. Stan had appeared in dozens of amateur playlets before, around Prentice, cast mainly because he was handsome and could sing like a thrush. Later, he joined the debating club, but Stan wasn't cut out for an orator. The trouble was he couldn't hold himself in. When he got going on the rostrum he jabbered away so fast the audience and judges got dizzy.

The coach impressed this on Stan and he knew his fault but couldn't stop once he started. He had an idea. First debating contest, he told his adoring sister Dorothy to sit in the front row. "I'll watch you," said Stan, "out of the corner of my eye and if I'm talking too fast, you wink. Then I'll slow down." Dorothy agreed.

When Stan started his speech she started winking and she never stopped. He was rattling off his arguments like a tobacco auctioneer. He saw Dorothy batting her eyelids like a butterfly's wings but he couldn't do a thing about it. The fifteen-minute speech ended in a fast five. Everybody near her felt so sorry for that poor Morner girl with the unfortunate tic, or St. Vitus dance, or whatever it was. As for the Marshfield Debating Team—it lost.

Dorothy Morner was starting Marshfield High about the year Stan was finishing. For a while she couldn't understand why she was so popular with all the girls, Juniors and Seniors who ordinarily scorned freshmen. But the light didn't take long to dawn. "Tell us about Stan," the girls urged. Dorothy could have run a bustling date bureau except for one item: She knew her brother, Stan. He didn't have much time for girls. Never had.

Maybe it had something to do with the first advance Tuff Morner made to one of the fair sex. She was a spunky little moppet in pigtails, in first grade. He was just trying to be friendly and help her home with her books. But she thought he was trying to snatch them. She picked up a big rock and let him have it—right on the noggin. Blood ran down over his eyes and blinded him. To this day Dennis Morgan carries the scar, under his thick curls, of that early adventure in sweet romance.

along came lillian ...

But truthfully, Tuff Morner never felt one lone pang of romance until one May day, while still living in Prentice, he made a trip down to Marshfield. On the corner by the bank a tall, pretty girl was smiling vivaciously as she sold Buddy poppies to the passing citizens on a War Veteran's benefit day. Her name, which Stan didn't know, was Lillian Vedder, and her father, Dr. Harry Vedder, was Marshfield's leading physician and surgeon. Stan didn't meet her, or even approach to buy a poppy. He just stared awkwardly. But he couldn't get her face out of his mind.

The next summer, when he moved to Marshfield, he took a vacation job in a lumber mill and one day ran a nail into his foot. They sent him over to Dr. Vedder's house, and after he was treated, and limped down the porch steps, Stan thought he saw a lace curtain move. He had no idea why until he saw the girl who'd made his heart pound that spring Poppy Day. She was in his class at McKinley High. She was a senior, too. Her name was Lillian Vedder. Lillian was the first sweetheart Stan Morner ever had—and the only one. She's Mrs. Dennis Morgan, of

course, today. She was the reason, back then, that Stanley Morner went to Carroll College.

At graduation, Stan managed the Senior Prom, bought a special pair of orange colored pointed shoes for the occasion, a new tie and sat out every dance he didn't dance with Lillian. He wasn't the valedictorian of the class (although he never flunked a subject in his life), but for only a year's stay at McKinley High, no graduating senior had more honors after his name in the class book—Glee Club, Debating, Football, Basketball, Track, Hi-Y. Maybe it was significant that in the face of all these honors, the verse picked to sum up Stan Morner was this:

"He ceased, but left so
Charming on their ear
His song, that listening
Still they seemed to hear . . ."

The melody of Stan Morner was what lingered on.

Stan was supposed to go to Lawrence College, in Appleton, Wisconsin, his mother's alma mater. He could have gone to Lawrence College, Wisconsin University or Northwestern on a scholarship. He picked Carroll College in Waukesha. There was only one real reason. Lillian Vedder was going on to Carroll. It was a Presbyterian college and her grandfather was a Presbyterian minister. Stan had teetered between the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations all his young life. But at that point his religion was Lillian. When Carroll offered him a scholarship he took it.

romantic interference . . .

The Morners moved to Park Falls, Wisconsin, that summer after Stan's graduation, where Frank Morner found a better business opportunity. But Stan barely learned the names of the streets before he was down at Waukesha and a Carroll College frosh. The "job" they'd promised to find him, so he could work his way through and play football, turned out to be washing dishes in a Chinese restaurant. Next came a Greek restaurant, same job, same wages, but easier hours. Stan didn't mind the suds, although it seemed he never got through. Lillian and Stan enrolled in the same classes: Shakespearean drama, modern drama, dramatic stage direction, the Workshop. Stan carried on his voice lessons in the music department under Clarence Shephers and of course, he couldn't stop playing football. He made the Varsity at tackle, and all the time Stan Morner was at Carroll the team lost only two games. One particular triumph Dennis remembers with a wickedly reminiscent chuckle was the Lawrence game. That was a pretty lopsided victory for Carroll College that year. Because—well, the running star of the Lawrence eleven was a Marshfield boy and an old beau of Lillian Vedder's who still had hopes. Did he get bottled up that day! Weighing 195 then, Stan Morner was a cork, too, at tackle, when he wanted to be.

Because, by now, young as they were, Stan and Lillian had an "understanding," as they said in those days, instead of "going steady." Stan lived at his Beta Pi Epsilon fraternity house and Lillian stayed at the college girls' dorm. But every spare minute of the day and night they were together somewhere, on or off the Carroll campus.

The first play Lillian and Stan did together at school, "The Goose Hangs High," had a kissing scene, in which another character was supposed to interrupt and throw the lovers into a tizzy. Unfortunately for Lillian and Stan, the part of this intruder fell to a certain guy who loved nothing better than to tease and torment. Through-out rehearsals he arrived on cue every time. But the opening night of "The



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Goose," when Lillian and Stan went into their clinch—well—they kissed and they kissed and finally started looking desperately toward the wings. No intruder arrived. Finally the audience began to clap and whistle and only then, his joke off, did the breaker-upper, with a wink to the house, enter. After the show Stan chased him all around the campus, hell for leather, but he really wasn't as sore as he made out.

top man . . .

So at Carroll College, as at Prentice and Marshfield Highs, Stan Morner was strictly a ball of fire. Stan sang Sundays in church and at funerals, too. He got a fee. He was a professional. The local movie house, the Park Theater, began to feature the golden voiced college tenor, Mr. Stanley Morner, in brief concerts between reels. One yellowed ad Dennis still has announces grandly that there will be "A special musical number, 'The Indian Love Call' featuring Stanley Morner, with unique stage effects." On top of everything else, Stan took time out twice to win the Wisconsin state championship in the Atwater Kent radio singing contests—a nation wide radio talent search back around 1930. At the finals in Milwaukee for the ten midwestern states, Stan stopped off on his way back from Lawrence College where he had just played Carroll's big game in a snowstorm. He sang "Ah, Moon of My Delight" and rejoined the team. On the train one of his teammates started razzing him. "Look who's in the newspaper—old 'Moon' Morner!" He'd won second place for the whole Midwest, right off the cuff like that.

Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder graduated together from Carroll College in 1931. That summer Stan travelled on a Chautauqua tour all through the Midwest states with the Carroll College Glee Club, and Lillian went home to Marshfield. They had marriage definitely in mind by then but there was the small business of making a living. They made plans to wait. Stan would go to Milwaukee and get a job that fall. Lillian accepted an offer to teach school in a small Wisconsin town, Shawano.

In September, Stan packed his clothes and left Park Falls for Milwaukee. He made the rounds of the big lumber companies because didn't he know lumber? In spite of all his singing and acting triumphs, it still didn't occur to Stan Morner that you could make a living that way. With his conservative thinking and his dad's advice, the lumber game seemed to offer the best chance for him to become a solid citizen and marry Lillian.

jazzing up the graveyard . . .

Luckily for a lot of people, including Dennis Morgan (although it didn't seem so then)—there weren't any jobs in Milwaukee even for a guy who knew his stuff like Stan did. There was a blighting thing on called the Great Depression, then wallowing in its lowest ditch. Bewildered, Stan walked one day over to WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal's radio station. He had a friend, Russ Winnie, who was chief announcer there. Right away his Atwater Kent publicity paid off. Russ landed him a solo spot on a musical program for a starter and then offered steady, a staff announcer's job. Stan grabbed it.

For the first six months Stanley Morner worked the graveyard shift at WTMJ. He announced the hotel bands that played nightly dance music. He gave out with the weather reports. He read poetry in between organ recitals. Sometimes he sang a number to fill in.

One day Russ Winnie said, "You're quite an athlete, Stan. Think you can announce sports?" Stan knew all sports and all about them. "Sure," he replied confidently. "Okay," said Russ "Take over the In-

dianapolis-Milwaukee game this afternoon and make it live."

Stan sent Lillian a wire to listen in that afternoon. He was pretty happy about the break. Sports announcers around Milwaukee got about as famous as the players. It was definitely a break. And down in Shawano, Lillian Vedder rushed from her classes to her radio in time to hear Stan tossing personality around recklessly over the air. Maybe it was too reckless, because in his enthusiasm, Stan was burning up the air waves—and getting himself in a jam about every other minute.

It was one of those games, to start with—a wild one—score, 18 to 12. But that was only half the reason Stan Morner got off the beam. He was trying to give it too much red hot pepper.

"There it goes—there it goes!" he'd yell into the mike, "Out of the park for a homer!" Then "N-o-o-o-o-o, the fielder caught it. He's out."

love's not blind . . .

Or "He's sliding, he's sliding—he's safe at home to put Milwaukee out in the lead!" And a few seconds later, "No, that's wrong. The catcher tagged him out." He got the score all balled up, the players' names and positions mixed. He was pretty awful. Even Lillian, who loved him, could tell that.

But Stan learned, even sports announcing. He helped out Russ Winnie around WTMJ for over a year while Lillian taught English at Shawano. But Stan was restless. He wanted to get married. He needed money. There was no radio future for him in Milwaukee worth sticking around for. That he could see. Chicago was the big radio town and the World's Fair was getting started there.

Stan found Chicago rocking and rolling with a boom in the amusement world. The Fair had busted the town wide open. Anybody who could entertain the huge crowds pouring in was set, and once he opened his throat, Stan Morner had no trouble. He landed a job at once singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater. Then the State Lake. The Fair itself. A friend at the State Lake introduced him to Vernon Buck, who led the orchestra in the famous Empire Room at the Palmer House, Chicago's greatest hotel. A good looking, golden voiced, manly guy like Stan Morner couldn't miss. After a week he had a contract in his hand—six weeks (he later stayed forty-eight straight) at one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Up out of Stan Morner's subconscious all of a sudden popped the scene back in Prentice. His dad counting the water crinkled greenbacks on the bed after the bank burned down. He heard his dad's words,

"When you like something you're usually good at it, too!"

And his own, "I like to sing."

decision . . .

Why, sure! Why not make his living, found his future on what he really liked, what he was good at? Why not sing, and act and entertain? Stan Morner's lingering doubts flew away like dusty moths out of a closet. He raced for the nearest phone and told the operator. "Get me Shawano, Wisconsin, and hurry please!" In a minute the voice he'd missed all these months was on the wire. "Lillian, darling," sputtered Stan Morner, still talking too fast and with no sister to wink him down. "I've got a contract singing at the Empire Room. I'm in the money. Let's get married." But Lillian understood every word he said. And of course she answered "Yes!"

(Dennis Morgan's life story will be concluded in the April issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

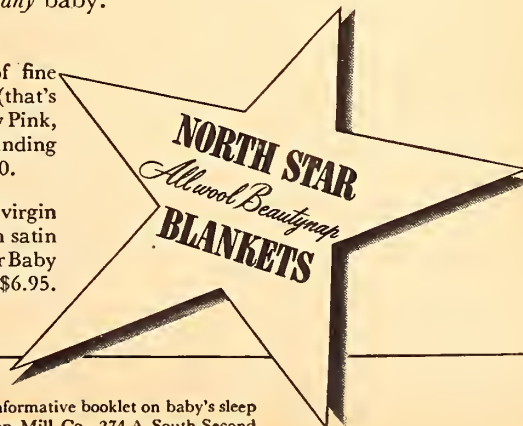


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IRIS (pictured) is woven of fine virgin wools, 42x60 inches (that's five feet), in Baby Blue, Baby Pink, White . . . with matching binding on all four sides. Price \$9.50.

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REVIEWING "THE PLAYERS"



Deanna Durbin, one of the favorite customers, practically lived at "The Players" before her recent marriage!

Through the portals of this charming eating spot pass the darlings of the world's great entertainment industry.

■ Director-producer Preston Sturges' restaurant, "The Players," we rate an A production! The scene is a huge old house with many large rooms and an open terrace facing Sunset Boulevard. Off the terrace there is the "Flotilla Room" with walls lined with paintings of sailing ships. (Even bringing all these paintings from his home to the restaurant didn't make a dent in Sturges' collection!)

Then there is the Blue Room with a view of the city's lights at night—to get to this, oddly enough, customers have to pass through the busy kitchen. The Play Room, beside the Blue Room, has a night-clubbish look, a dance floor and a smooth orchestra.

The cast of Hollywood movie characters in whose honor the restaurant was named is a large one. They add definite glamor to the surroundings, autograph its many lampshades and give tourists something to write home about. Mr. Pillet, the manager, says only Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett have not



BY NANCY WOOD

eaten at "The Players." Garbo once stayed an unprecedented three hours, due to a blackout! Otherwise, once every week or so you will see Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson, Dottie Lamour, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Hedy Lamarr, Angela Lansbury, Ross Hunter, Bill Eythe, Alan and Sue Ladd, Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Cooper, etc. One time two hundred Hollywood Somebodies congregated there as the guests of a Texas oil millionaire who went mad over Oxtail Parisienne and spent \$3,000 getting screen celebrities to feast on it!

The food is excellent, the menu varied, with French phrases sprinkled liberally throughout, and those customers who didn't bone away at their French vocabulary in school have to order by pointing and hoping! Most of the stars haven't any specialty, but prefer to experiment with delicacies offered "à la carte."

Here, with minor changes, are two of "The Players" best recipes:

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

3 tablespoons sweet butter
3 medium onions, finely sliced
2 quarts plain consomme or water
2 teaspoons salt or to taste
Dash of pepper
1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped, or tomato juice
6 to 8 slices toasted rolls, buttered
4 tablespoons grated Italian cheese

Melt butter in soup kettle, add sliced onions and cook over very low heat until onions are golden brown. Add consomme or water, salt and pepper and cook 10 or 15 minutes until onions are tender. Add tomatoes. (If consomme is being made by adding 1 beef bouillon cube per cup of water, or 8 cubes in all, add at this point and stir until dissolved.) Place soup in earthenware casserole. Lay buttered toasted roll slices on top, sprinkle with cheese and brown under hot broiler or in oven. Serve very hot. Serves 6 to 8.

LAMB KIDNEYS SAUTE TURBIGO

9 lamb kidneys
½ cup butter or fortified margarine
Light sprinkling of salt and pepper
1 cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms
1 chopped shallot or half small onion, minced
2 or 3 tablespoons sherry or red wine
½ clove garlic
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup canned bouillon or 2 bouillon cubes with 1 cup hot water
6 small pork sausage, optional

Remove skin from kidneys, wash and dry them. Cut each kidney in 2 pieces if small, 4 pieces if large. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan and when hot, add kidneys. Saute, stirring the kidneys quickly in the hot fat for about 5 minutes. (Overcooking makes kidneys tough.) Remove kidneys from pan. Add another tablespoon butter to pan and the sliced mushrooms. Cook slowly over low heat for about 6 minutes. Add chopped shallot or minced onion and wine. Cook slowly a few minutes longer. Make a brown sauce this way: Rub small saucepan with garlic. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and remove from heat while stirring in flour and bouillon or water, which should be added gradually. Replace over heat and cook, stirring constantly until mixture bubbles. (If water and bouillon cubes are used, add bouillon cubes at this point and stir until dissolved.) Combine brown sauce, mushrooms, and kidneys and reheat carefully, but do not let mixture boil. Add more salt and pepper if needed. Add broiled sausages, if desired. Serve with boiled potatoes or vegetables. Serves 3.



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Yes—the nation's long-standing order for Fels-Naptha Soap *is* being filled. Cars of this badly-needed, civilian laundry soap are rolling to all parts of the country.

You won't have to 'do with something else' much longer. You won't have to shut your eyes to "Tattle-Tale Gray." Shirts and sheets and towels will come out of the wash the way they should—dazzling white and sweet.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WATCH JOHNNY COY!

(Continued from page 37)

long feature dance for "Blue Skies," and when he was through he came back over, puffing a little, to the admiring Johnny. "How'd you like me to give you a step, Johnny?" Fred offered. "Just sort of to wish you luck? It goes like this," he began, slipping into a step—and that's where I tip-toed out.

Even before Fred Astaire clinched the case, I knew Johnny Coy was a comer. They could have changed "Bring on the Girls" to "Bring on Johnny Coy" for my Victory Bonds. The minute Johnny's machine gun taps and ballet bounces got going—who needed any girls? There was something special, too, in his cocky question-mark eyebrows and his springy, spunky personality that matched his magic slippers—and it never wavered for a second through "That's the Spirit" and "Duffy's Tavern."

two-bit alarm . . .

My sales resistance slipped another hitch when fifteen hundred pro dance teachers, headed by Arthur Murray, tagged Jet-propelled Johnny as the top screen tapper of 1945. Fifteen hundred dance masters couldn't be wrong. Came next that sure fire signal when—plunk—Johnny Coy bounced right up in the middle of MODERN SCREEN's Poll. And then, well, I went to a Hollywood party and got to talking with a fellow who's pretty handy with his feet named Gene Kelly. He told me a story.

It was away back when Gene had just come up from Pittsburgh and his home town dancing school to crash the Big City. But Gene wasn't doing much crashing. The Big Noise from the Smoky City, at that point, was barely a squeak, Gene admitted. Making the rounds of the iron-hearted agents, Gene got nowhere fast and was wide open for any kind of a cakes-and-coffee job. One day he tied into an agent, who said the usual, "Sorry, pal." But he had an idea. "Look," he told Kid Kelly, "I've got a hot young Canadian kid on my list. He wants to study more dancing, so why don't you take him on? That's your racket, isn't it, teaching?"

"Sure," said Gene. He likes to teach anyway and he figured he could pick up a few dollars to help out at the Automat, while he chased that break up and down Broadway.

Of course, the Canadian kid was Coy. "What happened then?" I asked Gene.

He chuckled, "Oh, after the first lesson—I quit."

"How come?"

"Very simple," Gene laughed. "I couldn't teach that kid anything. He knew as much as I did! And by the way, Hedda," mused Gene, "that reminds me. I've never collected for that first lesson yet. I think I'll give Johnny Coy a ring!"

That's about the reason that made me hustle my bustle to Paramount for a close-up of the boy Coy. I found Johnny on a big rehearsal stage—tracked him right down in jig-time just by listening to that drum-fire of flying feet. The little cutie he's picked to be his partner in "Ladies' Man," Dorothy Babbs, was trying vainly to keep up with him in the dizzy routine. On the sidelines, Miriam Franklin, the girl who had the same hectic headache in "Duffy's Tavern," was sympathizing. When Dorothy collapsed with an exhausted squeal right in the middle, Miriam mused, "That Coy's a killer. He starts out with soft shoe and winds up like a two-bit alarm!" I saw what she meant. Billy Daniels, Paramount's dance director, grinned. "What am I doing here? You can't teach

a dancer like that anything, Hedda," he said. They tried it, Billy said, in "Duffy's Tavern," and it ended up with Johnny Coy teaching the dance teacher! "He's a worrier, that one," smiled Billy.

When Johnny Coy was rehearsing his "Johnny Comes Marching Home" dance for "Duffy's Tavern," he got stuck for a certain step that just wouldn't work out. He and Billy tried a dozen or more, but not one was quite right. Billy went home that evening as relaxed as an old shirt; in fact, he had some friends in for an evening of fun. Johnny Coy—well—along about midnight Johnny stopped tossing and turning and sat up in bed like a bee had stung him. "I've got it!" he cried to his four walls. He hopped out of the covers, flung an overcoat over his pajamas and jumped into his jalopy.

Minutes later Billy heard a bang on his door and opened it. In burst Johnny. He'd raced clear from Hollywood to Beverly Hills in his night clothes. He didn't even see the guests. "Billy," he cried, "I've got it! Look," and he whipped off his coat and went into the dance in his pajamas, right in the hall. "How's that?" he asked.

"Fine," agreed Billy. "Absolutely okay." "I thought so. Thanks," panted Johnny. "G'night"—and he whizzed out the door, raced back to bed and slept like a top!

PASSION FOR FASHION

Golly, how you envy those tall, Bacall-ish gals who look so elegant in the severest sports clothes. Or maybe deep inside you're really the frilly type, but with your hips—in frills you're a frump. Well, relax, sister; your problem's solved! Whether you're tall, short, tubby, or bean-pole-ish—whether you prefer tweeds or tassels—you can find the styles most flattering to your figure in MODERN SCREEN's fashion charts, "Sportswear That Flatters" and "Date Dress Data." They're yours on request. Turn to page 22 for details.

When you meet Johnny Coy in the quivering flesh you can't help vibrating to the high voltage he sparks. He's a ball of fire, a hunk of U-235. That mighty atom business fits him, too, because he's small, about five foot eight, but packing plenty power. He's Scotch (real name's Ogilvie) and you can tell it by the bushy brown brows that curve alertly up over his bright blue eyes and the curly, thick mop of chestnut hair that won't say "Uncle" to any comb or hair-goo made. He's got freckles and a funny frank smile and he talks in a husky, mixed Canada-New York accented voice that's almost as staccato as his tapping toes. But the toes are what Johnny prefers to talk with.

"Jake" the kids called Johnny Ogilvie up in Montreal, where he was born and where, when he was eight years old, a frisky aunt came over from Scotland to visit one time, let down her Glengarry and did the Highland Fling, right in the kitchen. Jake couldn't eat his oatmeal until she taught him how. That did it. He started flinging himself around the house and scaring his six sisters half to death, and to make it more weird, the kid Coy took up bagpipes and skirled and blew while his skirts flew (gosh, that's poetry). The result of all this kind of Celtic carry-in's on was that when he was still in

knickers he became a big Highland Fling operator around the Maple Leaf belt, flinging himself around in Montreal, Windsor, Toronto, Ottawa, Lachine and points Canadian and collecting cups like a bus boy at Childs. You know how many medals and cups (including one ten-gallon gold one) Johnny has lying around his folks place in Montreal today? Over fifteen hundred! And three sets of bagpipes to boot! He's still a solid sender on the squeal bags, but thank goodness he left those at home! I'll take Benny Goodman.

He was only twelve when he took off to New York for the annual Caledonian games, a shindig that's pretty hot stuff if you're a Scot. Johnny could promote all this traveling around because his dad was a conductor on the Canadian Pacific Railway and could wangle passes. The one down to New York was a pass on to show business, the way it turned out. Because Jake wrapped the Highland Fling crown of Canada and the United States, too, right up in his kilties. That triumph persuaded his folks to let him quit high school and go after a career. He studied briefly at home and then at a tender fourteen came back down to New York, stayed with an uncle and aunt and did nothing but dance—eight hours a day for months—with typical Coy concentration. His teacher, Ernest Carlos, smoothed the rough edges and by the time Johnny was fifteen he was busting all the child labor laws of New York State by coming on with the girls at the Frolics Club, upstairs above the old Winter Garden on Broadway, and tapping out a specialty in the floor show. Joe E. Lewis was the emcee there and between shows he used to haul Johnny around to the tables to meet the famous guests—people like Cary Grant, Bea Lillie, Jimmy Durante, Ted Lewis. "Meet my grandchild," Joe would crack.

That Ted Lewis is a sharp-eyed talent picker from away back and all he needed was a quick look at Johnny to get an idea. When he left the Frolics, Johnny was traveling with Ted on his first vaudeville road show. And looking back, Jake Coy thinks it was the best thing that could have happened—even though it almost cost him his neck. He got the starry-eyed illusions about show business knocked—and I do mean knocked—out of him early enough to save a lot of later heartbreaks—and by a guy who's a master at that sort of thing, temperamental Ted.

It happened in Pittsburgh. Johnny had a number he ended by whirling off the stage in one of those spinning-top turns that made me dizzy than usual in "Bring on the Girls." There was supposed to be a man waiting in the wings to catch gyrating Johnny and keep him from slamming into the curtain wire. Well, this time there wasn't. Johnny bumped into the taut wire and bounced back on the stage right on his sofa. It knocked him silly, but what was even worse, Ted Lewis, high hat and all, called him everything he could think of right there before the footlights (and Ted has a vocabulary). Then, also right on stage, he yelled, "You're fired!" And Johnny was, no foolin'.

If that didn't convince Johnny eager that show business was not all a box of bon-bons, other things in his early rambles did. To wit: He landed a job as chorus boy in a new Broadway show called "Keep Off the Grass" with Jimmy Durante (another guest at the Frolics) and Ray Bolger, who can bend his bones around somewhat, too. The customers (Continued on page 103)

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Ironized Yeast TABLETS



(Continued from page 100)

obeyed the warning—and more. They kept off not only the grass but the mat in front of the box-office window. It closed pronto and Johnny was out on his youthful ear.

He landed a job with Phil Spitalny and toured around for a couple of years with Phil's orchestra. Then in Omaha one night, somebody busted into Phil's dressing room, walked away with \$20,000 and assorted valuables. So what should happen to Johnny and the other members of the troupe who happened to be in the vicinity that night—but that the cops should lug them down to the pokey and grill them for five straight days as suspects of the whodunit! Kid Coy began to take a dim view of show business. In a job—out of a job. With Eddie Duchin, with Larry Clinton, with this and that band, night clubs, yep, and honkey-tonk, too.

hooper's showcase . . .

The point is—Jake Coy went through the mill before he was half grown, but the only time he ever got faint hearted and decided to chuck dancing, it wouldn't work. That happened in Chicago, when he was with piano patting Eddie Duchin. There was a mixture of reasons. A pretty Abbott dancer who worked at the Palmer House with Oh, Johnny, Oh, was one. The war in Europe was another. One night Johnny tossed over show business, bag and baggage. He took a job in a Chicago factory to be near the girl. When that went poof! he hustled home across the border and joined up. Four months with the Canadian First Engineers and they handed him a medical discharge for a hearing deficiency. He borrowed money and left Montreal for New York. That was the only stretch since he was 14 that he wasn't dancing. And it didn't last long.

But on this second trip to the States, Johnny Coy found the going even rougher at first. His folks couldn't send him money when he was in a jam, like before. You couldn't send Canadian cash across the border and Johnny was really on his own. He didn't have any luck with jobs, either, and finally settled for cheap clubs in tank towns around New England. Took \$30 a week for his art, too, when he'd never made less than \$150. So he got seasoned some more. He got booted out of his cheap Manhattan hotel for two weeks unpaid rent, for instance. He rode all night on poverty circuit busses, ate at Acme lunches and Ma's places, slept in boarding house dumps where he washed and ironed his own clothes and put his pants under the mattress at night.

Then one day a call came from Monte Proser, who runs the famous Copacabana in New York, and happy days were there again for Johnny. He opened with the Copacabana road show at the Book-Cadillac in Detroit. Pretty soon came another call from Monte yanking our boy Coy back to home base at the Copa itself to replace the Berry Brothers in the show. That's when life began the beguine for Jake Coy. He had a Grade-A showcase on Broadway and that's all he needed.

Johnny stayed at the Copacabana for twenty-five weeks. He was a hit from the time he tapped his first toe. All the shahs of show business came and saw and marveled, but it was a gal from Texas who did something about it. Mary Martin had a new musical on the fire, "Dancing In The Streets"—and didn't I tell you that once you see Johnny in action you put "dance" and "Coy" together like ham-and-eggs forever? Everything was Jake as far as Mary was concerned, to put the "Dance" in "Dancing In the Streets."

Three weeks in Boston proved that "Dancing In The Streets" should be saved for Thanksgiving dinner, and even though

the whole cast, including Johnny, offered to work for nothing—because they were nuts about Mary—she said "Don't be silly" and that was that. It never saw Broadway. But Weatherford, Texas' pride, was completely Coy-conscious by then, and those Texans certainly believe in action. She called Johnny, who was back in New York and as we say "at liberty." They met for lunch at Twenty-One with Mary's mate, Dick Halliday, a Hollywood story shark. He knew about a jockey part in "Salty O'Rourke," the Alan Ladd picture, that was then getting started. "You're the jockey," said Mary, with that no-back-talk tone of voice, "and when Buddy DeSylva" (who was then Paramount's big boss in Hollywood) "comes to town tomorrow I'm going to tell him so! Once you get to Hollywood," prophesied Martin, "and tap one toe, you're off to the races. Stick around and I will leave you know."

That's how Johnny met his best Hollywood friend and backer-upper, Buddy DeSylva. With all the experience he's had on Broadway and in Hollywood both, Buddy didn't have to look twice to make up his mind, "You're too big for the jockey part," he told Jake, "but let's make a test anyway—just for ducks." It was one of those funny New York screen tests, which always pop up to haunt stars

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One July night Dennis Morgan sang for us at the Red Cross Rec Hall for hospital patients. The heat was terrific, and after his first song he pulled off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt collar. At that point,

several GIs called out, "Take it off!" And believe it or not, before a large group of astonished nurses and GIs, he yanked off his shirt and continued singing!

*Pvt. L. A. Thompson
Ft. Knox, Kentucky*

forever after. But Johnny tapped through Gene Kelly's Broadway hit part of "Pal Joey" and it was good enough to send a Paramount contract airmailing along in a few weeks.

Paramount loaned him out right after "Bring On the Girls," not having any dancing parts handy then. He went over to Universal to make "That's the Spirit" and "On Stage, Everybody" with Peggy Ryan. There's a studio chief at Universal who's got a personality like a deep freeze and a face as flinty as Dick Tracy's. This chilly character scares all new players into a state of paralysis when they come up on his carpet the first time just by giving them the icy glare and slicing their egos to bits with cutting remarks. Until Johnny came along he'd never been known to crack anything resembling a grin.

The minute Jake Coy walked into his sanctum, Mister Refrigerator went to work "I just saw your test," he snapped.

"Oh," beamed Johnny, turning on the heat. "Did you? How'd you like it?"

"May I say," frosted this fellow, "that the best thing you can do with that is to take it out and burn it!"

"I just did," came back Coy. "I tried to thaw it out after it came back from you—and you know what? The damn thing caught on fire and—Whoosh!"

The human iceberg not only grinned, he actually laughed out loud and he's been a reformed character ever since.

And there's another thing about dancers and Hollywood. They have to sit on opposite ends of the sofa and get warmed up before anything happens. Gene Kelly stuck around M-G-M quite a spell before they did right by him, and of course the report of Fred Astaire's first screen test is a Hollywood classic; I've forgotten the exact words, but it was something like this: "Fred Astaire. Average height, skinny, getting bald. Stage experience. He also dances." Johnny Coy fell under the same hoodoo. He sat around Paramount six months waiting for a look at a camera lens. When one finally came up in "Bring on the Girls," the director, Sidney Lanfield, shook a firm head. He wanted no part of Johnny Coy and it was only Buddy DeSylva's plugging that gave Johnny that chance to show his stuff.

Johnny went at his first Hollywood job as he always had everything. Paramount gave him three months to perfect his numbers, but Johnny had them pat in three weeks. He was so eager to show Buddy DeSylva his routine that he pole vaulted on the piano (like he did in the film) so ambitiously that he sailed clear over it and wrecked an ankle, starting the picture on crutches!

He trains like a fighter when he makes a picture—gives up his cigarettes and pipe and hits the sack with the chickens. He loses eight or ten precious pounds and wears out four pairs of dance slippers before he's satisfied with a feature routine. He's poison to the studio slug-a-beds and more than once he's hammered on the Paramount gates for the night guard before the day man came on. He's got an alarm clock mind which he can set to wake him up at any given hour and he keeps a big blackboard in his bedroom which he chalks up each night with the next day's schedule.

He'll dance anywhere and any time if he's appreciated. The only time I ever caught Jake being half-way Coy was at the Press Photographer's Ball this year.

That was a hay-foot, straw-foot affair and Johnny came in levis and cowboy boots. Jack Benny spotted Jake from his master-of-ceremonies mike and called for a number. I saw Johnny whisper something to Buck Benny and then Jack's reply came booming out from the mike. "Listen, Coy," he said, "don't give me that stuff. High heels, my eye. You can dance in anything!" And he could, through a fast "Tea For Two" chorus, as plenty of stars there that night can tell you. But even Jack Benny didn't know what Johnny Coy knew—that with the unfamiliar shoe stilts he might very well have put himself out of action for weeks.

just molly and he . . .

He lives in a tiny Hollywood apartment with his sis, Molly, who came out from Canada to darn his socks and look out for the care and feeding of Johnny. She's inclined to get a little put out when Jake pulls a Coy quirk—such as skipping his dessert and then eating it right before he tucks in. But mostly Jake and Molly stay jolly and it's his hope eventually to bring to Hollywood what unattached members of the family he still has in Montreal. It took two-and-a-half years for his mother to see "Bring on the Girls" in Montreal after he'd been writing her about it, and Jake would like to lighten the suspense.

But mostly it's just a clambake around somebody's house, where, as Johnny grinned to me in Durante's words, "Everybody tries to get into the act!" Those kids run through their specialties for hours on end, whether it's dancing, de-

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claiming, patter or pantomime. Once, Johnny got so lost in the party routine that he stayed and stayed. When he came out to his jalopy to drive his date home, it wouldn't start. "Funny," he thought. He hopped out and lifted the hood, and believe it or not, the motor was gone! Whole darned thing. While he was making the floor bounce inside, the motor snatchers had calmly gone about dismantling the heap's insides. And even though that clanky operation had taken place only a few yards from the open window, Coy never heard a tinkle. But no wonder, the way he was massaging those floor boards.

Johnny's dodged Cupid successfully since he came to Hollywood but if he has a warm spot, it's for pretty and talented Ann Blythe, the girl who acted right up to Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce." He goes to see her all the time ever since—well, here's the story:

One day Johnny picked up the morning paper to read, to his dismay, about a tragic accident. A rising young Hollywood actress had broken her back. He didn't know the actress, but he knew how he'd feel if that happened to him. He went right down to the florist's and sent flowers and a note, doing his best to relay cheer and courage. He knew the girl wouldn't know him from Adam, but just the same he felt good doing what he did. She sent back a note of thanks and later when she got better, Jake called in person and they've been friends ever since. Since Ann is up and about now and walking again, Johnny's the devoted boy friend. But the point of my story is: Jake Coy didn't look up the girl he admired because she was gorgeous and glamorous. He was spurred by deeper motives—because she was a damsel in distress. It's the kind of thing stars do when they're people, too. And when one acts that way at 24, as Jake Coy did, he's got a good headstart being a real person the rest of his days—no matter what flattering or flattening surprises the future packs.

That's why in my little red book Jake's the McCoy. Or maybe you'd say Jake's the Coy. At any rate—Coy's my boy!

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 51)

but during the shooting of the picture consumed almost three dozen entire roses petal by petal. Wife Goddard was concerned for her husband's digestive system and insisted that the rose petals be put through a scientific analysis. It turned out to everyone's amazement, that rose petals have more vitamin D than spinach ... Hur Hatfield changed type from the elegant Dorian Gray to an honest, romantic young character who gets beautifully maule in a tangle with Francis Lederer. ... Burgess Meredith was in the middle of a love scene with his wife when Snoopy, squirrel actor, took a large chunk out of Meredith's ear ... To complete the series of catastrophes, Hatfield's mother visited the set wearing a hat with a veil which caught fire. Quick thinking by Francis Lederer prevented serious burns when the actor made a grab at the flaming top piece and tossed it across the room ... Hurd favorite scene was the one where, propped up in bed and swaddled in a full-length nightgown of brocaded silk, he is served champagne by Paulette. During rehearsal Paulette burst into semi-hysterics. "You look just like Marlene Dietrich in one of her bedroom scenes!" she howled.

FROM MOTHER, WITH LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

the way mother was acting, that it was the Paramount. He said so, pointedly. "Listen, Tootie," he said, "This is just Spring Lake. This isn't Broadway."

"Broadway will come later." Marguerite Haymes sounded very certain. "Now that I know he's got it."

"Oh, for Gosh sake, what's this 'it' you keep talking about?"

His mother smiled suddenly, the gay smile that was so like Dick's. "Nobody in the world can define it, Bob. What it means is that when a performer does his act, there's something inside him that reaches out to people. It's a very special quality, and I believe Dick has it."

A terrific burst of applause came along then, and made Bob stare around in startled surprise. Everybody was yelling and applauding, and Dick, the ham, was taking bows like crazy. "Well," said Bob, "Barnum was right." But the gleam of pride in his eyes gave him away.

His mother patted his shoulder. She understood Bob, just as she understood Dick. The three of them were pals, and a lot closer than most families. She wouldn't have let anyone in the world know how proud she was of that. It was tough, bringing up a couple of sons without a father, and sometimes she'd worried herself silly over it. But now—

Dick was back at the table, breathless. "Hey, Tootie, how did I do?" The words were offhand, the tone intense. Dick knew he'd get an honest answer. He always did.

"You were good, Dick," she said quietly. "Very good."

Dick let out a rebel yell in an only slightly toned-down version, and clapped Bob on the back. "I made it, kid! Toots said I did okay. Hold down the table while I dance with her, will you?"

They danced well together, his arm holding her lightly, as he hummed the tune along with the orchestra.

"Margie . . . you are my inspiration, Margie . . ." He stopped humming and said in astonishment, "Hey, what goes? You're crying!"

"Not really." She blinked quickly and smiled. "Dick, you wouldn't remember what I do about this song. It happened when you were only two-and-a-half."

music soothes . . .

When Dick was two-and-a-half, Marguerite Haymes and her handsome English husband left their Argentine ranch and came to New York. Little Dick was an easy child to take on a trip. He loved shows of all kinds—movies, vaudeville, anything—and his mother used to take him to them often. One afternoon, Marguerite took him to Loew's State. On the stage, a baritone sang "Margie," and Dick eyed him in solemn wonder. That evening after dinner, Marguerite was washing dishes while her husband dried them. Dick, in his high chair, was "helping" too—drying spoons industriously, and only now and then dropping one. Suddenly he began to sing in his high, childish voice. He sang the first four bars of "Margie" perfectly, every note correct. Dick's parents stared at each other in amazement.

"Well, I'll be damned," his father said. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it myself."

Marguerite raised a delicate eyebrow, trying to control her bursting maternal pride. "Remember what I said when Richard was born?"

Mr. Haymes chuckled. "Definitely, old girl. You said he was yelling on key. You said 'I have given birth to a singer.' You

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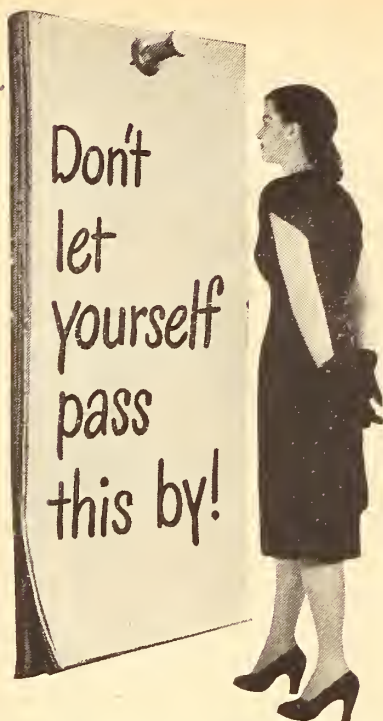
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NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

were pretty dramatic about it."

"I may have been dramatic, but I was also right!"

Of course she was right. Now, dancing with Dick fourteen years later, she knew it, as she told him the story.

"Margie, huh?" he grinned at her teasingly. "Guess we'll have to make 'Margie' my special song for you, since you're such a sentimental gal."

When Dick was little he may have looked like an angel but he didn't always act like one. Sometimes Marguerite would go upstairs after he'd gone to bed, and find him gnawing on a sandwich which he had snatched from the refrigerator.

"Richard, you know you aren't supposed to do that."

Dick would give her a look of wide-eyed innocence. "I had to get it for the elves, mother."

"For the what?"

"The elves. The ones that come out of the glass door knob."

She would struggle between laughter and irritation. "You know perfectly well there are no such thing as elves!"

"There are, too. I lie here and look at the door knob and it gets bigger and bigger and pretty soon a whole troop of elves comes out, and you know what? They're always hungry. So I go and get a sandwich. And look! it's all gone."

just a softie . . .

It was always hard for Mrs Haymes to discipline the boys. "I just won't do it," she decided. "I'll send them away to school where they'll have men teachers to discipline them. Then when we're together on vacations, we'll just have fun."

So the boys went to schools in France and schools in Switzerland. Dick became an expert skier and swimmer, and learned to speak French as well as Spanish and English. He was a carefree kid, who didn't take his studies any too seriously. His mother was doing a concert tour of Europe, and every once in a while she would get a plaintive letter from one of his professors complaining of his behavior.

As she read the letter in far-off London, Irish-born, emotional Marguerite choked back a sob of loneliness. They ought all to be together again. They needed each other. And the boys were Americans—they should be together again. And so the Haymes family came home.

"I don't want to go to college, Toots," he told her, after that. "What's the sense of wasting all that time and money when I want to be a singer? How about you teaching me singing, instead? You know you're the best teacher in New York."

"You and your Irish blarney. But I'll teach you everything I can, Dick, if you'll really work."

"I'll work. And here's another thing. I want this to be on a strictly business basis. I'll pay you for the lessons."

Gravely, Marguerite agreed. Of course, she put the money in the bank for Dick, but he didn't know that. He studied piano, too, and wrote some music himself. They went to Hollywood for a while. Dick was eighteen and he organized his own band. It was quite a band. Dave Street was in it, and Buddy Raye, Martha's brother. Dick conducted, and sang. He played in a few western pictures, too, but nobody saw a potential star in him.

His mother decided to go back to New York, where her own career was beckoning. She wanted Dick to go, too. But she knew if she came right out and said for him to go East with her and Bob he just wouldn't do it. So, being a smart woman, she used the indirect approach.

"By the way, Dick," she said with assumed casualness one morning, "Bob and I are leaving for New York Thursday."

"Thursday!" Dick stared at her. "This

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VICKS
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is Monday. When did you decide this?" "Just now." Marguerite was airy. "You know it never takes me long to make up my mind. Anyway, Bob and I are taking the new Cadillac and driving East." Dick's howl of protest raised the roof. "You and a thirteen-year-old kid are going to drive East alone? Over my dead body!"

"Be sensible, darling. You like it here, and you loathe New York. There's no reason why you shouldn't stay here by yourself. Bob and I will get on fine."

"I'll drive you East," Dick announced with finality. "And no arguments, please."

His mother gave in with sweet reasonableness, and a secret gleam in her eye. "Of course, dear, if you insist!"

So they were in New York again. Dick had the promise of a job with Bunny Berigan's band, but you can't live on promises. He went to work as a page boy at Radio City. They were living in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Dick used to drive back and forth to work in his little Plymouth. He hated eating in New York restaurants and even though it was late in the evening when he got through work, he'd head for Greenwich. When he came in the driveway, he would toot his horn. His mother would get the left-overs from dinner out of the refrigerator, and by the time Dick was washed up, a piping hot meal would be ready for him.

"Tootie, you're wonderful," he used to say appreciatively. "You're the most wonderful woman in the world."

"You'll change your mind on that one of these days."

He'd give her a gamin grin. "I wonder what lucky girl will get you for a mother-in-law, Toots?" But he didn't have much time for girls these days. He was too intent on a career, too determined to succeed.

His mother had to go back to the Coast on business that summer. Bob was in camp. Dick stuck around New York through the sweltering summer, living in a furnished room, hoping something would break. One night, his mother called him up and he sounded definitely doleful. She said, "Dick, I want you to come out here. You've stayed in New York long enough."

"Gosh! California! That would be something. When should I come?"

"Right now. Stop at camp and pick up Bob. Go to the kennels and get the dog. How much money will you need? Would a hundred dollars get you here?"

"With bells on."

mother's instinct . . .

She wired him a hundred. That was Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon, he sent her a telegram saying "Starting now, complete with Bob and dog." It's three thousand miles from New York to Hollywood. Marguerite went away for the weekend to a ranch up in the hills. She planned to go back to Hollywood Monday, but come Sunday p. m. she got a funny feeling. The other guests kidded her unmercifully.

"Listen, are you crazy? Those boys are probably just about getting to Chicago. Dick will wire you from there for more dough, and they'll breeze in some time next week."

"You don't know Dick," Marguerite spoke positively. "When he starts for somewhere, he doesn't fool around."

She went back to Hollywood that night. Five minutes after she got in, the phone rang. An outraged voice said, "Where have you been? And where are these Shelton apartments you're living in? We've driven all over looking for them." It was Dick.

Ten minutes later, the boys came in, tired but very pleased with themselves.

"I'll bet you think we're broke."

"Aren't you?"

"Not exactly." He fished a billfold from his pocket, produced fifty-five dollars,

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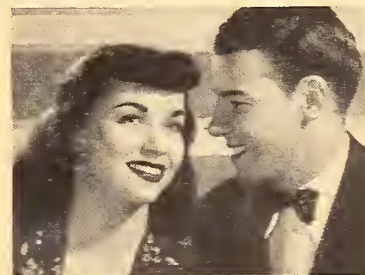


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and laid it casually on the table. "Here's your change, Toots."

"You mean the two of you came all the way from New York on forty-five dollars?" It was incredible.

"Ah, we're smart. The first night we stayed at a hotel, but it was too much trouble. After that, we slept in the car, and stopped at roadside stands for sandwiches. And here we are."

You know that feeling you get when someone you love does something that makes you awfully proud? A sort of choked breathlessness? Marguerite had it then. So many kids would have done things differently. She said, "Look. Take this money and go down and buy yourselves a good beach outfit. Tomorrow we'll go to Santa Monica, so I can show off my sons to my doubting-Thomas friends."

It wasn't so long after this that Dick got his big break. A job singing with Harry James' band. Dick and Harry were friends in the deepest sense, apart from their work. There was a complete confidence in each other's abilities and future. But in the meantime there wasn't much dough. After a while, Dick's mother got a little worried about the situation.

"Dick honey, I know you like Harry a lot, and he's been nice to you, but do you think you're getting anywhere?"

Dick eyed her reproachfully. "Listen, Tootie, one of these days Harry'll have the number one band in the country."

"Just the same, I don't think this arrangement is so good."

Dick grinned. "I admit I'm not getting rich. Every time I get paid, Harry borrows the dough back the next day. But I'm learning a lot, and what's dough, anyway?"

Then all of a sudden Dick met a girl. Funny how he knew right away that he wanted to marry this girl. The band was playing the Paramount, and on the same bill were the Samba Sirens from the Copacabana.

"Sirens, huh?" Dick said as he walked into rehearsal the first day. "If there's anything I hate, it's a bunch of dumb dames from a night club." He stared scornfully at the Samba Sirens who were practicing a dance routine. "Get a load of that blonde, second from the end. She isn't even in time with the music. Look at her! Just look..." His voice trailed off, as he kept looking. After that, it was love.

A week before the wedding, Dick said, "You know, honey, I want kids."

"Of course. So do I."

let's make it last . . .

"But those kids have got to have a square deal. No divorce in my family. We're going to get married, and we're going to stay that way. So don't say I didn't warn you."

There have been times since when it looked as if he might be wrong. But if other people mind their business and don't gossip, usually these times blow over.

Dick hates gossip, anyway. It's almost an obsession with him.

Joanne and his mother, who are great friends, will be sitting around talking about hairdos and stuff. Maybe Joanne will say, "I saw so-and-so in the commissary today. I don't like her with her hair parted in the middle, do you?"

Dick, overhearing, protests, "Now do you really care how she wears her hair? The girl's working in a picture, and they probably tell her how to wear it. Anyway, darling, you worry about your hair and let her worry about hers."

Joanne smiles at him. She knows him too well to get mad. "You're right, Dickie. Sorry."

He comes over, then, and rumples her hair. "You're sweet. I love you, or have I mentioned that?"

He's been mentioning it ever since that first day at the Paramount. He's been

proving it, too. Like the way he gave up the job with Harry James, because Joanne was expecting a blessed event. He went to work for Benny Goodman for more money, and then left him because the band was going to be on the road at the wrong time. The wrong time being when Joanne went to the hospital to have the baby. Dick just *had* to be around for that, job or no job. It looked like no job for awhile, then Tommy Dorsey offered him a contract, replacing Sinatra. The Dorsey thing turned out to be a series of one-night stands, too. Anyway, on one occasion, Dick called the manager and said, "Sorry, chum, I can dot bake the show today. I'b in bed, and I feel awful."

"Listen, Dick, quit playing games, and get on the job."

"This is do game. This is hell, I tell you." Dick huddled the blankets around his lean form and took time out to sneeze.

"And I tell you, if you're not down here at eight o'clock, you're—"

"Fired," Dick finished, and hung up. Then he took three aspirins, and went to sleep. He was strangely happy. Something else would turn up. Something better.

You know what the "something better" turned out to be: A contract with Decca records, a radio show, and then Hollywood. You can't say it's success beyond his wildest dreams, because you don't know how wild the Haymes dreams can get! And let me tell you something else. It's not a bit of a surprise to a pretty blonde woman who has been listening to him sing "Margie" since he was two-and-a-half years old. It's just what she figured on all along, and mothers have a way of being right!

FOR PETE'S SAKE

(Continued from page 31)

buy Pete's number for seventy-five cents—" "But it's not in the book. How does the first person get it?"

"Oh, we have our spies," said the child, and hung up.

Sometimes the bell rings. Sir Sidney discovers four little girls on the doorstep. Could they please have a photograph of Pete? One is a thing so high—Sir Sidney's hand levels off at about four feet. He's frankly incredulous.

"Surely *you're* not interested in men?"

"Of course I am," she assures him earnestly. "Your Pete's my dreamboat—"

After a preview one night they got home at 11—minus Peter, who'd gone off with some friends. A group of youngsters, who'd walked from the theater, waited at the curb, hoping for a glimpse of Pete.

"He won't be in for hours," Lady Lawford told them, "so run home like good children. I don't know the man I'd walk twenty yards to see—"

One curly-headed worshipper lifted eyes like a doe's. "But *you're* not fifteen," she breathed. "And *we're* not Pete's mother—"

Sir Sidney eyed his wife gravely. "There," he said, "you have two unanswerable facts—"

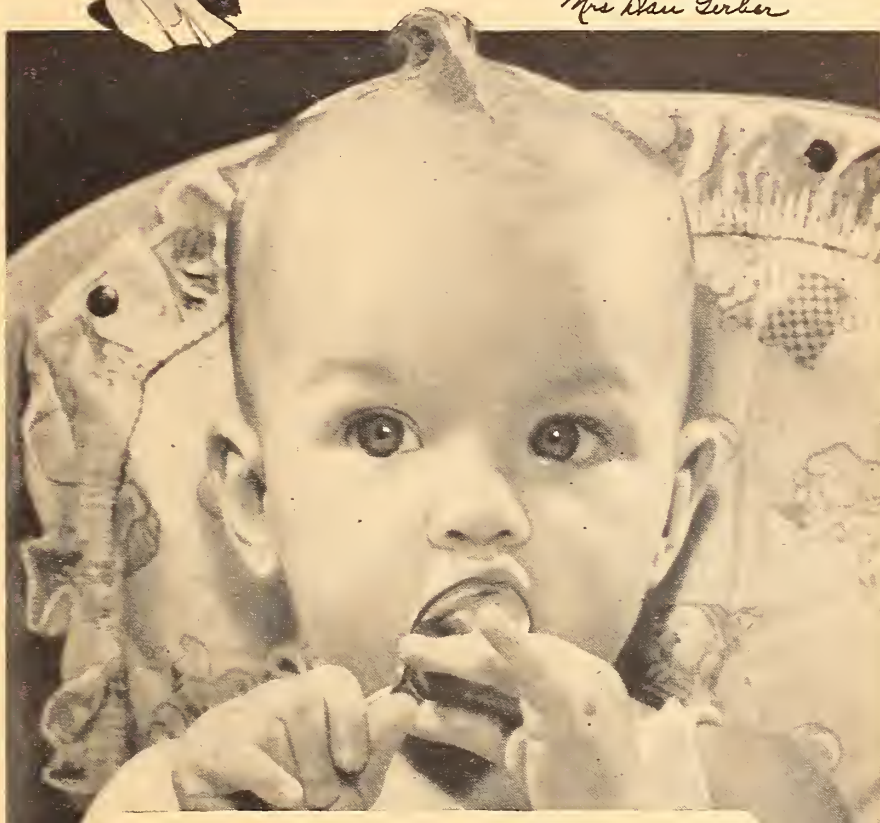
Peter's very much at home in America—bats the latest slang around, knows who played sax with Duke Ellington in what year, holds his own and to spare with his ribbing Hollywood pals. Yet, even apart from the accent, you'd never fail to spot Peter as an Englishman—from the touch of ceremony in his manners, an added deference with women and older people, a more formal courtesy. He's the kind of boy who remembers that Nancy Sinatra might be lonely while Frank's away, and asks her out to dinner. But it doesn't have to be Nancy Sinatra—

A girl of 14 lives across the street. Her mother and Peter have exchanged neigh-

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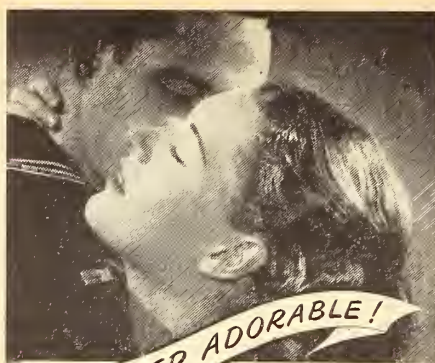
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borly calls. At breakfast one morning, Lady Lawford said: "Great excitement in the house opposite. The little girl is about to graduate—"

"When?" Peter asked, and the subject was dropped. But for Miss Fourteen the excitement of graduation day was heightened to the bursting point. Pinned to her shoulder was a beautiful corsage which had come that morning "With best wishes from your neighbor, Peter Lawford."

Lady Lawford's always been the family disciplinarian. Once she overheard a friend putting that good old chestnut to Peter. "Whom do you like best, your father or mother?"

"Well, of course I like daddy best. He never says no—"

Did she change her tactics? Does Gibraltar move? She was quite content to have Peter like his daddy best, and continued to do her duty as she saw it.

The latch key represents one of her rare compromises. When they settled in Hollywood, Peter was 18. Other boys had latch keys, he pointed out.

curfew . . .

"I'm sorry, Peter. Other boys do all sorts of things you weren't brought up to do. At 18, you don't race about the streets till God knows what hour of the morning. Take this latch key of mine, but I expect you to be in by midnight—"

At first the key would slide into the lock at midnight. Then it happened more and more frequently that he'd phone. "Hello, Babes. I'm having a marvelous time. Mind if I don't get home till a bit later?"

Once he arrived with the dawn. Going out for the paper, his mother found him on the mat and got really mad. "Where have you been all night?"

"On the picture," he grinned. "By the time they decided to work through, it was too late to call. I didn't want to wake you up—"

Presently he was sort of forgetting to give the key back, and wondering how long he could get away with it. He even hinted as much—

"Oh well, I was young once myself, believe it or not—"

Peter hugged her. "Mother, you're an astounding woman—"

It's the only "no" Lady Lawford ever reneged on. Once a playmate of Peter's was heard dishing out advice: "Why don't you asked her again? My mother says no too, but when the time comes, she gets soft-hearted—"

"You don't know my mother," said Peter darkly. "I've even tried being sick, and that's no good."

She believed in the Biblical injunction of sparing the rod and spoiling the child. It wasn't easy. It's never easy not to spoil an only child. But it's better for the child. When Peter was impossible—rude to his governess, let's say—it was Mother who meted out punishment, whacked his hand with a ruler. This hurt his dignity more than it hurt his hand, but there was worse to come.

With his passion for the theater, Gala Night at Monte Carlo was heaven to Peter. Every Thursday he was allowed to have dinner with his parents at the Casino, and sit up for the first show. When Mother said, "You can't go to the Gala. You'll stay at home and have soup and custard by yourself," it was like the voice of doom.

In desperation, he'd even appeal to Daddy. "Will you ask Mother if I can go?"

But no matter how Daddy felt about it, he'd back Mother up. "I'm sorry, Peter. When you mother says no, the door is shut—"

Then he'd stand there, looking at her with the eyes of a bloodhound, and she'd think: "I can't bear it. I've got to kiss him and take him along—"

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She never did, though—never even let him suspect any hint of weakening.

"Goodnight, Peter," she'd say. "Pity you didn't care enough about the Gala to behave."

But discipline was one thing, and expression of your individuality quite another. It was his mother who encouraged Peter in his love of acting and wrestled with Sir Sidney to let Peter play the part he was offered in England at the age of seven. And though the performance was a smash hit, Sir Sidney remained unreconciled, hoping the boy would forget the whole business as they spent the next years traveling around the world. But Peter was as likely to forget acting as breathing.

They were on a ship, homeward bound from Australia, when he came hurtling into the stateroom one day. "Daddy, there's a prize for pairs. Let's go in a couple!"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's a father-and-son contest, you have to wear costumes, we might win a prize—"

This time Daddy said no. "I can't make a fool of myself, even to please you—"

"Then will you, Mother?"

"But you said it was father-and-son—"

"Well, it's mother-and-daughter too, and I can make myself up to look like a girl—"

He was always fooling around with wigs and makeup. In Tahiti he'd insisted on buying a lot of native junk, so they dressed as Tahitian girls, and the waiter who'd served them throughout the voyage failed to recognize Peter. "Where did you get the little girl?" he wanted to know.

They won first prize. As they stepped up to receive it, Peter took matters into his own hands. "Thank you very much but just a moment, sir"—and he whipped off his wig. "I'm not a girl, I'm a boy—"

"You can carry a joke just so far," he explained later. "If you let people think you're *really* a girl, it's no longer a joke—"

To Lady Lawford, religion is a living thing. Without stuffing preachments down the throat of her son, she taught him to think of God as a friend. Every morning they read a chapter of the Bible together—Peter used to call it putting on his armor for the day. And he never missed church without a very good reason.

Though food for the spirit and mind came first, that didn't mean that the body wasn't important. Peter took to sports as naturally as to acting. He was barely old enough to stagger when he appeared on the tennis court where his father was playing and announced, "Je veux jouer—I want to play." Till he was five, incidentally, he spoke only French. Since neither knew a word of English, he and his governess got lost on their first walk in London. Luckily, Peter remembered the name of his father's club in Pall Mall, where they turned up eventually. After that, he had a label tied to his coat till he learned English.

rootin' tootin' shootin' . . .

By the time he turned eight, he was playing tennis with his dad every day. He had to stand on a box when Sir Sidney started teaching him billiards, and his accuracy with a rifle made him unpopular at English fairs. One day he was shooting for China cups—six shots for sixpence. After winning eleven cups on his first two tries, he appeared for a third. The woman flew into a rage. "Get away from 'ere now, I've 'ad enough of you—"

Whatever his prowess, Peter never had a chance to acquire a swelled head. On the mantel of their living room stands a silver cup which he won on the Conte di Savoia. But it's less a symbol of triumph than a warning that pride goeth before a fall.

Deck tennis tournaments had been scheduled aboardship, and Peter wanted to play with the grownups.

"Put your name down if you like," said

"She locks her *Lily Fingers* one in one"—Shakespeare

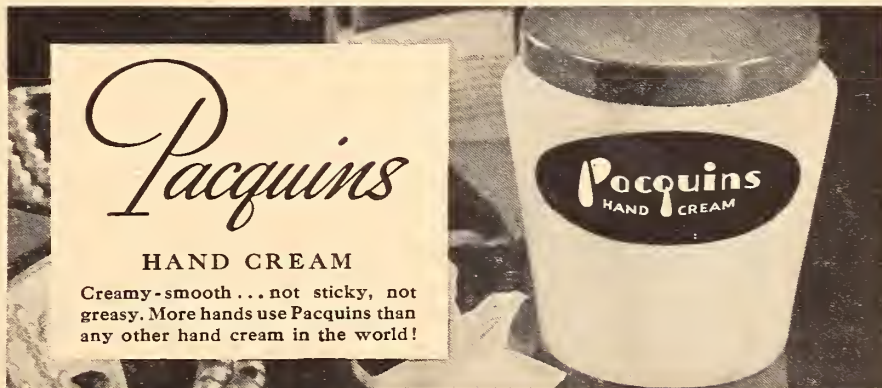


— But fingers like a lily, Willie, don't come from peeling spuds!

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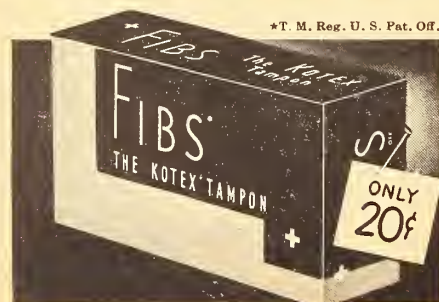
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FIBS are the tampons that are "quilted"—a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate. This "quilting" prevents tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes.

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**Next time you buy tampons
be sure to ask for FIBS*!**



Dad. "You'll be knocked out in about three minutes but go ahead, it'll do you good—"

To everyone's astonishment, he went straight through to the finals. The opposing finalist was a Prussian, expert and very sure of himself.

"Goodbye, Peter," said Mother. "Here's where you get mashed up and thrown overboard—"

"Well, anyway," he scowled, "I'll give him a run for his money—"

The German beamed at his young opponent, then turned to the audience. "Before I put this young gentleman out of his misery, I should like to demonstrate the intricacies of a certain shot, which is always the winning shot. If you take the quoit thus and do so with it—" Followed a good five minutes of brilliant tossing and twirling and showing off. Then: "Are you ready, young man?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, and proceeded to win three straight games. The ship went wild, and his parents wouldn't have been parents if they hadn't been secretly tickled. But Mother was a little worried about how all of this might affect Master Peter's ego. When she went down to kiss him good-night, her speech was all ready.

"You know you *did* have a great advantage over him, Peter. You're 12, and can jump like a flea. At 40, it's not so easy to run—"

"But he's had more experience—"

"That's true. But you know why they made all the fuss, don't you? Not because they loved you particularly, but because the man was so arrogant he made a fool of himself. That's what happens when people brag. Remember that, will you, Peter?"

"I will," said Peter, grinning straight up at her. "But you know something, Mother? I think I'd have beaten him even if he hadn't bragged."

english ethics . . .

Among the English, class differences are more in evidence than with us. But Lady Lawford has an independent mind. She didn't want a child molded to pattern. She felt that the better he understood his fellow men of all kinds and classes, the better off he'd be. That's why Peter never went to an orthodox British school, most of whose boys are drawn from the same social level, but studied with tutors and was allowed to play with any child who came along, provided he was clean.

One of his favorite Monte Carlo playmates was a boy whose father kept a shop on the boulevard. The others called him Crapaud, or Little Frog, and they spent their afternoons rolling trains—a game played with miniature motor cars.

One day Lady Lawford heard Crapaud shrieking his head off. "What's wrong? What have you done to Crapaud?"

"Nothing," said Peter. "It's only that I'm going to search him—"

"But you're not a policeman. You can't search a boy who's a friend of yours—"

"Well, I have a suspicion. And if I have a suspicion, I'd like to verify it."

"What have you lost?"

They all started babbling. They'd all lost everything. There wasn't a single train left to roll. They were so vehement and so sure they'd been wronged, that she finally had to agree to let Peter search.

His suspicions were well founded. He opened Crapaud's voluminous blouse, and out fell the trains. After restoring them to their owners, he pronounced sentence. "It's all right for you to come back tomorrow, Crapaud, but every time before you go home, we will search you." Then he flung a protective arm round his friend's shoulders. "Crapaud doesn't mean it, Mother. It's an illness—"

To his mother, this display of understanding was worth more than a thousand

Latin prizes. On the other hand, she was pleased to discover that he didn't carry forbearance to excessive lengths.

They were living in flats in Mayfair. One of the pages—bellhop to you—took an active dislike to Peter. Whenever Peter ran down the corridor, he'd stick out a leg and trip the younger boy up. Peter mentioned it to his mother, who received the news coldly.

"You know I can't stand tale bearing. You're not a baby, Peter. Ask him why he does it, and get out of it your own way—"

One evening the hall porter stopped her as she came in, and asked her to step into the office, he had something to show her. The something was a page, considerably larger and older than Peter, his head bound up and both his knees bandaged.

"Poor boy, what happened to him?"

"This," said the porter with dignity, "is Master Peter's work—"

She could well believe it. Boxing lessons had made Master Peter handy with his fists. He was summoned to the scene. "Peter, I'd like to know what all this is about."

"I warned him, Mother. I told him if he went on tripping me up, I'd beat him so his own mother wouldn't know him. I complained to you once, and you said I was to work it out myself. Well, I worked it out myself—"

"Did you trip him up, young man?" she asked.

"Yus. 'E's a narsty little boy—"

"Why don't you like him?"

"'E's got too many gramophone records—"

"That's silly," said Peter. "When you're off the job, why don't you come in and listen?"

So the boys shook hands, and the Lawfords took their departure. The last word on the subject floated after them down the hall. "Gorblimey!" crooned the victim. "Can 'e fight!"

today he is a man . . .

All that's behind him now, and so are the days of parental guardianship. With the ceremony of the signet ring and the latch key, he became his own man. "Sane, white and 21, darling," his mother proclaimed, "and out from under my thumb. But I'm still very interested in you as a friend—"

As a friend, she saves dinner for him if he's going to be late, and sews his buttons on. But her main job is done. Peter's free as a bird. No pressures are exerted. Beyond "Did you have a good time?"—no questions are asked. That's a matter of principle and also of enlightened self-interest. She can find no excuse for a snooping parent.

"If there's something you feel you must know, come straight out with it. Otherwise, shut up, and if you shut up, you get told a great deal more. Start probing with what-did-she-say? and what-did-you-say? and your child's going to resent the assault on his privacy. Whether he says so or not, he's bound to feel that it's none of your business. And it isn't—"

Peter, grown up, shows a tendency to turn the tables on his parents. There's a touch of the paternal in his attitude. He calls them Babes or Children, and kisses them on top of the head. Even with his father that's easy, since he tops Sir Sidney's six feet by two inches and a bit. They find this habit both endearing and comical, but control their amusement.

Spotty also comes in for a kiss on the head in greeting or parting. Peter thinks of him less as a dog than as a fourth member of the family. His feeling for animals never had to be cultivated. As a child, he traveled round the world with a cage of canaries. One day, as he set them on a window ledge to give them sunlight, the wind blew a door shut and knocked them



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Astounding New Hair Dressing That Helps
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to the grass below. The birds were unhurt, but the cage was broken, and Peter ran a temperature for a week. The canaries watched over his convalescence. "You're all right, dears," he kept telling them. "You'll have a new house—"

Now there's Spotty, and the neighborhood sparrows to whom he throws crumbs every morning, and a stray cat who follows him in every night and sleeps on his bed. At five the cat wants out. His mother hears Peter at the door. "I'll never have you in my bed again, never—"

Next night he's back. "I thought you said you wouldn't have the cat in."

"Oh well, it's cold out—"

surprise package . . .

He loves to surprise them. Sir Sidney had a blue blazer he was very fond of. Just before going off on location for "Lassie," Peter heard Dad say he was sorry the blazer'd gone shabby. So he came home from Canada, hauling a huge bundle—material to make a new blazer for Dad and a suit for Mother.

He makes festive occasions of their birthdays, as they used to make festive occasions of his. On the night before Dad's last birthday, he called Mother in to show her the gifts—a beautiful wallet and a pair of gold cuff links with the Lawford crest. "Shall I give him the wallet in the morning and the cuff links at night?—sort of spread the gravy?" He was so excited, he could hardly tie the blue ribbons up again.

They dined at Chasen's. There was a huge birthday cake, kindness of Dave Chasen. Seeing the cake, Bill Grady, M-G-M's casting director, sent over a bottle of imported champagne. Peter produced the cuff links—

"We English," Sir Sidney says, "are like turtles. The more we feel, the farther we pull our heads in. I remember swallowing very hard, and saying thank you very much, and feeling wholly inadequate. However, Peter didn't seem to mind—"

At 22, he's not what you'd call a home body. On his rare dateless evenings, he either talks on the phone for hours or says, "Let's go to a picture." After dressing for a big night, he appears for inspection. "How do I look?"

"Awful," says Mother.

She may be kidding, and again she may not. "Really awful?" he asks.

"So awful, I can't stand the sight of you." That means he's all right.

If they're still up when he comes in—and they read in bed till all hours—he'll tap at the window in spite of his latch key. "Come and let me in, Mother—" Then he sits at the end of the bed, munching cookies, drinking milk—a quart of milk is just a sip to Peter—telling them who was at the Mocambo or what his friend, Keenan Wynn, said. He doesn't go into long dissertations about the girls he takes out. "She's nice—" or "She dances beautifully—" or "Never again, she's a pain-in-the-neck." He has two pet pains-in-the-neck—showoffs and girls who are super-conscious of their careers.

they knew what they wanted . . .

Sometimes all three have been to the same preview, only the Children get home earlier. For one thing, they don't have to inch their way through fans. Peter still finds it hard to believe what he sees. Between pleasure and bewilderment, he looks from parent to parent. "Isn't it wonderful that they like me?"

When he's gone, Lady Lawford turns to her husband. "This is just the way we wanted him, isn't it?"

The English are like turtles. Sir Sidney's head goes way in but, before it disappears, the smile on his face is a nice thing to see.

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SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 41)

squirming infant to the mother, John fell into conversation and discovered that the girl had been unable to get reservations, so was planning to remain on deck all night with her two cubs. It was midsummer, so the weather was warm, but the dampness of any body of water at night isn't recommended by physicians for maintaining high health in children.

Stepping outside, John explained to his pal that he had given up their bunk. "Sorry that I didn't have time to ask you if it was okay, but I knew that you'd agree with me in thinking those kids couldn't sleep on deck," he said.

So he and his friend absorbed the dew, sunk low in their coat collars, until the sun came up.

This bit of bygone history tells something very real and enlightening about John Hodiak; it shows him to be unselfish, certainly, and even more gallant than Sir Walter who merely gave up a cloak.

Everyone in Hollywood knows that John is devoted to his parents, his brothers and his sister (who is really his cousin, Mary, but who was adopted by his parents when she was a small child). But few people know much about these parents.

First of all—they have a delicious sense of humor. In John's current picture, "The Dark Corner," he is required to wear a makeup department black eye. Ordinarily he wears no makeup at all, so one evening—in his rush to get out to the home he bought for his parents in the San Fernando Valley—he failed to remove the shiner.

Mrs. Hodiak, beaming at her son when he entered, abruptly changed expression. Pushing a cry back with the palm of her hand, she finally managed to say, "Oh, Johnny, what happened?"

John kept a straight face. "Nothing that can be helped," he said severely. "I don't want to talk about it."

"You fought with someone," surmised his distressed mother. "It must hurt you. Please let me put something on your poor eye. My poor Johnny."

John couldn't keep up the pretense; he began to grin and confessed the hoax. Said his mother, "Now—we can have fun with your father. I will go in the other room and tell him confidentially that something is wrong with you, but you will not tell me. Then we will see what your father does."

who hit my boy? . . .

His mother slipped into the living room, busied herself long enough to give her husband the proper impression of suppressed secrecy, and then murmured, when he demanded to know what was going on in his own house, "Something is wrong with Johnny. I think he has been in a big fight, but he won't tell me. See what you can find out, Papa."

Mr. Hodiak came charging into the kitchen, peered at his son, and roared, "Who did this to you? And what did you do to him? Did you see a doctor?"

It was too much for John. He laughed. Thereafter, the affair gave rise to a series of gentle family jokes.

Another of John's rare practical jokes had a somewhat more noisy reception when he was working with Lucille Ball in "Time For Two." For several weeks, the company worked with a group of dummies. At first, the cast found themselves backing into the manikins and apologizing; they found themselves attempting to greet the dummies in the morning, and refer to them during conversation with a living actor. Finally everyone had become so ac-

WHY CAN'T MARRIAGE BE LIKE THE MOVIES?



The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan *couldn't* seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were *her* fault! She thought she *knew* about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though,

that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a *careless* wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.



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

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customed to their silent partners that even a human being, immobile on the set for a few minutes, was likely to be used as an extemporaneous hat stand.

One sequence in the picture required Lucille Ball to slither into a darkened room, looking warily over her shoulder the while, and snatch a book from the hands of one of the dummies. This particular scene had been rehearsed at great length because much of the dramatic action of the picture hinged upon a proper projection of the plot elements in that sequence. Finally, the perfect take was achieved, but the director did not tell Lucille. "We'll do it just once more—for luck," he said.

Meanwhile, John had been decked out in a costume identical with that of the dummy, and had taken the dummy's place. As Lucille tip-toed into the room and reached for the book, John extended a muscular hand and gripped her arm. Lucille almost screamed the sound stage down.

dream house . . .

John's purchase of a valley home for his family was a dream-come-true. The lot is 180 by 153 feet; constructed on this generous lot is a six room house and a triple garage in which there is also a room that was once the previous owner's office. It is so complete that John plans to turn it into an apartment for his younger brother when he comes home from Okinawa.

On the grounds are nine walnut trees and a small grove of lemon, grapefruit, orange and apricot trees. Papa Hodiak has built a chicken run and the chickens provide the Hodiaks and their neighbors with three dozen eggs a week.

Mr. Hodiak still isn't convinced that the famed California climate is serious about all the sunshine. On both Christmas and New Year's Day, he sat on the porch in his shirt sleeves for an hour or so, reading his paper. Occasionally he would squint at the flawless sky and observe to John, "We'll get a storm pretty quick, I think."

As far as the Hodiaks are concerned, John's success is no more than loving parents would naturally expect of a dutiful son. His status as a celebrity doesn't mean a thing around the house; they think it is nice that he is working at a job he enjoys and that pays well. However, he might as well be an oil man or a broker or a railroad executive for all the glamor his parents see in John's profession.

With Mary, the situation is different. She is as much a picture fan as John is. In the family they tell a story about the only time John was ever punished. Seems that his teacher notified the Hodiaks that John had been missing from school for eighty-five out of the one hundred and twenty-five days in the spring session.

When charged with this heinous crime, John explained that he had only been attending the movies. It was his habit to peddle tinfoil or other bits of scrap in order to get admission money, then to sit through six and eight and ten shows. Douglas Fairbanks was his hero. After having seen twenty or thirty showings of the same Fairbanks picture, John would put on quite a show himself leaping fences and swinging from balconies.

But, to go back to the school skipping; when John's father learned the truth, he gave John the beating of his young life. It was the first corporal punishment ever to be meted out in the Hodiak family and it left all members of the younger generation in a state of apprehensive awe.

Mary Hodiak hadn't forgotten the incident when, years later, she joined John in California. "After you were punished that time, for spending months in picture shows," she reminisced, smiling, "I didn't think you'd ever again be much interested in movies."

Answered John, "After I recovered from

Too Strong!



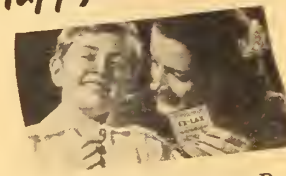
Forcing a child to take a harsh, old-fashioned laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

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RESINOL OINTMENT
AND SOAP

the embarrassment and the sensation of having squatted on a hot stove, I decided that an actor had to suffer."

On the day of Mary's arrival in Hollywood, John took her to Romanoff's for luncheon. They saw Orson Welles in the patio, and Mary had barely caught her breath after she and John were shown to their table, before she identified Gail Patrick at a nearby table, and Joan Bennett across the aisle. George Jessel, 20th Century producer, joined the Hodiaks for a few minutes conversation, then—after luncheon—Mary spotted Edward G. Robinson in the patio at the table just vacated by Mr. Welles. It was a great day.

During the period when the family was growing up in Detroit, the children used to complain about being crowded, but now that they have all the land the average family could use—they are still crowded. In the ranch house (to which they will add a new wing as soon as building materials are available) are living the senior Hodiaks, Mary, John's sister Ann and her husband, and their son.

John was also a member in good standing until he finally found an apartment. Reason for needing the apartment was that the drive to and from the valley each day took up too much time from John's already crowded life. At first he was promised a spot in one of Fred MacMurray's buildings, then Red Skelton came home from the Army and had absolutely no place to stay, so John resigned in Red's favor. John *knew* where he could get shelter, which gave him an advantage over the I-Dood-It boy.

A few weeks later, Lloyd Nolan had the staggering experience of being notified by a tenant that the tenant was quitting Southern California in favor of New York, so he turned the apartment over to John.

There was only one catch in this blissful state of affairs: The apartment was unfurnished, and there just isn't any furniture in Los Angeles. John's friends rose to the occasion. One family, planning to store its patio furniture, turned the white wrought-iron equipment over to John instead, so his dining room is done in early barbecue period.

Another group of friends supplied a box spring and a mattress, which had to be set on the floor, as there was no footed frame to hold them. A wag promptly patronized a local second-hand store to the extent of a rocking chair, early packing crate style, and one of those Roaring Twenties wicker lamps which a latter day trick-up artist had painted white.

As soon as John has some time free from a current program that has him pencilled in every day of a 54-day shooting schedule, he intends to go shopping. Don't get the impression that one day or one week will enable John to equip his new apartment with any degree of completeness, because John is the sort of shopper who starts out with the finest intentions in the world, and winds up with his arms full of presents—for other people.

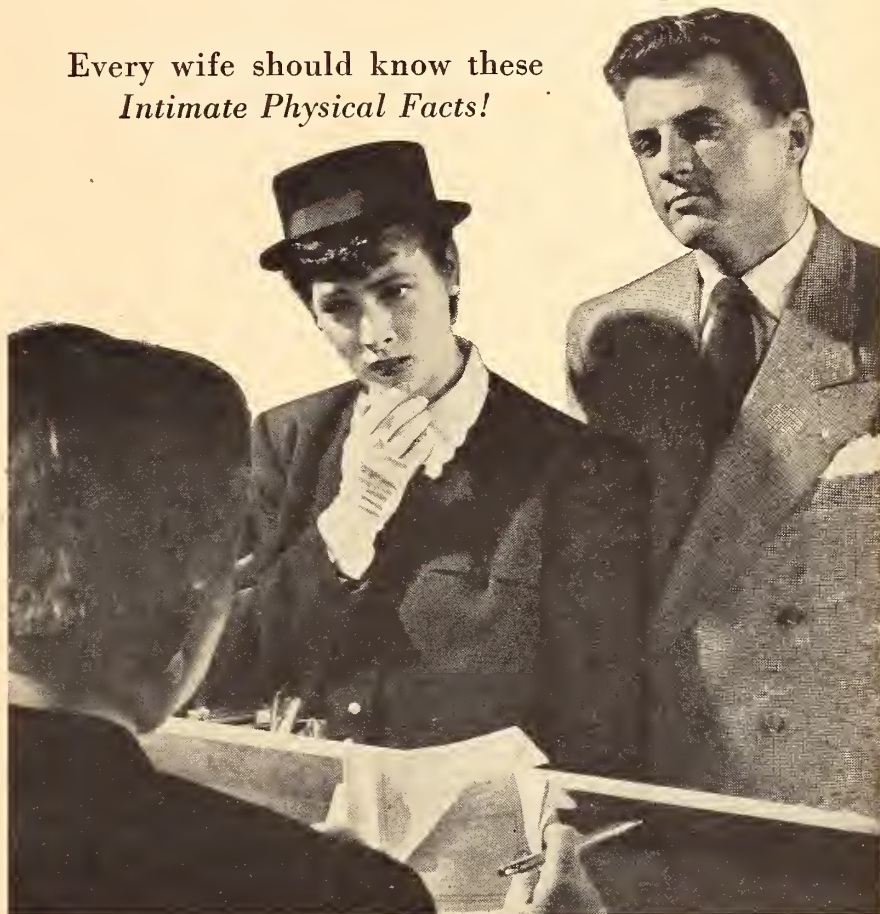
art collector . . .

One afternoon, John was told that he wouldn't be needed for three hours. In passing an antique shop on La Cienega, he had noticed some handsome dry point etchings, so he hid himself there. The etchings proved to be all that he had suspected so—after critical delay—he bought two. (Incidentally, Van Johnson is also an etching collector, boasting one superb specimen of Lionel Barrymore's work.)

For weeks, he gloated inwardly over his purchase. He fancied walls on which they would some day hang, and indulged in a little amateur interior decorating, using the etchings as focal points. Then a friend of his happened to mention the fact that this friend's fondest dream was to own a pair

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of Willard Nash etchings.

So John, the gentleman who can't resist the impulse to indulge in a gracious gesture, gave his precious etchings to this friend for Christmas. Said the friend in thanks, "Gosh! GOSH! Look, John, any time you need to have somebody murdered—just call on me."

Another of John's traits that endears him to his friends is his habit of letter writing. John loves to write notes. Sunday is the day set aside for oddments of correspondence, and John is known to have settled himself before a desk at one p. m. and to have arisen from same five hours later—with one letter to his credit.

His problem is that he thinks of one way to tell an anecdote, then—fast on the heels of the first idea—he thinks of another. And so it goes.

To get a letter, composed with such care, is a thing that happens to most readers once in a lifetime. The average note is a rare scribble of spontaneous combustion; John's letters emit a steady warmth. One friend has saved every note ever ended with the Hodiak signature and re-reads his letters on occasion—a gratifying experience. Even if they consist of one brief page each!

HINTS FOR HAPPY FACES

(Continued from page 76)

make makeup appear blotchy.

Begin low on the neck and powder upward over your face, leaving the nose for the last. Use a soft makeup brush to dust off any extra powder. And, to save yourself from that "lost-in-a-blizzard" effect, be sure to get every excess particle off eyebrows, lashes and the hairline.

For a long time girls in the movies have been using more than one shade of powder on their faces. It may sound a bit complicated, but a little practice is all that's needed. The effects can be really worth working for. A darker shade "sinks" a too prominent or not-so-good line, plane or feature, and a lighter (but still skin-matching) shade emphasizes a delicately modeled brow, nose or chin line and "brings out" a feature that is particularly beautiful. Of course, the two shades of powder must vary only slightly and their edges must be blended carefully so that there is no perceptible line of demarcation.

But to really have your complexion a-bloom with that joyous Hollywood beauty, the skin you powder must be smooth, fine grained and velvety. It's for this very reason that you'll find such a wide array of facial creams on cosmetic counters. No matter what your skin type, there is a special cream for you. Everyone needs a cleansing cream. It helps remove makeup so that your soap-and-water scrubbing can do an unhampered job of pore-deep cleansing. An emollient cream, gently patted on and allowed to remain for about twenty minutes, helps stave off dryness and flakiness. Then there are bleach creams to tone down your freckles and medicated creams to stave off blackheads and "blossoms." Find the cream that does right by your skin and use it regularly. That way you'll also find that you are co-operating very happily with your beauty-making face powder!

* * *

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ALL GOD'S CHILLUN . . .

(Continued from page 49)

erie glow. In its light, a dozen white-clad figures moved about. One of them tilted a bottle to his lips and drank. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve, looked at the cross and laughed harshly. "That ought to scare the niggers and wops and sheenies," he said loudly.

Frank heard the words, and something seemed to ignite inside him. Rage slid through him, and he took a tighter grasp on the heavy stick he was carrying. "Let's go, gang!" he yelled.

They went, and the Klan was caught completely by surprise. They fought back, of course, but their superior numbers weren't enough to offset the grim rage of their attackers. Frank himself went straight for the man he had heard speak. The man saw him coming, a thin furious-eyed demon, and raised his bottle as a weapon. Frank slammed it with his stick and it broke in the air, showering them both with bits of glass. He struck again and this time there was a resounding "thwack!" as the stick hit the man's head. Around him there were yells and profanity and the sound of other blows. Then Frank caught the gleam of metal.

"Scram, fellows," he yelled. "They're gonna start shooting!"

A shot followed his words, but the gang were already running for cover. In about three seconds flat, no one was in sight but a bewildered and furious group of Klansmen, wondering what had hit them.

Frank brought his mind back to the present, away from all the other incidents that had made him feel the way he felt today. He stepped forward, and the noise of applause stopped as if someone had closed a door.

"I'm glad to be here," he said. His voice was low but it reached to every corner of the enormous room. "I'm especially glad to be in Gary because it's really a great American city. It's tops in its war record, and I know you're proud of that. You should be. But if you're not careful, kids, you're going to mess all that up. You see, the thing you're doing now is an un-American thing. It's picking on a minority, and that's like a big guy picking a fight with a little shrimp that doesn't have a chance. See what I mean?"

His gaze flashed around the audience, and some of the kids wriggled uncomfortably. "Besides, you're going about this the wrong way. Go back to school first, and settle the issue afterward."

just stooges . . .

There was a murmur through the audience like wind through a field of wheat. But Frank wasn't through. "You don't know what this thing is all about," he told them. "Maybe you've never stopped to figure it out. Or maybe calling people names like 'nigger' and 'kike' is just a game to you. But let me tell you this, straight and solid. There are people back of you who have figured it out, and they're using you kids for stooges."

He went into details then. Details of the way this issue had been stirred up and used as a political football. The kids sat there spellbound, but backstage all hell broke loose. One of the town officials dashed up to George Evans, Frank's manager, who was standing in the wings.

"Is he crazy?" he yelled. "He can't say those things!"

"He is saying them," George told him. "And what's more, he can prove them. Look, you asked Frank to come here and talk to the kids, didn't you?"

"Well-uh-yes, of course. But I thought

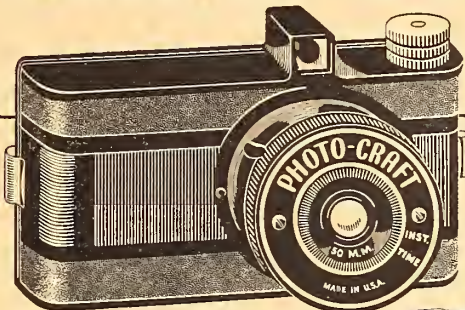
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he'd just sing a couple of songs and tell them to go back to school."

"And you'd be the big shot who settled the strike, Sure. But when Frank agrees to do a job, he does it thoroughly."

"We'll sue him," the big shot said threateningly. "The whole town will sue him."

"I doubt it," George turned back toward the stage. Frank was still talking, his voice deep with feeling. "So, because we're all Americans, no matter what color our skin is or what church we go to, let's say the oath of allegiance together."

He began it, and gradually they joined in until the rumble of young voices became as one voice. Then the orchestra struck up the Star Spangled Banner. Frank led the singing, and as he looked at the serious faces before him, he wondered if he had made them see even a little of what was going to be so vitally important in the years to come. How could kids like these grow up happily in a world where people said "I won't stay in the room with a black man," or "I'll have nothing to do with her. She's Jewish."

Jewish. The word always brought Mrs. Goldman to his mind. He could see her now, bending over the big kitchen stove. Boy, that kitchen had been something! When Frank came home from school in the afternoon, he would often find no one at home and the larder empty. His stomach would be empty, too, but he knew what to do about it. He would streak out of the house and around the corner to Mrs. Goldman's. He would ring the bell expectantly. When she came to the door, puffing a little because she was so heavy and it was an effort for her to move around, there he would be.

"Hello, Mrs. Goldman." His eyes were eager and enormous in his thin face.

"Why, if it isn't Frankie! Come right in." She would lead the way to the kitchen, and there would be those wonderful smells. She'd say tactfully, "I was just going to have a bite to eat. Maybe you're hungry after all that hard work in school. Yes?"

Definitely yes. Frank ate at the Goldman's almost as much as he did at home. If he cut a finger, he ran to Mrs. Goldman to bind it up. Many's the time she saved him from a licking, too. One day she gave him a little gold scroll, with writing on it in Hebrew.

"You would like it, Frankie? I don't know, if you would want people to see you have it, though. They might think you were a Jewish boy." Her dark, sad eyes peered at him uncertainly.

Frankie didn't say anything but "Thanks." Then he went and got a card and hung the scroll on it, around his neck. The next day a boy looked at it and jeered. "You're no Yid. What're you wearin' a Yid thing for?"

"It belongs to a friend of mine. A good friend!"

"Aw, no Yid's any good!"

man of action . . .

Black rage swelled in Frank's heart. This wise guy was saying Mrs. Goldman was no good. Frank brought a punch from way back in the hills, and connected. The wise guy crashed to the ground. After that, nobody made any cracks about Yids when Frank was around.

There have been plenty of times when his friendship for those not of his own race has put Frank in embarrassing positions. Positions, that is that might have embarrassed some people—they've never bothered Frank. Maybe he goes to a restaurant with Coke and Moke who were on the bill with him at the Paramount. Coke and Moke happen to have black skins, Frank doesn't. Is that any reason they shouldn't eat at the same restaurant? Frank doesn't think so, and if the restaurant proprietor does, Frank leaves.



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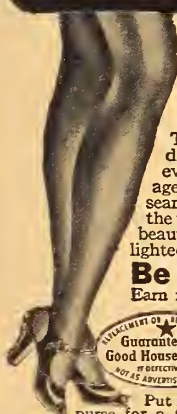
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Part of this attitude, of course, stems directly from Frank's great love of people. He's got a big, warm heart and he's a friend to anybody that needs a friend. Take Dick Stabile, for instance. You know how, before Dick went in the Coast Guard, he had a big band that was doing fine. When he came out he had nothing at all. So, as is apt to be the way on Broadway, no one remembered him. Oh, they'd say, "Hi, Dick, how's the boy?" but then they'd hurry off in the other direction. One day Dick dropped into the office of a well known booking agent. He didn't get much of a tumble from either the agent or the Broadway characters who kept buzzing in and out. Until the door opened, and a skinny guy in a loud sports jacket came in. Everyone rushed to greet him.

lifesaver . . .

But Frank wasn't listening. He'd spotted Dick in the corner, and he walked right over and pounded him on the back. "So you're back in circulation, kid. Gosh, it's great to see you around again. What are you going to do?"

Dick shrugged. "I don't know, Frank. It's sort of tough trying to get started again."

"Shouldn't be tough for a guy with your talent. How would you like to get a band together and play the Wedgewood Room, hey?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Nohow. I'm booked in there, and I can sell 'em on you. Want it?"

For a minute Dick couldn't speak. He couldn't even swallow the crazy lump that was in his throat.

"Listen, Frank, if you'll do that for me, I'll . . ." He stopped. What could you do to repay a guy who starts you living all over again?

Frank said brusquely, "Forget it, bud. Skip the thanks." He has a positive psychosis about being thanked for things. Hates it. "I'll fix it up and let you know. Good luck."

So when Frank opened at the Waldorf, Dick Stabile opened, too. Maybe that's why in all the kidding that went on during the show between Frank and the band, there was that warm undercurrent of friendship. It made you feel good, just listening. Frank kidded with the audience the same way, there in the Wedgewood Room. He achieved the same gay camaraderie with the white tie and tails crowd that he did with the bobby sox brigade at the Paramount. During the first show, he grinned at them cheerfully and remarked into the mike, "Well, Hoboken's come to visit Park Avenue again."

When the Wedgewood Room engagement was nearing its end, Frank said to Dick, "What you going to do next, boy?"

"I wouldn't know, Frank. I've had a couple of offers, but they didn't amount to much."

"I always thought I'd make a good agent. Maybe this is a fine time to find out."

The first thing Dick knew, Frank had the band booked into the Copacabana, which is very nice booking indeed. Frank has so much confidence in people that he gives them confidence in themselves. Like Buddy Rich. Frank ran into him one night at the Four Hundred Club, and Buddy happened to mention that he wished he had his own band.

Frank nodded understandingly. "I know how you feel. I remember how it was when I was singing with bands—I used to get a yen to be on my own. Why don't you try it out, Buddy? I'll back you."

So Buddy's going to have his own band, and Frank is helping both financially and with advice. He loves doing it. The more he can do for other people, the happier it makes him. There are a couple of guys

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you never heard of who can testify to that. But one of them you are going to hear of. He's a young composer, and Frank is so convinced he's good that he has arranged to make recordings of all his music for a special album. And when someone says "Frank, you just don't have time for these things," Frank says, "Listen, bud, you've got the accent in the wrong place. I've always got time for these things. This guy is writing real American music. The kind they'll be playing when you and I are dead. Anything I can do to help is a pleasure."

The other guy is a young soldier who was always a fan of Frank's. He was badly wounded and will never walk again. The hospital got in touch with Frank, and said they knew he was awfully busy, but some of the boy's buddies had offered to carry him downtown if Frank would see him. Would he? Darned right he would! The kid was carried in, and he looked a little pale and he didn't have any legs, but there was an awed grin of happiness on his face.

pleased to meetcha . . .

"Gee, Frank, it's great to see you. I really get a bang out of this."

"Me, too. It's swell to meet somebody with as much guts as you have."

"Listen, I'm lucky." The boy's smile was wholehearted. "I'm doing all right."

"Sure you are. What you gonna do when you get out of the hospital, kid? Got something lined up, hey?"

Two parallel lines of worry etched themselves on the pale forehead. "Something'll turn up," he said gruffly.

Frank put an arm around his shoulders. "Maybe we'll see to it that it does. How would you like a little store out in Jersey somewhere that you could run without getting around much?"

The boy's eyes widened. His mouth worked. "How would I—" He couldn't go on. You could see that this anxiety had been gnawing at his mind, haunting every hour of the day. "Frank, what do you mean?"

"I mean this. I think maybe some friends of mine and myself could stage a little benefit performance. When we get through we might have enough dough to fix up that store deal."

Well, when they got through they had seven thousand dollars. No, I'm not kidding. They really did. And when that lad gets out of the hospital, he'll have his store. But if you mention the incident to Frank, he'll probably cut your throat.

With all these demands on his time and on his voice, it's no wonder that he developed laryngitis while he was at the Paramount. Five shows a day at the theater, his new radio program, special benefits, speeches, the Wedgewood Room—well, you get the idea. He's not twins, he's just one guy, and there's a limit to the amount he can do. But there's no limit to Frank's heart. It's the biggest in the world and that's why he won't give up these "extra" things. It's also the reason why, when the condition of his throat prevented his opening at the Wedgewood Room, they got Danny Kaye to open for him.

"I wouldn't have done it for anyone else," Danny admits. "I had things I was supposed to do that night. But I love that skinny little character!"

Oh, Frank gets appreciation. Look at all the awards he's been presented with in the last year! There was the Carnegie Hall Award from the Common Council for American Unity. And the Philadelphia Award for work in cementing group relationships. And the Front Page Award for his work in racial tolerance. This last one was presented to him at Madison Square Garden. A lot of celebrities appeared on the program that night, but when it came his turn to perform, he made

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a brief, sincere little speech accepting the award, and then sang "The House I Live In." Sang it with an emotion that crept right into your heart.

Speaking of songs, of course Frank's favorite these days is "Nancy With The Laughing Face." It's published by his own music firm which has several other hits to its credit, including "Saturday Night" and "There's No You." "Nancy" is something special, though. Just like the little five-year-old for whom it's named.

That Sinatra family has more fun! And from simple, everyday things. Teaching the two Nancys to swim, for instance. Having barbecue parties in the backyard. Then there was the time they decided to get one of those lurid, cliff-jumping serial movies, and show one chapter each Saturday night. It was a fine idea, only when they'd shown chapter one and left the heroine dangling by her thumbs, Frank yelled "I can't stand it! I gotta see what happens to that babe!" Everybody else felt the same way, so they ended by showing the whole ten installments that same night, and didn't finish till four in the morning.

He's a kid about things like that, but in other ways Frank has matured a lot in the last year. He isn't just a singer anymore—if you could ever refer to "The Voice" as "just a singer." He's a man with a serious purpose in life. He thinks the kids understand why he makes these speeches and does his best to get the issue of racial tolerance before the public.

"I'm just trying to use what influence I have in the right direction," he says honestly. "The next few years are going to see a lot of changes. We want them to be the right kind."

The fans are with him. You should have been at the Paramount for his closing performance last fall. It was really a thing. I don't believe anyone who was there will ever forget it. Frank was pretty tired, because the last month had been tough. But he came out on the stage at midnight, ready to put everything he had into that last show. The house was absolutely jam-packed. The minute Frank appeared, there was a stir at the back, and twenty pretty little girls in tan dresses with red buttons, came marching down the aisle. They were carrying a tremendous wreath of carnations and lettered on it in roses were the words "Frankie, we love you."

he's our boy...

Frank stood there staring, for once taken completely off guard. Before he could do anything but gulp, the whole audience rose and began to sing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." Then they sang a little parody someone had written on "You'll Never Know." It told, quite simply, how the fans felt about Frank. It said, among other things, "While you're gone, we'll carry on, thinking of you, doing as you would want us to." That got Frank. He looked down at them and couldn't speak because there was a lump in his throat as big as the moon. It gave a guy a strange, sort of scary feeling to realize that they meant those words. When he did speak, his voice wasn't his own at all. He said "I can't tell you the way I feel. I can't tell you how grateful I am for the way you've helped in the things I really care about. Keep it that way, kids. Keep on being good Americans till I come back." He stopped a moment and all the things he couldn't say were in his eyes. Then he spoke softly, "God bless you all."

About two tons of confetti came down from the balconies, and the audience began "Auld Lang Syne." Everyone was crying a little, because the solemnity of the moment did that to you. As four thousand voices rose in the old, sweet strains, Frank whispered again, "God bless you all. And God bless America."

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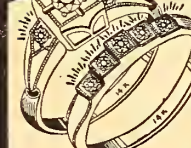


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PORTRAIT OF HURD HATFIELD

(Continued from page 54)

Michael Chekhov—yes, the same Chekhov who did such an entrancing job in "Spell-bound" that he made you forget even Bergman for a while.

With the Chekhov Players, Hurd had won prestige and experience that no money could buy. Yet, while money was far from being his ultimate goal, it did have its uses. So he'd taken a leave of absence from art for art's sake, and tackled Broadway. Net result: The part of a sandwich man in "The Strings, My Lord, Are False." The strings proved very false indeed, and Hurd crept out from between his boards. His agent talked vaguely about a Saroyan play, but after eight years of being glued to the grindstone, his nose suddenly yearned for far green fields. Some of the good friends he'd made in England now lived in Ojai. He'd go there for a few months.

People told him this was no time to leave New York and he agreed, but logic's never been his long suit. His father wrote from Nova Scotia: "I'll be back next week. Wait till I come—" If anyone could dissuade him, it would be his dad, so the thing was not to wait. He boarded a bus and was jolted across country.

The Hatfields are a one-for-all and all-for-one family. In the old days, when something exciting happened, Hurd would get his parents up in the middle of the night, Mother'd trot out to the kitchen to brew coffee, and they'd gab till dawn broke. Since "Dorian" happened, Hurd swears his father's office has gone to pieces. The secretaries spend more time clipping notices than typing. He gets a terrific boot out of their excitement. It's like enjoying everything three times.

He was born in Greenwich Village, but the place he loves best was an old Revolutionary house in Morristown, where they lived for five years.

He got his name from a great uncle, Major-General Rukard Hurd of World War I. Like the man of action he was, great-uncle took time by the fetlock and dispatched a silver tray before the baby was born "to the parents of the future Hurd Hatfield."

Dad said: "If it has to be Hurd, let's at least tack a William in front, and give him a chance at college." This they did, but somehow the Bill never took.

right combination . . .

He's a mixture of his gay Southern mother, and his quiet, book-loving dad, and the two strains live amicably together within the son. Sometimes he can't get enough of people, sometimes he can't get enough of being alone. Comes a phase when he's got to go dancing every night, and another when the thought of a night-club sickens him. Being an individualist, he indulges both moods. He blames his happiness on his parents, who gave him companionship without trying to possess him and let his imagination roam free.

Dad's forgotten that he once hoped Hurd would be a lawyer like himself. It was just a shy hope that died a-borning. Nothing was ever forced on their only child. But he grew up surrounded by books and music, and to these he took naturally. Mother gave him his first dancing lesson, and he cut his literary milk teeth on Dickens and Stevenson, which he and Dad read aloud to each other. Gradually, he began to concentrate on painting and writing. In evidence, you can still see the mural executed in his senior year on a wall of Lincoln High School.

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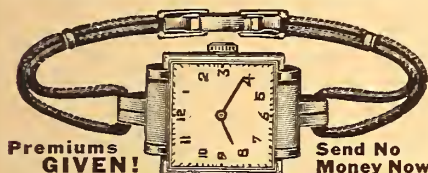
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the background. Entering Columbia at 17, he planned to major in English and take drama courses on the side. Instead of which, the drama took hold of him and wouldn't let him go. He came pretty near flunking his beloved English. You can't sit all night rehearsing and munching sandwiches, and still turn in themes. They were doing "Cymbeline," with Hurd as one of Imogen's brothers. In the spring they put on a performance for professionals at the Amateur Comedy Club.

Two scouts were present—one for the Surrey Players, one for the Chekhov Drama School in England. Both came backstage, asking to see the flabbergasted Hurd. As he got through stammering regrets to the first, a voice behind him spoke. "Theez boy eez Chekhov mahterrrial—"

He turned to face a charming Russian lady, whose name—Daykarhanova—he learned to pronounce later. At the moment his tempest-tossed mind wrapped itself desperately round the name of Chekhov, who'd written "Three Sisters."

"But I thought he was dead," said the student of literature.

"Anton, yes, long before you are born. I speak of Mikhail, the nephew. Would you like to study with heem in England?"

Hurd backed away. "I—don't think I can. I have to finish college first—"

family conclave...

They talked a little. She said she'd send him an audition notice in the fall. The Hatfields swigged coffee that night till it was time for Dad to go to the office. It was Dad's opinion that Hurd ought to finish college. Mother wasn't so sure...

So he gave the audition notice a regretful flip, and forgot it till Mother woke him one morning. "Time to get up. You've got to be down there by nine—"

"Down where?"
"At that woman's place—you know I can't pronounce her name. For the audition—"

"But I'm not going—"
"Don't be foolish. It might be a good contact for later on. Come along, I'll go with you—"

She waited in a restaurant, while Hurd presented himself to Madame D., who was more charming than ever. She had faith in him—so much faith indeed that she'd be willing to recommend him without an audition. The dazzled Hurd began to see college go glimmering. To steady himself, he grabbed hold of reality...

"But I can't afford it—"
Then she told him about the American scholarships—one for a boy, one for a girl. If she could get him a scholarship, would he go?

"Will you give me an hour to discuss it with my mother?"

Mother's first reaction was to burst into tears at the prospect of parting with her only child. Then she ordered coffee, while Hurd phoned his dad. Dad didn't think they ought to be hasty about it. But they had to be hasty. All right then, if Hurd was set on it, go ahead—

So Hurd called Madame D. He'd like very much to go if she could get him a scholarship. She promised to cable and let him know.

For the next five days he drove himself, his parents and the girl at the office crazy. Every hour on the hour he'd phone. "Have you heard yet?" The girl got pretty impatient, but that didn't stop him. He couldn't pass a phone booth without dropping his nickel in.

By the fifth day his spirits had begun to flag. There'd been time for ten cables, maybe he'd better quit. But here was Radio City and there was a drugstore and he might as well try once more—Yes, the cable had just come. Full tuition and living expenses, but he'd have to pay his



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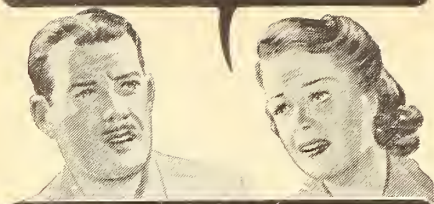
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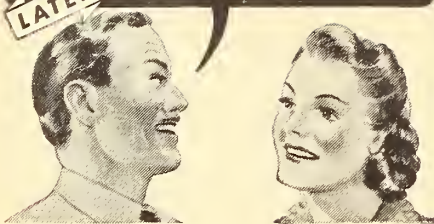
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Fifteen minutes later he was waltzing his mother round the house. "I've got it, I'm going, I'm going, I've got it—" Mother laughed and wept. Dad phoned La Guardia, a friend of his political days, to see if the passport could be hurried up. Within four days, the hope of the Hatfields was waving goodbye from the tourist deck of the Normandie.

Hurd's first glimpse of Chekhov brought a pang of disappointment. This simple, unpretentious little man wasn't his idea of what a great actor should look like. But one session was enough to turn the young skeptic humble. Behind the Russian's quiet exterior glowed a mind of brilliant imaginative power, from which Hurd took fire. Chekhov drew all his vague yearnings together and directed them into a single purposeful channel. It was no picnic. You worked like a mule, and went to bed exhausted. But little by little, you began to see where you were headed. When Chekhov started giving Hurd private lessons, it was like the Medal of Honor to a soldier. Whatever quality he has as an actor today, he owes to his teacher.

With the rumble of war, the school was uprooted and moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut. For three years they toured America. Hurd played Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," the Duke of Gloucester in "Lear," the Joe Jefferson role in "Cricket on the Hearth." Then he took the leave of absence that landed him in Ojai.

"Don't just go," said Iris when he'd made his appointment with Lewin. "Do something for him—"

The obvious thing to do was Dorian Gray. Chekhov had taught them to improvise. Hurd ran through the book, picking likely scenes, sticking yellow slips in to mark the place. With his yellow slips, he presented himself to Lewin.

"Sit down, young man. Tell me about yourself—"

What could he tell? That he'd played old men on the road? And a flop on Broadway?

"Do you mind if I show you first what I've prepared?"

"Go ahead—"

God, get me through this, prayed Hurd, opening the book. Don't let him stop me till I've done a couple of scenes—

carried away . . .

Mr. Lewin made no attempt to stop him. For half an hour he sat there and never said boo, while Hurd did scene after scene, making up words and action as he went along, stopping when he ran down and going on to the next, reaching the end in such an emotional blaze that he hurled the book at an innocent wall where no portrait of Dorian Gray had ever hung. Then he collapsed, sweating.

A funny smile on the other's face convinced him that he'd made a fool of himself. Defensively, he began to bristle.

"Very interesting," said Lewin. "Did someone help you with it?"

Sounded like schooldays. Did someone help you with your theme?

"No!" he snorted.

"Well, I'm just the director. Would you mind doing it again for Pan Berman?"

The bristles rose higher. "I don't think I can. None of it's memorized." Hell, he might as well bluff 'em—he wouldn't get the part anyway. "Besides, I can't hang around. Got to go east to do a Saroyan play." The Saroyan play had opened and died and been buried weeks ago.

"Just a minute. I'll be right back—" Hurd hung on to his hands to keep them from shaking. Lewin reappeared. "Mr. Berman would like to see you—"

The producer eyed him. "Hm. Interesting face for Dorian." Hurd perked up. "Would you run through a couple of those

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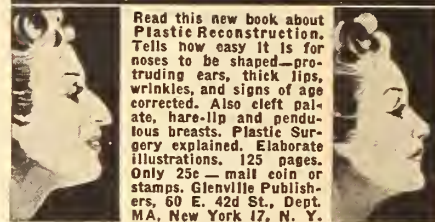
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scenes for me, if you don't mind?"
Hurd looked at Lewin, and they both
grinned. He got up and went through the
fool routine again, till Berman said enough.
The producer drummed his desk. He
stared at the sun-dappled wall beyond his
window. Then he turned back to the
waiting couple abruptly.

"I understand you live in Ojai, Hurd.
Could you move down here where we can
reach you more easily? We'd like to test
you—"

For not calling his folks that day, Hurd
thinks he's entitled to a pair of wings. His
overwhelming impulse was to head for a
phone, but he squelched it. Nine chances
in ten, the thing would still fall through
test or no test. Why should they eat their
hearts out?

This act of restraint paid off. Suppose
I'd told them, he shuddered, as he sat in
the projection room, watching his first
test. This way, they need never know. He'd
swear Iris to secrecy, go quietly back to
New York, and carry the hideous secret to
his grave.

The lights came on. "What do you
think?" they asked him.

take it away! . . .

As if they had to ask. Hurd rose. "It
looks like a piece of geography, not a face.
If I passed someone on the street who
looked like that, I'd run for the nearest
cop—"

But they laughed and said the test had
been badly made and now they'd do an-
other. On the strength of the second, he
was signed to "Dragon Seed." Then came a
long-term contract and "Dorian Gray." Not
till the contract was signed, did he phone
home. Mother got on one extension, Dad
on the other, all three talked at once, and
none knows to this day what any of the
others said.

But the climax came later when Hurd
went east for Christmas, and stayed on for
the opening of "Dorian." He and Mother
and Dad were going to the preem together,
just the three of them, and they felt the
way you'd expect them to feel—thrilled
and jittery and scared. Only Mother was
frankly so, and Dad tried to cover up.
"Nothing to be nervous about," he insisted.
"Then why," asked Mother, "are you
trying to stick your studs into your shirt-
sleeves?"

That night they sat in the balcony.
"How'll we know if they like you?"
Mother whispered. "Will they applaud?"
"If they don't boo, we'll call it a pleasant
evening—"

They didn't boo. To Hurd, the incredible
thing was what happens in the interval
before and after a picture. When an usher,
trying to hold back the surging customers,
said: "This way, Mr. Hatfield," he won-
dered how she knew him. When a girl
linked arms with him and said, "You were
wonderful, Hurd," he thought vaguely he
must have met her somewhere. Not till
she cooed: "Say something in that English
voice of yours," did he realize with a thud
that this was a fan.

The studio had provided a car and
chauffeur for the evening. With the help
of the cops, they managed to fight their
way in. But the chauffeur's door was
blocked. There the three of them sat in
their finery, while New York's Finest
plucked children off the running boards.
The absurdity of it suddenly hit them
amidships. They began to howl. This de-
lighted the kids who crowded closer and
laughed with them—

"I'm getting claustrophobia," gasped
Mother.

"Shall I open the window," asked Dad,
"and let 'em in?"

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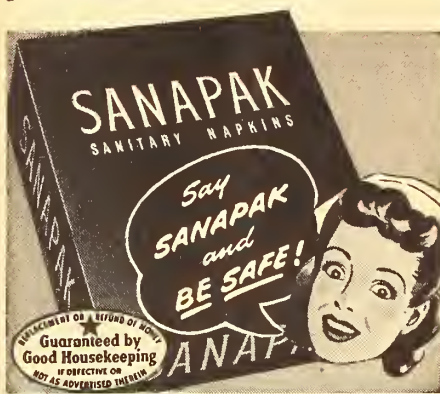
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It's like marble, come to warm and laughing life. Hurd enjoyed playing Dorian. After specializing in character parts for Chekhov, it was nice to romp through twenty-eight wardrobe changes, even though he didn't get a chance to move his face. In "Chambermaid," the face moves too.

Hurd's a rare bird in that he can love the theater without turning his nose up at the movies. It's an insensitive nose, he thinks, which will sniff at a medium that carries such influence, penetrates every wayside village and farm, and makes you a household word with your fellows. Besides, he likes the technique because it's different, and enlarges your experience. The ideal would be a couple of pictures a year, with time out for a play.

What he hates is a groove, any groove—the actor's, the banker's, the telephone operator's. There's something in him that can't abide regimentation.

don't fence me in...

His ruling passion is freedom of the mind and an allergy for labels. Much as he loves his profession, if it were yanked from under him, he wouldn't sit down by the waters of Babylon and bawl. Life's too full of life. If it denies you here, you can grab it elsewhere, and there's no end to what you can grab—music and people, painting and books and ideas. Every chance he gets, he runs to Ojai where movies are something they sometimes go to at night, and Hurd's a boy they've known for years so they bear with his shortcomings.

These include sins of omission toward people he's fond of. He's always planning to send flowers and remember birthdays, and spends more energy kicking himself for forgetting than it would have taken to remember in the first place. He's invariably late. His Christmas cards arrive in the middle of January. And his letters—like tomorrow, when he's going to write them—don't arrive at all.

In Hollywood, his home is a small apartment, built on top of a house built on top of a mountain. You can't go any higher.

His constant companion is Bronte, a cocker spaniel, named after all three sisters. She trots along to interviews and on sets, the only of his friends who drives with him willingly. In bed, she serves as an electric pad, takes care of his feet first and spends the rest of the night keeping his back warm.

He knocks wood, but only through force of habit. The tie pin he wears in his coat lapel once belonged to his grandfather. He thinks one great advantage of being an actor is that clothes are part of your stock-in-trade, and looks forward to ordering plenty of suits without feeling like a pig. His pet peeves are social climbers and people who call you intelligent because you once read a book. The dish he'd pick for a dessert island is something they make at Ojai with green figs and cream and honey all whipped together.

He has no ideal of feminine beauty, but prefers any face that's alive to a magazine cover, dead-pan expression. After the first few days, you forget how people look. It's the inner quality that counts. He enjoys dancing with Virginia Hunter, but marriage isn't in the cards at the moment. To marry him, a girl would have to be slightly cuckoo. He's the type who might take it into his head to leave for the Orient tomorrow and turn Chinese.

Right now, he's got nothing more exotic in mind than New York, where he's due for personal appearances with "Chambermaid." And where Mother and Dad will be waiting, with the coffee pot on and welcoming arms.

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LOVER MAN

(Continued from page 53)

out of a pretty fair little story by leaping to conclusions. Helmut didn't mind being called a movie fan, because he's one for sure, and besides he thinks pretty darned highly of movie fans. In fact, if it hadn't been for fans he wouldn't have had his name up in those bright Broadway bulbs. He wouldn't be risking his neck taking the picture to send back to his family in Vienna to tag off a fantastic success story that could happen only in America.

Because Helmut Dantine was a refugee fresh off the boat, the first time he'd strolled up Broadway, stopping overnight in New York on his way to relatives in a city called Los Angeles, which he understood was next door to Hollywood.

Back then he had exactly \$2.50 in his pants pocket. He spent fifty cents for a meal, a buck for a cheap hotel room, and the other dollar to take in the Radio City Music Hall. The last time he saw Broadway the lights were blacked out by war. Now they flashed and frolicked in a blinding display. This was the night after V-E Day. In a way, it was Helmut Dantine's personal V-E day, too.

This time he wasn't paying his way into a Broadway movie. People were paying their way in to see him. He wasn't climbing a rickety stair to a bare dollar hotel room. He was stopping at the ritzy Gotham, on Fifth Avenue. He was lunching at "Twenty-One" and dining at the Marguery—all expenses paid by the Warner Brothers Studio which sent him there. That was the contrast, but it wasn't the kick for Helmut. The big thrill, being the kind of serious fellow Dantine is, was this:

he's come a long way . . .

In five years, Helmut Dantine, Austrian refugee, fugitive from a concentration camp, was an American of consequence enough to meet the President of the United States and shake his hand. To appear with the Mayor of New York City at a giant "I Am an American Day" rally in Central Park and address 100,000 people on the subject of citizenship. To play a patriotic benefit performance at Madison Square Garden, a place he never dreamed he'd see when, ten years ago, he listened over his Vienna radio to the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis championship prize fight. To be entrusted by the O.W.I. to make radio transcriptions in French, Italian, and German, beaming American messages abroad, messages which his family heard in Vienna, recognized his voice, and sent him the first report on them he'd had for five years.

Those are the things Helmut Dantine could have told that New York policeman when he got pinched for taking a picture of the evidence. And he probably would, too, if he'd had half a chance.

Not long ago Helmut traveled to Washington, D. C., to make an appearance at the Earl Theater with "Escape in the Desert." It was his first look at the nation's capital, and he spent every spare minute on typical tourist's rubberneck tours. He saw Congress in session, visited the Supreme Court, traveled down to Mount Vernon. He had lunch with Senator McKellar, the acting vice-president, and dinner one night with the presidential secretary. Helmut stopped at the Hotel Statler in Washington and after dinner he invited his guest up to his apartment. When he walked in Helmut's room, the secretary said, "This looks familiar. Sure—this is where the boss stayed."

"What!" exclaimed Helmut. "You mean the president stayed here?"

The secretary smiled. "Sure," he said,

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Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as

she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. 'Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!'

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

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MODERN SCREEN

"he had this room during the election. In fact," he added, pointing to one of the twin beds, "Senator Truman rested right there while he waited to hear he'd been elected vice-president."

Helmut gasped and moved from the bed he'd been using to the one President Truman had slept in. The next day he managed to meet the Chief Executive—and get his autograph. He came back to Hollywood with a sheaf of other autographs, too—Senator McKellar's, Mayor LaGuardia's—just about everybody of importance he met on the tour. That's the kind of a red hot fan Dantine is.

He's sympathetic with all fans everywhere just by nature. But more than that, Helmut realizes that none of these wonderful things could have happened to him if it hadn't been for the magic of Hollywood, and what caused the magic wand to strike in his case was—movie fans. No doubt about it. You can't knock fans to Helmut, not for a minute. They can mob him and maul him and rip him to shreds, and he still smiles happily. They can even tag him on tender spots—like the girl in Philadelphia last summer who caught him coming out of his hotel and thrust a pencil into his hand.

open wide, please . . .

"Where's your autograph pad?" Helmut asked her.

"Oh, I don't want your autograph," said the gal. "Just bite the pencil, please."

Helmut was baffled. "Do what?"

"Bite it," giggled the girl. "So I'll have your tooth marks."

"Oh," he chuckled, "I see. You want Dantine's dentine." He bit the pencil.

But it was just such effervescent admirers who made Helmut's own studio, Warner Brothers, sit up and take a serious second look at the handsome youth with the Teutonic accent they found handy to dress up in a Nazi uniform and kill off at the end of all those war pictures.

Only last summer, when Helmut was making his appearance at the Strand, he had a regular crowd who gathered below the window of his dressing room and waited for the light to be turned on. It was on the second floor, the dressing room, so when they yelled and cheered, the shouts might as well have been right indoors. The first time it happened, the theater manager came in and started to close the window. Helmut said "No."

"But doesn't all that noise bother you?" the manager asked.

"Not a bit," Helmut answered. "If they weren't down there—I wouldn't be up here."

One evening when the manager, Harry Mayer, was there, a call came from Hollywood. It was Helmut's big boss at the studio, Jack Warner. Halfway through the conversation with Mayer the crowd down below got going. It sounded like a college pep rally, and Mr. Mayer couldn't keep the noise out of the receiver. Clear back in Hollywood Jack Warner heard the roar.

"Say," he asked. "What in the world's going on there—a riot? What's all that noise? I can't hear a thing!"

Mayer explained. "Oh, it's those crazy fans down below Dantine's window. They swarm and yell like that every night," he sighed.

"H-m-m-m-m," mused Warner's chief. "Is that so?"

When Helmut got back to Hollywood, he was called into Jack Warner's office the first thing.

His boss gave him a long, critical look. "Looks like you did all right back in New York," he said. "If I hadn't heard it I wouldn't have believed it. But—well—I guess you won't be doing anything from now on but romantic parts. I'm convinced."

There's not a star in Hollywood who

reaps such a load of good luck out of every scrimmage he has with his fans like Helmut Dantine. Before he made his first personal appearance tour last summer, Helmut had never had any real, face-to-face contact with the growing army of Dantine devotees. It had all been via the postman, except for some scattered scuffles around Hollywood previews, always kept well under control by the fan-wise Hollywood police. But he'd heard tales about the goings over the stars get when they hit the big East Coast cities. Frankly, he wasn't expecting anything like that to happen to him (if there's one thing Helmut is, it's modest).

First of all, half the pictures he'd been in typed Helmut Dantine as a nasty Nazi of the most virulent type. How could they get any other impression after all those Storm Trooper and German spy parts he's played? That was no program for a popularity poll. Then, almost since the first time Helmut Dantine became a name for the newspapers to hoist in headlines, practically every item about Dangerous Dantine has been—let's face it—a wolf howl. His spirited Hollywood escapades haven't been fated for the Sunday School section—very, very mild though they were, compared to the scrapes of a real lobo, say, like Errol Flynn.

But still more fearful than all this to Helmut was that prospect of entertaining an audience from a stage. He'd never been a master-of-ceremonies. Never been on vaudeville. A lot of little theater plays, sure, but he knew he was no Fred Allen, Jack Benny or Bob Hope. All he'd ever sent direct to an audience was a bow at the end of a play. He was pretty panicky about the prospect, because as he told his studio, "I can't sing. I can't dance. I can't tell funny jokes. And I can't just go out and say, 'Well, here I am!' After all, I'm not Lana Turner!"

They fixed that by teaming Helmut with a veteran funny man, Lew Parker, and a neat eyeful of sex appeal, Andrea King, who'd made a couple of pictures with Helmut: "Shadow of a Lady" and "Hotel Berlin." Making dignified Dantine a wise-cracker was a bit of a struggle, but Lew Parker did the best he could and after a little kidding, Helmut went into something more up his alley, a condensed version of Russell Davenport's "My Country."

stage fright . . .

So Helmut was terribly nervous the first time he tried meeting the people under a spotlight. And the jitters are a malady which a Viennese gentleman just isn't allergic to ordinarily. Helmut has the poise of a Greek statue but he actually became speechless as one when he stepped out before his first footlights with all the thousands of eyes burning right at him. He didn't even hear Lew Parker's whispered promptings. It looked like a case of ring down the curtain—and then, like Custer's cavalry, the fans came to the rescue. They beat their mitts, whistled, stomped and roared a welcome that brought more than movie glycerin to Helmut's eyes. And that snapped him out of his scare coma like a shot of adrenalin.

In Helmut Dantine's book, the boosts his fans have handed him have always far outweighed the trouble they've caused. He'll settle for things the way they are any day. Sure, he's sacrificed a few clothes in various mobbings. In Philadelphia, for instance, two valuable, pre-war tweed jackets got "lost in action," snatched right off his torso when he got caught in a jam outside his hotel. Ties—he could start a haberdashery with missing neckwear and handkerchiefs, and once he turned blue in the face when some sweet young soxers grabbed hold of a foulard and practically throttled him.

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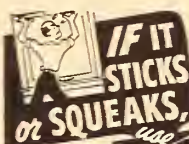
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Write today to Party Peach Co., Dept. 83
72 5th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Somehow, in Helmut's case, the roses always pad the thorns when he tangles with fans. They swiped dozens of handkerchiefs from his coat pocket; but he also got gift boxes of nice linen monogrammed ones from some fans who noticed this pilfering and said in a note, "We'd like to make them up for you." And for every rude bump he got, there were a dozen episodes that touched Helmut over the heart—like the little Negro girl who approached him shyly one day and handed him a merchant marine pin. "It was my daddy's," she explained. "He was lost in action. I want you to have it." Those things can compensate for a dozen mob muggings. But even mobs invariably bring Dantine luck built for a shamrock. He'd never have met Katherine Cornell, if his noisy fans hadn't introduced him.

The first lady of the theater has long been one of Helmut's particular idols and when he played the Strand, just two doors away Cornell and Brian Aherne held forth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Helmut never had the time to take in a Cornell performance and he was far too shy to call at the stage door and introduce himself.

conflict . . .

"The Barretts" curtain went up at eighty-three and Helmut's appearance started at nine. That half hour interlude was the time his gang picked to stand under his dressing room window and shout for Dantine, and always he raised the window blind and waved hello. After the first night's hullabaloo, he got a note.

"Dear Mr. Dantine," wrote Katherine Cornell. "I'd appreciate it very much if you wouldn't appear at your dressing room window between 8:30 and 11 when our play goes on. Last night my audience thought V-J Day had arrived when your admirers cheered! My small voice can't compete with such noise. I know if I were their ages, I'd do the same thing myself, however, and I'm very happy for you. Katherine Cornell."

Helmut promptly sent the first lady a box of flowers with an apology and back came another note asking him to tea in her dressing room.

helmut the hermit . . .

But it doesn't happen to him much in Hollywood, as it does whenever he ventures to New York or other big cities. At home, for one thing, Helmut's hard to find. He doesn't live in the movie star district but still camps in his tiny bachelor apartment in a passé Hollywood neighborhood, about the last place in the world you'd hunt a glamor guy today. But even if a smitten sleuth tracks him down, ten to one she won't find Helmut at home at any normal hour. When he's not making a picture he's always busier than a bird dog and harder to pin down than a flea. If he isn't playing an international chess tournament (as he did the other night on the American team versus Russia) over a trans-global telephone, or fencing with his teacher in a private gymnasium, he's racing all over California looking at ranches to raise ten thousand turkeys, like the 840-acre place north of Hollywood he signed up for the other day.

But with all his six-day bicycle rider schedule, sometimes a conniving fan catches up with Helmut. Sometimes, it's Helmut who does the catching, too, because, being such a grateful and warm-hearted character, he is always eager to cooperate when he thinks a fan is a sincere admirer and not just a curiosity kid. That happened a few days ago when six girls who formed a sort of local Hollywood Dantine Admiration Society wrote him a group letter that expressed the most intel-



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lignant interest in Helmut and his studio work. Imagine their surprise the next day when the phone rang and it was Helmut Dantine wanting to know if they could come out to Warners', have lunch with him and let him show them around the place and explain all the inner workings.

Of course, a lot of Helmut's female fans take that "wolf" stuff pretty seriously. Some are pretty persistent, too, like the cutie who trailed Helmut for days and found just when he was most unlikely to be hiding out in his bachelor den. One night Helmut burst into his room and almost swooned when he switched on the light. This cutie was curled up in his favorite armchair, making with her very best allure.

"Oh, hel-l-o," she said in a sultry voice. "How—how did you get here?" Helmut gasped.

the little locksmith . . .

"Oh," murmured the bold tootsie, "that was easy. I made a wax impression of your lock."

Helmut tried to be stern. "Young lady," he said austerely, "don't you know that's a crime?"

The girl batted her big blue eyes. "Is it?" she whispered. "Well, I'm here—and what are you going to do with me?"

"I'm going to take you home!" said Helmut. And he wasn't kidding, although he practically had to carry the bundle out to his car. When he tipped his hat good-night—always a gentleman—the girl grinned good naturedly. "Oh well," she told Helmut, blowing him a good-night kiss. "At least, I had Helmut Dantine take me home!"

Helmut's good natured about these events. He thinks it's very funny that a Don Juan mantle should have landed on his shoulders. He's really a fairly reluctant wolf, but sometimes he admits he slips. In fact, one of the funniest stories Helmut tells on himself concerns just one of those times.

It was when he was in New York last summer. He was having lunch alone one noon at Twenty-One, when the waiter came over with a billet-doux. Helmut unfolded it. In very feminine and, he thought, very sophisticated handwriting it commanded, "Please come over to the corner table."

Well, Helmut was alone in New York. It was an exciting town. He was in a gay mood. Ah, romance. His Viennese blood got the best of his Hollywood reason. He weakened. "Why not?"

junior miss . . .

So he straightened his tie, fixed his handkerchief, got up, walked across to the corner table and bowed. When he straightened up he almost fell over, but Helmut's gentleman enough to mask his surprise in almost any eventuality concerning ladies.

It seems he had met this lady before. In fact, they'd made a Hollywood picture together, couple of years ago, called "The Pied Piper." Now, she was very, very grande dame and they chatted in the most formal, lah-de-dah manner.

"And where," finally inquired this glamorous creature, "are you staying, Helmut, dear?"

"The Gotham," replied Dantine.

"How nice," exclaimed the lady, lifting a dainty eyebrow charmingly. "I'm right around the corner—at the Sherry, you know. You must give me a ring."

And with that she gathered her bag together, looked to her lipstick and with a mysterious smile glided out of the cafe, trying like mad to make her skirts swish the way she'd seen other seductive ladies—did Miss Peggy Ann Garner, all of thirteen years old!

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