

Modern Screen

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE



MAR 15 1946



New 15 Minute Home Trial
Tints Hair Luxuriously
as it Shampoos

No Extra Color Rinse Needed . . . No soap film

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth, colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer. Each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Leaves lovely sheen.

Shampooing insures uniform color blending

That's why your hair looks so natural, glamorous. Can't be detected—doesn't shout "dyed". Try Tintz today.

Leaves hair silky soft and easier to manage



**Here's the Easy Way for
 Real Hair Beauty—No Muss! No Fuss!**

For glamour, highlights, color—see the exciting results Tintz Color Shampoo gives your hair. Tints evenly. Puts highlights in hair, highlights and color to make *his* heart beat faster. Leaves hair soft, natural-looking, easy-to-manage.

SO EASY TO USE—Instant lather.

No after rinse needed. No soap film. Simply shampoo your hair. See more sparkle, lustre, colorful sheen. Try Tintz now. Select one of these seven shades—Blonde, Auburn, Henna, Light, Medium, Dark Brown and Black. Only 50c plus tax. Enough for 15 shampoos. Buy Tintz NOW.

TINTZ Company, Dept. 3-H, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
 or Canada, Dept. 3-H, 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

Send for TINTZ Color Shampoo Cake in shade checked at right. () cake 60c (including tax). () 2 cakes \$1.20 (including tax).

On arrival I will deposit amount of order, plus postage, with salesman on positive guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may turn empty carton in 7 days for a refund. (If money with order postage prepaid.)

NAME (Print Plainly)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Check Shade

- ☐ Blonde
- ☐ Henna
- ☐ Auburn
- ☐ Brown (Dark)
- ☐ Brown (Medium)
- ☐ Brown (Light)
- ☐ Black

Tintz
Color Shampoo



**7-DAY
 TRIAL
 COUPON**

Now get Tintz at most Drug and Cosmetic Counters or mail convenient coupon today.

"April Fool?"



CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. *Laugh* then.

CUPID: Me? Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it *should* remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

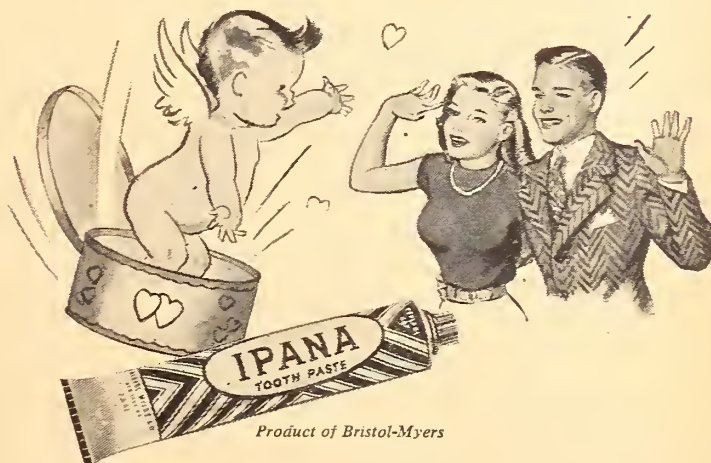
GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth... and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!



Several years ago, a great novel blazed its way into America's consciousness—James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". It was dialogue like this that held you: "I love you, Cora. But love, when you get fear in it, isn't love any more. It's hate!"

At the time, many of us hoped it would be made into a motion picture. But the general opinion was: "Too daring... too shocking..." Remember this scene: "Tomorrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses... lovely ones, Frank! Kisses with dreams in them..."

Recently, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced that it had produced "The Postman Always Rings Twice", starring Lana Turner and John Garfield. And everyone wondered how M-G-M would handle the more audacious scenes, like this one: "We had all that love out there, that night... and we kissed and sealed it so it would be ours forever!"



Well, we have just seen the picture—and Lana Turner is breathtakingly beautiful as the temptress who is swept away by a love she can't deny. John Garfield, more vital than ever, turns in a masterful performance as the reckless young wanderer who wanted love more than he wanted life.

Together, as Cora and Frank, they create one of the most memorable romances ever brought to the screen. And to match this great acting, there is a truly fine supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, Leon Ames, Audrey Totter, and Alan Reed.

Congratulations are most certainly in order for Director Tay Garnett, Producer Carey Wilson, and Screenplaymen Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch.

Whether the Postman rings once, or the Postman rings twice, M-G-M has certainly rung the bell with this one.

—Leo



modern screen

APRIL, 1946

stories

*DREAM BOSS (Alan Ladd).....	30
*THE LITTLE WOMAN (June Allyson).....	34
THEIR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND GAY (Guy Madison)....	38
"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED . . ." (Jeanne Crain).....	40
DENNIS MORGAN LIFE STORY (concluded)	42
*OH, JOHNNIE! (Johnnie Johnston).....	44
*EAGER BEAVER (Don Taylor).....	48
*BLITHE SPIRIT (Elizabeth Taylor).....	50
*WATCH MARK STEVENS! BY HEDDA HOPPER.....	52
*I'M A CROSBY FAN! BY LEO MCCAREY (Bing Crosby) ...	54
GOOD NEWS BY LOUELLA PARSONS.....	58

*color pages

ALAN LADD in Paramount's "The Blue Dahlia".....	30
JUNE ALLYSON in Paramount's "The Sailor Takes A Wife"....	34
JOHNNIE JOHNSTON, M-G-M Star.....	46
DON TAYLOR, M-G-M Star	48
ELIZABETH TAYLOR in M-G-M's "Hold High The Torch".....	50
MARK STEVENS in RKO's "Tomorrow Is Forever".....	52
BING CROSBY in Paramount's "Blue Skies".....	54
JAN CLAYTON, M-G-M Star	83

features

EDITORIAL PAGE.....	29
---------------------	----

departments

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "Tomorrow Is Forever".....	6
MOVIE REVIEWS By Virginia Wilson	10
INFORMATION DESK.....	18
SWEET AND HOT By Leonard Feather.....	20
SUPER COUPON.....	24
CO-ED By Jean Kinkead.....	26
"ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING . . ." (Radio Column).....	56
BEAUTY—"BEAUTY HAND-OUTS!".....	70
*MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS.....	83
MODERN HOSTESS—"FOOD with an ENGLISH ACCENT".....	110


COVER: Alan Ladd in Paramount's "The Blue Dahlia."
Cover and color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Willinger

ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Executive Editor HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Editor

SYLVIA WALLACE, western manager
JANE WILKIE, western editor
MIRIAM GHIDALIA, associate editor
BERYL STOLLER, assistant editor
OTTO STORCH, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor

JEAN KINKEAD, contributing editor
GUS GALE, staff photographer
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
SHIRLEY FROLICH, service dept.
TOUSSIA PINES, fashion editor
BEVERLY LINET, information desk

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York
Vol. 32, No. 5, April, 1946, Copyright, 1946, the Dell Publishing Co., Inc. 149 Madison Ave., New York. Published monthly. Printed in U. S. A. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves. Dunellen, N. J. Chicago Advertising Office, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Single copy price, 15c in U. S. and Canada. U. S. subscription price, \$1.50 a year. Canadian subscription, \$1.80 a year. Foreign subscription, \$2.70 a year. Entered as second class matter Sept. 18, 1930, at the post office, Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778



*"I had to have
her love even if
I hung for it!"*

M-G-M presents one of the year's outstanding films,
based on James M. Cain's daring novel...

LANA
TURNER • GARFIELD
in
**The Postman Always
Rings Twice**

with
Cecil Kellaway • Hume Cronyn • Leon Ames • Audrey Totter • Alan Reed
Screen Play by Harry Ruskin and Niven Busch • Based on the Novel by James Cain
Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by CAREY WILSON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture





Heartsick over the war, Elizabeth (C. Colbert) bids her son (Dick Long) godspeed.

FANNIE HURST

SELECTS

"TOMORROW IS FOREVER"



■ "Tomorrow Is Forever" has what it takes for box office allure, from the moment the potential customer reads the come-hither advertising in the lobby.

The title is provocative.

The feature players, Claudette Colbert, George Brent and Orson Welles, have pulling power.

The picture, directed by Irving Pichel, is based on a novelette by Gwen Bristow, originally published in the Ladies' Home Journal and chosen by an organization known as the People's Book Club for the novel of the something-or-other.

"Tomorrow Is Forever" is the story of the disappearing man. This one, played by Orson Welles, lived in Baltimore, Maryland, during the period of the first World War. He, John MacDonald (later "Kessler"), is happily married when the picture opens, to Elizabeth, played by the beautiful and fastidious Claudette Colbert.

At the opening of this familiar story in new clothes, and good new clothes they are, too, Elizabeth (Claudette Colbert) MacDonald, and John (Orson Welles) MacDonald, are living happily in the first year of their marriage, in a Baltimore house that is delightfully true to period.

Almost immediately, we find ourselves on the eve of World War I. John MacDonald presents himself in uniform to his adoring young wife, and that is the first she knows of his decision to enlist. In fact, we barely know the young couple ourselves when this decision is likewise handed as a surprise to the audience.

Orson Welles, to whom the possibilities of a many-sided role must have appealed deeply, plays this first scene in the straight role of a young husband. In these early sequences, he is a rather chubby, nice (*Continued on page 8*)

Loveliness

Glowing emblem of a gorgeous
girl... glorious hallmark of a
magnificent musical!



Lovely Songs

"I DIDN'T MEAN
A WORD I SAID"
"MOONLIGHT PROPAGANDA"

"DO YOU LOVE ME"
"AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH ON MY MIND"



Maureen Dick Harry
O'HARA * HAYMES * JAMES

in

DO YOU LOVE ME

in Technicolor!

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

with
REGINALD GARDINER • RICHARD GAINES • STANLEY PRAGER
and **HARRY JAMES' MUSIC MAKERS**
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Men Do Not Forget



Our Thrilling First Anniversary

"When Dick came home with orchids, I was using the same brand lipstick I wore on our first date . . . Don Juan.

"My lips survived our anniversary because I applied Don Juan Lipstick as directed. If you do that, *your* Don Juan will stay on (and lips stay lovely), when you eat, drink or kiss."

Don Juan Lipstick is smoothly applied and is not drying or smeary. In fashion favored shades. Try Medium Red, a true red, flattering, youthful looking, or Raspberry, darker, exciting. Other smart shades, too.



fellow with a gleam of things-to-come indicated in the Welles eye.

The husband goes off to the wars, and in the lapse of time, the gleaming young wife, so rightly tailored, so impeccably coiffured, fills in her spare time doing important research work in a local chemical plant.

The son and heir of this great establishment (none other than George Brent playing the role of Larry Hamilton) is considerably smitten with Elizabeth.

Time moves toward Christmas, and the long-awaited telegram finally arrives announcing the return of the husband from the wars. The bride of a year awaits this return with a lovely fervor.

But, alas, the audience does not get the expected reunion. The story has been told with a swift-moving precision which climaxes into genuine shock when the telegram announcing the return of the soldier is followed up by another, announcing his death in battle. It is at this somewhat delayed date that we learn that the soldier's bride is about to become the mother of his child, thus intensifying the tragedy.

After what, in polite society, we call the "decent interval," the young widow, reconciled to a lower plane of ecstasy with a charming and personable man who is willing to accept his role as second-best, (Larry Hamilton) succumbs to his pleading. They are married. From this point on, we see her in far more resplendent environment, surrounded by all of the beautiful settings into which Miss Colbert always fits so well.

There are two sons, one by her first husband and now another by her second. It is a happy family unit. Once more the director has covered his ground with economy and good story telling.

Stunningly the plot shifts to a hospital ward somewhere in Germany. To a row of beds which strike terror to the heart. On each one, lies a soldier, wounded in a horrible manner. That is, their faces have been torn away. There they lie, their heads like footballs swathed in gauze, tubes inserted where there should be nose or mouth.

Yes, you are right. One of these faceless casualties is John MacDonald. An Austrian surgeon is beside his bed, begging him to give some clue to his identity so that they may communicate with his family. The horribly maimed soldier, begging the doctor to let him die, refuses.

It is a bitter and moving scene, the surgeon played with deep understanding by John Wengraf.

At its conclusion, it is apparent that John is not going to reveal his identity. Back then, after this grim interlude, we go into the gracious world of the Larry Hamiltons. And what a gracious world! Happy marriage, happy children, luxurious home, all of the accoutrements of good living.

Some fifteen years after his departure the missing man returns. Plastic surgery has restored his face, not feature for feature, but the eyes are still there and to this observer, at least, far too much of the young husband remains to make plausible unrecognized identity.

The soldier returns with a serious limp, a beard, a face into which is written considerable torment. In his custody is a little Austrian girl of about six years (irresistibly played by Natalie Wood), who to all intents and purposes is his daughter. This is where the Orson Welles teeth must have bitten with gusto into his role. Also from now on, the plot and the story interest begin to slip a little.

The first husband returns to his native Baltimore under the name of Dr. Kessler. He also returns with a German accent. He hurries surreptitiously to the house in which he spent his year of married life. It is vacant and boarded over.

From now on, Dr. Kessler's behavior becomes somewhat mystifying, in view of the fact that his one aim seems to be to keep knowledge of his return from his wife. He and the little girl take up residence in a Baltimore apartment. Apparently in the long interval, the returned soldier has become a chemist of no little eminence.

Yes, of course you have it. The learned Herr Doctor, his wife's destiny still unknown to him, although it might seem that the most casual inquiry would have revealed it, becomes affiliated with the chemical works owned by his wife's present husband—Larry Hamilton.

In no time at all, Dr. Kessler and his daughter are frequent visitors at the home of his employer. There is that anticipated moment when he faces his one-time bride without recognition on her part. There is another moment, over which every one of the players must have licked chops, when a woman stands before her two husbands without recognizing one of them. There is also that time-proof, moth-proof situation, where a man faces a son who does not know him.

Now we approach the meaning of the title: "Tomorrow Is Forever." By this time, the son by Elizabeth's first marriage is almost of age. The second World War rumbles more than audibly. History begins to repeat itself. This boy wants to enlist.

In angry, bitter, and determined rebellion, the heart-sick mother refuses to give up a son as she gave up a husband. And standing by, unbeknown to both his son, and the mother of his son, Dr. Kessler watches the conflict with pride in his boy and pity for his one-time wife.

And ultimately it takes a little child to lead them. Dr. Kessler's small girl, who it transpires is not his real daughter, but the child of the Austrian surgeon who saved his life, is accidentally horrified by a shot from a toy gun. Indeed, she is thrown into a convulsion of terror, because the incident brings back to her the scenes of horror she lived through when the Germans killed her parents.

These dreadful scars against the memory of innocent childhood are what awaken Elizabeth to the righteousness of sacrificing once more in behalf of a cleansed and better world. And so with her full consent, her son goes forward into World War II. Tomorrow—not yesterday—her as yet unidentified first husband tells her comfortingly, is Forever. We must look ahead. Yesterday is gone.

The revelation of "Dr. Kessler's" identity occurs on the stoop of the vacant little house where he and his bride had enjoyed their first and only year of married life. She has returned there because of the urge of a deep nostalgia. He for the same reason. They meet.

This encounter is managed with restraint and dignity for which both participants should be honored.

The scene points irrevocably and with finality to Dr. Kessler's death which takes place immediately after.

It is an old, old story under a new name: "Tomorrow is Forever."

MAY ISSUE

"The girl with the beautiful profile all over"—that's Esther Williams. And if you'll get to your newsstand bright and early on April 12, you'll see her on our May cover.

GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT
BRUSH, BOYS...WE KNOW YA!

Bing Crosby Bob Hope Dorothy Lamour



They haven't got a cough drop to their
name . . . but they're loaded with
riotous entertainment in the latest and
greatest "Road" Show of them all.



in Paramount's

"ROAD TO UTOPIA"

Produced by
PAUL JONES
Directed by
HAL WALKER
Original Screen
Play by Norman
Panama and
Melvin Frank,

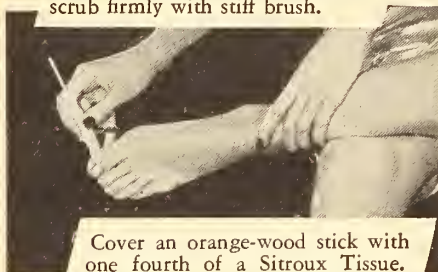
Bing sings 'em! Dottie sings 'em! Pretty soon
everybody'll be singing 'em! "Personality"
"Put It There, Pal" • "Welcome To My Dream"
and many more.



FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!



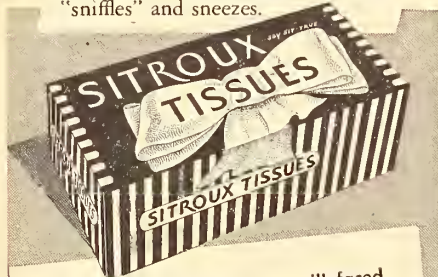
Give yourself a really good pedicure at least once every two weeks. First—use emery board to shape nails to modified oval—and keep them *short*! Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.



Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure—using firm, gentle touch.



Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleansings—as well as "sniffles" and sneezes.



* 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

SAY
SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Ziegfeld Follies

■ Talk about viewing the world through rose-colored glasses! This is one picture you'll go see and come out muttering, "It's impossible, I don't believe it." Because "The Ziegfeld Follies" is a holiday for eyes: No plot, no dialogue, just individual scenes and color, gobs of riotous Technicolor that flows under and over and around you and leaves you breathless with beauty.

It opens with William Powell, the great Ziegfeld himself, puttering around his palatial suite in heaven, fingering the puppets he has lined up along the walls which represent all his great hits. "Sure I was the greatest showman of them all," he reminisces, "but what a show I could put on today, with all the new personalities that have sprung up since I—moved—up here." And that starts the parade of personalities.

Esther Williams in "A Water Ballet." Fannie Brice rolling her eyes over the winning sweepstake ticket her husband gave away and trying to vamp the landlord into giving it back. M.C. Fred Astaire whirling Lucille Bremer in "This Heart of Mine," a charming routine that tells of the thief who starts out to woo a lovely princess with an eye to her jewels—and ends up by having her steal his heart. Then there's poor little Victor Moore, the befuddled business man, who is caught spitting in the subway and gets hauled off to the clink. Edward Arnold's his lawyer, and every time Victor pleads, "Please, pay the officer the two dollars!" he answers, "I refuse. We'll appeal to a higher court." It ends up with Victor ordering his last meal before the execution and Arnold interrupting a golf game to visit the condemned man and reassure him "I won't pay (Continued on page 12)



One of the "Follies" skits is "This Heart of Mine," a dance with L. Bremer, F. Astaire.

A kiss like theirs...

ONCE IN EVERY WOMAN'S

LIFETIME—A PICTURE LIKE THIS... ONCE IN ALL

SCREEN HISTORY!

GARY COOPER
AS 'WHITE HAT,' THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLER

INGRID BERGMAN
AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

SARATOGA TRUNK

EDNA FERBER'S STORY OF STORIES FROM **WARNERS!**

With **FLORA ROBSON · HAL B. WALLIS** PRODUCTION · DIRECTED BY **SAM WOOD**

Screen Play by Casey Robinson
From the Novel by Edna Ferber
Music by Max Steiner

Through Thick and Thin...



No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek... DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.



These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they're made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

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

the two dollars—we'll appeal."

It's impossible, of course, to mention all the acts, but there are two standouts we can't resist. One, "Number, Please," has Keenan Wynn a snazzy young man trying to phone Looie, the cigar store man. Keenan is connected with a Chinese laundry, the weather bureau, a Van Johnson swooner session and Oopa of South Africa (Keenan makes up the name on the spur of the moment, and darned if the call isn't put through!). He never does get to talk to Looie, but that phone receiver he ends up munching sure looks delicious....

For sheer hysteria, catch Judy Garland's "An Interview." She's superb. About two platoons of eager young reporters present themselves at the great actress's apartment for a comment on her newest picture. They kneel, lower their eyes, fold their hands across their breasts—and a hanky the size of a football field edged in ostrich plumes flutters over their heads. "Darlings, how pre-cious," she gurgles, "how, how, but how really, y'know—" She writhes, flutters and coos "You may rise," then mournfully admits, "I don't always want to be tragic, enact my Oscar-winning magic. I'm sick of the dregs, I wanna show my legs!" And she does, too! But it's all for naught, turns out her next movie's about Madame Kromotov, the inventor of the safety pin.

The two masters of the dance, Gene Kelly and Fred (Again) Astaire, turn up in "The Babbit and the Bromide" and do they keep each other stepping! Lena Horne comes in with a sultry down-Harlem number, "Love," and Red Skelton is convulsing as the literal-minded announcer for a liquor concern in "When Television Comes." Kathryn Grayson ties up the whole Technicolossus as she sings "Beauty." On a purple mountain.—M-G-M

P. S.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the two-word title six years ago, and spent three years preparing the picture's sets, routines and stars. 500 pieces of writing were read before the final 23 skits, songs and dances were selected.... Forty-five sets were built in true Ziegfeld tradition, including revolving pillars, merry-go-rounds with live white horses, a 100-foot waterfall of iridescent bubbles, and an all-paper set studded with jewels.... Seventy-five seamstresses worked twenty-four hours a day to whip up such costumes as a skirt of 2000 ermine tails, a coat of fourteen white foxes, a dress with hundreds of pink ostrich feathers.... For 18 months the studio trained a group of picked beauties to show the chic and poise characteristic of the famous Ziegfeld Girls.... The set for the Fred Astaire-Lucille Bremer dance boasts a chandelier of one hundred tiny white birds, each carrying a lighted candle. The 18-foot figures on this set were modeled by hand and individually sculptured.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

You probably saw the pictures *LIFE* and *MODERN SCREEN* ran from this of John Garfield and Lana Turner in that white bathing suit. After those pictures, a review of the movie is a waste of time. Wild horses couldn't keep you away.

Anyway, here are a few added details. Cora Smith (Lana Turner) has been living contentedly enough with her husband, Nick (Cecil Kellaway), until Frank (John Garfield) comes along. Sure, Nick's older than she is, and not a romantic type. But he owns a nice little restaurant and gas station, and he's a good guy. Nuts about Cora, of course, as who wouldn't be? Frank is a drifter. He goes from one job to another, sees the country, never worries

about the future. He stops off at the lunchroom because Nick has a sign out, "Man Wanted," and the location happens to appeal to him. It appeals to him a lot more after he gets a load of Cora in white shorts and halter.

It doesn't take long for Frank and Cora to find that they are supremely necessary to each other. Nor much longer for them to decide that Nick is in the way. Maybe it's Cora's idea, maybe Frank's. It doesn't matter. What matters is that Nick has to die. The statistics tell you that people always are being killed by falls in the bathtub. So why not Nick? They arrange the details carefully. Cora has a sandbag to hit him on the back of the head. It will be very simple....

The fact that it turns out not too simple at all is due partly to a motorcycle cop who happens along at the wrong time, and partly to a cat. Anyway, Nick doesn't die. Not quite. And now the District Attorney (Leon Ames) has his eye on Frank and Cora. Frank leaves. But he can't stay away from Cora, and when he comes back the situation is hotter than ever. They decide to try again, this time with an automobile accident. So at last Nick dies.

Fate has curious ways of punishing evil-doers. You'll come out of "The Postman" shivering a little.—M-G-M


P. S.

With the role of Cora, Lana Turner gets her first really meaty role to prove her acting ability. She was so pleased with the part that things on the set went even smoother than usual.... Screen actors are so accustomed to upsets that a smoothly running picture often creates a tension, and sensing this, director Tay Garnett cooked up a gag with his cameraman. The lenser promptly shoved Garnett, fully clothed, into a swimming pool on the set.... The same day, Lana strained her wrist during a swimming scene. She said little about it and had it taped by a doctor that night. When she found the next day that she was required to wear a short-sleeved dress, she did the scene leaning against a doorway with the taped arm behind the door frame.... John Garfield spent his free time on the set taking sketching lessons from Bill Mauldin, while Lana studied Spanish and Portuguese in preparation for her trip to South America.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

Describe an atom bomb. Go ahead—one with red hair. You can't? Then how can we talk about that kid from Brooklyn, Danny Kaye? Because this picture's all Danny; bouncing, wheezing, unbelievably hysterical Danny who's a milkman who can't sell milk. A Romeo who doesn't recognize his Juliet until she accepts a proposal he never makes!

Burleigh Sullivan (Danny Kaye) is the lowest point man with the Sunflower Dairies. That means that unless his sales pick up, both he and Agnes are going to be out of a job, and with Agnes in a "delicate condition," that would be serious indeed. Agnes, you see, is Burleigh's horse, and when she suddenly decides to lie down in the middle of the gutter, milk wagon and all, and won't talk to him, Burleigh knows that she needs a doctor—now. But where to get one? Suddenly, a window opens, and this blonde babe calls, "Here, use my phone." And that's how Burleigh meets Polly (Virginia Mayo). But his meeting with Speed MacFarlane (Steve Cochran) doesn't have such happy overtones. Because Burleigh accidentally knocks Speed out while trying to protect his sister Susie (Vera Ellen) from this mug's advances—and Speed is the Middleweight Champion of the World!



***SWORN* TO BRING BACK
TARZAN'S BODY**
For Her Fiendish Jungle Ritual!

See savages with leopard claws
prey on fellow humans!

Meet their beautiful but deadly
priestess, fiend in the flesh!

Thrill to weird and terrifying rites
never before witnessed!

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS'

"**TARZAN** and the **Leopard Woman**"

STARRING

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER BREND A JOYCE
JOHNNY SHEFFIELD with ACQUANETTA

Produced by
SOL LESSER

Associate Producer and Director
KURT NEUMANN

Original Story and Screen Play by CARROLL YOUNG
Based Upon the Characters Created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



When the Champ's manager gets wind of what happened, he starts tearing his hair, and when he sees *who* made it happen, he starts tearing at Burleigh. Then he calms down. How's this for an idea? Why not build up this milksop into a contender for the title? Easiest thing in the world, just arrange a few crooked fights by having "Tiger" Sullivan's opponents hit the canvas and when the big bout, The Fighting Milkman versus Speed MacFarlane, arrives, he, Gabby Sloan (Walter Abel), will place a neat fortune on Speed to win and presto—buckets of dough.

Life not only can be but is beautiful for a while as Burleigh rolls in money and headlines and sister Susie falls in love with Speed. The only hitch is that the Tiger doesn't know that his fights have been fixed and the whole thing goes to his head. He gets brass bands to announce him at parties, tiger striped boxing shorts and a ten thousand dollar ring for Polly, who promptly heaves it right back into his bewildered face with a "You're not the man I loved. Now you're a great big show-off. And not only that—you're a killer!"

Of course the breakup saddens Burleigh, but that "you're a killer" routine kind of pleases him. Until Susie comes running with a bit of news she's just overheard: All those fights have been fixed and Speed's out to murder him tonight, tonight being the night of the big championship bout at Madison Square Garden.

No point in reminding you that Danny Kaye is far too valuable to get murdered in "The Kid From Brooklyn." But just watching him yelling "Foul!" every time Speed even looks at him, then trying to hide in front of the referee, under the canvas or behind the ring ropes is murder in itself. You'll die laughing. Which only

proves that death, too, can be beautiful . . . —Sam. Goldwyn

P. S.

"The Kid From Brooklyn" took more than five months to film, and contained many scenes requiring hundreds of extras. Added up, the total expenditures make it one of the most expensive comedies ever produced. . . . Over forty sets were constructed, the largest of which was a sports arena on the order of Madison Square Garden, which completely filled the studio's largest sound stage with 44,000 square feet of floor space. The set was the scene of the one-round championship fight between Danny Kaye and Steve Cochran, which took more than two weeks to photograph with an audience of 2000 extras. . . . A replica of the old Third Avenue L in New York was constructed within the Garden set for Vera-Allen's dance of "The Old Fashioned Number." . . . In the field of unfettered imagination there was a fantastic dairy set, where beautified cows relaxed in satin and plush stalls on an imitation marble floor. Silk curtains and sculptured figurines decorated each stall. The prop man's topper for the picture was the call to supply each bovine with a set of three-inch eyelashes. . . . Danny Kaye's "Pavlova Number," an impudent satire on the ballet, is one of his most famous routines. It was written by his wife, Sylvia Fine, and Max Liebman. . . . The 1946 class of the Goldwyn Girls appears in the dairy scene, wherein the famous Goldwyn beauties milk the cows. Playing the matron of the dairy is Kay Thompson, famous in Hollywood as the only woman arranger of American music, in her camera debut.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Without reservations can mean many

things. Like trying to bum a ride on a Westbound streamliner without a ticket—or going after a man with no holds barred because, darn it, he's your kind of fella.

But, of course, Kit Madden (Claudette Colbert) would never dream of such unladylike behavior. Kit's an attractive thirtyish with bangs, good legs and very, very strong convictions about how the world should be run. So strong, in fact, that she's written a book about it, "Here Is Tomorrow." And now she's on her way to Hollywood to make it into a movie script, but only because her producer promised that Cary Grant would play Mark Winston, its hero. She's nicely settled in her super de luxe compartment when a telegram comes, "Cary Grant cannot accept role due to conflicting commitments. Will inaugurate search bigger than Scarlett O'Hara." That throws her, she won't do it. They promised her Cary Grant, she wants Cary Grant, she insists on—

Suddenly two Marines pop up in front of her. They're staring at the ceiling and making like she's not there. "Hey, some beetle, huh Rusty?" "Yeah, man, a beetle to end all beetles, Dink." Rusty (John Wayne) is 6'2", with brown wavy hair, a drawl, a slow, heart-mauling grin and a ridiculous resemblance to Mark Winston. Dink (Don DeFore) is his sidekick, always ready for a laugh and a fight for the dear old Marine Corps, the corps with which they have just won the war. Straight off, Rusty proves to Kit that "Here Is Tomorrow" was written by a character who knew nothing about men chasing women—and vice versa. He buys her a drink, and she sends a wire to Hollywood, "Found unknown to play Mark Winston. Stop Must change love angle in book."

They get off in Chicago to change trains and Kit evades her studio representative in order to tag along with the boys. She

ADVERTISEMENT



"When you put Pepsi-Cola in the picture, Sam, you got the happiest ending ever filmed in Hollywood."

needs Rusty for her movie, and anyhow, what's a beetle, she'd like to know.

They land in a small town, exhausted and broke, and Kit signs a check with her real name. (All this time she's been "Kitty Klotch" to the boys. "Klotch is a Lithuanian name, very old Lithuanian.") The townspeople go into hysterics, the Christopher Madden in their li'l ol' town?—then heave her into the hoosegow when the Hollywood papers release a prepared statement that Kit Madden is in their li'l ol' town. The boys have bailed her out and warned her about signing famous names to worthless checks when Kit's producer arrives and proves her identity. Rusty turns on his heel and goes off to sulk in the Marine Base at San Diego. After that it's up to Dink to play Cupid by remote control.—RKO

P. S.

Between scenes of the picture, John Wayne played chess with the cast and crew. He vanquished all comers, except his stand-in who vanquished him! For a scene with John and Claudette on a haystack, prop men sprayed the straw with a scented solution to protect the stars from hayfever. . . . One set for the picture covered two whole sound stages at RKO—including a highway, rolling hills, haystack, moon, and twinkling stars. . . . Claudette thought somebody was playing a trick on her when her pin-striped grey wool skirt began to give her electric charges! However, it was just weather conditions that made the skirt static. She had to grin and bear it—with a slight flinch now and then. . . . When John Wayne and Claudette Colbert had to eat quantities of Spanish food for a scene, Wayne persuaded Mervyn LeRoy to import Chef Jesus Econdides from Tiajuana, Mexico to whip up a delicious repast. From tortillas to huevos, the cast enjoyed their magnificent South-of-the-Border meal.

THE VIRGINIAN

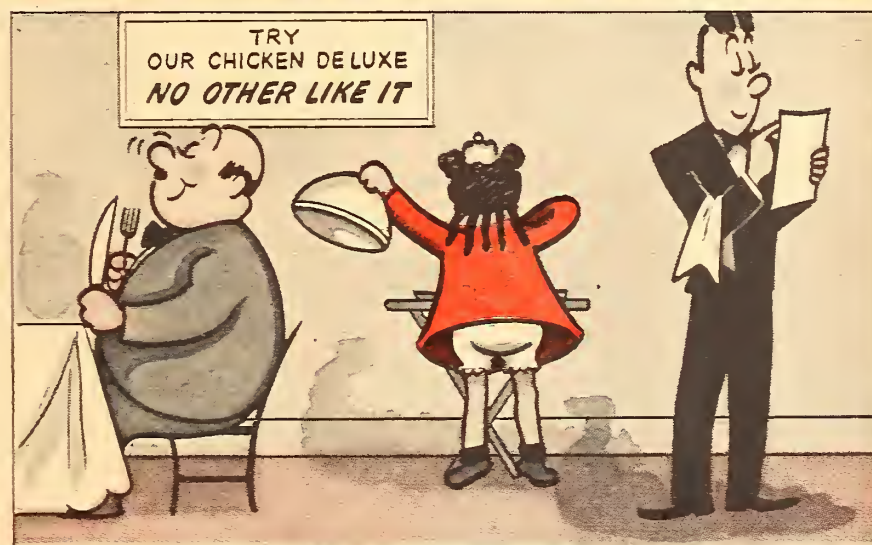
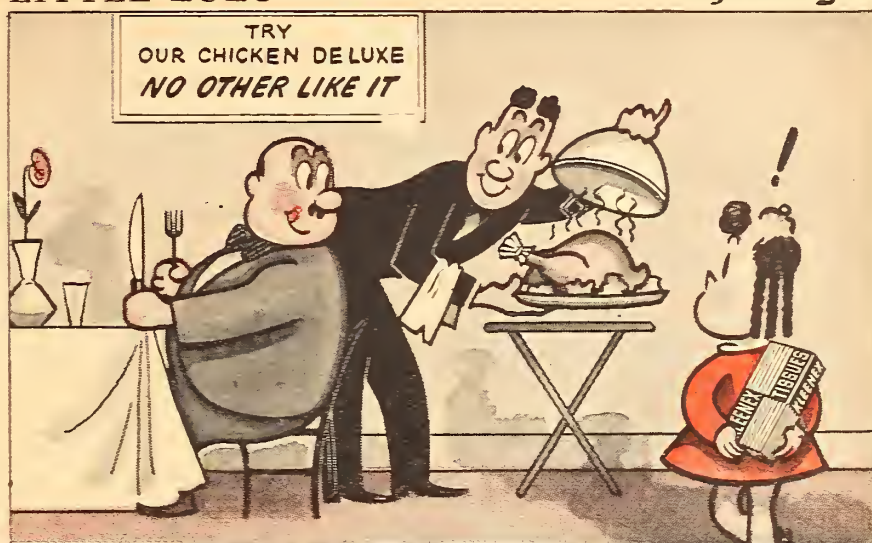
Back in the genteel days of 1885, women were either ladies or females, and woe betide the girl who tried to cut away from the rigid pattern that was "good enough for me, and for your grandmother, too."

But Molly Wood (Barbara Britton) can't see things that way. She wants more out of life than social teas or languid croquet games on the plantation, so she sets off for Wyoming. Maybe there she'll find adventure, even if only as a schoolmarm. She doesn't have long to wait because two days later her train is halted by a herd of cattle swarming over the tracks, and the dashing Virginian (Joel McCrea) gallops into view. She's agreeably petrified when he casually warns the train engineer, "Stampede these cattle with your whistle and I'll shoot you right out of your little window." But what promised to be a free-for-all turns out to be a grand reunion when the Virginian spots his best friend, Steve (Sonny Tufts), breezy, careless, and gallant to the teeth. So gallant, in fact, that when the train finally pulls into Medicine Bow, it is Steve who introduces himself to the wide-eyed girl and escorts her to the hotel. But Medicine Bow is feeling sick today. Trampas (Brian Donlevy) and his henchmen are in town and everybody knows what will happen if the outlaw and the Virginian tangle.

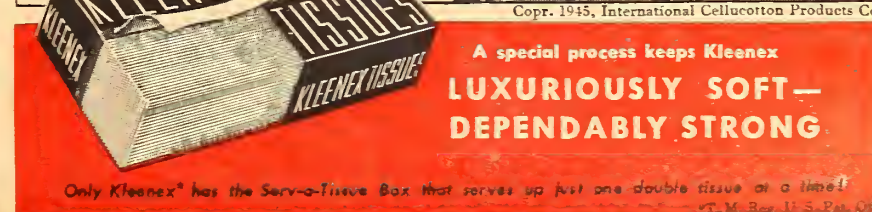
Molly and her protector are merrily leading the square dance at the open house her hosts are holding in her honor, when the sound of stampeding cattle is heard. Rushing off, the Virginian calls on the Sheriff for help in pursuing the rustlers, only to find that he too, is in league with Trampas and his men. So now it's up to the Virginian. He forms a posse, tracks the

LITTLE LULU

by Marge



Copr. 1945, International Cellulocotton Products Co.



April Showers



The Fragrance of Youth
by **CHERAMY**

Have you always wanted a perfume that's part adventure, part mystery, with a splash of laughter added? Then April Showers is yours... enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

Perfume, \$6.50; 3.50; 1.10 plus tax



outlaws to their camp—and discovers that Steve is one of Trampas' men.

The next morning he orders Steve and two of the others hanged. Riding home, reading the note Steve left him, "So long. I couldn't have spoke to you without playing the baby," he is shot in the back by Trampas, who had escaped the man hunt.

Molly is all tenderness as she nurses the Virginian back to health, but when she discovers that it was he who was responsible for having his best friend "lynched," she is horrified and prepares to return to Vermont. But on the way home, she realizes that she loves the Virginian all the more because of his strong sense of honor and returns, weeping, to the wounded man.

On his wedding day, the Virginian runs into Trampas, who snarls, "Get out of town now—yellow belly." "Too bad you had to say that, Trampas," answers the bridegroom softly. There is a split second silence, then the two men whirl, and shoot. Trampas sags forward with a bullet through his head, a bullet the Virginian fired with Steve's favorite gun. All wrongs righted, Molly and the Virginian head for the open West.—Para.

P. S.

Written in 1885 by Owen Wister, the American classic was filmed for the first time in 1914 with Dustin Farnum in the title role. Again in 1929, "The Virginian" was produced by Paramount with Gary Cooper as the hero, and now the same studio has made the well-loved story in Technicolor. . . . The time-proof qualities of the tale were proven when it was decided to eliminate the famous line, "When you say that, smile," and pressure from fans restored it to the script. . . . Although a great part of the film was to be shot outdoors, production was deliberately set for the winter months, when California blooms its greenest under the rains. Four weeks were spent on location before the production started filming the cattle stampede and a few other incidents not included in the novel.

BAD BASCOMB

Without a doubt, Wallace Beery is one of the bravest men in Hollywood today. He'd have to be to play opposite that notorious little scene stealer, Margaret O'Brien. And he's such a bad man, too.

Zeb Bascomb (Wallace Beery) and his gang have been terrorizing the entire West with bank robberies, cattle stampedes and murder. Not that Zeb holds with murder particularly, but his partner, Bert Yancy (J. Carrol Naish), figures that dead men are less apt to give information on the gang's activities to any Federal agents lurking about, especially John Fulton (Donald Curtis), who's a mite too persistent for comfort. Jimmy (Marshall Thompson), is another Bascomb man. Jimmy wants to break away, but Zeb says he promised Jim's father, who died a glorious death in a skirmish with the law, that he'd take care of the boy, and the only way he can do that is to have him under his eye and teach him the tricks of the trade, isn't it?

But Jimmy is wounded after they raid the Timber City Bank and the only way the gang can escape detection is to join up with a band of Mormons on their way to Utah with a large cache of gold for the hospital they are to build there. Zeb automatically becomes "Brother Ezekial," pious as all get-out and humble, but when, in accordance with Mormon custom, he is assigned to do all the heavy work for an unattached woman, Widow Abbey Hanks (Marjorie Main), his new meekness slips a notch. His friendship with her grand-

The proudest thing I can
claim is that I am from Abilene
— GEN DWIGHT D EISENHOWER

The
Fightin'est
Story
of
Our
Roaring
Frontier!

ABILENE

TOWN

JULES LEVEY presents
ABILENE TOWN
starring
RANDOLPH SCOTT and ANN DVORAK with
EDGAR BUCHANAN and RHONDA FLEMING
A JULES LEVEY PRODUCTION • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN

Associate Producer
HERBERT J. BIBERMAN

Released thru
United Artists

From the best-selling
novel "Trail Town," by
Ernest Haycox, author
of "Stagecoach."

ARE Your Hands



Haunting as Music?

Rough, raspy hands are as outdated as a 1912 gramophone. Use SOFSKIN CREME to soften your skin and smooth away roughness. SOFSKIN is so good for your hands many beauticians prefer it. Make it part of your daily grooming schedule for hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, too. See how thrillingly soft and white your skin can be.



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

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

SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

daughter, Emmy (Margaret O'Brien), however, helps ease the sting of Abbey's shrewish tongue.

Zeb and Yancy are busy planning on how to steal the hospital funds when Agent Fulton catches up with the caravan to ask if anyone's seen Bad Bascomb. He's completely put off the scent by "Brother Ezekial's" false information and rides back.

The bandits are all set to escape with the gold when little Emmy, who by now is madly in love with "Grandma's fella," is flung from her wagon during a river crossing and is nearly drowned. Zeb rescues her, and because only his presence can give her the will to fight off the pneumonia she's contracted, he decides to postpone the theft. But Yancy is not so easily put off. He kills the leader of the caravan and escapes with the loot. Zeb goes after him and retrieves the money, but when he returns, he finds that Yancy has incited the ordinarily peaceful Indians to attack the Mormon camp.

The leader of the caravan now by common consent, Zeb feels it his duty to break through the Indian lines for help even though he knows that when he reaches the Fort, the Federals will be there. Just as the Indians are closing in, Zeb returns with a rescuing regiment at his heels—and John Fulton not far behind.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Because the picture was filmed straight through the Christmas holidays, the cast and crew had to squeeze in their shopping in off hours. Maggie O'Brien found it difficult to whisk unnoticed through the crowds and was often followed by gawking admirers. One day as she was buying a gift for her mother, and completely surrounded by fans, she said to her aunt, "Now, how do you suppose I can keep this present a secret from mother when all these people know about it?" . . . Frances Gifford howled for quiet on the set the day she received a telephone call from her husband. He was calling from Rome, Italy. . . . Driving home from the studio one day, Marjorie Main had car trouble. The wind blew up the top of her convertible and the only person nearby to help put it back in place was a woman watering her lawn. Marjorie mentioned her trouble in finding a housekeeper, whereupon her new friend offered her services.

PERILOUS HOLIDAY

Before the war, pictures about international crooks and lovely lady tourists and Secret Service agents were always located on the Riviera. Now it's Mexico City which harbors these assorted characters. There, where the sun is hot and the tequila hotter, Pat Nevil (Pat O'Brien) meets a couple of gorgeous babes. They are Agnes (Ruth Warrick) and Audrey (Audrey Long) and they represent, respectively, duty and pleasure. At least that's the way it begins. Pat picks Audrey up in a bar, where he has been assigned by the U. S. Treasury to keep an eye on Agnes. He hasn't seen Agnes when he gets the assignment and gloomily expects a large bosomed female with three chins. When Agnes turns out to be a smooth, chic young woman who knows all the answers, he drinks a silent toast to his guardian angel.

About this time, Pat's other girl friend, Audrey, rings in momma and frequent mention of wedding bells. They can't, Audrey insists, Go On This Way. Pat agrees perfectly. He thinks they can't go on any way, and had better say goodbye, which is not what Audrey had in mind. She suspects Agnes of having something
(Continued on page 22)

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

by Beverly Linet



Hi:
Right down to business with an introduction to newcomer MARSHALL THOMPSON, who enchanted you with his performance as Snake Gardner in "They Were Expendable," and Jimmy in "Twice Blessed." He was born James M. Thompson in Peoria, Ill., on Nov. 27, 1926. Is 6'1", 155 lbs. has blond hair and blue eyes, and is unmarried. Next pix are "Star From Heaven" and "Bad Bascomb." Studio: M-G-M.



Another teen-ager going places is 18-year-old CONRAD JANIS, young star of "Snafu." He was born in New York City Feb. 18. Is 5'10½"; has brown eyes and hair, and was recruited from the stage. Write to him at Columbia Pictures. Has no special gal.



FRANK LATTIMORE won your hearts as Irving in "The Dolly Sisters." He is 6' tall, 170 lbs., and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is unmarried and is a recent ex-GI. Most recent pic is "Shock." His mail goes to 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California.

You loved EILEEN BARTON when she sang with Frankie, and now she's on her own program on NBC, Sat. mornings. She is 19, 5' 2" tall, has red hair and brown eyes. Address her at NBC, N.Y.C. She'll be in pix soon.

"Young Man With a Horn" is what they call LEONARD SUES, and that, incidentally, is his next pix. He was born in El Paso, Texas and is 5' 8" tall and weighs 147 lbs. Is currently featured on the Eddie Cantor show. His other films include "Heat's On," "Strike Up The Band," and "Men of Boystown." NBC, Hollywood, Calif., is the best address.

Don't forget now. If you want to see more of these young people in MODERN SCREEN, vote for them on the Free Offer coupon. For info, direct your letters, and SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPES, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Oh and you'll have to forgive us for that typographical error we made last month. Danny Morton, whom you know as Bugs Kelly in "Crime, Inc.," was born in 1918. 'Fraid we advanced his age 6 years. Sorry.

Ever yours—
Bev.



"I tried to
be good -
always!"

*Benedict
Bogeaus*

presents

**PAULETTE
GODDARD**

in

"Diary of a Chambermaid"

also starring

BURGESS

HURD

MEREDITH · HATFIELD

FRANCIS

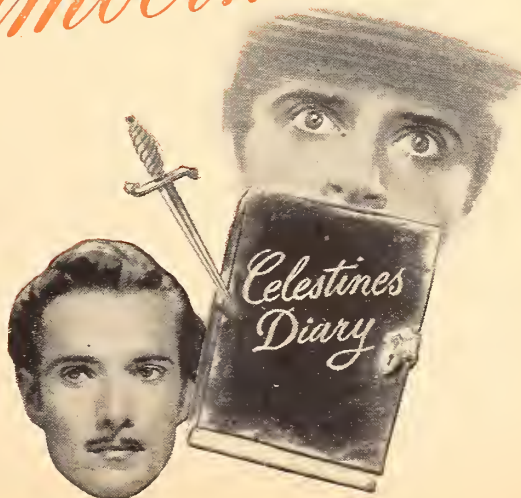
LEDERER

with JUDITH ANDERSON · FLORENCE BATES · IRENE RYAN and

REGINALD

OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by JEAN RENOIR • Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
And the play by Andre Heuse, Andre De Lorde and Thielly Nores
Screenplay by Burgess Meredith • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS





Sweet and Hot



The Cafe Zanzibar's leopard spots captured musicians as well as fans at Modern Screen's gay Fan Club Association party. Leonard Feather shared coffee and cake—and shop talk—with singer Jack Smith.



Leonard Feather sips coffee, beams at his choices for All-American Band: Billy Strayhorn behind the glasses and the keyboard, Duke Ellington of the casual collar, and trumpet-toting Louis Armstrong.

■ So suddenly it's almost Spring, and you feel like helping old ladies across the street, racing with the moon, and buying a million new records. Well, control yourself. Compromise. Start in more modestly, say with the records of the month. My choices this time are Duke Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige" music for the best hot jazz, and Johnny Mercer's "Personality" for the best popular. More about these later. You'll notice, when you get to your clip-and-carry-to-the-music-store list at the end of the article, that I've made a slight change. The third category (after Popular, and Hot Jazz) no longer consists of albums, but rather of music from the movies. I've listed movies with good music in them and, after the movie titles, I've listed the tunes, numbers, the artists and the recording companies. From now on, when there's an especially good album, you'll find it either in the Popular or the Hot Jazz column, since after all, an album has to be one kind of music or the other—only a little more of it.

Now that I've run that into the ground, I'd like to take time out to brag a little. For, recently, I got my dream band together and put on an all-star record session for Victor. A number of the fellows were winners of the Esquire 1946 poll, and a lot of people came down just for kicks, and to do me a favor. I got Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong on the same record for the first time in history. Other terrific people involved were Red Norvo, Johnny Hodges, etc. They did some of my own tunes for a Showpiece Album (two twelve-inch records) and it'll be out in April. I'll tell you more about it then.

By the way, I wish you'd all been to MODERN SCREEN's party at the Zanzibar. You'd have rubbed noses with Jo Stafford, Jimmy Dorsey, Harry Babbitt—loads of musical celebrities. It was a lot of fun. And now go to (Continued on page 90)

by **LEONARD FEATHER**

There NEVER was a woman like *Gilda!*



"I was true to one man once,
and look what happened..."



"I didn't think I'd be true to a
man again as long as I lived..."



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH

as

Gilda

with

Glenn FORD

GEORGE MACREADY • JOSEPH CALLEIA

Screenplay by Marion Parsonnet

Produced by

Directed by

VIRGINIA VAN UPP • CHARLES VIDOR

Great as is her powerful dramatic portrayal—great, too, is
this dancing Hayworth—singing "Put the Blame on Mame!"

to do with this, which is perfectly right. Pat hasn't figured Agnes out. She's a smart reporter who may or may not be on the level, and if she is, why does the Treasury want her watched? Agnes, meanwhile, is having her doubts as to where Pat fits into things. He says he's a gigolo, and for all she knows, he may not be kidding.

One evening when they're doing the town together, they meet an old acquaintance of Agnes'—Doctor Lilly (Alan Hale). The doctor is fat and benevolent looking, but his benevolence goes no deeper than that of a department store Santa Claus. He has a trigger man named Louis to discourage questions about his past. But Pat asks some anyway, and from then on he's unpopular with the doctor. The stabbing of a taxi driver, the antics of an amiable drunk named George, and little Audrey who just laughed and laughed, bring things to a climax.—Col.

P. S.

"Perilous Holiday" is based on the serial story of the same name which ran in a national magazine. Its author, Lt. Col. Robert Carson, won an Academy Award years ago for his script, "A Star is Born." . . . Because the picture has a Mexican locale, producer Phil Ryan sent camera crews to Mexico to make location footage, and his art director went along to visit hotels, night clubs and scenic points which were duplicated in the film. When a member of Mexico's Department of the Interior visited the set, he was so impressed by the authenticity of the scene that he invited Ryan to have the world premiere of the picture in Mexico City. . . . With "Perilous Holiday," Pat O'Brien celebrated his 100th motion picture. His camera debut was made in the famous film, "The Front Page."

YOUNG WIDOW

"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And if you think that's corny, you're probably right, but it's also true. Ask anyone who has ever been really in love, and no matter how much heartbreak may have resulted, they're glad it happened.

A love that's lost. A husband killed in action. A young widow left to find her uncertain way back to happiness. That's the theme of the picture that quits Jane Russell to the screen. Jane is quite a girl and you'll like the way she handles the part of Joan Kenmore, whose husband was shot down over Berlin. After his death, Joan wanders, lost, from one place to another. She no longer has any interest in her newspaper job. She hasn't, in fact, any interest in anything, and living is just a gesture. She comes back to New York finally, because that's where she and Barry lived together. Every street corner is a reminder of him. Every bus is a bus they rode on together. A tune whistled in the night can tear her heart to pieces.

When a guy named Jim (Louis Hayward) turns up, Joan is aloof. As far as she's concerned, he's just another lieutenant in the Air Force. At first he's just wolfing. Later, when he gets to know Joan better, he falls really in love. But Joan just looks through him and smiles politely. Because she's remembering Barry. . . .

There are a lot of pleasant people in "Young Widow." And a lot of amusing dialogue. But the basic situation is whether Jim can make Joan forget Barry. I think the ending may surprise you.—U.A.

P. S.

In view of Jane Russell's reputation as a pin-up girl and the star of the unseen "The Outlaw," audiences will be surprised

at her acting ability. It should be no surprise, as Jane is the daughter of a Broadway actress, studied dramatics before she made "The Outlaw," and put in four years between pictures with Florence Enright, noted dramatic coach. The role is highly dramatic, and relies mostly on acting and not on anatomy. . . . Four years to the day after she filmed her last shot for the unreleased "The Outlaw," Jane made her first scene for her second picture, "Young Widow."

MURDER IN THE MUSIC HALL

Here's murder to music. Here's ballet on skates. Here, in fact, is a chiller-diller with the chill coming from ice as well as fright. It is garnished by such pretties as Vera Hrubá Ralston, Helen Walker, Nancy Kelly and Ann Rutherford. Not so pretty but just as effective, are William Marshall and Bill Gargan.

There is, it seems, an ice revue playing at the Music Hall. Its star, Lila (Vera Hrubá Ralston), gets a note during the performance which sends her, terrified but curious, to the penthouse on top of the building. There she finds Carl (Edward Norris) who has been in jail for five years. He accuses her of having had a part in the murder which landed him there. Half an hour later, the police find Carl dead. Lila knows she didn't kill him but how can she prove it? Several of the girls in the show know that she went to meet Carl. They all knew him before he went to jail. Gracie (Ann Rutherford), the talkative understudy will probably blurt something out, even if Millicent and Diane keep quiet. Don (William Marshall), Lila's best beau, thinks the thing to do is for them to find out who did the murder and then confront the police with their evidence.

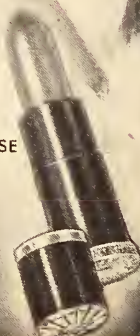
the Lips he chooses are Irresistible

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume
it's wicked — it's wonderful

Now FINER THAN EVER
IN NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE

Lipstick by Irresistible



The trouble is the evidence seems to lead in so many different directions. A note by the body leads to Rita Morgan (Nancy Kelly), wife of a Broadway columnist. She is identified as a girl from Carl's past, and her husband is found to have known Carl was blackmailing her. Then there is the blind man who was seen going toward Carl's apartment. And the girl whose identity no one is sure of.

The police, meanwhile, are not just sitting around reading The Police Gazette, or whatever policemen read. They, too, have found evidence that leads in many directions, and one is toward Lila. But in the end the clue that points out the murderer is a song, played by a dead man.—Rep.

P. S.

Vera Hruba Ralston did her ice skating scenes during Hollywood's warmest spell in years. After changing from light cottons to her ice skating costume, she huddled in a fur coat between scenes. The temperature on the set was 30 degrees. . . . Bill Marshall was signed to a contract after his tests had been run for hundreds of studio stenographers and secretaries. They sighed and swooned sufficiently to put the brass hats in a dotted-line mood. . . . The feminine quintet featured in the film run the gamut of hair. Vera Hruba Ralston is a golden blonde, Helen Walker an ash blonde, Nancy Kelly has dark auburn hair, Julie Bishop is a flaming redhead and Ann Rutherford contributes blue-black tresses. . . . All owners of 16 mm. projectors, the girls discovered they were all having the same trouble getting 16 mm. film to run. They decided to form a film pool, and whenever one girl gets a print, she shares it with the others. . . . Bill Marshall shaved every morning in company with his small son, Michael. Mike had just started to walk, was so fascinated by the shaving procedure that he insisted on having his own face lathered while pop made with the razor on his own beard.

DEVOTION

This is the story of the Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. And of their brother, Bramwell, who has such an extraordinary influence on their lives.

Back of the Haworth vicarage stretch the Yorkshire moors, wild and lonely and terrifying "Wuthering Heights." They don't terrify Emily Bronte (Ida Lupino), who somehow feels that they are a part of the dream world she lives in. She doesn't mind having people laugh at her, she's used to that. But she couldn't bear it if they laughed at "Wuthering Heights." So it is especially strange that she takes the new curate, Mr. Nicholls (Paul Henreid), with her.

Charlotte and Anne and Bramwell are all away when Emily becomes friendly with Mr. Nicholls. For weeks they roam the moors together. Then Charlotte (Olivia De Havilland) comes back, and with one glance takes Nicholls away from Emily. She doesn't even try to do it, for at this point she is not impressed with the curate. She is too worried about Bramwell (Arthur Kennedy), who drinks too much, to be impressed with anyone.

Charlotte and Emily go off to Brussels to school, where Charlotte has a brief, ambiguous affair with a school master. When they come back they find Bramwell dying. He reads Emily's secret love for Nicholls in her face, and reads, too, the signs of the malady which is to end her life. Charlotte and Emily publish books at the same time. Charlotte's "Jane Eyre" meets with tremendous public acclaim. "Wuthering Heights" is popular only with the critics. But in them both is the strange, inexplicable charm of the Bronte sisters.—War.



Hips aren't your big problem, Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, Angel. For no one finds fault with your figure!

But you'd be smart to exercise a little more care about personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor*. Or lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

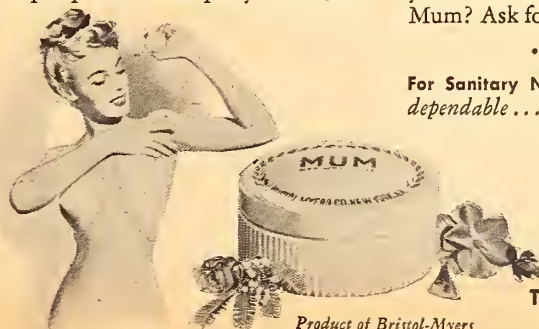
So keep right on trusting your bath—for *past perspiration*. But put your trust in

dependable Mum to prevent risk of *future underarm odor*.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—is harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for a jar of it today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE

New CHART THIS MONTH

YOU CAN BE CHARMING!—Says Jean Kinkead—Charm is the way you look, walk, talk, think, dress, act, behave toward others. It's the difference between being the belle-of-the-ball and Alice Sit-By-The-Fire. Anyone can have it for a small investment of patience, time and effort. This chart explains how YOU can have it. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope☐

FOR FANS

SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c)—Completely revised to include all the latest data on the lives, loves, hobbies, new pix, little known facts about the stars. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

MUSIC-MAKERS—1945-'46—by Harry James (5c)—Be in the know! The Trumpet King tells ALL in this 15-page super guide to the lives, loves, records, movies, radio shows of your favorite recording stars. Send 5c and a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope.....☐

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, Alan Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION. Also, how to write good fan letters. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope☐

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 18 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

✓ **HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS**—by Jean Kinkead—Be dated, re-dated, but never superannuated! The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that WORK! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

✓ **BE A BETTER DANCER!**—By Arthur Murray—Easy to follow directions on all the turns and tricks that will make you a honey on the dance floor. Plus dance floor etiquette—what to wear, how to be popular with the stags. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer...☐

✓ **PLEASE BEHAVE!** Easy etiquette for soiling through any social situation without awkward, embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get?" Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer all your vital heart-problems in a personal letter. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR GLAMOR

✓ **SKIN CARE FOR TEENS**—Teen beauty depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skin. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer☐

✓ **HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS**—This is the last word on hair glamor! It's got everything—hair-grooming directions, charts for facial types, new hair style ideas! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer...☐

✓ **DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—New-as-tomorrow ideas about dressing for dates. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

✓ **SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—Now that sport clothes are worn from sun-up to dancing-in-the-dark, here's how to look your best in them. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

✓ **ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS**—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor-up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ☐

FOR HOME SWEET HOME

✓ **DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES**—by Nancy Sinatra—Here are recipes for making Frankie's Favorite Lemon Pie, Apples Delicious, Sigh-Guy Gingerbread, and many more that are high on the Sinatra Dessert Parade. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see THREE-IN-ONE offer.....☐

MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE—Tired of looking at the same old four walls, year-in, year-out? A paint brush, some old orange crotes, a saw, and a little imagination will transform your home into a thing of beauty at penny-cost. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope☐

FOR CAREER

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope (See Career Chart No. 2)☐

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, you'll want to know how to go about getting it. Here's the straight low-down on scores of career jobs—how to be interviewed, salaries to be expected, even your chances of marrying the boss. The same envelope that brings you Career Chart No. 1 will take care of this one, too, if you check here.....☐

CRYSTAL BALL DEPT.

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

YOUR INDIVIDUALLY COMPILED HOROSCOPE

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

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

Name

Street

CityZone.....State.....

Send 10c to 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

No self-addressed envelope required.

Special THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage by taking advantage of our special THREE-IN-ONE offer. Send us ONE LARGE, self-addressed envelope with 6c postage on it for ANY THREE of the checked (✓) charts on this page. Send TWO large envelopes (6c in stamps on each) for only six of the checked (✓) charts, and THREE large envelopes (6c postage each) for the entire series of nine.



You'll go for Raft
- and the
girl he
goes for!

George Raft . . . in trouble
up to his gun-hilt . . .
with Ava Gardner's
beauty only stirring
up more . . . in the
picture that proves
it takes a woman
to make a good
guy out of an
all-wrong
man!

NERO FILMS presents

GEORGE RAFT "WHISTLE STOP"

with
AVA GARDNER
VICTOR McLAGLEN
TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by **PHILIP YORDAN**, Author of "ANNA LUCASTA"
From the Novel by **MARITTA M. WOLFF**

PRODUCED BY
SEYMOUR NEBENZAL • LEONIDE MUGUY
Directed by
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



—with "Make-up" for Your hair

Three Minutes to Glamour . . . that's all the time it takes to give your hair gleaming highlights and a flattering effect that complements your own coloring. For with modern hair "make-up", that most subtle of beauty aids, it's so easy to achieve real loveliness with a completely natural look!

After Your Next Shampoo, just do this, dissolve a package of Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of soap film vanishes! Your hair gleams with dancing highlights and new color.

The 12 Smart Shades of Marchand's Rinse offer you a variety of interesting color effects, no matter what shade your hair may be. You can highlight your natural hair shade . . . accentuate its color . . . blend little gray streaks . . . or even tone-down the harsh-looking effects that may follow over-dyeing or over-bleaching!

Absolutely Harmless, Too . . . that's Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and does so much more for your hair.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



How do you rate
as a date? Here's your
chance to be a quiz kid,
with questions and answers
to give you the low-
down on that fascinating
person: YOU!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with will be eighteen next month. Mother says I shouldn't give him a present, as he's never given me one. What is your opinion and can you give me any suggestions? H. A., Brooklyn, New York.

We think it's kind of nice to remember birthdays, as long as the gift isn't embarrassingly elaborate or in poor taste. How about flattering him to death with his first pipe? Or one of those elegant jazz year books, for just a buck; or maybe a subscription to his pet magazine. Steer clear of too personal gifts, and don't spend more than a dollar or two and we think you'll please everyone, including your mam.

My guy is a returned veteran. He is nineteen and had one year of high school to go when he enlisted. He is anxious to go back and graduate, but I—having waited two long years for him—want to get married. Don't you think I'm right? J. J., Elmira, N. Y. (Continued on page 92)

Everything in the world is going to start growing again any week now. Everything from those crocuses in your back yard to that tree over in Brooklyn. And we've been wondering where you stand in the deal. If you've been taking your cod liver oil and stuff, you've probably got all the inches you need, but are you growing up inside where it really counts? How about your ideas, your approach to things like your family and men, your capacity for taking responsibility? Can you stand up to a pretty big disappointment, grin when the joke's on you? Or are you the go with the quivery chin, the one who's just too young? Give yourself this quiz to find out exactly how grown-up you are—and no cheating now! If it turns out that you're a bit of a bay-bee, then get in the swing with Spring, and start growing up!

1. Your big brother imports a smooth older guy for the weekend, asks you to dig up a 4.0 senior for him. You'll do yourself the most good if you (a) invite some drip who'll make you look terrific by comparison, (b) pretend you can't get anyone so that he'll have to ask you, (c) line up some super dream dust.

2. A strictly hubba-hubba lad asks you for a date. He's a wonderful guy, but notoriously jet-propelled when it comes to woo. To guarantee a return engagement, you should (a) pitch it hard with him in your nice dark living-room, (b) keep his mind off the subject via stimulating chit chat all evening and a good night hamburger come eleven, (c) slap his face at the very first pass.

3. You've never had a date and are petrified of men. The best way to cope with man-shyness is to (a) steer clear of them for another little while and pray that it wears off, (b) take your courage in your two hot hands and make a desperate play for almost anybody you can get to look at you, (c) practise (Continued on page 102)



JEAN
KINKEAD

PR-R-RESTO! CHANGO! KARO!

3 SIMPLE TRICKS IN 1

"Step right up, Ladies . . .

Just the small part of a dollar brings you this magic ingredient — Karo Syrup. Then, from one simple recipe, learn the trick of making 3 luscious desserts.

No fuss, no bother! This is magic, remember—you can't possibly miss.

Amaze your family . . . mystify one and all! The 3 smooth little tricks below will make you a dessert wizard . . . in no time!"

the KARO KID



THE RECIPE

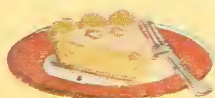
ALMOND BAVARIAN PIE FILLING

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Karo Syrup, Blue Label	1 tablespoon gelatin
3 egg yolks	2 tablespoons water
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla	3 egg whites
1 teaspoon almond extract	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds

1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk, whipped

Heat Karo to boiling. Beat egg yolks with rotary beater in top of double boiler; add Karo slowly, beating constantly. Place over boiling water and cook about 5 minutes, beating constantly until mixture slightly thickens. Remove from heat; add flavoring. Add gelatin, softened in water about 5 minutes. Stir until dissolved. Beat egg whites with salt until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in Karo mixture. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in whipped cream and nuts. Pour into 9-inch crumb pie shell. Chill.

Trick No. 1



CRUMB PIE SHELL

Roll 30 vanilla wafers with rolling pin to make crumbs (1 cup). Add 3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine to crumbs; blend thoroughly. Spread this mixture evenly in 9-inch pie pan, covering bottom and sides; pat down firmly with finger tips. Cut 10 vanilla wafers in half and place, cut side down, around pie plate to form a scalloped edge.

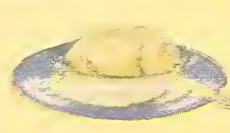
Trick No. 2



MARASCHINO BAVARIAN

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting almond extract and chopped almonds. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped, drained, maraschino cherries with whipped cream, and increase vanilla to 1 teaspoon. Chill. When slightly thickened, pile lightly into sherbet glasses. Chill. Makes 8 servings.

Trick No. 3



FROZEN ALMOND BAVARIAN

Prepare as for Almond Bavarian Pie Filling, omitting the gelatin and water. After folding in the chopped nuts and whipped cream, pour into refrigerator freezing tray. Set cold control for fast freezing and freeze until firm, about 1 hour. Set control back to normal until ready to serve. Makes 8 servings.

*Just One Cake of Camay—and
your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!*



A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions.

And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

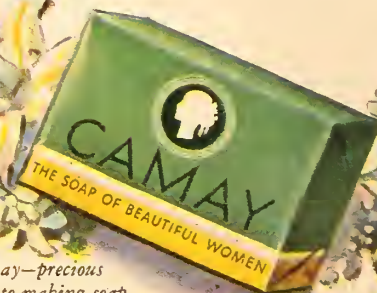
THE STORY OF THE KEITHS



Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very *first* cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."



Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.



Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.



MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by *M. H. Leonard*

■ First it was Parsons. Then Hopper. This issue, famous Broadway columnist Ed Sullivan writes his first radio column for us (page 56). All we need now is Winchell, and we'd have so much lowdown, you readers wouldn't be able to stand up straight!

What I like best about Ed is his dog. It's a jet black toy poodle, bigger than Mickey Mouse and smaller than Nibbles, Elizabeth Taylor's pet chipmunk. Bojangles is the name, and a fiercer, more intrepid hound you've never seen. As you come through the door, he growls deep down in his chest and stalks you implacably with blood in his eye. If you are brave like me, you ignore him and sit down. Next thing you know, if he finally decides he likes your smell (I must smell like a stewed rabbit), he's in your lap licking your face to the bone.

Ed is friendly, too. But busy. Poor fellow spends half his life in a bathrobe pounding a typewriter and the other half in a stiff shirt chatting with a microphone. Without a doubt, he's the most sought after master of ceremonies in the country. When he isn't m. c'ing some big event like the Harvest Moon Ball or the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Party (watch for it in our next issue), he's guest-starring on some friend's radio program. People say he sleeps once in awhile, but people can't prove it!

Before I blow you all a kiss and say goodbye for another month, I think you should know that Ed is going on the air for MODERN SCREEN over the American Broadcasting Company network, March 16, 2 p. m., EST. He'll be presenting our first radio award of the month to Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera. Listen in. It'll be your way of meeting Ed. And you wouldn't want to meet a nicer guy!

Ed Sullivan

Deep conclove between Ed Sullivan and Nat Reiff, who, with Shirley Frohlich, helped Ed m.c. our Fon Club Assn. party. Read all about it in our next issue!

To
our
Readers...



dream boss...

"Whatta boss!" Betty Jordan beams. Especially on learning that A.'s radio acting on "Salty O'Rourke" netted \$2,000,000 in War Bond admissions.



SO YOU'RE A SEC-

RETARY? AND

YOU DREAM OF TAKING DICTA-

TION FROM—OH, SAY

ALAN LADD?

WELL, THESE GIRLS DO!

By Jack Wade



2. Alana had been kept away from Sue for fear of catching the flu also, so it was quite an occasion when the baby was finally allowed to see her convalescing mother. To celebrate, she scooted outside, picked a bouquet!



1. It was the nurse's day off, Sue was sick in bed, and both the secretaries were busy. So Alan pitched in, spent entire day caring for Alana, groaned, "Woman's work is never done!"

■ One night last summer a pretty girl named Betty Jordan sat at a ringside table at Ciro's in Hollywood and happily pinched herself to make sure she wasn't deep in a dream.

That afternoon her boss had strolled into the room where she was working on his business affairs and casually inquired, "What are you doing tonight, Betty?"

"Why, I haven't any plans," she'd answered.

"Then how about going out to dinner with Sue and me?"

Betty wondered, after he left, if the boss knew it was her birthday, and if so, how he could guess that this year she was particularly lonely. Her Marine flyer husband wouldn't be coming back, although the war was over, because he had gone down fighting in the Pacific. She doubted if the boss could know all these things, because she'd only worked there a month. But she knew she was wrong, the minute the headwaiter at Ciro's poured champagne, and Carmen Cavallero himself, her very favorite pianist, played "Happy Birthday" especially for her.

That's when Betty dabbed at her eyes and pinched

dream boss...



3. After Sue went to sleep, Alan took time out, but Alana landed on his lap: "Read to me, daddy!" Bobby had exciting Xmas. She's three now, very observant, and couldn't wait while Alan unwrapped her many gifts.



4. A goodnight kiss from Alana to her doll, and a deep sigh from Alan to no one in particular. He still has to undress, bathe, and put to bed his real doll. Making movies (like "Blue Dahlia") is easier, he decides.



5. Alana loves her bath, especially when it's a bubble bath, with daddy to fluff up the suds. Lucky girl! Her father's bought 20 newsreels and is assembling a movie history of World War II for his daughter's education.



6. All clean and shining, Alana (with pop's help) dons on old-fashioned nightie . . . and so to bed! As soon as building can be started, the Ladds will live on a new 25-acre ranch, complete with swimming pool and a barn.

her arm—to find herself, a small town girl from Pennsylvania, the honor guest at a Ciro's party, sitting with Alan and Sue Ladd, meeting all their famous friends. That's when, too, Betty decided being Alan Ladd's private secretary was going to be a swell job.

She's been there almost a year now and Betty Jordan has never had occasion since to change that opinion. Nor has Diane Craigle, with three years' service stripes at the Ladds'. Together, that pair teams up to solve the peck of problems, private and professional, that swarm around a successful Hollywood star like bees around honey. They say no man is a hero to his valet, but that certainly doesn't work with secretaries—at least not with Alan Ladd's secretaries. They think he's wonderful—and that goes for Sue and Baby Alana and the whole household.

They wouldn't trade jobs with anybody in Hollywood. Alan and Sue have the happy habit of taking everyone who works for them right into the family, for one thing, and luckily it's a family that is not bothered with boredom.

"The wonderful thing about working for the Ladds," Diane and Betty chorus, "is that you never can tell what comes next. Anything can happen—and it usually does!"

Alan wants Sue with him constantly, so very often she is unable to take care of things as she would like to, so the details fall on Diane and Betty. Life is not just a basket of bills paid, letters typed, memos noted and contracts filed for Betty and Diane. Officially, they work in the big playroom back of Alan and Sue's Los Feliz home, but they're both around and all over the main house all the day and sometimes nights, too, when a Sue-and-Alan expedition gets going. And try and get those girls to go home at the end of a working day once they've mixed up in a Ladd family project! Like the time Alan and Sue set out for their Northern motor tour last fall.

That night Betty had promised her roommate at the Studio Club, where she lives, to come home early and go out to dinner and a show. At quitting time she phoned to say she'd be a little late. At six o'clock she said she hoped to get away soon. At seven, Betty called up and faced the awful truth; she'd have to call it off; there was too much happening around the mad Ladd house.

The telephones were ringing like a five alarm fire, with (*Continued on page 107*)

By Abigail Putnam

■ On Thursday morning (the housekeeper's day off) it occurred to Mrs. R. E. Powell, co-owner and operator of a delightful home in Brentwood, that it would be ever so married and matronly to prepare dinner for herself, her husband, and a choice guest.

She puzzled over the menu and buzzed around like Oscar of the Ritz.

With everything in the oven, she ran a finger down the cook book page. "The book says I have 40 minutes for a shower," she mumbled to herself. Being fast and efficient in such matters, she was out, toweled, dressed and lipsticked in twenty minutes.

Having run back and forth between bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen, she was complacent in the knowledge that all was going well.

At which point she heard geyser sounds from the bathtub. Rushing in, she arrived in time to find the water level rising rapidly in the tub instead of trickling away, and from the outlet came a gusher. Horrified, June stood transfixed. "My rug!" she squealed and leaped to rescue it. Having hung it on the line, she returned to find about an inch of water covering most of the bathroom floor.

It was Dick's rehearsal day at the broadcast, so June charged to the telephone and called the radio station. The only available line to Dick's studio was busy.

Back went his distraught wife to the bathroom to note that the waters were again rising. She shot to the telephone and called a friend.

"I'm being drowned. I mean my bathroom is. What shall I do?" gasped June.

"Call the plumber," said the friend.

"D'ya know the number?" June started to inquire, then she heard another suspicious sound.¹ Hanging up, she raced to the maid's bath-



Who can resist an invitation to Louello Parsons'? Not even the Powells, who've been honeymooning up till now! When our MODERN SCREEN spies heard the news, they grabbed their hats and cameras, raced to L.'s to record for history . . . and you!



In Louello's bedroom, J. confides this is her first venture into the outside world. First two days in new house, Powells asked guests to remove shoes à la Chinese before entering bedroom or her dressing room, so's not to soil white string carpeting!

THE PLUMBING

ERUPTED, THE DINNER

BURNED, AND THE

DOG MISBEHAVED. BUT

WAS MRS. RICHARD

POWELL FLUSTERED? YOU

BET SHE WAS!

the little woman

Teletype machine fascinated June, so Lauella explained what made it tick, allowed June to send message. When J. was sick in bed with cold recently, Dick amazed her by entering room playing trumpet. Repeated act with sax, clarinet, till J. yelled "Enough!"



A hot scoop scarched the wires in Lauella's attice, and J. unashamedly listened in. L. knows Dick fram years back, when both warked an "Hollywood Hatel" radia program.



room. The waters were rising!

This was too much for June. She got the radio station on the phone. "I've got to talk to my husband!"

The operator was sympathetic—but firm. No artist was to be disturbed while on the air.

"But it's only rehearsal today," explained June. "Really it is."

"My report from the studio is that they are on the air," said the operator, and that was that.

To make a long story short, the dear good plumber arrived, rolled up his trousers and stopped the flood.

And, yes—the food! June charged to the kitchen and yanked out the steak and the potatoes. Everything looked just fine.

But when it came to the eating—that was another story. Dick couldn't have cut the steak with all the tools in the plumber's kit.

"We have a lovely dessert," June said in a choked little voice.

After two bites, Dick gazed at the little woman in utmost admiration. "What peaches!" he said. "Simply delicious. And this cake is absolutely out of this world."

"The peaches are canned, and I bought the cake," said June, bursting into shrieks of laughter which were joined by Dick and the dinner guest.

Well, that's marriage for you. The good and the bad. The bitter tragedies. And the beautiful, unforgettable moments.

Like last Christmas, for instance, June's chief gift from Dick is one of the loveliest of sentimental mementos. As you probably know, Dick designed June's wedding ring of gold, a star sapphire, and diamonds. Using the same design with three sapphires of larger size, Dick ordered a matching bracelet to place under the Christmas tree.

And then there was Heathcliff. Heathcliff is a cocker spaniel, strawberry blonde of coloring, and violently affectionate of disposition.

June set to work at once to teach him tricks, using dog biscuits as persuaders. It required nearly a week to teach Heathcliff to sit down on command. Another week to teach him to lie down. His understanding of the order, "Roll over" and the even more important "Go to bed" absorbed hours of June's energy. Finally, however, Heathcliff behaved beautifully. So his mistress (*Continued on page 126*)



Gabfest concerned party at the Atwater Kents gang would attend next night. J.'s wearing Howard Greer designed dress Dick birthday-presented her with. D. chirped, "I don't care what color it is—so long as it's blue!"



Between two women dangles cocker spaniel Jimmy, whose cousin Heathcliff belongs to the Powells. June named her pup thusly so she could hang out window howl "Heathcliff!" and scare neighbors into "Wuthering Heights" state of suspense.



ello's o "sover," hoards stors' letters from 'woy bock. Done Clark (who popped in to hello) looks over o collection of autographs with the Powells that would turn fons a-green with envy. Dick's newest pic is "Cornered," June's, "Sailor Tokes A Wife."



k congratulates June, who just beat him at backgommon, with no coach- by Louello, either! J.'s ring ond brocelet, courtesy of Sonta C. ond Richard Dick had brocelet mode to motch engogement ring; J. was thrilled!

the little woman

Kissing Louella goodnight gave the Powells ideas, so-o-o! Dick's used to seeing June in sweater 'n' skirt, thinks she's "elegant" all dressed up!



Their Hearts are Young and Gay

A grand evening at Henry Willson's (left) with Diono Lynn, Guy Madison, Gail Russell—and Horry James on a record! Gail's very friendly with Guy, but there's also Peter Lowford and Billy De Wolfe in the running!



Guy helped Henry play host, made special egg coffee for guests. Guy's headed for stardom in "Till The End Of Time," with Dorothy McGuire, though it's only his second picture since bit role in "Since You Went Away."



"MOST GIRLS TALK TOO

MUCH," SAYS GUY

MADISON. "ALWAYS TRYING TO

IMPRESS A GUY! BUT GAIL

RUSSELL—M-M-M-H!"

By Cynthia Miller



Girls did a retouch job while Guy kikitized. Diono's having tough time coaxing her mom to let her accept Loren Tindor. Introduced Henry to Loren, who've become best of friends.



■ Guy Madison get into a black tie and stiff shirt? Not for his own mother—on Mother's Day! But tonight was different. Tonight he was stepping out with Gail Russell. So there he stood, an unhappy hunk of man, in front of the mirror, tormenting the black ribbon, while under his shirt the perspiration ran like ice down his chest.

"Henry!" he yelled. "Henry!"

Henry, of course, was Henry Willson, a chap of 32, who is assistant to the president of Selznick's Vanguard Pictures. Every MODERN SCREEN reader knows all about how Henry discovered Guy at a broadcast. Since then they've grown close as brothers, and the finest

foursome in town consists of Henry Willson and Diana Lynn—and Guy Madison and Gail Russell.

The way Gail and Guy met originally makes a cute story. Luther Lester, drama coach at Paramount, and Gail were emerging from Paramount one night, as Guy and Henry arrived. Introductions were made and acknowledged formally, then Luther and Henry got to chatting. Gail and Guy said nothing.

The foursome returned to Luther's office, where Guy was to be coached. Guy and Gail smiled at each other, and Guy said, "Hi!"

"Hello," said Gail.

"I saw you in 'The Uninvited' (Continued on page 114)

"and so they were

BY FREDDA DUDLEY



Lucky Poul Brooks! He's doing what servicemen in the South Pacific sighed about when they voted Jeonne Croin as the girl they'd most like to come home to . . . only Poul got there first!



"Jenne Croin, age, 20, occupation, actress." Poul fills out the application for a marriage license in Los Angeles on December 28th, a few days before the ceremony. It's the first *altar-ation* for both.



Jenne returned from her honeymoon for retakes on new picture "Centennial Summer," to find a surprise visitor: Lon McCollister. Hearty congratulations show Lon's no sore loser.

married..."

THEY MET AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE—FUN.

THEY MET AT A CROWDED MARKET—FATE. AND SO

THEY WERE MARRIED—FOREVER 'N' EVER,

SAYS JEANNE CRAIN BRINKMAN

Comfortable, and so-o-o romantic, as Poul Brooks (né Brinkman) carries his bride over the threshold. The handsome groom's often mistaken for Errol Flynn; when a group of fans rushed him outside a theater one night, Poul obligingly autographed with Errol's name!



■ It was four-thirty in the morning of the last day of 1945, when Jeanne Crain turned off the lights in the guest room in the San Fernando Valley home of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Kester, where she had been staying ever since her misunderstanding with her mother.

Hanging in the closet was her lovely white suit and in a hat bag on the dresser was a huge white felt hat. How incredible that these clothes she had bought on a casual shopping tour should develop into her wedding wardrobe! Tomorrow, thought Jeanne, as she snuggled under the blankets, she would be Mrs. Paul Brinkman.

"Try to sleep, darling," Paul had said when he had kissed her goodbye several hours earlier. "Don't think. Just rest. Everything will turn out all right."

But she had so much to think about! From her bed she could see the gradual reddening of the sky in promise of a brilliant dawn, and about that brightening she remembered a line from some treasured book, "Happy the bride the sun shines on." So she was to be a bride in sunshine!

The sun had been shining the first time she had ever seen Paul—that she remembered clearly. The Kesters had called Jeanne one Saturday to say, "We're having a Sunday morning brunch at noon tomorrow. Bring your current dove and join us, won't you? We've invited an amusing crowd that we think you'll enjoy."

So Jeanne, after consulting her mother, had called a boy and tendered the invitation. Like all well-reared girls, Jeanne's social life was carefully regulated; she was not allowed to telephone boys except under specific circumstances approved by her mother. Even when 20th Century-Fox was giving some sort of an affair and wanted to make a professional appearance date for Jeanne, Mrs. Crain was consulted before any action was taken. Jeanne was seventeen at this time, sweet, untouched by (Continued on page 94)

FOR A WHILE IT WAS ALL MIXED UP—WANTING TO SING AND
THE NEW BABY AND LILLIAN EASING THE TIGHT SPOTS. THEN CAME THE BREAK. NOW
EVERYTHING'S ROSY, THANK YOU. (LIFE STORY, CONCLUDED)

dennis morgan



The Morgons sure aren't night owls, but the day Dennis signed a brand new 7-year contract with Warners', he blew Lillian to a high time at Ciro's. Denny wouldn't sign, however, before studio execs promised, "No more musicals!"

■ Stan Morner and Lillian Vedder were married on a balmy Indian Summer evening at Lillian's home in Marshfield. Half the town was there to watch the high school romance blossom in Doctor Vedder's garden, along with pals from Prentice and a sprinkling of Morner and Van Dusen relatives. Lillian was lovely in white and Stan was tall and trim, perspiring a little in dark blue coat and creamy white flannel trousers. It wasn't the summer heat that made his brow bead up, but the shakes that seize almost every groom, helped along by a narrow escape from stark tragedy. Because up until minutes before he walked down the aisle, Bridegroom Stan didn't have any pants to wear at his wedding.

He'd stopped in Milwaukee on the way to enlist his good friend, Bob DeHaven, as best man. Together, they'd ordered the ice cream color pants for the garden wedding. Bob was to wear his and bring Stan's when he came down the fateful day. But as the crowd gathered for the ceremony, Stan Morner paced up and down in Doctor Vedder's room, hair slicked, tie knotted, shirt dangling above his shorts. No wonder his bare knees trembled with the whips and jingles. The agony ended a few minutes before the nuptial deadline when Bob finally rolled up with the necessary trousers. Stan slipped into the pants and they raced to the starting line, on time but shaky.

Another minor crisis developed when Lillian's sister, Jeanette, sitting at the piano to play the Wedding March, saw a Wisconsin wind snatch the music off her rack and whisk it clear over the fence and down the block the minute the preacher signalled "ready." She couldn't play without music; she had to sing the Mendelssohn. (Continued on page 116)



Just before going on the Screen Guild Broadcast with Bruce Cobot, Dennis received word that his old Alma Mater, Carroll College, had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts—the first oword of its history!

BY
KIRTLEY
BASKETTE



Stan, Jr., and Kris, California born and bred, take naturoally to the outdoor life—even though it's Dad who's the Wisconsin woodsman. Dennis' next pic is "Two Guys From Milwaukee" with Jack Carson.



The Morgon ranch has started specializing in breeding prize-winning fruits. Only problem now is keeping Stan from shinning up the trees offer the whoppers!

JOHNNIE JOHNSTON SANG IN BEER JOINTS ALL NIGHT;

DOROTHY WORKED DAYS. SO THEY MET FOR BREAKFAST—

AND HOARSE AS HE WAS, SHE UNDERSTOOD WHEN HE

CROAKED, "WILL YOU MARRY ME?" BY JEAN KINKEAD



Oh, Johnnie!

■ Right off the bat the youngsters in Kansas City got on to it that the "new kid" was different. He was only four when he moved in from St. Louis, but he had an air, a swagger that set him apart. Even the big six and seven-year-olds noticed him. "Grousy, grousy new kid," they'd shout at him from their tricycles, but they'd always stop a minute and say, "What's your name?"

"Johnnie Clifford Johnston," he'd reply, and get on with the business of making mud pies or chasing squirrels. When he felt chatty he'd hurl the bombshell at them. The startling bit of information that was responsible for the swagger. "My mom and pop are champion bowlers." In the circles in which he traveled that was more impressive than having your parents in Congress, and in almost no time he was a local figure.

It was pretty darn wonderful having a mother who *did* something, but now and then a guy wished she were just a plain old everyday mom who was always around. It made you feel a little empty sometimes to come home and yell "Mom!" and then remember that Mom was downtown practicing for the next match. One big thing it did for Johnnie, though, was to put him on his own when he was very, very young. Aged ten, he was making his own decisions, making his own (Continued on page 103)



Vacationing in Florida, Johnnie "rested" by sailing, fishing, swimming, golfing, and even got in a few sets of tennis at the Roney Plozo courts. His excuse? "I had to get in shape for my opening at the Copocobana!"



In order to celebrate the invite to audition for NBC in '37, Johnnie startled his pals by splurging \$60 of his \$90 bonkrall for a set of golf clubs! He and Benny Goodman are golf inseparables.

Kibitzer criticized Johnnie's gin rummy technique, teased him about that lock-over-the-forehead coiffure. Item: J. climbed trees for a drink of cacaoanut milk! He's goy at night clubs, but na hard likker!



Hom Fisher, cortoonist-creator of fightin' Joe Palooka, gets some inside-dope on boxing from Johnnie Johnston, ex-amateur ring champ. Weighing 125 pounds of the time, Jahnnie lost only 3 bouts out of 39!



Jahnnie spreads it on thick while lunching with Joe Pasternok. Time was when he warked for a doughnut company far 50c a doy and two meols, consisting of coffee ond—yep!—sinkers.





plans. And making them well. You see, along about then he decided to go on the stage.

It happened like this. North East Junior High gave a colossal something called a "Jamboree" which had everything. Tumbling, a minstrel show, singing, dancing. There were fourteen acts and Johnnie was in eleven of them. He played a guitar, did a buck-and-wing, was end man—"Anthracite," by name—in the minstrel show, and sang "Singin' in the Rain" in a yellow slicker and big sou'wester hat. To be applauded eleven different times in one evening was really something. It went to his head. He was reeling with it. Going home with mom after the show, he exploded.

"Oh boy, the minute I get out of Junior High I'm going on the stage." Mom smiled at him in the dark and didn't say anything. It was a bright, dream-hung moment in a little boy's life. There'd be time enough to crusade for education tomorrow. Or the day after.

Of course Johnnie didn't go on the stage for years and years. He had a dozen jobs before he became a singer. When he was thirteen he was hustling pool. He was a long, lean kid, and when he slicked down his blond hair and stuck a cigarette in his mouth, he looked about seventeen, and it was nobody's business that the cigarette was only a Cubeb—made of herbs.

Job Number Two came when he was in high school. Ukuleles came in then, and Westport High had a uke club of which Johnnie was president (*Continued on page 103*)



Using his finger to beat out the rhythms, Johnnie checks musical score of rehearsal with Dove Tyler and pianist before his night club engagement. Chorus girls ganged up, but stood by, fascinated, when J. vocalized.



"Hold that smile!" Joseph Zoppler, famed portrait painter, sketches Johnnie under the palms before finishing the job in oils. Sitting while someone else sketches is a far cry from Johnnie's sign painting days!

Eager Beaver..



■ *(We wanted a real, on-the-scene report on Don Taylor, so naturally, we went right to the source: His home town! All the way to Freeport, Pa., went one of our editors, to get you this first-hand account of Don's life from his mother and father.—THE EDITORS.)*

With all the excitement, nobody would

have been in the least surprised if a voice suddenly rang out with, "Lights, action, camera!" That's how unbelievable it all was. MODERN SCREEN was throwing its big, stupendous, colossal Poll Party and if Harry Truman had been available at the time, he probably would have been there, too. Everybody

else was. Hostess Louella Parsons kept ducking out from behind the mounds of heaped turkeys and hams to greet Pete Lawford and Rosalind Russell and Vai Johnson, and you couldn't tie Mik Romanoff down. He'd provided the decorations, he'd thought up those carved ice figures and darned if he wa

"Learn a trade, son," Mr. Taylor preached. So Don studied law and sold subscriptions and even fell in love. But it wouldn't work, it couldn't dull the stardust • by Miriam Alberta Ghidalia

Penn State College social affairs always featured the "We Three" troupe. Don was a one-man version of the "First Nighter," Doris Disney song, Leon Robinowitz "killed 'em" with impersonations.



At 6, Don was tow-headed, old boy, with most of his time spent in refusing to tend baby sister Jonet and tearing his clothes fence climbing. He had a passion for trick hats—said they helped him play actor!



As a kid, Don was sure his dad's position on the Penn. School Board would make him "teacher's pet." It didn't, though—Mom Taylor kept getting notes from school complaining of her "wild Indian."



going to pass up this perfectly wonderful chance to kiss every female hand in Hollywood! When he finally got around to Phyl Taylor, he was sagging a little.

"Fine wife you've got there, Don," he announced, "pretty girl."

Phyl whooped. "He knows us! Darling, we are (Continued on page 79)



blithe spirit

SO-O-O GROWN UP, THAT
LIZ TAYLOR, WITH A FUR COAT, 'N'
EVEN MAKEUP—TILL SHE
FORGETS, AND ROMPS ON THE
FLOOR WITH
TWEEDLES, HER DOG.

■ Elizabeth tucked her autograph book into her new muff. "Do you think Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. will give me his autograph, mummy? I'd rather have it than *anything!*"

"I think he will, dear, if you ask him nicely." Pretty Mrs. Taylor smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm.

"Doing a broadcast from the White House is about the most wonderful thing that could happen to a girl, isn't it? Oh, honestly, I'm so thrilled I could die!"

"Well, don't die till you come back. Hurry up now, the car's waiting. Are you ready?"

Elizabeth danced to the door, clutching her white muff dramatically to her breast. Her grey eyes with their black velvet smudge of lashes blazed excitement.

The car which was waiting for them had Cornelia Otis Skinner in it, and Elizabeth promptly bagged her autograph. As soon as they got to the White House, she added Mrs. Truman's signature to her collection. When tall, handsome F.D.R., Jr. strode into the room, Elizabeth reached for her book again. But it was just time for the broadcast to begin, and there was a mad flurry of activity. Elizabeth was definitely jittery until she saw that Mrs. Truman was, too, which had a curiously calming effect. The broadcast went off smoothly, and then the newsreel men took over. Elizabeth left her bag and muff with her mother while she posed for the camera with Mrs. Truman and the others. Every few minutes she took a deep breath to ease the aching excitement in her chest. It was all so unbelievable, that she should be standing by the President's wife and the late President's son.

Right at that moment, the man in charge said politely, "Mr. (Continued on page 98)



Liz dotes on radio plays, comics, interviews, Garson. Was turious because rain made her miss daily ride on King Charles, the horse Metra gave her. Na matter—she beat Shirley Johns at ping pana!

by Virginia Wilson

Watch MARK STEVENS!



by HEDDA HOPPER



■ "How do you do, Miss Hopper," said Mark Stevens, tossing me a level glance: "Where's the Gruen watch?"

Well, now, really! I gasped. I knew long ago that if I didn't watch out I'd soon be about the most popular gal in Hollywood, and not because I'm the cutest kid in town, either. When you go around doping winners for MODERN SCREEN's Star-of-the-Month, and handing out beautiful Gruen wrist watches to boot—well, it's hard to miss. You're welcome in the best society. You're everybody's pal. Yes, indeed.

But I'd never had anyone come right out with the irresistible secret of my allure—not so soon, so quick, so brutally frank.

"Listen here, (*Continued on page 72*)

"Let's pool our change in a piggy bank," suggested Mark to Mrs. S. So after four months they opened it for a splurge—and found \$1.15! They'd each been cribbing from it!

HE'S THE RUGGED

ROMEO WITH THE SMOOTH

APPROACH—HEDDA

HOPPER'S CHOICE FOR

STAR-OF-

THE-MONTH



Mark chortled, "A Gruen Watch, just what I wanted!" when Hedda Hopper presented him his award as Star-of-the-Month. Poor Mr. S. hates makeup, wore down from 175 to 155 lbs. on "From This Day Forward" arguing the point . . .



■ I'll make a confession. I make my living directing pictures; but underneath I'm a frustrated song writer. I'd rather have been one Irving Berlin or Jerome Kern than six Leo McCareys. That's life. You always want to be something you aren't. And I wasn't. At least not for Bing Crosby I wasn't. I'd wrestle around with lyrics, scribbling "moon" and "June" and "love" and "stars above" until I came up with something I thought was really pretty hot. Then I'd take them to my baritone beau-ideal, Bing.

"How about singing this?" I'd ask. He'd look it over, hum a few notes. "Okay," he'd say. "Maybe I can run it in tonight."

But he never could. I'd pay cover charge and drink all the Prohibition ginger ale at the Grove waiting for Bing to croon a masterpiece of mine and make me famous. But no. I'd hear "I Surrender Dear," "If I Could Be With You," "Mississippi Mud." I don't think Bing thought so much of me as a songwriter. Some people are that way. My wife, for instance. She's heard all my songs, because all my friends get (Continued on page 128)



Leo McCarey's o favorite golf partner of Bing's—even if he does beat the crooner. He owns stacks of Crosby records, secretly imitates "boo-boo-boo" style in his shower! (Bing's next: "Blue Skies.")



Bing battled with his radio sponsors when he felt he needed a rest. He's due for competition on the air from within the ranks: One of his older sons will have his own radio show—if papa consents!

I'm a Crosby Fan!

by Leo McCarey

Director of "Bells of St. Mary's"

NO MAN'S A HERO TO HIS VALET,

AND NO STAR'S A HERO TO HIS DIRECTOR, IN HOLLYWOOD.

BUT WHEN THE STAR'S NAME IS BING CROSBY, WELL . . . !



ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING . . .

■ I never thought, honestly, that I'd make the Metropolitan Opera! Even though I've often played golf with Crosby and know Sinatra, Como, Johnnie Johnston and Andy Russell intimately, the Metropolitan Opera had eluded my wildest dreams. You can believe, too, that if ever anyone had suggested to Edward Johnson, general director of the Metropolitan Opera, that he permit a New York columnist to participate in a Saturday matinee of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," even the wonderful suavity of the "Met" boss could not have been maintained. You can picture Mr. Johnson summoning Barnaba, chief of police in "La Gioconda," and directing him to toss me into the Grand Canal, main waterway of Venice.



Radio Editor Sullivan with the Met's Edward Johnson.

However, the impossible has come to pass and on one wall of the Metropolitan Opera Guild there hangs visible proof that Sullivan achieved the Metropolitan Opera during the March 16th, 1946 performance of "La Gioconda." The plaque which hangs on the Guild wall is lettered:

THE MODERN SCREEN RADIO AWARD
presented by Ed Sullivan

to

EDWARD JOHNSON

in recognition of the splendid cultural services
rendered by his Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

In selecting Mr. Johnson and the Metropolitan Opera

for the first monthly award of a series which will honor those who have contributed greatly to radio, MODERN SCREEN was very conscious that here was a man, and an organization, deserving of the loftiest recognition. Above and beyond the broadcasts themselves, Americans owe to Mr. Johnson sincere appreciation for breaking down the operatic barriers which had been maintained against young American singers. Perhaps his decision to open the Metropolitan roster to all singers stemmed from Johnson's own experience. When he trained for the Opera under Caruso's teacher, Vincenzo Lombardi, the young Canadian tenor was advised to bill himself as Eduardo Di Giovanni. From 1912, his debut at Padua, until 1919, when he returned as an acknowledged tenor star, Johnson sang under the name of Di Giovanni.

In his eleventh year as general director of the "Met," Mr. Johnson must derive deep satisfaction from a roster that includes such names as Rise Stevens, James Melton, Nadine Connor, Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Lucille Browning, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benzell, Richard Tucker, Dorothy Kirsten, Frances Greer, Helen Traubel, Maxine Stellman and so many others whose splendid dreams came true only because of his sympathetic understanding.

I'm delighted that this first award should go to Edward Johnson. My pledge is that these monthly awards will be on the same high level, even though I grant you that men of the professional stature of Edward Johnson are not to be found on every Crosley-Hooper rating.

I'd like to hear from you MODERN SCREEN readers. When something, or somebody in radio impresses you as having done something that warrants national acclaim, drop me a memo here at MODERN SCREEN. Your suggestion will be weighed carefully. Perhaps you'll call attention to someone who might escape this roving eye, and I'll appreciate your cooperation.

Of Mice, Men and Sponsors

Artie Auerbach, whose dialect jingle of "A pickle in the middle, with the mustard on top" added another comedy plus to the Jack Benny program, used to heckle me in my vaudeville act. . . In the Detroit Fox Theater, once, Auerbach was carried into audience view on the enormous orchestra elevator. It had seats for 60 musicians, but Artie came up on it alone. . . When Parks Johnson and his "Vox Pop" program fades temporarily from the airwaves April 22, happiest will be Parks. After 14 years of broadcasting, the veteran will be able to vacation all summer at Wimberly, Texas (unhappiest, however, will be Sullivan. Each summer, Parks and Warren Hull have used me as a pinch-hitter) . . . Steve Hannegan, when he took over the Jack Benny publicity chores, was amazed at Jack's nervousness. Recently, when Steve came back from the Coast, I was sitting at the Stork Club with him and Ann Sheridan. "How's Jack?" I asked. "Wonderful." (Continued on page 127)

HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum



She's Engaged!

Cornelia V. Clapp

charming young daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp
"Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y.,
is to be the bride of
Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U.S.M.S.



Cornelia's complexion is soft, clear—eyes, blue-violet—hair, burnished brown

She's lovely! SHE USES Pond's!



BOOKS FOR SAILORS—At the Seamen's Institute, Cornelia helps collect books to send out to the Merchant Marine. A friendly service as important in peacetime as in wartime. Cornelia is also a delightful hostess at a well-known and popular officers' club in New York. It was there she met her lieutenant fiancé.

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosy about using a very good cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so cleansing and soft."

She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream twice—for extra softness and extra clean-ness," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way every morning, every night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big luxury size jar today!



You'll love a big, luxury jar!

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

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Princess Guy de Polignac
Mrs. Alister McCormick
Viscountess Milton

louella parsons

Good news

JEANNE CRAIN'S

MOM ISN'T MAD ANY MORE;

VAN'S MENDING

AS WELL AS BREAKING

HEARTS; LADDIE

CAME HOME

■ If Susanna Foster's heart was broken and she carried a torch when Turhan Bey fell in love with Lana Turner—she is having mighty sweet revenge.

I happen to know that Susanna WAS very much in love with the Turkish Delight and that they had even gone so far as to discuss marriage plans when Lana came into his life.

At first, the little Foster girl was miserably unhappy. It was around that time that she first started discussing leaving the screen for an operatic career—an idea she has now put into effect—but NOT because she is still grieving for Turhan!

With his romance with Lana an affair of the dim, dear past—Turhan has been wooing Susanna with all the old fire and ardor.

Three times he has driven up to her home at Carmel to beg her to let bygones be bygones. On one occasion, his mother (who never approved of his romance with Lana) went with him. Mama always liked Susanna.

But the lady says it is all over, finished and definitely through. The real big interest in her life right now is the five sabbatical years she is taking off from her Universal contract to study for the Metropolitan Opera. Movies, Turhan and love are all behind her now while the blonde songbird concentrates all her attention on her singing career. And her heart is all patched up.

. . .

I say it is good, good, good that Universal is bringing Deanna Durbin back to the screen as her old sweet self in her first picture after the birth of her baby, in "Josephine." I never thought Deanna was the type to go sophisticated. Did you? Leave the wisecracks and the brittleness to actresses like Barbara Stanwyck. Deanna was our baby songbird and we loved her that way.

(Continued on page 60)

Fon club prexy Corol Whetchel still can't believe it—being invited to Louello Parsons' with LOP awarding her M.S.'s semi-annual Fon Club Assoc. Trophy Cup. Who's the club for? Done Clork, but natch. . .



Conodo's ski slides provided the T. Powers (of "Leave Her To Heaven" premiere), with some much-needed relaxation. Ty and Annobello spent his first week out of service at a tourist camp 150 miles from H'wood.

T. W. M. E. B. *



Painted from life by Andrew Loomis

***The World's Most
Exciting Brunette
JANE RUSSELL**

So thrillingly alive—she couldn't live without love! So breathlessly beautiful—she couldn't escape from men! So tensely dramatic you'll always remember her—and this great new hit!

Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

**★ Young
Widow ★**

Starring

JANE RUSSELL LOUIS HAYWARD

with **FAITH DOMERGUE • KENT TAYLOR**
MARIE WILSON • CONNIE GILCHRIST
and
PENNY SINGLETON

Directed by Edwin L. Marin Released thru United Artists

Lee Garmes, A.S.C. Director of Photography
Screenplay by Richard Macaulay and
Margaret Beall Wilder
Additional Dialogue by
Ruth Nordli

Good news

Academy Award nominee Milland guested on the Screen Guild Show with Jane Wyman—and o beard. Seems he needs a stubble for Pora's "Califarnia," and Roy believes in growing his own.



never been to Phoenix—and she and Dick were going to a dude ranch. You would have thought he was taking her to Cairo or to a Palace in Persia, she was that excited.

"Will I ride?" she kept asking him, "will we take hikes? Isn't it wonderful? We're going away together—oh, I'm so happy!" And all that isn't an "act" on the part of little Junie, either. She was genuinely happy to be going away with Dick and to be going to Arizona for the first time.

She was wearing a brand new Howard Greer dress. "My Pappy gave me six of these," she said—Pappy being Dick, of course. I noticed she wore little pumps with buckles and gloves.

June said, "I'll never again give any of these commentators a chance to criticize me for going around in slacks and bandanas."

Dick grinned and said, "You look good to me, honey, no matter what you wear." That's the way it is with the Powells.

But I think June is sensible to get a little clothes conscious. Stars should always look their best at all times, on all occasions.

. . .

This month I want to have a little talk with you about something that is happening with frequency in our movietown—and must be happening elsewhere, judging (Continued on page 66)



That \$40,000 platino fox coat C. Colbert (here with producer Frank Ross) groces was from the "Tamarrow Is Forever" wardrobe. But Claudette was sa sensational, studio gifted her with it.

"Adventure" makes Greer's ninth film to open at N.Y.'s Music Hall, but now that ex-sea dog Richard Ney is home, wife plans to do fewer pix per year. If possible, she'll co-star with Dick. For luck?

Are you a modern in gabardine?

• Are you eager, energetic;
keyed to the tempo of a rapidly
changing world?
Then for you, streamlined
gabardine and, of course,
Solitair Cake Make-Up.



modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually
your complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness
always wanted—never before found. And since it's
your make-up looks *naturally* lovely, because it's the
weight, precision blended cake make-up that *never* looks
like. Rich in lanolin. Solitair guards your skin against
too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose
Try it—you modern in gabardine! \$1, 60¢, 25¢.

Final Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta

Leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"

Solitair cake make-up



Contains Lanolin

Good news



She huffed, she puffed, and Ginger R. Briggs blew out all 3 candles of third anniversary cake at Ciro's with her own personal pride of the Marines, Jack B.



At Beverly Hills Hotel, Sanny Tufts tells wife Barbara what he did at hospital tour: "I sang—nat good, but loud." Sanny lost 16 lbs. last year when his hand got infected, went down to mere 203!

Shortly before leaving for So. America, Lana Turner attended a premiere with Bob Hutton. When her plane landed in S. A., 5,000 ardent fans were on hand to greet Lana—police couldn't hold 'em back!



from letters from unhappy daughters I have been receiving.

It is the old, old problem of mothers disapproving of the engagements and marriages of teen-age daughters.

Believe me, there was much excitement over the mother-daughter-fiance fracas just before Jeanne Crain's marriage to Paul Brooks. Now Jeanne is saying that it was never as serious as the gossips and the newspapers made out. But I think that even Jeanne cannot deny that there were many stormy scenes and tears when she told her mother she was marrying Paul.

Mrs. Crain had refused him permission to their home. One night, he came pounding on the door. Jeanne rushed out into the night and later eloped with the good looking boy who looks so much like Errol Flynn that he could pass for his double.

Well, accusations and recriminations flew thick and fast for a few days. Mrs. Crain sobbed (Continued on page 68)



Link Your Friends Together...

EVERLASTING "Forget-Me-Not" FRIENDSHIP BRACELET



The newest and most popular friendship bracelet . . . starts on a dainty black ribbon and when finished is a lovely Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelet.

The nation's newest craze. A sentimental nate in Jewelry. You start with one "Farget-me-nat" link, and your friends, family and sweethearts add to it! Exchange links with your girl friends. When you have 9 "Farget-me-nat" links, stare will join them together with Sterling Silver connecting links, into a beautiful, salid Sterling Silver "Farget-me-nat" Bracelet.

This sentimental nate in Jewelry can be obtained at the fallowing leading dept. stores:

Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Auerbach Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah
L. S. Ayres Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Gus Blass Co.	Little Rock, Ark.
Block & Kuhl Co.	Illinois
The Bon Marche	Seattle, Wash.
The Boston Store	Milwaukee, Wis.
J. L. Brondeis	Omaha, Neb.
Burdine's, Inc.	Miami, Fla.
Carl Company	Schenectady, N. Y.
Denver Dry Goods Co.	Denver, Colo.
The Emporium	San Francisco, Calif.
The Fair Store	Chicago, Ill.
Famous Barr Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
G. Fox & Co.	Hartford, Conn.
B. Gertz, Inc.	Jamaico, N. Y.
Gold & Co.	Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule	St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hengerer Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Hess Brothers	Allentown, Pa.
The Hecht Co.	Washington, D. C.
Joseph Horne Co.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. L. Hudson Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Hutzler Bros. Co.	Baltimore, Md.
Jordan, Marsh Co.	Boston, Mass.
Kahn Dept. Stores, Inc.	Oakland, Calif.
Kresge	Newark, N. J.
La Salle Koch Co.	Toledo, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus Co.	Columbus, Ohio
Mandel Bros.	Chicago, Ill.
T. S. Martin Co.	Sioux City, Ia.
The May Company	Los Angeles, Calif.
John G. Myers Co.	Albany, N. Y.
Myers Bros.	Springfield, Ill.
Olds Wortman & King	Portland, Oregon
M. O'Neil Co.	Akron, Ohio
Pomeroy's Inc.	Pennsylvania
Powers Drug Goods Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Rhodes Bros.	Tacoma, Wash.
Rike Kumlner Co.	Dayton, Ohio
Robertson Bros.	South Bend, Ind.
Leo S. Schear Co.	Evansville, Ind.
John Shillio Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Spokane Dry Goods Co.	Spokane, Wash.
Stewart Dry Goods Co.	Louisville, Ky.
Strauss Hirshberg Co.	Youngstown, Ohio
Strawbridge & Clothier	Philadelphia, Pa.
Wm. Taylor Son & Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Thalhimer Bros.	Richmond, Va.
Wolf & Dessauer Co.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Younker Bros.	Des Moines, Io

and many ather dept. stores together with many leading jewelers fram caast to caast.

STERLING SILVER
"Forget-Me-Not"
LINKS
25¢ each
Plus 20%
Excise Tax



STERLING SILVER CLASPS **35¢**

It becomes an everlasting remembrance af family, friends and sweethearts. You'll want several of them . . . it's smart ta wear 3 or 4 complete bracelets. Just add "Farget-me-nat" links and your friends are linked together farever. Start yours TODAY—the dealer carrying "Farget-me-nat" Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelets in your tawn is listed at the left.



Special

"Message" bracelet . . . same as "Farget-me-nat" name bracelet, but you chaase the message . . . 9 wards . . . \$2.60 complete plus tax.

DES. PATENT 132,311

VIRGINIA MAYO, STARRING IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
TECHNICOLOR COMEDY "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN"



LEARN FROM *Virginia Mayo*-

How to have the most adorable hands.

Use Jergens Lotion, as Virginia Mayo does.

Hand Care of the Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

EVEN FINER NOW. Using knowledge gained in wartime, Jergens scientists now make this favorite Jergens Lotion even more effective.

"Protects even longer"; women said after making tests.

"Makes my hands even smoother, softer."
So wonderful. Part of the magic—those 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening, smoothing effect.

This even finer Jergens is in the stores, very same bottle, still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No hampering oiliness; no sticky feeling.

Use For the Softest, Adorable Hands
JERGENS LOTION



68 *Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research*

that she had not even been invited to her daughter's wedding. Jeanne's little sister almost had a breakdown crying, "—and Jeanne said she would never be married unless I was her bridesmaid!" Now things seem to be patched up—but this is not the only tangle of Cupid with Mammias in Hollywood.

Mrs. Haver was deeply upset when she thought her cute, blonde trick of a daughter, June, was falling in love with Victor Mature and might marry him.

Diana Lynn's mother disapproves of all her beaux who threaten to become serious. "Diana is much too young to think of marrying anyone," her mother says.

What a wise woman Gertrude Temple was when her curly-headed little 17-year-old Shirley came to her and said, "Mother, I am in love and want to be married." Of course, Mrs. Temple knew that John Agar was a fine boy. But when she realized that Shirley was deeply and sincerely in love she said to me, "Shirley brought a great deal of happiness to other people when she was a little girl on the screen. Now that little girl is growing up—and she is entitled to happiness of her own."

I say, of course, if there are any real objections to a suitor—that is something else again. But don't object to Love on the grounds of youth. Mother frequently knows best, as the old saying goes—but not always!

Never in your life have you seen a bedroom set like the "boodwah" David Niven and Loretta Young are working on in "The Perfect Marriage."

When I dropped over to visit the popular David (just returned to the movies after five years in the British Army) and Loretta, I found them having tea—Loretta arrayed in a nightgown (!) and David in a knockout of a lounging robe.

Of course, that is what they are wearing in the scenes before the cameras and not what they might have chosen for the tea hour.

"Do women stars really just wear nightgowns as sheer as they look on the screen—and with all those men around?" is a popular query I receive from my readers.

Since Loretta was wearing one, I'll let her tell you about it:

"Believe me, Louella, and you can tell the fans—we're just as fully clothed in these nightgowns as we would be in an evening gown. Usually they are made of satin, and lined, and getting that very sheer effect is just a little trick of the cameraman's which he gets with the right lighting," she laughed.

So, now you know.

CHUCKLES OF THE MONTH:

Gene Tierney's remark: "My husband and I have our spats. But I give in a little, he gives in a lot—so we remain very happy."

The cagey maneuver of one of our best known actors who had a terrific crush on a certain girl. He gave her fur coats and jewelry. Then when the spark was no longer there, he suggested she let him have all the gifts for an insurance estimate. You guessed it—she never saw them again!

Lana Turner's request to M-G-M that her South American tour be "absolutely without fanfare and minus interviews!" Oh, Lana—hubba, hubba, hubba and a yuk-yuk! (Now you know!)

Guy Madison and Gail Russell are maaad for each other (at this writing!) Maybe it means marriage—and then again, maybe it's just a little fond affection. Anyway, Guy's boss, David Selznick, isn't any too happy about the romance. He has nothing against Gail—but he thinks Guy should get a couple of hit pictures to his credit before he says "I do."

Richard Jaeckel, Dick to you, got leave from the Merchant Marine to take three months off to make a movie while his boat was in dry-dock in Long Beach harbor.

The picture his studio had lined up for him was "Margie" with Jeanne Crain. I say "was" because Dick read the script, put his foot down and bowed out of it. That might sound temperamental from a young actor who has been off the screen so long, and who had but one screen appearance to his credit, "Guadalcanal Diary," before he entered the service, but Dick's side of the argument is this: The part calls for him to play a typical rah-rah high school boy in a raccoon coat with nothing on his mind but his next date.

"That stuff's just not for me," says Dick, "I've grown up in the Merchant Marine. The guys would sure rib me ragged if I played such a part."

Ann Blythe, the glamorous "daughter" who was so good being bad in "Mildred Pierce" is completely recovered from the serious accident of some six months ago when she broke her back.

She'll be starred in Mark Hellinger's first Universal movie, "A Swell Guy," with one of our top name romantic actors playing opposite her.

Incidentally, I heard a very nice thing about Ann. All the time she was ill she corresponded regularly with Susan Peters, our other little invalid who's been making such a brave try at a comeback.

I still think Susan could return to the screen in just the right story. "The King's General," a very exciting book, has a heroine who is confined to a wheel chair. How about that for Susan, M-G-M?

I thought I would go crazy denying all the telephone calls and rumors that Bing Crosby was dead!

The happy truth is—Bing was in the East taking his first real holiday and vacation in years. His brother Everett wired me, "Bing's fine! I'm the one who is wilting—trying to keep up with him."

And now we come to the end of another chapter—I won't be seeing you until next month. But once again I want to thank all of you who have been writing me—and I do mean ALL.

Pond's Make-up Pat

"Gives
my skin
a fresh
smooth
look!"

"Water-Colors"

Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"

Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives your skin a young, "poreless" finish.

"De-Shines"

No more shiny nose! Make-up Pat gives a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and lasts!



MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT joins other beautiful society leaders in praising Pond's new Make-up Pat.

**Pond's double-formula discovery
gives clearer blonde shades
... richer brunette shades**

Pond's Make-up Pat is the *only* cake make-up we know of that's made with a *double* formula!

A *featherweight* formula makes the blonde shades go on clearer, softer—never "masky."

A *richer* formula gives Pond's brunette shades a richer, rosier glow—never "stagey."

Apply Make-up Pat sparingly with a damp-to-wet sponge or cotton. While moist, blend evenly with your fingertips.

"Make-up Pat gives such a fresh, all-over-smooth look to my skin!" Mrs. Roosevelt says. Try Pond's new Make-up Pat *today*. We believe you'll like it better than any make-up you've ever tried.



IT PROTECTS your skin from wind and weather. Wear Pond's Make-up Pat every day! 39¢, plus tax.

TIPS FOR FINGERTIPS! HERE ARE NOTES FROM HOLLYWOOD
ON HOW TO KEEP THEM COLORFUL AND GLEAMING.

HELP YOUR HANDS TO SOME FOUR-STAR GLAMOR.

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

Beauty Hand-outs!



Anne Jeffreys, who is so pretty in RKO's "Step by Step," never skips a step in her manicure routine! Here she smooths on hand lotion and finishes a neat job at polish application.

■ The Beauty Department has something for you. Hold out both hands . . . we're going to cram 'em full of beauty! Let's begin by striking a colorful note. We'll do away with fingertip monotony by remembering that there's a particular nail polish to team with every wardrobe color from that cherry jumper to char- treuse suit.

F'rinstance, there's a lilting, singing "fire fly" scarlet, so grand with pastels and prints. Or, could be that you want a strong, serene, true red to team with a clear green? Then by all means consider "flare red." Check off "red plum" to highlight mauves, violets and purples. Not planned to transcend red, but to supplement it for special occasions, there is "tortoise shell," a burnished, dramatic russet. And "proud pink" will do you proud when worn with Spring Navy blue!

Get the idea? Let your fingertips share in your glamor. Don't keep 'em in the background by dabbing on the same red over a period of weeks. Have



repertoire as wide as Sinatra's. After all, he doesn't sing the same tune over and over again, does he?

The best way to give your digits the spice of variety is to practice the "quick-dick" technique. For lasting fingertip allure, apply one durable base coat, two coats of polish. When time is short, or when you want to match a special polish to a special outfit, apply one base coat and one coat of polish.

In the last few years some of us females have fallen into the rather lazy habit of quickly swishing on polish and covering the entire nail. The results are pretty and I've nothing against that practice. But here again we can do with a bit of variety. First, of course, there's this business of sheathing the entire nail. But for a different finger makeup you might try leaving your half moons exposed. A third variation for your tailored and business-like moods is to leave both moons and tips exposed.

With fingertips so colorful, they are bound to attract the public's eye . . . so keep them pretty with a regular weekly

manicure. Begin the procedure by arranging the "fixings" on a nearby table so you won't have to dash up, half way through, to retrieve the polish or cuticle-remover you've forgotten. Then turn on the radio to your favorite program and devote fifteen cozy minutes to the business at hand!

For a clean start, remove old enamel with oily polish remover. Shape your nails with an emery board or a fine grained metal file. A gentle oval is the most becoming outline. Scrub your dainty digits with a brush and a fluff of warm suds.

Remove cuticle, using a cotton-tipped orangewood stick dipped in a special cuticle remover. Or you might try using the wonderful fountain-pen shaped gadget that holds a supply of oily cuticle remover and has a "nib" that neatly disciplines wayward cuticles.

Before going to work with your polish brush, apply a colorless base coat to smooth out any bumps and to provide a strong mooring ground for the coloring. Now, one or two coats of polish,

as you will, and finish with one of those grand "toppers" that speeds drying time.

When polish has dried, pamper your glorified fingers with hand lotion or cream. In fact, don't reserve this beauty treatment for manicure time. Make it a daily practice. The results will show in smooth, soft, unchapped hands. Use lotion beforehand when you're about to embark upon any messy chores. And keep a bottle of lotion on tap to be used every time your hands have been in water, whether you've been washing dishes, stockings . . . or you!

* * * *

All set now? Fine! But just in case you're wondering about polish brands or manicure items, or even about the beautification of face, figure or top-knot, remember that Carol Carter is here to help you. For a prompt reply send your problem, together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to: Carol Carter, Dept. B., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

How to REMOVE DANDRUFF completely

FITCH'S DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO is the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application has the backing of one of the world's largest insurance firms. Enjoy lustrous, dandruff-free hair! Ask for an economical bottle of Fitch's at your drug counter, or have professional applications at your beauty shop.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.

LISTEN TO "FITCH BANDWAGON"

Hear vivacious **Cass Daley** and the swoon-tunes by the nation's leading dance bands on the Fitch Bandwagon every Sunday over NBC network at 7:30 p. m. EST.



1 APPLY FITCH'S to the hair and scalp before water is added. Massage well, so shampoo reaches each part of scalp.



2 ADD WATER gradually, removing the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.



3 RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set hair and dry.



4 FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY • Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J.
Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada





“...I'll never let you go!”

Life's most precious moments—will you make the most of them?
Make your Happiness *last*?

That means taking care of your loveliness today... tomorrow... and tomorrow! It means keeping the hands he loves *smooth* and *fresh* and *soft—always!*

“Soft, smooth hands”—how easy that really is—thanks to Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! The wonderful lanolin-enriched lotion that works *so quickly* to help protect and soothe your hands—and doesn't feel sticky! Just take *half a minute* with Hinds whenever your hands have been at work—or in water. They'll look and feel lovelier... smoother... *summer-soft*—the whole year round! (Wonderful, too, for rough elbows, knees and chapped skin!) At toilet goods counters... 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.

Hinds

*Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream
makes hands feel softer
in half a minute*

WATCH MARK STEVENS!

(Continued from page 53)

young man,” I began to boil, “suppose you keep your shirt on...” Then I saw this tall guy with the crinkly, ginger-colored hair and the dark brown eyes crack a charming, disarming grin, and I melted. I found I had the Gruen watch in my hand, and was forking it over. Mark Stevens looked at it, turned it around admiringly, latched it on his wrist and patted it.

“Just what I've been wanting,” he grinned. Then he looked reflective for a second and sighed. “You know what?” he said. “I was just thinking. It's funny. I wouldn't sell this watch today for ten times its price—but a couple of years ago, I'd have chased right off to Uncle Benny's and hocked it for whatever I could get!”

Maybe I was chugging my jalopy out over Cahuenga Pass toward Warner Brothers studio that morning when Mark was jerking his thumb at a stream of whizzing drivers who never gave him a tumble. Could be. Maybe, if I'd been the seventh daughter of a seventh son or something, I'd have slammed on the brakes and said, “Hop in, for a ride to fame.”

the hard way . . .

But it doesn't work that way. Mark hiked the whole six miles from Hollywood. He'd spent his last two bits getting up that far from Long Beach, where he was sleeping on the sands and eating hamburgers. He was headed for a test at Warners'. He was late but they shot it. He wore an old suit of Humphrey Bogart's that pinched him in the shoulders and split up the back. The wind ruffed his wavy hair around like a Hottentot's and he was too self-conscious to comb it in front of the camera crew. But somehow he got a stock contract and he hung around a while, doing nothing good, getting nowhere. Then he was fired. Washed up in one easy lesson. A Hollywood discard, like a hundred others, billed for oblivion. Just a couple of years ago.

Sometimes I'm tempted to sit down and write my Congressman. “Please, can't you pass a law making more months out of the year?” It's like this—new stars are popping up around Hollywood like corn over hot coals. The pressure's terrific. What's a gal to do with Dreamboat Dates with Fate everywhere she looks? I could pick a peck of Star-of-the-Month prospects every week and not be far off the bubble. Then how come it's Mark Stevens? Well, you want a capsule scenario of “The Winning of Hopper's Topper?” Okay . . .

First, Mark has proved he's a swell actor, parlaying a small part in “Within These Walls” right into a co-starring lead with Joan Fontaine in “From This Day Forward,” filling acting shoes designed for Jimmy Stewart or Hank Fonda there. Then I went to a premiere, “Leave Her to Heaven,” at the Carthay Circle a few weeks ago. I watched Ty Power, just back from the wars, walk down Peacock Lane with Annabella—and I heard the crowd roar. Next came Mark Stevens and his pretty wife, Annelle, and the bleachers busted just as wide open. Hmmm . . . He clicked with the fans. Then I talked to Darryl Zanuck, Steve's boss at Twentieth Century-Fox. He said: “Hedge Mark Stevens tops my new star list for '46.” Then I checked the fan mail—woah! Over to RKO next, and a producer to me a story. Says Bill Pereira:

“I wanted Mark opposite Joan Fontaine in ‘From This Day Forward.’ Another executive wanted an actor with a better reputation, a bigger name. We got stubborn, bucked horns. So we made a bargain: Run off both tests of both actors.

give no names. Invite 24 studio secretaries. Let their verdict be final."

"And . . . ?" I asked.

"We did," grinned Bill. "The vote: twenty-four to nothing—in favor of Mark, of course!"

Then I went into a huddle with myself—and you should huddle with Hopper. I've a Hollywood memory like an elephant and the minute I looked at Mark Stevens, names ran across my mind like ticker tape. Lew Ayres, yep, looks like him. Dana Andrews, too. A touch of Alan Ladd. Lots of Tim Holt's looks and charm. Errol Flynn. Even David Niven, if you look close. Those boys were stars. But I think the final clincher on the case was this: Mark Stevens is so typically untypical of Hollywood fortune—if I make myself clear. He's the kid who did it when it wasn't done—crashing the town cold, friendless, unafraid—getting his breaks in preposterous fashions (like those secretary votes), doing all the wrong things and coming out right. Getting in jams, sassing producers, walking off sets, getting married when he was out of a job. Making the grade and keeping his spunk and independence.

fireworks . . .

Mark Stevens should have been born on the Fourth of July. He's a walking Declaration of Independence, and that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see all kinds of things ambling along.

You can tell it the minute you spot his square-cut jaw. It's a good-looking face Steve wears, but on the cocky, belligerent side. He's almost a real redhead; as a kid, you just know he had copper freckles. Talks with a quiet, even voice with no apology-for-living in it. Maybe Mark packs a slightly cynical demeanor—well, he's been battered around a lot. Ever see a redhead without a temper, anyway?

Some time ago, while making "From This Day Forward," Mark, his producer and director came out of lunch at Lucey's Restaurant, right around the corner from RKO. A picture-snatcher was grabbing shots of stars because that's a great Paramount-RKO lunch hangout. The RKO big shots knew the bulb-boy. Mark didn't, and vice versa. They told the cameraman: "Here's a picture for you. Mark Stevens. He's playing opposite Joan Fontaine in her new picture. Better grab a shot."

But the lens clicker was not impressed. In fact, he was pretty rude.

"Nuts to him," he barked. "I don't give a damn. Wait'll he gets famous and then maybe I'll shoot him. Right now, I don't want to waste film." All this right to Mark's face. It turned pale. He stepped up to the photographer.

"I'll remember you," said Steve, icily. "You'll never take a picture of me, Bud! So don't ever try it!" The photographer's jaw dropped like a ripe apple. He'd been jostling actors around rudely for years and nobody'd called him. What made Mark sore was not the go-by but the rudeness. He's sensitive, and he's flash-tempered, and he's proud. That's a recipe for perpetual hot water, sure, almost anywhere, and particularly in Hollywood, but if you've got the stuff behind it, you'll get by. Look at Errol Flynn, Peck's Bad Boy, if Hollywood ever saw one, but he can write his own ticket.

Errol's a friend of Steve's, by the way. Because it was at Warner's that Mark first ran into the frustrations of Hollywood, which was something like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. The result—comets, shooting stars and loud explosions most of the time. Errol still chuckles about two times that tickled his own wicked funnybone. Once, when Mark, just a measly bit player, actually stopped production on Errol's picture, "Objective Burma," by walking off the set, and an-



Be lovely to love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh.

Fresh, new cream deodorant, stops perspiration worries completely.

Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never gritty or sticky...doesn't dry out.





Background for Beauty

CRISP, snowy curtains dress up a room just as a freshly laundered jabot adds chic to your favorite suit. Dainty organdies, marquises, voiles and rayons take on new freshness and beauty when they are Linit-laundered.

Linit restores the original finish to all household and personal washables. It penetrates fabrics evenly and smoothly. Linit helps shed dirt and dust, keeps things clean longer. Linit is simple to mix, easy to use.

Sunny says: On every Linit package you'll find complete directions for starching sheets, shirts, table linens, lingerie ... and all washable fabrics.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

LINIT adds the "finishing touch".



other time when Errol had a party at his house and injudiciously invited Mark. Before the evening was over this unknown kid had told all the grand moguls of Hollywood off, right to their faces. Yet he was so unknown at the time that half of them don't even remember him now—in fact, instead of pasting him on their blacklists, some of them are the very ones who are boosting Stevens to stardom today!

During that first Hollywood contract, Mark managed to keep his copper head bloody but unbowed. It's too scrappy a saga to handle without boxing gloves but here are some samples: His first "part" turned out to be a mere tails and white tie atmosphere dress job. "I'm no extra, I'm an actor," said Mark to the director. He took off the tail coat, hung it on the wall and walked home. Next time they sent him on location in a picture. "Where's my dressing room?" asked Mark. "Oh," said the assistant director, "just put your clothes on over there behind the wagons, with the extras." "Not me," replied Steve. He walked off again. Again, the studio gateman barred him roughly from entering the studio one day when he was on call. "Okay, Bud," said Mark. He went home. Mark got tired of a nasty assistant director "hey, you-ing" him around. He popped him. That did it. He got fired—but was Mark Stevens through? Not on your life. Darryl Zanuck snapped up his contract like a trout snaps up a fly.

Steve's real name is Richard Stevens and he's mostly canny Scotch-English. He's a Cleveland, Ohio boy by birth, and his Dad was an American flyer in the last war, who couldn't settle down to family responsibilities after the fighting was over. So his Mother took Mark over to Folkestone, England, when he was three, to live with her parents. When they died, she came to live with her sister in Montreal, Canada, and that's where Mark grew up.

Only he didn't grow very fast and probably, he thinks, that's what made him such a problem child. You'd never believe it today, when you size up Mark's six foot, lean-muscled 165-pound body, but he was a peewee—only 5'-2" when he was sixteen. Result: He knocked himself out proving size wasn't important, like a lot of short orders have been doing, ever since Napoleon. Football, basketball, tennis, hockey—at King School, Argyle and Westmount Highs in Montreal. Mark was a mighty atom. He even played some pro hockey, and he trained for the Canadian Olympic Diving Team, until the high springboard betrayed him on a two-and-a-half gainor and he smacked his back so hard that years later it kept him out of the Army. He sailed off the big 180-foot Côte des Neiges jump on skis—and busted his collar bone. He got to be a boxing whiz in the ring and tied into a champ who beat his ears in.

masquerade . . .

What Mark wanted he could always get—like athletic applause—and an illegal look at the movies. That's what I said—illegal; because about that time in Canada there had been four disastrous theater fires which killed hundreds of children, so a law was passed prohibiting all mop-pets under sixteen from passing the ticket taker. Mark fixed that. He stole a pair of his mother's high heeled shoes and rose up in the world so he could pass at the box office. He was movie mad, as far back as he can remember, and he saw everything that came to town.

Of course, from what Mark admits, it was some sort of a small miracle that he ever got through school at all before his beard turned white. Because, what he didn't want, Steve promptly gave the back of his hand to—as he does today. He didn't

like lessons, for instance, and he has a perfect record of getting booted out of every school he attended, public or private. Mark sort of regrets this sorry academic record now, mainly because he realizes what a headache he must have been to his fond mother and doting stepdad. Mrs. Stevens remarried when Mark was twelve. She couldn't have picked a nicer father for Mark. James Cooke has helped his stepson out of many a pickle and always backed him to the hilt.

what's he got? . . .

Henry Hathaway, one of the best directors in our town, thinks a lot of Mark Stevens. Henry's a rugged man's director and a tough audience and he's directed the best of them. So when I heard he'd tossed a birthday party for Mark, lent him his car when Mark's was laid up and palled around on the set between scenes, I knew Mark Stevens had something. Henry Hathaway isn't won easily. I gave him a jingle right on the set of "The Dark Corner." "What's Mark Stevens got that rings the bell?" I asked.

"That's easy, Hedda," came back Henry. "He's got depth, assurance, authority. He knows what it's all about. He's been around. He's not acting in the dark, like a drama school dope."

What sent Mark off on a flock of tangents was that old Yankee independence streak he was born with. He disagreed with his Mom that the best place to be was in his stepdad's plant, although he took a good crack at that first, and worked in every department in the place, from eight-to-five for six months. But after hours he strayed from the fold. He could sing like a thrush, so in no time at all he was nosing his way inside Montreal's night clubs, like the Edgewater Inn and the Norgate, taking a turn with the band and handing out patter at the mike between numbers. He snagged another after-hour job with the Corona Barn Players of Montreal. Right away Mark qualified for leads, even though half the time the Corona crew played in beer halls, where rowdy customers heaved empty bottles when they didn't like the show. Mark drew fifteen dollars a week and his share of the bottles. But he ducked most of them.

He couldn't dodge that stubborn streak of his, though. And when the glittery lures of a show business life beckoned him away from his factory desk, and there were complaints, Steve struck out on his own. The baits that hooked him were leads in a repertory stock company, the Atterbury Players, which held out a glamorous tour around Canadian cities like Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. And after a heady sip of acting in Canadian Broadcasting Company radio thrillers, such as "Miss Trent's Children" and the "Canada Comes On" show, Mark thought Happy Days were here for keeps. He was only seventeen and the world was his oyster. So he plopped right into the stew, abandoning the advice of his parents. When the pot ran dry Steve was far too independent to come crying back home.

He sold punchboards—until the cops got after the company. He pumped gas in a garage until a customer bawled him out. He collected bills for a hardware store, but when the boss didn't pay off, Steve knocked down enough shelves of glassware to get even. He drove midget racing cars. He peddled haberdashery until he had a scrap with the manager. He drove trucks, jerked sodas, ran a general store in a country town. He studied commercial art (painting's still his hobby), and painted window signs. He tied up with a miracle stocking wash that kept ladies' hose from running. Only the miracle dip ate the hose right to pieces, and he almost got killed by angry house-

LANA TURNER, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"

Pink of Perfection

Woodbury

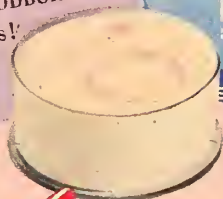
Flesh

LANA TURNER

... of the rosebud skin! Capture her look of pink-toned perfection, of bewitch-and-bewilder beauty—with Woodbury Film-Finish FLESH! Luscious, petal-soft pink—so color-full—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. Pretty in the box . . . AND . . . color-true on your skin! Compare its velvet texture—more flattering than the powder you're wearing. And Woodbury color stays fresh . . . its cling masks tiny flaws for hours. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty Smooth! Before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Make-up c-l-i-n-g-s!

LOVE-ly LANA is the Woodbury FLESH type!



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP... *all 3 for \$1**

1. Big \$1 box of Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
 2. Star-styled lipstick—your just-right shade
 3. Matching rouge—your just-right shade
- Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.



Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder

*plus tax

The Countess de Petiteville

Bearer of a historic 1000-year-old Norman name, the Countess de Petiteville is active in the French Red Cross and in the cultural life of Paris. She has a fine, cameo type of beauty, with dazzling white skin. "The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream gives my skin a clearer, brighter look," she says. "Makes it feel smoother!"



The Countess says: "The Mask refreshes my skin, gives it a more wide-awake look!"

Make your skin look lovelier—in one minute!

Follow the Countess de Petiteville's beauty lead! Mask your face—all but eyes—with luxurious Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The Mask works by what skin specialists call "keratolytic" action. It has the power to loosen and dissolve bits of chapped, curling skin and dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off the Mask. Off comes loosened debris, too!

Your "re-styled" complexion looks so much clearer and fresher . . . feels so much softer! And all in just one minute!

"A quick, light powder base, too!"

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream another way, too—as a powder base. It goes on so smoothly—holds powder so well!" says the Countess.



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

wives. He walked floors in a department store, peddled electric razors door-to-door. He sang in waterfront cafes.

All along, Mark Stevens kept his red topknot belligerently blazing. His radio experience in Akron, Ohio, is typical of the chip he packs around on his shoulder, which falls off very easily.

This time in Akron, Ohio, Mark came up with a job as turntable boy on station WAKR. He was an announcer inside of a month, an engineer next, a writer and a producer in a few more weeks. He worked fourteen hours a day, hopping around like grease on a griddle, and before that job was over there wasn't anything you could tell Steve about radio stations. He opened the joint up at six a.m., and he closed it at midnight, running the turntable, control board, the mixing machine, announcing news when the news was full of tongue twisters like "Sevastopol" and "Veliki-Luki." Mark thinks the tuners must have had some bewildering programs the first week the station engineer went to war. His boss was an imperious guy who told him: "If you can't handle the job—you're through."

So Mark handled it, although half the time he mixed up Charlie McCarthy with Mister Anthony and had Bing Crosby singing in soap operas. But when he finally learned his stuff (and he can take a radio station apart and put it together blindfolded now), terrible-tempered Steve discovered that the bone-breaker job he was doing for \$35 a week had paid \$125 for the chap who was there before him and who did half his work. That did it. He quit cold, with a "Kindly go to heck!", walked over to the rival station WJW, and went right to work. Nobody has yet discovered a way to fool Mark Stevens for long, or push him around.

WJW lifted Steve right up to a top announcer, handed him the national programs, put him covering elections and special events, and finally gave him a man-in-the-street broadcast show of his own. He made decent dough at last and radio was a rosy future. But even with his marathon working hours Mark had found himself running off up to Cleveland, thirty-five minutes away on the inter-urban, and trying out for leads at the Cleveland Playhouse—winning them, too. That acting bug was still stinging away. One morning he rolled out of bed and quit, walked to the depot and bought a ticket to California—just like that.

pop pitches in . . .

It took him three tries to get past Chicago, but he finally made it. The third time, on a thousand dollars his ever pitching stepdad advanced him, he rolled all the way to the Coast. He still had most of the thousand when he arrived, and that turned out to be a big mistake. The sun and the stars and the glamor got Mark. But that's one thing in his favor today. He got "going Hollywood" out of his system early—and when it hurt least.

Anyway, he forgot what he came to Hollywood for, temporarily, and he got around to tackling just one studio all that time. An agent took a chance and got him an interview with the casting director of a minor lot.

The exec took one look at Mark and turned to the agent. "Are you kidding?" he said, and then to Mark, "My advice to you, Bud, is to go on back home."

"Thank you very much," said Mark. "I will." And he turned on his heel and departed. The agent shrugged, "Why don't you forget this whole idea?"

"Okay," said Mark. But he didn't mean it. He just acts that way when he's hurt. He visited Nat Goldstone, another agent he'd known from back East ramblings, and Nat said he'd see what he could do

While he was seeing, Mark turned beach-comber. For two months he slept on the sands down around Belmont Shores, getting by the best he could. He had just two bits cash when his headquarters (the corner drug store), reported Nat Goldstone wanted to see him.

That's when Mark walked those six miles over the Pass to Warners. And because his thumb wasn't working, that hike made him late for the test. The Humphrey Bogart suit with the pinched-in back and short sleeves didn't help. Nor the wild hair he was too self-conscious to comb. Nor the fact that the makeup they smeared on him made him look like a zombie, nor Mark's camera greenness—he'd never looked into one before. But you've got to hand it to the Warner Brothers—they've got sharp eyes for talent. In a couple of days, Nat Goldstone called Mark at his drug store office.

"It's a contract if you want it," he said. "\$100 a week." That sounded like all the money in the mint to Mark.

"Shall I take it?" he asked.

"Well," said Nat, "I've got Metro and Twentieth Century interested, too. If you can wait."

Postage stamp purse . . .

"How can I wait?" asked Mark. "I've got three cents."

Being Mark Stevens, that's probably one good reason why he had a battle royal all the year-and-a-half he was on the Warner payroll. The contract took him off the beach and made him beholden. Ask your favorite psychologist about that, not me. But the record is clear: All that time Mark and his bosses didn't see eye to eye on a single issue and it's certainly true that his dinky bit jobs in "Objective, Burma," "God Is My Co-Pilot" and "Pride of the Marines" got him nowhere very fast. I'll take that back—and so, I think, will Mark. One, "Objective, Burma," was a very, very lucky role.

Because while he was having his scuffles on that set, he met another bit player, and his character happened to be in a Warner office one day when Annelle Hayes, a pretty Texas University co-ed, whom he'd met, was waiting and glancing around the wall at the contract players' portraits, to pass away the time. She had been brought out from the Austin campus by a talent scout for a test. Her eyes rested on Mark Stevens' handsome, cocky face and she observed, "I'll bet he's nice."

"I'm working on the set with that guy," said the master fixer. "Like to meet him?"

"Well . . ." said Annelle. "I'm afraid it was a case of love at first sight. Although at first, Annelle confesses, she sized up Mark as a pure Hollywood playboy and a wolf with a line a mile long. But love has X-ray eyes and Annelle soon saw through the crusty shell of cockiness hard knocks had draped Mark with. As for Mark, how could anybody resist the dainty little Texas doll that Annelle is, with her pretty, heart-shaped face and winning Dixie ways? He didn't long. They let the housing shortage stall their plans for a while, but finally Mark, typically, took no sass from Cupid. Even though Annelle had to keep on staying at the Studio Club and he bunking around with his friends; they tied the knot. Funny thing, too, the number 13's their lucky matrimonial charm. Mark's a 13-birthday boy, so's Annelle. They were wed on a 13th and spent their honeymoon in a motel—of all places—in Cabin 13! Typically Steve, too, he picked the hungry spell right after Warners had given him the heave-ho, to take a wife. "Being out of a job," Steve explained to Annelle, "I can't afford to court you. So let's get married."

Their lucky number paid off again the



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

You may have heard the saying "we are what we eat." How true that is of our babies! For the quality and purity of the food we give our babies has much to do with the kind of men and women they will become! *Mrs. Dan Gerber*

Time to eat, I hope!

That's the kind of feeding-time welcome that mothers who serve Gerber's Baby Foods come to expect! First of all, the choice vegetables and fruits that go into Gerber's are carefully washed in pure, artesian water, then cooked by steam . . . to retain precious minerals and vitamins. The same tender care produces uniform, "just-right" texture; and of course, Gerber's Baby Foods taste *extra* good. Laboratory-checked all along the line. Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

Two Special Baby Cereals—

suitable as starting cereals and all through babyhood. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve. Both cereals rich in added iron and B complex vitamins, needed by most babies. Serve each cereal turnabout to give baby variety.



Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

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

© 1946, G. P. C.

Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. DE4-6, Fremont, Mich.

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

Name.....

Address.....City and State.....

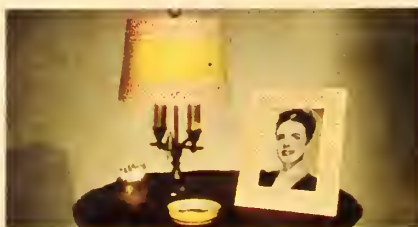
"3 tips on home decorating"



1 Here's how I put color "magic" in my kitchen! In just a few minutes, for only a few pennies, I make drab shelves sparkle—with gay, colorful Royledge Shelving. What a difference it makes—like letting golden sunshine into the kitchen! Choosing the most charming designs makes you feel like a real decorator—and you win compliments.



2 I make linen closets sing with color . . . vivid Royledge Shelving makes linen closets look beautiful, makes linens look crisp—clean, brightens other closets, too!



3 I decorate lamps, picture frames, etc. with colorful Royledge "left-over" pieces. I get lovely, unusual decorative effects all over the house, at no extra cost!



Your home "looks like new" after you decorate with rainbow-colored Royledge Shelving. Dozens of patterns and color combinations to choose from.

So easy to use, just place Royledge on shelf and fold. Double-thick edge stays crisp, won't curl or wilt. Buy Royledge Shelving now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood and dept. stores.

9 feet - 6¢

Royledge
SHELVING

very next month when Darryl Zanuck put Mark on his team at Twentieth Century-Fox. And it came through on another thirteenth when they moved into their first home as Mister and Missus—the cute little hillside guest house that looks right down on Pickfair, which used to house a perfect Hollywood romance, that of Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks.

I doubt if Doug and Mary, in their honeymoon hey-days, had a cozier nest than Steve and Annelle, or "Baby," as he's likely to call her, have found to start their bride-and-groom days. Mark took me up to meet his wife the day I saw him. Mark's twenty-seven now and Annelle's twenty-one and he treats her like a china doll. When I asked about his hobbies, Steve grinned and said, "Well, I still like to fool around with watercolors and oils, but my real hobby's Annelle."

the big boss . . .

That old declaration of independence doesn't work around his pretty wife, either, and Mark doesn't want it to. For the first time in his life he's being bossed—and he loves it. Annelle does him out two dollars a day to toss recklessly around, because she discovered money had a way of leaking out of his pockets. She's his business manager, too, and signs the checks. Annelle's given up any acting ambitions for the present to pitch full time as Mrs. Stevens, cook Mark's favorite food, steak and asparagus with Hollandaise (when she can find the makings), coax him out of chain-smoking cigarettes, and let Steve beat her at gin rummy to keep him happy.

Mark manages to keep lean and tough working out with the bar bells in Easton's gym, now and then, although he can eat potatoes and cake all night and not put on an ounce. That old diving back injury, which kept him out of the Army, still haunts him enough to keep him away from what he likes—tennis and golf, but these days he wouldn't have time anyway. The way parts are popping at 20th-Fox, Mark Stevens should be twins. Sometimes he and Annelle get away for an evening's talk or bridge session with their friends, the Cornel Wildes, Zach Scotts, Cesar Romero or the Vincent Prices. But most of the time they're parked right by their own hearth, where Mark finds it an added attraction to be married to an actress.

Because, one of Mark's biggest problems to date has been to shake the clipped Canadian-English accent he grew up with, and he's been practicing out loud on Annelle in the evenings. He thinks it's sort of funny that the minute he got his diction right in the groove, up popped the part of an ex-jailbird in "Within These Walls," followed by a factory toughie in "From This Day Forward" and then a slangy detective in "The Dark Corner."

back where he started . . .

So now that he's talking out of the side of his mouth, what happens? Why, Darryl Zanuck's decided to star Mark Stevens in "32 Rue Madeleine," a war underground thriller. And where will it be shot? Why, right back in Mark's adopted country, Canada. But that's Hollywood for you. And confoozin' as it all is, Mark really doesn't mind a bit.

It's been three years since he's seen his mother, and that's a long time. Especially when you've got the sweetest girl in the world for a wife, who's long overdue to meet the folks.

But when the picture's made and the visit's over, all I can say is—Canada had better give Mark Stevens back. If they don't, from the way things look, a million fans will spring to arms and Hollywood will declare war, atom or no atom.

EAGER BEAVER

(Continued from page 49)

practically Celebrities!"

"He only knows us because he saw the guest list," Don sighed.

Jimmy Stewart passed by, clustered with blondes.

"Umm, what I wouldn't do to meet him," growled Phyl. "My, what a uniform does for a man."

"But he's not in his uniform," her husband pointed out.

"No matter," she glowed, "a man like that doesn't need a uniform."

Jimmy passed again, his eyes overbright. "Hello, Mr. Stewart," Don piped from his corner, "I'm from Pittsburgh, too."

No answer.

"So we're Names? Hah!" Don snorted.

"Never mind, honey," his wife comforted, "after three years in the Army, you can't expect a man to notice every little thing." Don threw her a bitter look.

After a while he got desperate. "Hello, Mr. Stewart," he squeaked, "I'm from Pittsburgh, too." Then, "I'm from PITTSBURGH." Then, "I'm from Pittsburgh."

No soap, Jimmy wasn't playing old home week. Three years in a war and he should know from Pittsburgh?

Not that Don had really expected any recognition. They'd never been introduced and probably Jim hadn't even seen "Winged Victory," Don's only movie appearance. But he couldn't help remembering that day long ago, when he and his sister, Janet, had spent long minutes with their noses pressed flat against a store window, worshipping at the Oscar Mr. Stewart, Senior, kept on display there. "You know what?" he'd muttered, yank-

ing Janet up Main Street, "I'm gonna get me one of those some day."

"One of what?"

"An Oscar. That's Jimmy Stewart's Oscar. Jim got it for being the best actor of the year."

"Well, why shouldn't he have? He's old enough. Anyway, you'll never get a Oscar 'cause you'll never be a actor. Daddy told Mom. I heard 'em."

"Yup, he sure is old enough. And I heard 'em, too."

What a crazy world it was. Here a fellow wanted to be an actor, wanted to be such a good actor that some day he'd win an Oscar—and his folks had to go and queer the whole thing.

"learn a trade" . . .

David Edwin Taylor never believed in the proud parent routine. You had children and taught them right from wrong. After that God bless them and when they made their bed they had to lie in it. Only thing, first they had to have a bed. Ever since Don was old enough to understand, his Dad tried to drum it into him. "Learn a trade, son, any trade. Carpenter, school teacher, book binder. Then go ahead with a career. That way you'll always have something to fall back on if things shouldn't—work out."

At first it made fine sense to Don. "Sure. Yeah, sure, Dad." Then, as he realized he wanted to act, "But Dad, that takes time. And I don't have time. I can't wait."

Don never could wait. Couldn't wait long enough after breakfast to brush his hair for school, couldn't wait till he could date

girls instead of pulling their pigtails, couldn't wait till he found The Girl. Don's the boy who'd handed out three Sigma Nu frat pins to three different coeds one term, and then had to put an ad in the college paper: Would the wearers please step forward? He couldn't remember who had 'em! It wasn't that he hadn't liked the girls, he just never had a head for details.

Not that there was anything he'd ever really wanted that he couldn't get. Except maybe that once, that long-ago once when he was about seven. The baby fat all gone and the bones at his throat showing young and tender under the rumpled pajamas, his eyes crackle-bright with excitement. It was Christmas morning and he'd been a good boy and maybe, oh, Our Father which art in heaven make it a bike, oh make it a bike. With red wheels.

They stood at the head of the stairs, Don quivering with excitement, Janet all red and bleary-eyed, her moon face still doopey with sleep. Hypnotized, they crept down, the big tree twinkling unbelievable red and green and silver magic at them. Mom and Dad were down already, waiting near the packages that were big enough for a sweater, a doll, a train, but not very big. Not that big—

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, God bless you, Don. God bless you Janet," they called to one another. They kissed and tore open packages and kissed again.

"Well, son," asked Mr. Taylor. "Santa been good to you?"

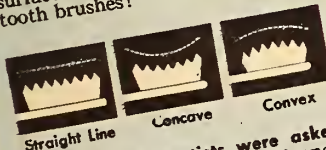
"I s'pose so," Don quavered, his big toe busy poking the green excelsior grass under the tree. "I mean, yes thank you,

Straight Line Design

*cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1*

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

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



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. Authori-
tative 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.

Pepsodent



STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

*Every
Pepsodent Brush*

**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**



WALTER THORNTON,
originator of the Pin-Up Girl
says: "I recommend Flame-Glo
Lipstick to all of my pin-up
models for extra beauty, extra
glamour . . . no blurry edges!

RITA DAIGLE, famous
Stardust contest winner,
a popular Walter
Thornton Pin-Up Girl.



What do Your Lips say about You?

Your lips are forever saying
things about you! Use Flame-Glo and be sure they
speak loveliness and allure. Use the beauty
secrets of famous Pin-Up Girls to give yourself new
glamour. Flame-Glo keeps lips *alive* with the fire of youth
hours longer, thanks to its protective water-repellent film
. . . no blurry edges ever. For quality
every time, choose Flame-Glo!

KEEP KISSABLE WITH

Flame-Glo
LIPSTICK

**JUMBO
SIZE**

25c

**Choose your Favorite
FLAME-GLO Shade**

Royal Wine . . . A deep,
regal color that combines
blood-red with purple.

Glamour Red . . . A fiery,
brilliant, true red, flatter-
ing and youthful.

Pink Fire . . . The newest
and most exciting Flame-
Glo shade . . . a deep pink
tone.

Dynamic Red . . . Roman-
tic dynamite, for its pink
undertone develops into an
exquisite shade on the lips,
bespeaking love itself.

Raspberry . . . An excit-
ing, fascinating shade espe-
cially for Brunettes.

Orchid . . . A soft, pastel
tone that is right in fashion
today.

Ruby Red . . . The ever-
popular deep, fiery red in
its most ravishing glory.

Pinwheel Red . . . A true
glowing red tone with all
the warmth of red blood.

Dad. I—I guess I'll go up now . . ."

As he turned to go, he spotted his mother in a far corner of the room. Funny. Funny place for Mom to be standing. Looked almost as though she were hiding—"Mom! Dad! Mom-Dad-golly-oh-golly—a bike!"

Pennsylvania had solid ice for six weeks that winter and everybody said the Taylors were crazy, letting the boy go biking on solid ice. But the Taylors couldn't help it—Don couldn't wait.

He didn't even like the idea of having to sweat it out for nearly a year waiting for that baby sister.

"Aw, why you wanna go and mess up the place with a baby?" he quavered. "Cries and makes things dirty. Aren't I good enough, Mom?"

"Good enough?" Jesse Taylor cried, catching him up in her arms. "Why son, you're the finest ever," she crooned. "But you're five now, too old for me to baby."

But it still nagged at him. Maybe it was that fog he was lurching around in ever since the news of the baby, maybe it was just plain bad luck, but six weeks before Janet was born he fell and broke his wrist. Then got bit by a dog. And finally capped the climax by knocking all his front teeth out on the porch railing the same day his hand caught in the washing machine.

woman hater . . .

Not that he was a bad boy—but just a boy, with too much energy to prevent his heart from running away with his head. Maybe that was the trouble, he needed affection and because in his code, men couldn't be softies, he didn't dare show it.

He found a kitten once, rolling and leaping over on its back, scampering after a fluttering leaf. He decided kittens only rolled and leaped on their backs when they were hungry, so he bought a cone with his last nickel and forced the poor animal to lick up the whole gob of ice cream.

"My, but that was mean of you, Don," Mom scolded. "You probably killed that poor beast with your thoughtlessness. You know animals can't eat frozen things!"

"But ice cream's only very, very cold milk. And she was hungry."

"A flame's only very, very hot air but I don't let you play with it, do I?"

His lower lip was starting to quiver and he didn't like the idea. "Well, I don't care, so there! Ol' dirty, ol' silly cat!" he cried and ran off to his room. Everybody expected him to be wise and grown up but as soon as he tried doing something on his own, "Donald, you're mean."

That was why this new baby idea scared him. No matter what Mom said, bet she'd pay lots more attention to it and he'd be out in the cold more than ever. "Donald, don't wake the baby. Donald, fetch some milk, Donald this, Donald that. . ."

When Janet finally did get born, he was amazed. This was no threat, this was a—a pink nothing. Just a bunch of waving arms and legs. Woman-like, as Janet grew older, the more he snubbed her, the more she went out of her mind trying to please him. He heckled her during homework, tied her clothes in knots, made fun of her looks and buried her favorite dolls. But if there was an apple to be snatched or an alibi provided, Janet was always in there pitching. And man-like, Don accepted these favors as his due. But the one time she did turn the tables by kicking him in the slats for knocking down her sand castle, he was joyously flabbergasted.

"He's a growing boy," Jesse Taylor used to say defensively, as she'd fill Don's plate for the third time. And Don always cleaned it up, for didn't he need all his strength? He sold magazine subscriptions. He had a garbage route twice a week that paid 25 cents an afternoon. And twice a week he'd buy 25 cents worth of crullers and tootsie rolls and stow them under the bed.

"for an emergency." He had an orchestra with four other kids that charged a penny a performance. He even went into the promotional field by staking out a Tom Thumb golf course on the family back yard. That netted Don a penny a round and Mr. Taylor a bill for \$86 at the end of the "season" for reseeding the torn up lawns. Of course Don had to sit through an hour-long lecture on the family equivalent of One World but privately, Mr. Taylor rubbed his chin ruefully and grinned. "Glad it happened," he chuckled, "shows the boy has gumption."

But the night Don nearly froze to death, that "gumption" crack lost some of its flavor for the Taylors. He'd gone off camping with another boy. Nothing unusual about that. He often went off 10 or 15 miles away from home, set up camp, and spent the afternoon swimming and roasting wienies. Six o'clock came, seven, eight, nine and then it was midnight. Gradually, Mr. Taylor's loud whistling faded away, Mrs. Taylor stopped darning the sock she'd been mending ever since dinner.

"Something's happened to the boy," she said quietly.

"Nonsense, Mother."

"Go and look for him, Edwin. We'll train him to be self-reliant when it's daylight . . ."

those wonderful girls . . .

So Mr. Taylor hopped in the car and went off cruising in search of his son. He found the boy tramping along the State Highway, his lips blue with cold, dragging the remains of the tent with one hand, his exhausted pal with the other. What had happened? Oh, nothing much. The tent had blown down, no cars came through because of a new detour sign, they were hopelessly lost and you know what, dad? It's swell to see you. But with that incident, Don had seen just about the last of his little boyhood. Because he hit his Girls, Girls, Oh Those Wonderful Girls stage comparatively early. Tall, loose-jointed, with an easy grin and grace, he was a tantalizing date: A wisecracking gallant. Up to the time of Betty, however, he'd just been speed crazy.

There wasn't a jalopy in the neighborhood whose insides he didn't know intimately. The way some people have a green thumb with growing things, Don had a tinker's heart—motors purred for him. But as he grew older, dating got to be fun. Until Betty, wonderful, sympathetic Betty, queered the game.

He was a frosh at Penn State that semester and having a wonderful time; basketball, band, school paper, little theater, an all-round man. The news seeped through that the Jennerstown Little Theater (where he finally did act in the summers of '41 and '42) was holding auditions. No point in asking Mom to let him play hookey, she'd only say, "Ask your father, Don." And he knew Dad's theme song by heart, "We're Scotch Presbyterian, Donald. Solid. Level headed. Learn a trade." So Don hopped the 10:40 to New York. At dinner some feline female friend of Mother's was cooing, "Don's looking so well, dear. I saw him at Pennsylvania Station today. I didn't know that Penn State gave mid-week vacations . . ."

Dad didn't speak to him for a week and Mother, who didn't believe in precipitating crises until she was prepared for them, strung along. Betty was his only weeping post. It was all quite tragic, in a poetic way, she pointed out, if you looked at it properly—. Then Betty's mother took to phoning. Don's mother took to wondering. What was this? Was Don being given the rush act? She pointed it out to Don. He got the idea. "Thanks for the tip, honey. Anyhow, it just occurred to me that I want a wife who'll



Long for Kisses?

Your skin must be kissable—like satin, so smooth.

Bothered by dry skin, now?

New I-Cream Beauty Treatment (with exciting Jergens Face Cream) works wonders smoothing dry skin.

How you take this quick, new I-Cream Beauty Treatment



Helps Erase
"No e-to-Mouth" Lines

Easy! All you do for this I-Cream Treatment—use Jergens Face Cream daily as though it were 4 creams:

1. for Cleansing—always when removing make-up
2. for Softening your skin
3. for a Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—helps prevent dry skin troubles

A skin scientists' cream—Jergens Face Cream—made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Thrilling many a clever girl already. 10¢ to \$1.25 (plus tax). Help your complexion look smoother, younger. Give this I-Cream Beauty Treatment a faithful 10-day trial—starting now.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

depend on me. Betty's a brick but I'd probably die of acute lovin' in a week."

But all Betty did was make him matrimony-shy. He still liked girls. Only thing, now he plunked them in the same category as his auto buggies. Swell if they were trim and smooth with a slim chassis and good lines. But nothing built to last a lifetime. Not yet.

By now Don was getting to be a big man on the campus. He was still sticking pretty close to his pre-legal curriculum ("*Learn a trade, son, learn a trade . . .*") but more and more he found himself yearning towards the theater. Some nights he'd get to his dorm bone tired from waiting on tables in the frat mess hall, but he'd just rest quietly for a moment and then, almost without knowing it, find himself dragging over to the Little Theater. And when the head of the Drama Department yanked him out of a song-and-dance sketch to play the anguished Mio in the big production of "Winterset," it was like God slipping him a one-way ticket to heaven.

When Don and Leon Rabinovitz and Doris Disney announced that they'd teamed up and become the "We Three" acting group, the campus rocked. The tall, fidgety redhead, square, emotional Leon and the delicate Doris acting together? Ridiculous! So the kids gave up the drah-ma idea and became a vaudeville team, sort of a First Nighter company with songs and snappy sayings thrown in. Don used the most props. Carted along a bagful of trick hats and did impersonations to fit. The only time he ever hit a snag was when he came on with his Dotty Lamour number. Nobody thought he should've used a trick hat.

Commencement Day the two Taylor men attended a Father-Son luncheon. Mr. Taylor remembers it very vividly; the long rows of white draped tables, the tinkle of ice in glasses, the steady drone of man talk, with here and there a big boom laugh echoing against the clatter. And he remembers how quiet they were, he and his son, every time a hearty father guffawed, "Well, it's about time we old ones started preparing for a back seat! Suppose your young fella is taking over your engineering business, eh, Taylor?" He couldn't snub the man so he'd wince and answer gently, "No, no we're not quite sure, Sir." And carefully trace a crazy pattern on the cloth with his thumb nail.

They were starting to take pictures out on the front lawn and Don was standing tall and straight beside him, the wind whipping at his black gown, the sun making blue-crinkled slits of his eyes.

"Well, Don, are you still set on going ahead with this Hollywood notion?"

"I'm afraid so, Dad. But—"

"Yes?"

"But I'll always do the best job I know. I'll always be honest with myself, like you taught me. But get off my back, Dad."

"I'm sorry, Don," his father answered, turning to the cameras. "I'm sorry for us. I'm sorrier for me—I've just lost a son."

It wasn't a question of being selfish or thoughtless, Don just couldn't wait.

"At least stay with us until you're inducted," his mother pleaded.

"But that's no good, Mom. Whatever acting I do before I hit the Army will be that much gained. And I know I will act. The Epstein brothers saw me at State. They promised me a job in Hollywood."

"Promises! You know better than that. And your father's had so little of you. He's getting older, Don, he needs you."

"Golly, Mom, don't make me feel more of a heel than I do already. The Epsteins are State alumna, they'll come through. And as to Dad, well, I'll be no good hanging around. The heart's gone out of it."

The family took him down to the station. Very casual, very subdued. The

train was just pulling in, its smoke billowing against the towering grey-faced mountains, when Don gave a start.

"Mom, Dad, wish me luck," he cried. "All of a sudden I'm scared. I feel I'm never going to see these hills again. Please—wish me luck!"

Gently, his father shook hands and walked off. But he wouldn't say goodbye.

That was in June, 1942. Four months later Don signed a contract with M-G-M. And four months after that he was a GI and Pinky in "Winged Victory" and very wild in love. Right off, he went for her, the lead in the show. She was so high with a wriggly bunny nose and that haunting voice that's half shrill child and half Bergman. Sure he went for her, but what was this about Phyl being the daughter of writer Stephen Morehouse Avery with three or four carloads of junior deb glamor trailing behind her? Could be she was a Blue Book jerk.

They met under a dripping stage door one night, Phyl still with her makeup on, Don shivering without his overcoat.

"Silly thing, that," she remarked casually. "You can die, you know."

"Who can't!" he retorted.

"I mean walking off without a coat." And then as the little alcove started bulging with kid fans, "I love 'em, don't you?"

"Uh-huh. Gonna have 32 of 'em."

"My sentiments exactly," she agreed. And then eyeing him judiciously, "But if I were you I'd throw out all the ones that didn't have red hair."

After that there was nothing else they could do. They had to fall in love.

They handed him the telegram after the second act, thrust it in his hand as he came offstage weak and spent from the terrific emotional scene he'd just finished. "Mother desperately ill. Come at once."

They had to bounce an A-priority manufacturer to do it, but he caught the plane at Akron. After a while, it got all mixed up. The steady roar of the engines, the cramped hardness of his soapbox seat, the little nag that kept pulsing behind his eyeballs, "Will I make it in time? Will I get there to see her—?" He didn't want to put ideas in God's head, he couldn't finish, "—to see her alive?"

It was nearly two in the morning when they got in. As the plane quivered to a stop, vaguely Don could make out his father's figure in the grey mist, his shoulders unbelievably sagging, his head bent. He leaped down the steps. "How is she, Dad?" he called, his voice thin with worry, "How's Mom?"

Slowly, his father looked up, patted the boy's arm. "It's touch and go, son," he said carefully. "We don't know how long we'll have her with us."

Don cleared his throat. His lips were dry. "I prayed all the way in, Dad. I prayed so hard my heart hurts."

Jess Taylor didn't know Don was home for almost three weeks. She'd been too doped up to know anything at all. Everything had happened so quickly. She'd been shopping when her heel caught on a small stone and pitched her forward. When they got her to the hospital, the doctor said a fractured leg. Days later it was a blood clot, a blood clot that they couldn't dissolve and was traveling dangerously near her heart. She lay in the hospital for 80 days. The family blessed every one of those days. Mother was in the hospital, Mother was in the hospital and alive. . . .

Now that it's over, they can almost joke about it, about the way Janet, who's 20 now and so gently pretty, snapped out of her worry to tear into her brother.

"Lock up your room, Don," she blazed. "Lock it up and let the mice take over!"

"What did I do?"

"You listen to me. God knows I didn't mind leaving college when Mom got sick—

JAN CLAYTON, M-G-M's lovely singing star of Broadway's great hit, "Shaw Boat," wears an enchanting town cotton by Margot. We call it a town cotton because it is tailored with all the loving care that goes into your best wool suit, because it has the new and very flattering full cuffed sleeve, because it is precision tailored of Vanetta striped pique. Wear it as Jan does, spiked with bright red, or for more subtle contrast, try yellow or bright pink. The bag, convertible from shoulder-strap to over-arm is by Dofon.

To find out where to buy this dress, 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.

but I will not pick up four sweaters, three pairs of pants, a box full of old hats from the 'We Three' days and two chewed baseballs for a nit-wit! Tell me," she implored, "how do your baseballs get chewed?"

"I get hungry. And lay off those hats. I may need 'em some day for a living. Better than eating baseballs . . ."

"Eat the bats for all I care, but I will not—Oh, Nelly, lookit the time! Gotta go!"

Sometimes the nurses couldn't stand it, having Don around all day. He'd sidle into Mom's room with a big grin in case she was up and could see him. If she was he'd tiptoe over, his bones creaking from trying not to make any noise.

"How's the gal?" he'd whisper, bending low over the bed, "perking up for that movie contract, lady?"

With an effort she'd open her eyes, stare at him dully. "Don. How nice—" Then fall back asleep, smiling a little.

Gently, Don would ease himself into the big chair, his arms dangling over the sides, his head thrown back, his eyes squeezed so tight shut the lashes looked black against the fair skin.

"Go home, boy," the nurse would say, nudging him awake. "Go home and brush your hair, you look awful."

So he'd go home and brush his hair. But he'd still look awful.

Once Mr. Taylor was jolted awake by a thumping and a sawing from the kitchen. He flipped on the lights—five o'clock—and padded downstairs. There was Don surrounded by a gnawed salami and two empty milk bottles, busily carpentering a half finished end table.

"You're up early, Don."

"Uh-uh, gonna get to bed late. Haven't turned in yet. Coffee?"

And as the morning sky slowly lightened, the two men sat down face to face across the cluttered table, sipping coffee and marveling at how time heals as well as hurts.

There are two Mister Taylors now. Don, Jr.'s, out of the Army, tickled that his old civvies span across the shoulders, dying to get back into harness. Phyl was in a show while he was in service and her letters gave him such a yen for Broadway he's dying to do a play before Metro hauls him back to finish that contract. But whatever he decides to do, he'll do in a hurry. Don can't wait. Can't even wait out the year for the first of those 32 little Taylors. Hasn't changed a bit. Except maybe for one thing. He won't throw out the ones that haven't red hair.



Modern Screen
Fashions

See, two new members of
that versatile nylon family!
A dress of Nyleen and a
suit of Nyponge
made by Junior League Frocks.
Wear them forever!

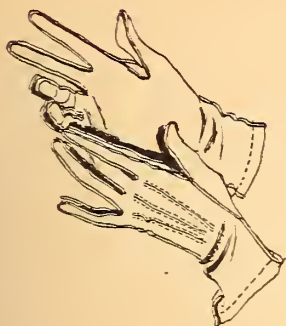
*Nylons
are
News!*

ABOVE: Nyleen makes this love of a cap
sleeved dress, with its full skirt, deep
pockets, fabulous gold-studded calfskin
belt, to make your waist tiny. And come
Summer, you'll love its airy coolness!

BELOW: Nyponge is the name of this new
shantung-like fabric, glamorous is the
word for this softly tailored two-piece
suit. Its pannier pockets, bow neckline
and flared skirt are just the Last Word!



FOR YOUR SUIT



YOUR GLOVES—beautiful finger-free ones, American-made cape-skin by Daniel Hays. Available in brown or tan. Price: \$4.00.



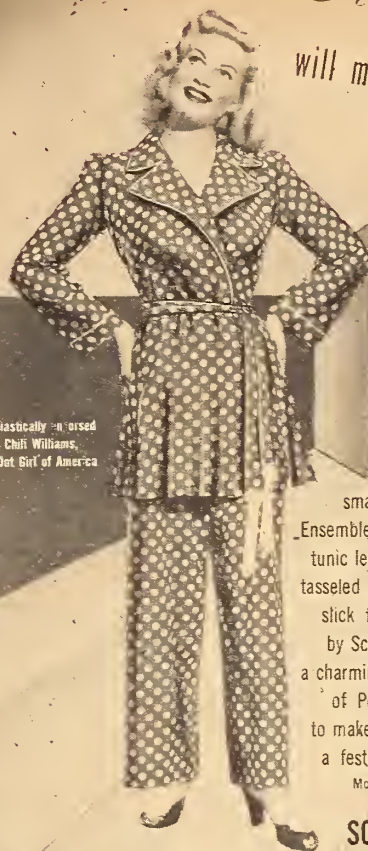
YOUR BAG—by Dofan, transforms from over-your-arm to over-your-shoulder with a quick flick of your finger. Price: About \$13.00.



YOUR SCARF—is a provocative taffeta "Flirtation Plaid" by Glen-tex. Crisp and pert, it adds spice to new spring suits. Price: \$3.00.

Schildu, the Polka Dot KING,
will make you a *Queen*

Enthusiastically endorsed
by Chiff Williams,
Polka Dot Girl of America



Brunch-Jama

smart Polka Dot Lounging
Ensemble...with flared new
tunic length coat...and
tasseled sash...
slick tailored
by Schildu...
a charming variation
of Polka Dots
to make your leisure
a festive event.
Moderately priced.

SCHILDU
POLKA DOT FASHION SPECIALISTS

An Apollo Fabric

SCHILLER-DUBROW

460 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Write for the name of your nearest store

Brings out the best you

ELEANOR CAMILL,
1945 Miss Stardust winner
now a Walter Thorpe
Pin-Up Girl



59c

STARDUST 1946 CONTEST...

Your chance for fame and fortune...
\$500 first prize and 27 other awards!
Just send recent non-returnable photo,
with height, weight, bust, waist and hip
measurements before May 31, 1946. De-
cisions of famous beauty judges are final.
Mail entry to P.O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

BY THE MAKERS OF **Stardust** FASHION-WEAR

Stardust
Knit Undies

MADE OF
Span-Lo Rayon

the COTTON STORY

IN TWO PARTS

Cottons go to town! These are new feminine two-piecers, fashioned with a knowing touch, dressed up, fascinating! Made by Margot, they are worn by Jan Clayton, lovely star of "Show Boat."



How we'd love to show you the colors of this dressed up lovely, with white embroidered scallops on its tiny cap sleeves, its gay gathered peplum. It goes to work, on dates, o!l with the some crisp, fresh look.



Striped chambray makes this young two-piecer, with its gored flared skirt, and with a fascinating jockey. See how it's gathered and tied with an engaging bustle bow! The front is plain, but just turn 'round



Black nailheads scattered on that black and white checked gingham give a party-dress look. Note the very full gathered peplum. It's cute!

MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SMARTER...

VOGUE

Fine Mesh Nets

Outdoors, indoors, wherever you go, whatever you do, a Vogue Mesh Net insures the charm of your loveliest hair-da.

Wonderful for capturing straying strands... for giving your hair-da that well-groomed, glamorous look. In seven hair-matching shades.

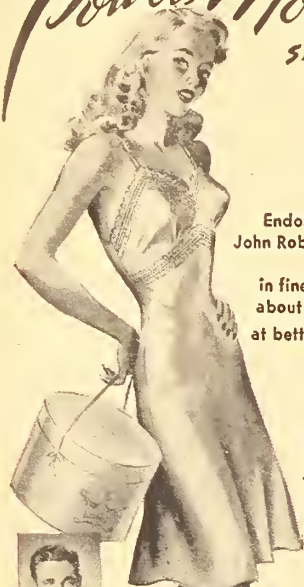
On sale at 5-and-10c stores and department stores

Coming Soon! 10¢
Real Human Hair Nets, The Kind You Have Been Waiting For!

© The Glemby Co., Inc.



* Powers Model SLIPS



Endorsed by
John Robert Powers

in fine rayons
about \$1.79
at better stores



Write for free booklet — "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

trade mark

Louis Herman & Co.
creators of
MOVIE STAR SLIPS

Dept. I

159 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Waltz into his heart



\$1.00—2.50—10c
SIZES

with a touch of
BLUE WALTZ
perfume

KEEPS HARM FROM YOUR CHARM

LIGHT AS AIR, TRANSPARENT, WATERPROOF
Tailored sharp as lightning!

PLASTIC RAINCOAT

with all-purpose envelope for carrying coat or protecting handbag

3.95 Postage
Prepaid

Simply terrific! And just about the surest anti-rain protection you can have. Transparent, waterproof coat that won't crack, stick, peel or rot. PLASTIC. Greaseproof. Acid-proof. Clean with soap and water. Raglan sleeves... nipped-in waist... soft, flaring skirt. Reinforced seams. All sizes. Be sure to state regular coat size when ordering.

ORDER TODAY...
ENJOY RIGHT AWAY

(If C.O.D. send \$1.00 with order)

L & S NOVELTY CO.

Dept. MG

CINCINNATI 2, O.

Waist-

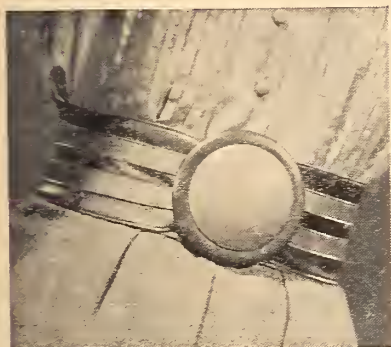
1. If your waistline is tiny, flatter it with this belt of lush red and navy cape-skin by Criterion. It is called "Spotlight," and that's just what it will do to your waist in a basic dress or a navy suit. Spotlight also the enormous round buckle, cause it's news! Try bright red gloves, if you're wearing navy. Price: About \$4.00.

2. Your waist is up in lights in this gorgeous "Mazda" belt by Criterion. Artfully curved rows of nailheads blaze on brightly colored strips of capeskin, set on the contrasting color of the belt. Its tapered corselet shape gives that very new whittled waist look. Looks best with a neutral outfit. Price: Just under \$11.00.

3. This double buckle swagger belt is a steal from the polo-playing set! Made by Criterion of natural saddle leather with bright strips of color, it's the perfect finishing touch to all your sport clothes, from your play suits to your handsomest blouses and skirts. Try it on that shirt-collared chic gabardine suit. Its price: About \$5.00.

4. The buttons off Pop's shirt march around your waist in this newest belt designed by Criterion. The buttons are set against a colorful faille band between two strips of contrast colored capeskin. Wear it on that simple shirtwaist dress with man-nish buttons, or with your plain and lovely white blouses. Its price: About \$7.00.

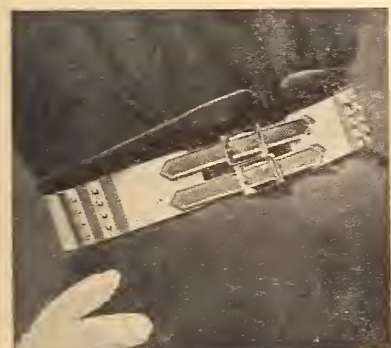
whittlers



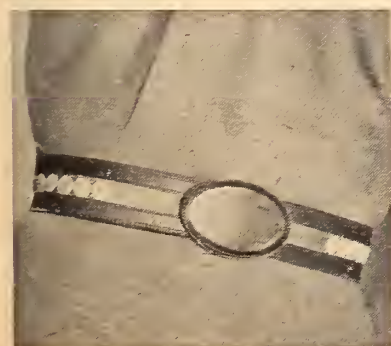
1. Spotlight a tiny waist



2. Waistline up in lights



3. From the polo-playing set



4. Buttons 'round your waist

Their Magic

Roberta Lynn
DESIGNER
STYLED BY BAR RODA

A LabTex Fabric

Romantic date blouse with quaint lace trim and sweet pearly buttons. Angel white only. Sizes 32 to 38.

At leading stores or write:
BAR-RODA BLOUSE CO.
135 West 36 Street, New York



MILLY and TILLY

\$1.95 per pair

Plus 20% Fed. Tax

Here they are—the newest, cutest, eye-catching pins that ever pranced into fashion favor. Mount a pair on your lapel, bag or hat. Gold or silver plated.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write to Dept. MS3

FREE—Write for costume jewelry catalogue

Gerlouw
Fifth Avenue
501 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 17.

PERMA-LIFT

The Miracle Girdle with the Magic Inset

Here is one of the greatest girdle miracles of the century—an amazing construction that every woman has dreamed of, yet has never enjoyed until now.

"Perma-lift" has created a new—thrilling—youthful—light-weight girdle with all the advantages of boning—but With No Bones. A "Perma-lift" Girdle won't wrinkle, won't roll over, banishes the discomfort that boning, even in the lightest garment, has caused you—withstands countless washings and wear.

"Perma-lift" Girdles assure you undreamed-of comfort for the life of your garment. Smartly styled, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties, Foundations—\$5 to \$10—at fine stores everywhere. The perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere, America's Favorite Bra "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company. (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

TRUST THE TRADEMARKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME





JENNIFER JONES

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by
SELZNICK in **TECHNICOLOR**

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

work on what we've got lined up here.

BEST POPULAR

DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monica Lewis (Signature)—Monica Lewis, who recorded this with the newly expanded Signature Record Company, is a pretty little redhead. She once sang with Goodman, but she's better known for the Chesterfield show on which she worked with Johnnie Johnston. She's now one of Signature's big stars.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)—Here's the first post-war swoon singer to get a terrific buildup—they're calling him the ex-GI Sinatra. Johnny was a big favorite in Paris, where he was a sergeant singing in Glenn Miller's Army Air Forces band. He's twenty-five years old, very good looking, has black hair. Before he went into the army, he sang with Bob Crosby and Gene Krupa. This is his first solo record, and it was made while he was playing his first solo engagement—at New York's Strand Theater. As a result of which he started recording at 11 p.m., didn't get through until three-thirty. So you thought those wispy threads of sound meant romance, huh? Don't be silly, the kid was tired.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BLACK, BROWN & BEIGE—Duke Ellington (Victor)—Whether you consider this hot jazz or not is unimportant. The important thing is that it's wonderful music, and the most ambitious thing Duke has ever done. Originally fifty minutes long, it was cut down to its most important parts, and you can now have the heart and soul of it on two twelve-inch records. Most people think "Black, Brown & Beige" was unveiled for the very first time at Carnegie Hall, but actually it had a much less formal debut—at Rye High School, Rye, N. Y. The story is this. Dr. J. T. H. Mize, then Principal of Rye, was a terrific jazz fan (he's currently writing a book on jazz) and he invited Duke down to school to play his new work. I went too (they gave us a wonderful dinner) and Duke played for the students, and got suggestions and comment. As a result of these, he made some changes in the music before giving the Carnegie concert.

By the way fans, there's a book out called "Duke Ellington" by Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome, and it's swell.

HEY! BA-BA-RE-BOP—Lionel Hampton (Decca)—The title of this number is queer, I'll admit. It's really nothing but a little blues riff, only everybody sings it a different way, and everybody takes credit for composing it. Helen Humes started the whole thing off on a Philo record. Her version of the riff goes Be-Baba-Luba. Lionel uses this Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop in his rendition, which is hot, and he takes the vocal himself. On the West Coast, the phrase is E-Bob-O-Le-Bob, and it's such a craze out there that a certain band has taken to calling itself the Boboli Bans.

BLUE SKIES—Andre Previn (Sunset)—The other side of this is "Good Enough to Keep," and the title might very well apply to Andre Previn, the new sensation on the West Coast. He's sixteen years old, a French refugee who's only been in this country two or three years. He hardly ever heard any jazz before he came over here, in spite of which he now plays like a combination King Cole-Art Tatum. On this Sunset platter, Andre's ably abetted by Dave Barbour, the guitarist who's featured on several radio shows, such as "Blondie." He's also Peggy Lee's husband, which is rather nice too.



Don't let improperly cleaned skin mar your beauty! Cleanse with Ambrosia — the liquid facial cleanser that removes stale make-up, dust and grime... gives your skin a fresh-as-a-daisy feeling! Try Ambrosia today.



Nothing cleans like a liquid

AMBRÓSIA

SAVE as never before!

Genuine Fine-Cut DIAMONDS



Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds poised in superbly styled 14 kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections.

Diamond rings for women and men, \$24 to \$700

Diamond wedding rings, \$16.75 to \$72.50.

Write today for **FREE** illustrated booklet

BOND DIAMOND CO. Dept. M 7
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887

Scoldy Lox BOB PINS

NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN



- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Shorty Sherock (Signature)—The band that recorded this wasn't really Shorty's at all. Record was made in January, 1945, when Shorty was trumpet player with Horace Heidt, and in my first column for MODERN SCREEN, almost a year ago, I wrote about getting this session together while I was in Hollywood. I teamed Shorty with six men from the Harry James band at that time. "Talk of the Town" is by Corky Corcoran, young tenor sax man who's leaving Harry to form a band of his own.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome to My Dream" is the number that was born along the latest "Road." Bing himself's done it for Decca, Dinah Shore for Victor and Jack Leonard for Majestic. Jack Leonard's another ex-GI. He was the first big name band singer to be drafted, 'way back when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey. Dinah Shore's waxing of this same "Welcome to My Dream" may be her last Victor release; she's already signed with Columbia.

THE STORK CLUB—This picture introduced "Love Me," and Andy Russell (who did it in the movie) has recorded it for Capitol, while Frances Wayne does the vocal with Woody Herman and the boys for Columbia. By the time you read this, however, Frances won't be with Woody any more. She's going out on her own. Neal Hefti, Frances' husband—who used to play trumpet with Woody—left the band early in January to join Joe Marsala.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

DAY BY DAY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jo Stafford (Capitol), Monica Lewis (Signature)

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?—Johnny Desmond (Victor)

I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ALONE—Kay Kyser (Columbia)

I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING—Woody Herman (Columbia), Hot Lips Page (Melrose)

MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL—The Andrews Sisters (Decca)

OH! WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

PERSONALITY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol)

PROVE IT BY THE THINGS YOU DO—Bing Crosby—Mel Torme (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor)

SLOWLY—Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca)

WAVE TO ME MY LADY—Elton Britt (Victor), George Paxton (Majestic)

WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN—Les Brown (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

JOHNNY BOTHWELL—I'll Remember April (Signature)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Black, Brown & Beige (Victor)

LIONEL HAMPTON—Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop (Decca)

ERSKINE HAWKINS—Holiday For Swing (Victor)

JOE MARSALA—East of the Sun (Musicraft)

ANDRE PREVIN—Blue Skies (Sunset)

ARTIE SHAW'S GRAMERCY 5—Misterioso (Victor)

SHORTY SHEROCK—It's The Talk of the Town (Signature)

BOBBY SHERWOOD—Cotton Tail (Capitol)

WILLIE SMITH—September In The Rain (Keynote)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—"Walter Winchell Rhumba" by Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

STATE FAIR—Album of Six songs from "State Fair"—Dick Haymes (Decca)

TARS AND SPARS—"I'm Glad I Waited For You"—Frankie Carle (Columbia)

THE DOLLY SISTERS—"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"—Harry James (Columbia)

THE ROAD TO UTOPIA—"Welcome To My Dream"—Dinah Shore (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Jack Leonard (Majestic)

THE STORK CLUB—"Love Me"—Andy Russell (Capitol), Woody Herman—Frances Wayne (Columbia)

CHARLES LAUGHTON—Moby Dick (Decca)

THOMAS MITCHELL—Treasure Island (Decca)



foremost
women
wear

FORMOST Bras

Created for the young woman with a keen eye for style and a sophisticated appreciation of line, Formost Bras are exquisitely fashioned to conform to your most intimate ideas of comfort and beauty. A, B, and C cups for perfect fit. From 95c to \$2.50.

PARFUM

Follow Me

(SUIVEZ-MOI)

by

VARVA

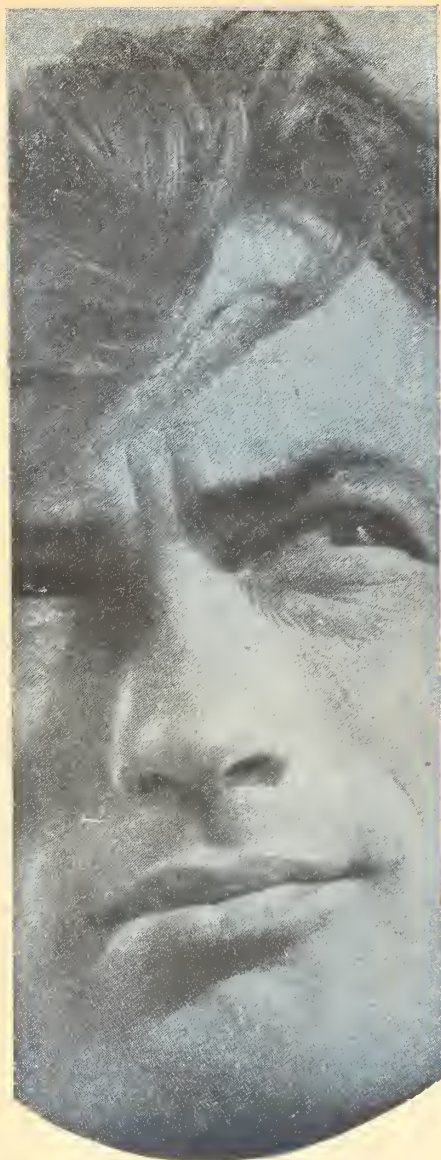
The Fragrance that
lasts and lasts



Parfum \$1 to \$15...
Toilet Water \$1, 2.50, 4.50
Bubble Foam, Bath Powder, Sachet, Face Powder, each \$1...Talc 55¢...
At your favorite drug and department store.
(all prices plus taxes)
Also in devil-may-care
"Nonchalant"

EAU DE TOILETTE
Follow Me
SUIVEZ MOI
by
VARVA

Varva, Empire State Bldg.
New York 1, N. Y.



GREGORY PECK

is one of the stars of

DUEL
in
the **SUN**

Made by
SELZNICK in **TECHNICOLOR**

CO-ED LETTER BOX

(Continued from page 26)

Gosh, J.J., you're going to hate us for this, but we're on your guy's side this time. Granted you've had a long pull, we think you're taking a very short view of the question. Just skim through a "help wanted" column and count the jobs that say "high school graduate." There are quite a few, you'll notice, and the salary offered is invariably higher than that offered to non-grads. The question you should ask yourself is this: "Do I want to be a potential tycoon in 1947, or a perpetual office boy in 1946? We're pretty sure you know the right answer.

What preparations can I be making toward getting a summer job? D. A., Harrisburg, Pa.

You can be thinking over the possibilities—department store work, baby-minding, tutoring, office work—and then dream up a really good letter stating your qualifications which you'll send out. Nine out of ten jobs are landed through well-written letters of application.

Is it all right to invite a boy over to your house if he has never dated you? "Jonesy," South Dennis, Mass.

Yes, if you do it ever so casually. S'pose you're walking home from school, or brewing up a stew in Chem lab (the two of you, we mean, natch), toss the invitation lightly and see how it hits him. If he pounces, make the time and day on the spot. If he hedges, for gosh sakes, don't pin him down. You know what to say, don't you? "I've got a gorgeous new

Ellington," or "Ever eat a really terrific Dagwood sandwich?" It's easy!

I adore my best friend's brother. Would it be awful if I took her into my confidence and got her to plug me to him? N. M., Stamford, Conn.

On the contrary, it would be a very sharp maneuver. Get her to give you hints about what he likes and doesn't like and have her relay on comments about you so that you can mend your ways or give him more in the same vein.

I am a mother of two girls, fifteen and sixteen. They both have lots of dates, and in my opinion stay out much too late. When I step on them they tell me I'm obsolete. What would you consider a reasonable curfew? M. W., St. Louis, Mo.

Curfew times differ so in various localities that we hate to issue an ultimatum. However, for occasional school night stay-outs ten-thirty should be the deadline. Fridays and Saturdays, we'd say eleven-thirty to twelve, depending on how late your local movie gets out. And for very fancy fun—proms and holiday parties, one o'clock should be late enough.

Lots of you scan this column month after month waiting for someone to ask your question. Shame on you, lazy bones. Why not speak for yourself? Put your question in writing while you think of it and a red-hot solution will be on its way to you. Write to: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

FREE OFFER!

Maybe you readers never figured before just how important you are to MODERN SCREEN. Why, Editors Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen would no sooner think of making up the magazine without consulting you than they'd forget to water Gregory, their pet grapefruit plant. And just to prove it, we're giving away absolutely FREE the May, June, July AND August issues of MODERN SCREEN to the first 500 of you who fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. And that means *this very minute* because free subscriptions to MS go faster than griddle cakes (with syrup)!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>Dream Boss (The Ladds)</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Oh, Johnnie! (Johnston)</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Little Woman (June Allyson)</i> .. | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I'm a Crosby Fan! by Leo McCarey</i> .. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Their Hearts Are Young and Gay</i> | | <i>Blithe Spirit (Elizabeth Taylor)</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| (Guy Madison)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Eager Beaver (Don Taylor)</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"And So They Were Married"</i> | | <i>Watch Mark Stevens! by Hedda</i> | |
| (Jeanne Crain)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hopper</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Dennis Morgan's Life Story</i> | | <i>Ed Sullivan Speaking</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| (Concluded)..... | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

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

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

My name is.....

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

I am.....years old.

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

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"



"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
loveliness!"

**JUDY
GARLAND**

one of the Stars of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"Ziegfeld Follies"



You want the loveliness that wins!
Active-lather facials give skin fresh new
beauty that makes pulses beat faster!

Why don't you try Judy Garland's
Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet
Soap? It's wonderful how they leave
skin softer, smoother! Smooth the
creamy lather well in, rinse with
warm water, splash on cold. As you
pat gently to dry with a soft towel,
skin takes on fresh new beauty.

Don't let neglect cheat you of
Romance. This gentle care famous
screen stars recommend will make
you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials
by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 com-
plexions improved in a short time!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this Beauty Care

FIGHT WASTE— Soap uses
vital materials. Don't waste it!

—Lux Girls are Lovelier!

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED..."

(Continued from page 41)

the world, a beautiful dreamer of beautiful dreams.

This Sunday morning she slipped into a gold linen slack suit, ran a comb through her extravagantly beautiful hair, added a faint touch of lipstick . . . and went out to meet Destiny who—at the moment when Jeanne was readying herself for the party—was shaving in the Brinkman family bathroom and had just nicked his chin. Destiny, in this case, was named Paul.

falling in love . . .

He also had another date. When Mrs. Kester, who is called Bobby by her friends, introduced the foursome, none of them caught the names of the others. Jeanne looked at Paul and thought, "Good looking." Paul looked at Jeanne and uttered, under his breath, the 1943 equivalent of "Hubba, hubba, hubba."

There were so many people at the party that no conversation, other than the politely mumbled acknowledgment of introductions, took place between Miss Crain and the man she now refers to occasionally as "Mister B."

After breakfast, the Kesters showed a series of 16 mm. movies, and then the party broke up, so that was that.

Not for several months did Paul and Jeanne see one another again. One afternoon, Jeanne and her mother were driving down Sunset Boulevard and stopped for a red light. Up alongside them drew a sleek convertible with Mr. Brinkman at the wheel; he looked at Jeanne, remembered that Sunday morning, but couldn't remem-

ber her name for his very life. His memory tore his brain into excelsior in search of that missing gem—meanwhile he gave her the big eye.

Jeanne looked away, demurely. She remembered him, too, but she would have sold pencils at Hollywood and Vine before she would have admitted it. The two cars moved away from the signal, hub cap to hub cap, with Mr. Brinkman doing his best to look like an old friend of the family, and Jeanne hoping that the amenities could be satisfied in some way.

No use. Traffic honked and swirled to separate the two cars. The resourceful Mr. Brinkman memorized the license number, drove to the nearest Motor Vehicle Department station and tried to talk the boys with the badges out of the name, address and telephone number of the registered owner of Jeanne's car. The boys were understanding—sympathetic even—but unmoved. "No," they said firmly.

But Cupid, though lazy and absent-minded, never gives up a project entirely as long as he is getting mental cooperation from the two persons most closely involved. He decided on a prank.

He arranged for Paul and Jeanne to go to the Farmer's Market for luncheon on the same day. The Farmer's Market is a vast bazaar covering several acres on the northeast corner of Third and Fairfax in western Los Angeles, where one can buy everything from a pair of diamond earrings to a package of mothballs or a talking Mynah bird. It swarms with people from dawn until closing time at six, and

the chances against one person seeing another he knows is something that would interest Lloyd's of London.

Jeanne was standing at the pie concession when an ingratiating masculine voice said, "I beg your pardon for not recalling your name, but I met you one Sunday at the Kesters. I saw you on Sunset Boulevard a while back, and did my best to flirt with you, but you didn't recognize me. In case you don't remember me, either, I'm Paul Brinkman."

"And I'm Jeanne Crain," said the girl who wouldn't admit that she had any recollection of the Sunset Boulevard episode. "Won't you join us? My mother and I have a table near the china shop."

Their first formal date occurred on New Year's Eve, 1943, when Paul escorted Jeanne to Tex Feldman's Watch Party. Jeanne, so excited she could scarcely breathe, wore a white frock over a hoop skirt with the bodice and skirt decorations embroidered in gold.

ould lang syne . . .

At midnight everyone sang "Auld Lang Syne." Paul linked his arm through Jeanne's so that she could have the first sip from his glass of champagne, just as she had the first from his. And then, quite solemnly, Paul leaned down and kissed Jeanne.

"Happy New Year," he murmured afterward. "Happy 1944."

It was a wonderful year. Paul started to teach Jeanne to play tennis, but she was so busy making pictures that she didn't

ESTABLISHED — OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD.
 INC.
 FINEST SELECTION
 MADE IN U.S.A.
 BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

No curative power is claimed for
PHILIP MORRIS, but —

**AN OUNCE OF
 PREVENTION**
is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS!—proved
 less irritating to nose and throat
 . . . famed for finer flavor and
 aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!

PHILIP MORRIS
 America's Finest Cigarette

have much time to perfect that back stroke. On weekends, however, they could drive down to Laguna—one of the loveliest resort towns on the Pacific Coast—to swim. One night they strolled into Victor Hugo's romantic restaurant in Laguna, and, as they passed between the tables on the way to the spot selected for them by the head waiter—Jeanne could hear the sibilant comment race through the room. "There goes Errol Flynn. There goes Errol Flynn."

She thought rebelliously, "No. He doesn't look like Mr. Flynn."

He doesn't. Paul is much younger than Mr. Flynn, of course, and his coloring is much darker. Tall as Paul is, he is not quite as tall as the Blitzkrieg Boatman, nor is his frame as matured.

misunderstanding . . .

During this period there was only one misunderstanding. Wynn Rocamora was giving a party for Louella Parsons, to which Jeanne and Paul were invited. Paul had been hunting, but had promised to call for her around seven.

At seven-thirty, she repaired her lipstick. At eight, she re-combed her hair. At eight-thirty she began to stand at the window—discreetly out of sight, of course—and scan the street for passing cars. At nine she gave up, removed her party dress with her blithe anticipations, and went to bed with dire resentment and a book.

In the meantime, Paul's car had flattered him to the extent of an hour's tardiness. He had called Jeanne as soon as he could reach a telephone, but received no answer—simply the usual ringing sound which is a sound effect and nothing more. (The Crains didn't discover until late the following afternoon that their telephone was out of order.)

Thinking that Jeanne had gone to the party with other friends when he failed to arrive on time to escort her, Paul scorched to the house, bathed, shaved, hopped into dinner clothes and went to the affair. He asked several people if they had seen Jeanne. Said some helpful soul, "Yes, she was here 'bout thirty minutes ago. I think she left with someone—can't remember who it was."

If Jeanne, lying disconsolately at home, was smarting with the hurt of her first experience at being stood up, Paul was equally disgruntled before what he thought was a brush-off.

When Paul called, after the telephone was restored to service, and said rather shortly, "Sorry I missed you the other night," he was greeted by as crackling a sound as ever came over short wave. "I'll be right over to explain," he cried.

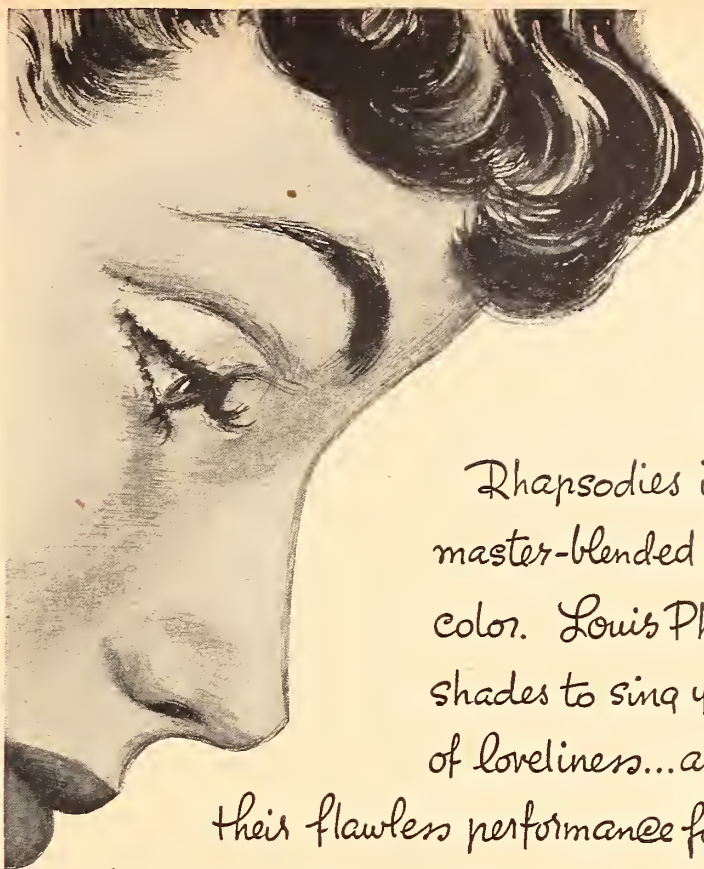
boy gets girl . . .

It was quite a discussion. Jeanne said he should have known that she wouldn't have gone to the party without him, not to speak of *leaving* without him, and Paul wanted to know how he should have guessed that the telephone was out of order. By the time each side had aired its grievances, they were at the beach. It is very difficult to cling to both dignity and anger on a roller coaster. End of argument.

By this time Jeanne and Paul had been seen together enough around town for their friends to grow curious about their romance. It was clear to anyone with eyes that they were in love with one another. Mrs. Crain began to object, not to Paul as a person, but to Jeanne's seeing any one person to the exclusion of all others.

"Go out with other people," Mrs. Crain begged. "Don't become serious. This is one of the loveliest times of your life, and you should live it to the full without thinking of the responsibility of marriage."

Jeanne and her mother have always been very sympathetic to one another's viewpoints, so Jeanne agreed. For four



Rhapsodies in Red
master-blended for true
color. Louis Philippe
shades to sing you a song
of loveliness...and repeat

their flawless performance for
lipstick and rouge. For an encore,
you're beauty-bound to choose
Louis Philippe cake make-up
in a harmonizing tint of
sheer delight.



Louis Philippe



Lipstick, creme base of satin sheen and incredible clinging power. 9 luscious shades. Rouge, creme or dry, to match. Cake make-up with the creme-y base that protects as it beautifies. 6 harmonizing shades. At cosmetic counters everywhere.



Black's the thing this Spring!

And heavy gold jewelry is lovely with it! But you'll spoil your dress and glamour, if you don't guard against perspiration! Use Arrid daily! Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.

Announcing the new Improved **POSTWAR★ARRID**

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely!¹

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

Springtime Evening Drama

The new, long Sarong skirt... slim and sleek. The casual black top, with the season's smartest sleeve! Wear it with short daytime skirts, too... but always protect it (and you) from perspiration and odor. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely... only Arrid!



★ In the same familiar package... marked with a star above the price

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.¹
2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. Safe for skin. Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

ARRID...nearly twice as effective
in stopping perspiration
as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid

Grace Moore • Georgia Gibbs • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman
Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes

long, aching months, she and Paul did not see one another. Each went out with other friends; each tried to disperse his interest.

Came Christmas Eve, 1945. Jeanne had made a date with Paul, but Mrs. Crain was unhappy over the idea. She said that Christmas Eve was a family holiday, and that she wanted Jeanne at home on that evening. Because both she and Jeanne were tired and overwrought, each said things that they didn't mean and quickly resented, but the misunderstanding ended with Jeanne's going out to San Fernando to the Kesters. Jeanne, Paul and the Kesters discussed the problem.

Before Paul left that night, they decided to be married on the morning of December 29 in Jeanne's parish church. What they had forgotten, in their upset state, was that the wartime dispensation excusing three readings of the banns, had been revoked. A church decision was handed down: They couldn't be married until January 6th.

Frantically, the two devout Catholic communicants went to Bishop McGucken to explain their reasons for seeking a dispensation. And the Bishop, a wise and kindly man, granted their plea. He said they might be married on December 31st.

Actually, they hadn't planned to be married on the second anniversary of their first date—that was a fillip added by Fate.

So these were the things of which Jeanne Crain thought as the minutes slipped by and became the dawn of her wedding day. Without having slept a wink, she slipped out of bed at six, shivering, and began to get dressed.

She donned the suit and the white hat, and went downstairs when she heard Paul park in the driveway. His expression, as he kissed her good morning, was mysteriously triumphant. From one pocket he produced a jeweler's box. Jeanne lifted the velvet lid and gasped: It was the most beautiful wedding ring she had ever seen: A design of interwoven orange blossoms studded with diamonds and baguette rubies. "I thought it would be a wedding-engagement ring combination," he said.

By this time, everything had begun to happen. Jeanne moved in a roseate daze to the church where a nuptial mass was celebrated by the Reverend Eugene Ivanovich, S.J. As she made the responses of the service and the ring was slipped on her finger, her chin brushed the orchids of the corsage Paul had brought her.

Afterward, after the last triumphant chord from the organ, and just before the

photographer's flash bulbs began to pop, Paul said to his wife, "Say, here's something you might like to have!" and slipped a platinum ring on which was set a huge square-cut diamond onto Jeanne's finger. This was incredible . . . dreamy . . . all part of a blissful unreality. "I want to telephone Mother," she murmured.

But first they must go to Paul's home so that proper pictures could be taken. Paul wanted to carry his bride over the threshold. The studio wanted those pictures. Meanwhile, a newspaper man had taken it upon himself to call Mrs. Crain and tell her that Jeanne had been married. The news, broken in this way, was difficult for Mrs. Crain to bear—she left the house. And when someone told Jeanne how the news had been relayed, Jeanne broke down and cried desperately.

However, a meeting was arranged the next day at which Mrs. Crain gave her blessing, and currently she is a regular dinner guest at the Brinkmans' borrowed house, a cottage loaned by Huntington Hartford, Paul's great friend.

perfect honeymoon . . .

After the wedding breakfast at the Kester home, Paul and Jeanne hopped into Paul's father's Cadillac and drove to Furnace Creek Inn, a delightful retreat on the Mojave desert. Jeanne, who has never spent even a weekend in Palm Springs had never before had the experience of a long desert vacation, so the five days they honeymooned there were glorious. They went horseback riding, they drove to the top of the six thousand foot mountain that rises towerlike above the Inn, which is below sea level; they spent one whole day exploring old mine shafts.

At the end of five days, the honeymooners had to return to Los Angeles because Jeanne had committed herself to enact a radio version of "Seventh Heaven" with Tyrone Power, one of her favorite people.

While driving anywhere together, the Brinkmans talk about their new house. All during the spring of 1945, Paul and Jeanne examined hill tops—which was the only spot on which either of them wanted to live. They found one magnificent spot, and Paul was about to buy it when he discovered that having the utilities (electricity, water, etc.) installed on the promontory would cost about ten thousand dollars.

Finally Huntington Hartford suggested that they look at some property not far from his own home. Together, they trudged to the spot, turned, and held their breaths out of sheer awe before the grandeur of the scene. Below stretches Los Angeles, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and—in clear weather—the beach towns. And behind the site rise peaks which reveal, through intermittent canyons, the San Fernando Valley beyond. Paul slid his arms around Jeanne's waist and kissed her solemnly. "Here, we will really live," he said.

With curtains drawn against the night, with a fire roaring in the fireplace, with only candles burning in the far corners, the Brinkmans plan to spend a good many evenings listening to music and murmuring in low voices about their plans.

"I've always wanted to go to Africa and make a real safari," Jeanne will say, as she has so often in the past.

"We'll do it as soon as I can train some one to trust with the business for a few months," Paul will promise. "But I also want to take you to Banff and to Lake Louise, to Victoria and Vancouver and Alaska. And to Mexico City, then to South America. We're really going to be busy people."

The title of one of the songs Jeanne sings in "Centennial Summer" is "Two Hearts Are Better Than One." It is a joyous thought with which to begin married life.



JOSEPH COTTEN

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a sailor, and while on leave managed to get to Hollywood, where I sneaked into a studio. Wandering around, I was stopped by a guard who asked me if I was one of the sailors working on a nearby set.

Thinking fast, I said yes, and that's how I got in to the set where John Payne was playing a sailor role. "Say," he said to me, "how do you keep that hat on the back of your head?" "Search me," I replied, "but I'll fix yours for you." Johnny sure liked it that way, but I had to laugh when the director made him change it to the regulation squared cap for the scene, in spite of Johnny's protests.

*Dave Williams, S 1 c
Santa Ana, Calif.*

"I like to sit home and knit"



Knit? My Eye!
Bet you'd like to
splash around.
So get wise.
Here's how:

KEEP FRESH! Bathe daily. Then shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body, into every curve and ripple. It leaves you fresh, divinely dainty.

FEEL SMOOTH! Treat chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. That gives your skin a silken sheath of protection. Makes you feel slick, smooth.

STAY DAINTY! Pamper your body often with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Hours after you use it—your skin whispers its beguiling scent . . . the fragrance men love.

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TALC**

In 10¢, 20¢
and 35¢ sizes

For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢



BLITHE SPIRIT

(Continued from page 51)

Roosevelt, you're in a hurry, aren't you? You can leave now if you like."

The tall young man smiled. "Thanks a lot. Goodbye, everyone." He bowed to Mrs. Truman and started across the room with his long, boyish stride.

Elizabeth stared in utter consternation from his retreating back to the muff on her mother's lap, twenty feet away. Her autograph book! There was Mr. Roosevelt disappearing like a mirage, while she stood posing with Mrs. Truman. Her face mirrored her agonized indecision for thirty seconds, and then Elizabeth moved. Like a small, black-haired streak of lightning, she raced to her mother, grabbed the muff, and tore to the door, calling, "Mr. Roosevelt! Oh, Mr. Roosevelt, please, just a minute!"

remember me long . . .

Franklin wrote for so long that Elsa Maxwell, who was standing nearby, said jovially, "Looks to me as if you're writing her a letter, not just an autograph."

He looked up gravely. "I want Elizabeth to remember who I am, and where she was."

The minute Elizabeth got back from her trip East, she tore across the street to Anne's house. Anne is an ideal confidante. She's never catty or envious, and she gets a big kick out of the things that happen to Elizabeth.

"I went to the theater in New York!" Elizabeth announced gleefully. "And I wore my first black dress, and my first long stockings, and my first nail polish!"

"Colored nail polish?" Anne demanded incredulously.

"Of course not, silly. I wouldn't be caught dead with colored polish on. It would look ridiculous at my age." If Elizabeth was quoting her mother, she had serenely forgotten it.

Clothes are, at this point, all-important to Elizabeth. Which is pretty funny, because a year or so ago all she wanted in the way of a wardrobe was a pair of blue jeans and a boy's shirt. But by last summer she showed a tendency to linger before dress shop windows, and came Christmas the burning question in her life was how she could inveigle her family into getting her a white lambs' wool coat. She tried all the arguments she could think of and got nothing but a monotonous series of "When you're older, dear."

"She means sixteen," Elizabeth confided gloomily to Anne on Christmas Eve. "She always means sixteen when she says that. I knew I wouldn't get it this year. It would be too good to be true."

happiness, inc. . . .

"Maybe they'll give you something just as nice," Anne said. Anne always tried to be comforting. "And anyway, your white blanket coat is very becoming."

The next morning she got up and dashed across the street to Anne's in her woolly housecoat and slippers. She always went there first because the Westmores opened their presents before breakfast, the Taylors afterwards. When she had exclaimed wildly over Anne's heavenly new sweater and the toy panda—promptly named Andy Pandy—the girls went back to breakfast at the Taylors'. There were lots of packages under the tree in the living room. Scarlet and white and green, with bright ribbon bows. It was fun opening them. There were ties and slippers for Dad, and perfume for Mummy, and brushes for Howard, Elizabeth's sixteen-year-old brother. There was the most exciting new grey suit

HOW POLLY PICKED HER PATTERN



Polly paid attention to Holmes & Edwards because it's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks



IT'S STERLING INLAID

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1946, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div., Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. OReg. U.S. Pat. Off



WHERE FORM COUNTS—IT'S

Merry-Go-Round
A PETER PAN BRA

Backstage at "UP IN CENTRAL PARK," the candid camera gives Peter Pan Bras top honors.

* the bra with Circular Bias—
stitching and bias encircle the cup.



PETER PAN
BRASSIERES • GIRDLES

THE WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD BRING YOU

Seven Hollywood Reds

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars. Try DANGER SIGNAL—the newest shade of these 7 Hollywood Reds!



IDA
LUPINO

Starring in
"DEVOTION"
a Warner Bros. Picture

Westmore Lipsticks



THERE IS NO LIPSTICK LIKE A WESTMORE LIPSTICK

Created in Hollywood, style center of the world, by Perc Westmore, the country's foremost make-up authority! Designed to give you exactly the lustrous, flattering lips you want. You will be delighted with the creamy texture, staying quality, and true, vivid reds of Westmore Lipsticks.



Perc Westmore, Director of make-up at Warner Bros. Studios, who with his famous brothers Wally and Bud have created the popular Westmore Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

for Elizabeth, with wide shoulders and a tiny waist way in to here, and a lovely straight skirt.

"I thought it would be pretty with your blanket coat, dear," Mrs. Taylor said.

"Oh, it will. It'll be sweet with it." It would, of course. Only . . .

"Mother, do you think when I'm sixteen I can have a lamb coat?" Elizabeth asked wistfully.

"Gosh, what a single track mind," Howard remarked with masculine disgust. Howard is her adored older brother.

Mrs. Taylor smiled at them both. She turned to her husband. "Oh, we forgot that little brown package, dear. I didn't even get it wrapped. Would you go upstairs for it?" Suddenly Elizabeth's eyes got bigger and bigger. She jumped up and stood there, holding her breath till her chest ached. All the world seemed to be waiting in that moment of Christmas morning. Then suddenly, there was daddy holding—holding a white lamb coat!

Elizabeth shrieked. She ran—not to the coat, but to Mummy, and kissed her, and cried like crazy. Then she rushed to her father, who held the coat helplessly in one hand while his daughter gave him a wild bear hug. "It's too beautiful," she gasped. "Oh, Anne, isn't it *delirious*!"

"I knew about it all along," Anne said smugly. "But I'd promised not to tell."

lady in distress . . .

So—when Elizabeth went to the White House, she had the lamb coat to wear. And when they got to New York, there was the theater, and she was dressed all up in the black velvet dress and the white coat and a corsage. It was her first corsage from a boy named Peter and Elizabeth could hardly believe it. Young Peter, son of Metro's publicist, Dorothy Day, sent it.

She did look lovely when she was ready for the theater. A rosy glow enveloped the dress and coat and corsage, a glow that came from the expression of bliss on her face. She and her mother went downstairs to get a taxi. As they came out to the street, they saw what they had been too busy to notice before. It was pouring rain. Elizabeth saw it first and decided to try a rush act.

"There's a taxi, Mummy," she cried. "Let's dash and grab it. We simply must not be late for the theater."

But Mrs. Taylor ignored the slim hand tugging at her sleeve. She surveyed the teeming night, and then looked at Elizabeth's ensemble.

"It's too bad, dear," she said, "but you'll have to go upstairs and change your coat. Put on a raincoat."

"A raincoat! But, Mummy, I'm wearing a corsage! And we're going to the theater!"

"I know. In the rain. And we can't afford to ruin your lovely new coat. So go up and change, dear. Here's the key."

Elizabeth departed like Marie Antoinette going to the guillotine. Head high, but heartbroken. It's tough for a mother to stick to her guns in a case like that, but it's also essential, if discipline is to be maintained, and Mrs. Taylor knew it. Elizabeth was back in a short time, with a hopeful look, still wearing the white coat. "You gave me the wrong key, Mummy. And I don't think it's raining as hard now."

But Mrs. Taylor fished in her bag and came up with the right key. "Hurry, darling."

Elizabeth hurried. When she came back, she had the violets pinned to the raincoat. She winked gravely at her mother. "You were perfectly right. It's raining much too hard for a white coat."

That was a typical Elizabethan reaction. She never sulks. She's always gay and enthusiastic, with a vast affection for people. Children adore her on sight. Little Margaret O'Brien and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins are her devoted slaves. Not long ago, the



LILLIAN GISH

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by

100 SELZNICK in **TECHNICOLOR**

studio school gave an informal entertainment. Elizabeth perched on one of the desks to watch. Butch promptly came over and wriggled up on the desk beside her. Margaret came shyly across the room and pulled up a chair by the desk, but that was still too far away—Butch was *much* closer.

He had grabbed Elizabeth's hand and was playing with the bangle on her bracelet in a proprietary manner. He smiled triumphantly at Margaret, who looked wistfully unhappy. Elizabeth saw it, and moving back a little on the desk, held out her hands in an inviting gesture. Instantly, Margaret was up, and into her lap. The three of them sat there in cherubic contentment throughout the evening.

nibbles and twinkles . . .

Elizabeth has a passion for animals that has had one curious consequence, besides getting her the role in "National Velvet." She has a chipmunk named "Nibbles," and she has written a book about him which is to be published in the spring. The book came about, believe it or not, because of Louella Parson's party for MODERN SCREEN. Elizabeth was excited about that party for weeks ahead of time. She and Anne had endless telephone conversations about it, which drove their respective families mad. The party, when it came at last, was sheer delight. Elizabeth met so many stars it made her dizzy, and they were all as charming to her as if she had been grown-up. She also met Albert Delacorte, MODERN SCREEN's young executive editor, and confided to Anne next day that he was "too handsome for words. I simply drooled when I saw him." She met Van Johnson, who is in a photo-finish at the moment with Gene Kelly, as her favorite male star. So with all this excitement, it was only natural that the next week when she was asked to write a theme at school, she wrote it about the party. Then she handed it over to the teacher and forgot about it. But the teacher telephoned Mrs. Taylor.

"You know, Elizabeth has a surprising amount of literary talent," she said seriously. "I thought so when I read the theme she wrote about her horse. Now with this story of the party, I'm sure of it."

When Elizabeth came in from bicycling with Anne and Carol, her mother said, "I hear you wrote a theme about the party."

"I did. You know, Mummy, I love to write. Sometime I'd like to write a book, if I had anything to write about."

"Why don't you try it? Write about things you know."

"But what do I know? Horses and dogs and chipmunks . . ." Elizabeth paused. "Nibbles. I'll write a story about him."

She not only wrote it, she illustrated it, too. The illustrations have caused almost as much favorable comment as the writing. She's been drawing for years, anyway. For instance, one morning her mother was getting dressed while Elizabeth and her dog, Twinkles, played around the room.

"I ought to draw some pictures of Twinkles for my book," Elizabeth said idly.

"Yes, dear, why don't you?" her mother said absently, and went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. When she came out, Elizabeth was lying on her stomach on the bed, slim tanned legs in the air, her head bent over a piece of drawing paper. "Which of these do you like better?" she inquired.

Mrs. Taylor peered over her shoulder in amazement. "These" were two beautifully executed sketches of Twinkles. He looked as if he was actually in motion, cavorting about the room, tail up and the devil in his eye, as usual. "When did you do those?"

"Just now. While you were in the bathroom. I have to work fast to get Twinkles."

Fast! Mrs. Taylor opened her mouth and then closed it again. It would never do to let the child see how impressed she was. But Elizabeth preserves her balance

and her sense of humor without any trouble. One day her mother was quoting from the publisher's letter about the book. "He said Elizabeth's prose style was extraordinary. It was so well-formed, so round, so . . ."

"Firm, so fully packed," said her irrepressible daughter, giggling, and went off into a libelous imitation of the Lucky Strike auctioneer.

One reason Elizabeth and Anne get on so well together is because they laugh like mad at the same things. They agree about almost everything, anyway, and haven't had a quarrel since three years ago. Elizabeth recalls that last one vividly, however. Elizabeth had been given a fancy winter outfit of corduroy slacks, a crimson ski sweater, and a fur cap with crimson yarn woven into two braids which dangled to her shoulders. Of course it was summer, and the thermometer was in the eighties, but Elizabeth just *had* to show off her new possessions. She got on her Flexees scooter, ("We were just *infants*, practically, then," she explains) whizzed down the sidewalk, red woven braids flying in the hot summer breeze. She passed Anne's house without a glance, then turned around at the next corner and sailed past it again. The third time Anne stuck her head out of a window.

"I never saw anything sillier," she announced to the world in a high, angry voice. "A fur cap with wool braids in this terrible heat! Some *children* just aren't old enough to have any sense!"

The next day, she met Anne on the street. With the sudden, unaccountable vagary of childhood, they both said, "Hello" amiably, and in two minutes were consuming forbidden sodas together at the corner drug store.

Anne and Carol are rather interested in boys. Elizabeth likes boys, but she regards them with a friendly detachment. Howard's friends fill the house all the while, and Elizabeth thinks that when she does get around to dating boys, it will be handy having a brother two years older. Meantime, she is completely unself-conscious with them. She keeps a critical eye on Howard's girls, too.

"They're such kids," she tells her mother. "They just aren't smart. If they were, they'd know boys aren't interested in girls that rush them, and call them up all the time"

advice to the loveless . . .

So next time the girl called up, Elizabeth answered. "Look," she said firmly. "you aren't going to get anywhere with Howard this way. I know him better than anyone I know why he liked you in the first place and doesn't like you now. Do you?"

There was a perplexed negative from the other end. "Well," Elizabeth explained helpfully, "he liked you because he thought you were sort of shy, and that's the type he goes for. If I were you, I'd get shy again—fast. I'm telling you this for your own good."

"Miss E. Taylor. Advice to the lovelorn," said Howard, who had come in during this conversation. But he had to admit that her analysis of the situation was correct if somewhat blunt.

Here's an odd item about Elizabeth that no one has ever been able to figure out. Ever since she was a little girl, people have thought she should be called Virginia. The director on "National Velvet" called her Virginia all the while. Elizabeth, who like her own name fine, wouldn't answer. Pretty soon the whole company was saying "Hello, Virginia," and the director tried to get her to consult a numerologist.

"If your name was Virginia, it would help your career," he assured her. Elizabeth just smiled politely and went on being Elizabeth. Her career, from where we're sitting, seems to be doing all right.

MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY...
as famous for personal charm as
her celebrated husband is for bril-
liant acting.

"Sensational!"
says Mrs.
Robert Montgomery,

**"And that's why TANGEE GAY-RED
is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips"**

Yes, Tangee's exciting new lipstick shade—Gay-Red—is the hit-color of Hollywood. In that exotic city (where a girl's face is her fortune) this Tangee sensation is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies of the film colony. Try Tangee Gay-Red... it gives you a lift... makes your lips look *young* and *gay*. Remember—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's outstanding creation—the Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use *Tangee*

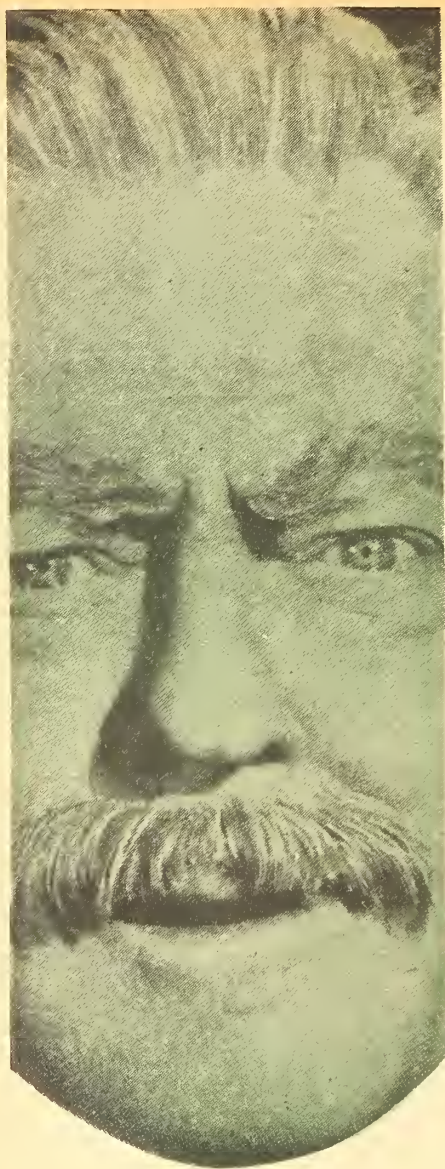
and see how beautiful you can be



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's foremost
authorities on beauty and
make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's
most recent triumphs are the
exciting new lipstick shade,
Tangee Gay-Red, and the new
Tangee Petal-Finish Cake
Make-Up.

AT LAST...A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

Some cake make-ups you've used are fine in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in *every* way. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not make you look as though you were wearing a mask.



**LIONEL
BARRYMORE**
is one of the stars of
DUEL
in
the **SUN**
Made by
SELZNICK in **TECHNICOLOR**

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

technique on your pop, your big sister's beau, the nice joe who brings the groceries, then—when you've gained some confidence—try them on the kids at school.

4. You've been stood up and your pride is shattered. Build it up again by (a) giving the lug heck in front of a considerable group, (b) demanding no explanation, but accepting any that's given casually and with dignity, and very coolly refusing further dates with him, (c) cutting him dead next time you see him and blackening his name all over town.

5. Your dad won't let you smoke, and all the girls you know call you a sissy because you don't. Best thing for you to do is (a) smoke on the q.t.—on account of what your pop doesn't know won't hurt him, (b) steer strictly clear of the gals who do, (c) explain to your dad that you don't plan to overdo it, but that you would like to take a puff here and there without a guilty conscience, and ask him to place you on trial.

6. Mom has to cut your allowance because finances are a bit strained at home; you'll make out best financially if (a) you get a part-time job and take care of your own cokes and movies, (b) you screech and whine about all the things the other kids have that you can't afford, (c) you simply resign yourself to being poor and shun fun.

7. There's a new gal at school. Cute and smiling and obviously fun. But her religion is different from the gang's, so all the kids snub her. You'd do well to (a) slap her on the back and show her that you're no snob, (b) in an unobtrusive way take her under your wing and give her a chance to show the kids what a peach she is, (c) follow the crowd, 'cause if you step out of line they may drop you.

8. Your church is planning a party. Volunteers are needed to plan the food, decorations, etc. You (a) sit back and let George do it, (b) volunteer like crazy and then find yourself so swamped with obligations you accomplish nothing, (c) pick out one thing you can do well and make a bang-up job of it.

Answers: 1. c, 2. b, 3. c, 4. b, 5. c, 6. a, 7. b, 8. c.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting in California some months ago, I stopped at one of Beverly Hills' leading shops and happened to notice a lovely lady looking over some clothes. A flustered and evidently new salesgirl was trying very hard to please her glamorous customer, and in her anxiety, she caught the fabric of a dress on a hanger and tore it. The head of the department came rushing over, but before she could say a word, the customer said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, how clumsy of me," and there wasn't a thing the woman in charge could say or do to the poor salesgirl. This gracious gesture was made by none other than Irene Dunne.

Alma Kessler
St. Louis, Missouri



Hands Can Be
Old Smoothies
LITERALLY

—kept alluringly soft, beautifully white, lovable and holdable with truly marvelous Mary Lowell Hand Cream. You'll love its fast softening, smoothing action on red, rough, chapped hands and skin. Neither sticky nor greasy.



Mary Lowell DEODORANT

Daintily perfumed. Protects from one to three days. Skin-safe, non-irritating. Bottle, 50c, plus tax.

House of Lowell, Inc., Tipp City, Ohio



**New Movie Diary Contains all
Details... Plus 80 Life-like
Portraits of Stars!**

Do you know what musical instrument Van Johnson plays... the facts about Dick Haymes' marriage... who is Sinatra's favorite singer... how old Lauren Bacall really is... what Bing Crosby likes to do best... what is Betty Hutton's natural color hair... how Alan Ladd reached the top? Now you can know all the answers plus details about the personal lives of personalities like Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Betty Grable and scores of others.

How to Be Your Own Movie Critic

This unusual 132-page **MOVIE DIARY**—the only book of its kind—also enables you to keep a private record of every picture you see. It contains special pages to list each movie, its stars, and your personal comment on it. In addition, the book contains gorgeous portraits of 80 Hollywood stars that you'll want to keep forever!

SEND NO MONEY!

Fill in and mail coupon. **MOVIE DIARY** will promptly be sent by return mail in plain wrapper. But act quickly while the supply lasts—mail coupon today!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

CONEL BOOKS, DEPT. M124
Riverside, Conn.
Please send my copy of **MOVIE DIARY** by return mail in plain wrapper.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman 50¢ plus postage.
☐ I enclose 50¢ (in coin or money order). You pay postage.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....
Canada—Send 75¢ Internat. Money Order with coupon

OH JOHNNY!

(Continued from page 47)

He'd sit in the center of a gang of kids and swoon 'em with "I'm The Medicine Man for the Blues."

"Lookit. Big John, you're hot," they'd say to him, and he began to think, "Gee, I am." So he advertised that he'd give uke lessons for fifty cents a week. "I could squeeze four lessons in every afternoon," he figured, "and eight on Saturdays." And he practically needed a slide rule to compute his earnings. The way it worked out, however, only two pupils showed up. One was a lady. A nice, jolly, middle-aged lady who wanted to learn "The Poet and the Peasant."

Johnnie gulped hard. "It's not exactly uke material," he said. "Would you consider 'Aloha' or 'Little Brown Jug'?"

"I would not," she said, removing her hat and grabbing the uke. "What do I do first?" Business was business, so Johnnie showed her how. The other pupil was a man who wanted to learn to play for relaxation. Both students were rather slow, so Johnnie pulled down a dollar a week for quite a while, and don't think he didn't need it.

making ends meet . . .

He was just beginning to think about girls, and everyone knows what an expense *they* are. Take Johnnie's first date, for example. He had one hard earned buck to spend, and as he'd mapped out the evening, it was going to be ample. Thirty-five cents each for the movies, leaving thirty cents for food. If she ordered a fifteen-cent soda, he'd order one, too. If she ordered a twenty-cent sundae, he'd have a ten-cent coke. A buck would do the evening up brown, and Johnnie ushered the gal into the soda joint feeling good. They sat down and studied the menu.

"How about a black and white?" Johnnie said, lighting a Cubeb.

She puckered her brow. "Mmm—I don't think so." She read the menu from cover to cover and then grinned at him. "Let's shoot the works," she said archly. "How about a couple of jumbo banana splits?"

Everything went black for a minute. Jumbo splits at thirty cents per. Oh no!

"I'm not having a thing," Johnnie said, when he could speak. "Training rules." And he sat there and watched her gorge, liking her less and less every minute. She was the smoothest redhead in the sophomore class, but she was poison to Johnston from that night forward.

Boxing on the Heart of America team was an eventual source of income. There wasn't very much of Johnnie when he was in his teens—he only weighed 125 pounds—but what there was could really fight. Of course, being an amateur fighter, he received no money for his wins, but now and then on special occasions he'd get a gold watch. He kept the first one, but subsequent ones he sold in order to finance his dates and his wardrobe. Clothes-wise, he was really a sharpie. Had lots of bell-bottom pants that were skin tight at the knees. The exact reverse of zoot trousers. The jackets had long, long lapels and built up shoulders. And his white shirts all had black and white checked cuffs, which were considered the absolute ticket in 1932.

Sometimes his mother used to wonder about his clothes. "Do they all dress like that, dear?" she'd ask him. Johnnie would be outraged.

"Heck, no," he'd answer. "Most of 'em have no flash."

He finished high school in 1932 and immediately hopped a freight for Holly-



ANDREA KING, STARRING IN WARNER BROTHERS
"SHADOW OF A WOMAN"



... YOU, on EASTER MORNING

*lovelier than ever, flower-fresh and
fragrant after an over-all patting with
your Le Sonier De Luxe Refillable
Powder Mitt.*

The Mitt is exquisite . . . Lily White, Bluebell, or Pretty Pink brocade back; palm of petal-smooth velure, to sift sweet-scented powder onto your skin. Pastel satin edges this elegant, over-sized Mitt and makes a butterfly bow at your wrist.

Le Sonier
REFILLABLE
POWDER MITTS
U. S. PAT. 2232686

LE SONIER, Inc.
New York - Boston

HERE IS THRILLING
NEW
HOPE

MAKE
THIS
EASY
7-DAY
TEST

DO
YOU
WANT
LONGER HAIR?

Then just try this SYSTEM on your hair for 7 days and see for yourself if you are really enjoying the pleasure of attractive hair that can so often capture love and romance for you.

Dry, brittle, breaking off HAIR MAY GET LONGER

when otherwise the SCALP and HAIR is normal, by retarding the breaking off. The hair then has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. JUST TRY the JUELENE SYSTEM 7 days and let your mirror prove the results. See if it does not bring untold happiness in greatest abundance for you. Send \$1. (If C.O.D.—Postage & Tax extra.) Fully guaranteed. Money back if you are not delighted.

MAIL THIS INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL COUPON TODAY!!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. M-603

4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show fine results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I ENCLOSE \$1
☐ I WILL PAY POSTMAN

JUELENE comes in 2 forms:
☐ POMADE ☐ LIQUID

Name.....

Address.....

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

wood where he got a job in the Universal Studios restaurant. There were a lot of jobs after that. He was mess boy on a ship that went around the world; came home and was a doughnut salesman for a while, then a match salesman. All of the jobs were just sort of to kill time. None of them were for keeps. And he'd reached the stage where more than anything on earth he wanted a job that he could give his heart to. Finally he made up his mind that he'd save a little money and buy a really good uke and get a singing job.

He liked to draw, and he'd studied commercial art in school, so he went into business painting signs. It was slow going. A sign here, a sign there. He earned barely enough to keep eating; never had anything left over to put toward the uke. And then came a windfall of thirty signs. Thirty nice, short, easy signs for ten dollars. All they were to say was, "Milkshakes, 15 cents." Johnnie was like one inspired. He did them brilliantly. In bright red paint with curley cues. In green with a row of exclamation points. In lush brown with a picture of a milkshake. He worked on them for twenty-four hours without rest and then went down to the drugstore with them.

too much of a good time . . .

"Mr. Jackson," he said, "I've got them all done." He couldn't wait to see his expression when he saw those signs. Mr. Jackson thumbed through them, his face growing gradually apoplectic. Finally, he turned on Johnnie.

"I said 'Milkshakes, 15 cents,'" he boomed. "Curley cues I didn't specify. Gee-gaws I don't want." He pushed his angry face close to Johnnie's. "Stick to the facts. 'Milkshakes, 15 cents.'"

So Johnnie went home and did them over with black ink in plain block letters. It took him about an hour, and he got his ten bucks. It was his last piece of art work because he bought the ukulele on the spot and went to work as a stroller—that is, a singer of ballads who goes from beer joint to beer joint playing for tips.

Along about that time, he met Dorothy Marubio, the sweet-faced gal who has been Mrs. Johnston for nine years. It was a queer sort of courtship because Johnnie worked all night, and Dottie worked all day. What's more, she had a very heavy suitor, an ex-Notre Dame football star, who did not work nights, except at wooing Dorothy. A lesser guy than Big John would have figured that he didn't have a chance. Johnnie didn't figure that way. He'd tear over to her house about eight o'clock in the morning, heavy-eyed and sandpaper-voiced from a night of singing, and he'd turn on the charm over a cup of coffee. And then one day he got completely fed up with the set-up.

They were having breakfast in a drugstore downtown, and he turned to her. "Look, it doesn't have to be like this. A couple of hectic seconds a day." He made himself talk slowly, matter of factly. They both prided themselves on their matter of factness. "We could get married, couldn't we?"

Dot's hand holding the cup of coffee shook a little. She knew that they were a pair of hard-boiled guys, not two silly kids, so why the heck did she feel like bawling? "Sure we could," she said unsteadily. "Couldn't we?"

He looked at her a minute, as if she'd just handed him the moon with a ribbon around it. "Yeah," he whispered, for all the world like one of those sentimental gents. "You bet we could."

They were married, and how they got along on a handful of dollars a week no one will ever know. But they were young and in love, and being poor was fun. Also they both knew it was only temporary.

To Remember
YOU Always



RADIO
GIRL
Perfume

AN exotic, tantalizing fragrance . . . so full of mystery and loveliness . . . So truly different, so inviting to romance Radio Girl Perfume lingers like a haunting melody

10¢-25¢ AT BEAUTY
COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



YOUR INSTANT
short cut to
GLAMOUR

An attractive full Bust Line is a short cut to glamour, poise and self-assurance. If your Bust Line makes you self-conscious, try the new (special up and out) Peach Cupbra. Use it for a week. If you are not delighted, send everything back and your money will be refunded. Write now. SEND NO MONEY. Send only your name and address and size of your old brassiere. (State whether small, medium or heavy.) When you get your Peach Cupbra with direction booklet, pay postman \$1.98 (plus few cents postage). (Plain wrapper.) If you wish to save postage, send Two Dollars now and we pay postage. Read your direction booklet and wear your Peach Cupbra for a week. If you are not absolutely delighted with your new lovelier figure, send it back. It is positively guaranteed to please you. Join the hundreds of women who enjoy a lovelier figure with Peach Cupbra. Please print name and address clearly.

Write today to Party Peach Co., Dept. 84
72 5th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Dot discovered it first—that Johnnie was terrific, that some day he'd be big time, and she made him believe in himself as he'd never been able to before. The funny part of it was that Dot was right. The stuff was there. Within a few months Art Kassel signed Johnnie on as singer-guitarist and band boy, and that was the beginning of the Success Story.

Came a session with Roger Pryor's band, came radio, came Hollywood. His sinuses drove him West in 1940, but once he got there he knew it was for him, sinuses or not. They had a darling house and a horse and a couple of dogs, and in 1942 they had Julie, their lovely little girl. Johnnie worked regularly, and two of the songs he introduced in the movies became smasheroos. "I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby," and "That Old Black Magic." They weren't millionaires, the Johnstons, but there was chicken every Sunday, and life was pretty lush after all the thin years. Johnnie used to say to Dot:

"Could a guy want any more than this? You and the kid and a dog with a red beard" (Skippy *did* have a red beard, and more personality than most people) "and good friends and the best golf clubs money can buy?" And she used to come right back at him, quick as a flash, "We're lucky guys, J. J."

Their best friends were a mixture of professional and nonprofessional people: Martha Tilton, Johnny Mercer, Alice Faye and Phil Harris, Marilyn Maxwell. Then there was Chet Bell with whom Johnnie had gone to school and Arnold Gillespie, a cartoonist at Metro. All of them swell people. Dot and Alice would talk babies on the phone for hours at a time. Johnnie and Chet would compare gardening technique. In the evening they'd have dinner at each other's houses, play charades, gang around the piano and sing. It was a good, sane, solid way of life, but Dot and Johnnie never got settled or stuffy. They did giddy things like playing golf in the rain and taking trips to Santa Barbara on horseback. Things like teaching little Julie to make the razzberry noise when they sang "Der Fuehrer's Face."

Johnnie taught her that when she was six months old. "Come on, honey," he'd say, leaning over her play pen. "We (razzberry noise) and (razzberry noise) right in the Fuehrer's face." He kept at it till his face got red and his eyes were popping, but he got nothing but the deadpan from her nibs. Exhausted and crushed, he gave it up as a bad job.

"She can't seem to get it," he complained to Dorothy, his tone of voice implying near-imbecility.

"She's not old enough, goon," Dot told him. "She's only six months old, you know."

And then Johnnie put the Spike Jones record on the vic and sat down in a chair to listen. When it came to the razzberry part, Julie, unprompted, chimed in from her play pen as plain as anything.

famous first words . . .

"Did you hear that?" yelled Johnnie. "Hear what Julie said?" It went down in her baby book, "First word, six months old—razzberry." And no subsequent feats were ever quite as thrilling.

In 1944, Johnnie decided to trek East again. It was obvious that all really good singing movie roles were going to Bing—and rightly so, he knew—so he pulled up stakes and went to New York with nothing in view but a guest stint on the Society of Lower Basin Street program. When that was over, they signed him for nine weeks, but other than that he was unemployed. There were no further radio bids, no nothing. Then one night a friend took him to dinner at the Hurricane, and it turned out to be Celebrity Night. They asked Johnnie

"RC tastes best, I say!"

says

JOAN CAULFIELD

See JOAN CAULFIELD in

"MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S"

A Paramount Picture



"THE COLA TASTE-TEST PROVED TO ME Royal Crown Cola is best-tasting. Now it's my year-round choice!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



**"SOAPING" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!**



**Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will
leave your hair aglow with natural luster!**

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. 2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film! 3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! 4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant! 5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! 6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! 10¢ or larger sizes.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of your Hair!



New

ENLARGEMENT



Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches, if you enclose this ad with a 3c stamp for return mailing. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural-lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1494, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

**3¢
STAMP**

**Non Acid...Gentle
NAIL POLISH REMOVER
Plus NAIL CONDITIONER
BY TRIMAL**

makers of famous
TRIMAL
CUTICLE
REMOVER

**Contains no acetone
No offensive odors
DELICATELY
PERFUMED!**



25¢ at all cosmetic counters

TRIMAL LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA • TRIMAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

to sing, and he did, and next morning there were a dozen phone calls. In quick succession he signed for personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, a singing spot at the Copacabana, a new Chesterfield radio series. He brought Julie and Dot in from the Coast and they resumed their life together in a New York apartment.

There were wonderful things to see—Central Park and the Zoo for Julie; the marvelous shops, the theaters for Dot; the bands, the top-notch entertainers for Johnnie. It was fun and stimulating, but after eight months of it they are ready to go West again. Really thrilled to go, because Big John has a fat new contract with Metro now, and the Success Story is getting bigger and better. The principal characters in it are pretty much the same. Better dressed, perhaps. Better fed. But still two smiling, unspoiled kids who've had the world on a string all along, so what's all the noise about? The third character has changed from a wee baby to a bright-faced pixie with taffy-colored pigtails. A laughing little girl who wears shiny patent leather Mary Jane shoes and stiff starched pinafores. She can put jigsaw puzzles together and count to twenty. She can also sing "Frère Jacques" and the "Trolley Song" and "Accentuate the Positive," and her pop thinks she's good. And now there's a little brother—John Dennis—for Julie to play with.

She has a fabulous collection of toys; gifts from a doting pa and many presents from Johnnie's fans. There's a tremendous rocking horse (which Julie has recently discovered is a rocking lamb—not a horse at all), a couple of life-size dolls, games, books, toy animals.

Johnnie is awfully fond of the fans; they've done so many touching things. Like visiting him at the hospital every day when he had appendicitis. And bringing him gifts on the slightest provocation—a pair of silk pajamas, a lovely blue sweater, a brief case with his name on it. They are sweet, well-behaved kids for the most part, and only now and then do they cause any real disturbance. Like the time when Johnnie was sick from overwork. He just barely got through the Chesterfield show, and Bill Brennan was helping him out to a cab. The fans mobbed him, stuck fountain pens in his eye, clung to the running board of his car. There were eleven cops on hand that night, and the youngsters knocked them over as if they were matchsticks. It wasn't a very nice exhibition. Johnnie was pretty ashamed of his kids. But it doesn't happen often. They are usually so darn nice.

As one of them put it, "We don't want to embarrass or offend him. He's too swell—as a singer and as a guy."

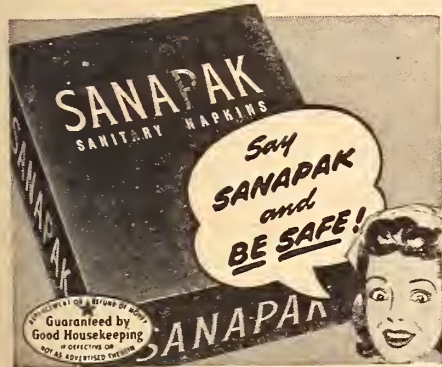
APRIL SHOWERS YOU WITH MONEY

Lay that raincoat down, babe, lay that raincoat down—'cause it's raining pennies from heaven this month—500 pennies, in fact. And just to be nice about it, we're putting those 500 coppers into a \$5 check for your convenience, to be sent to YOU, if we accept your "I Saw It Happen." What's an "I Saw It Happen"? Why natch, it's just the simple story of what happened when you bumped into a movie star. (Hint: You stand a better chance if your tale is brief, clear, and interestingly written!) So sit you down, write it up, and send it off to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



They Give You
Triple-Protection
—and such wonderful comfort!

SANAPAK is shaped to fit *without bulk*—faced with soft cotton to give you the *greatest possible wearing comfort*. And they're made with three special layers, including the famous "Pink Back" to give you *triple protection*! Insist on SANAPAK—they cost no more than ordinary napkins!



STAMMER? GET THIS **FREE BOOK!**
This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. BENJ. N. BOQUE, Dept. 2282, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

THIS NATURAL-LOOKING
SOFT WAVE
SO QUICK—SO EASY
with these amazing new
**SCHOOLGIRL
CURLERS**



Pliable flat rubber curling discs give hair body... make soft full waves. Sleep in 'em... wear under bathing cap! Strand of hair (wet or dry) slips into self-locking curler, rolls flat against scalp. Can't break hair. Good for children. Get yours today!

5 for 25¢ At Dept. Drug & Chain Stores & Beauty Parlors
CLAIRE ALTMAN, INC. • DETROIT

DREAM BOSS

(Continued from page 33)

friends telling Sue and Alan goodbye, and vice versa. Upstairs, Alan and Sue were tossing this and that into their bags and then discovering they'd forgotten something else. So Betty raced downtown to rescue the lost items. Then Alana lost "Sandy" her favorite handkerchief, and started to cry; up whizzed Betty to the nursery to tell her a story and calm her down. Flashed next a terrible realization in Sue's mind—the radio contract Alan had signed had to go back to NBC before eight o'clock. Betty rushed down with it. She helped pack. She jotted down last minute instructions. Betty helped Sue brew coffee to keep them all fortified. It went on like that. Then Laddie got a bright idea, as it grew later and later. He peeked out the front window and saw a silvery moon bathing the terrace.

"We're getting a late start anyway," he said. "Look, Sue, let's start out about one o'clock and drive by moonlight!" Sue thought that was a romantic idea, so Betty helped make sandwiches before they started packing the back end of the car. She helped lug out travel items for that, and with it all safely stowed in, started to wave them goodbye, a little wobbly, at one o'clock in the moonlight. Then Alan switched on the headlights—and no lights. He'd packed the rear end so full the wiring was crushed. Out came all the bags and the pliers and Alan crawled inside the car while Betty held the flashlight.

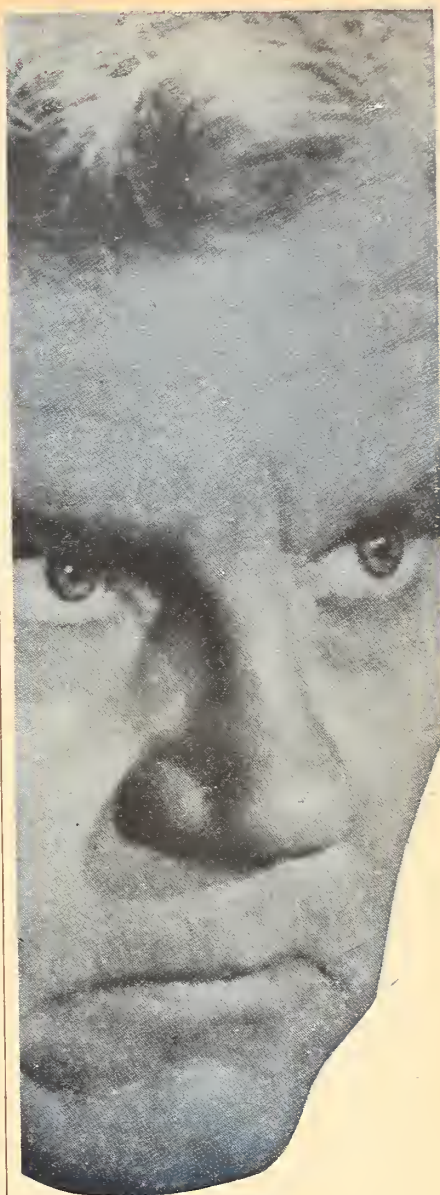
frantic family . . .

Around two a. m., the Ladds finally rolled off on their moonlight excursion. Only Alan got dozy before they'd passed the San Fernando Valley, so they pulled into Joel McCrea's ranch and went to sleep. But Secretary Betty didn't know that, of course. She finally dragged into the Studio Club around three and tumbled across her bed in a state of exhaustion—happy exhaustion, though, because she'd loved every minute of the excitement.

That's just a sample—but after pitching into a few family frantics like that you can see where a star's private secretary becomes more than a mere business girl—and fast. By now, Betty Jordan—who got her job through an employment agency, and didn't even know whom she'd be working for until she walked in, met Sue and discovered she was Alan Ladd's wife—entrenched firmly in the Ladds' affections. In fact, it's hard to see how the place would tick along without Betty and Diane. They rally to all the daily dramas—like the time Betty was there alone and the lady down the street called to report, "There's a man dragging your boxer dog, Jezebel, into his car. I think he's stealing her." She tore down the street in time to claim Jezzie, scare off the kidnapper and avert a Ladd family tragedy.

They're in on family surprises and secrets even before Alan and Sue are, more often than not. Like Alan's last birthday present, when Sue completed the gold locket which has an engraved still picture from every film Laddie's made. And the Christmas gift charm for his cigarette case, the tiny jeweled "Calcutta" airplane which brings it up to date. It's a cinch Alan didn't know about those until he got them with "Happy Birthday" and "Merry Christmas." But Betty and Diane did. They picked 'em for Sue and checked on the jeweler's progress for weeks.

Last December Sue and Alan were away from Hollywood right before holiday time on their tour of army hospitals in the Midwest. It's always an absorbing junket for



**WALTER
HUSTON**

is one of the stars of

DUEL
in
the **SUN**

Made by
SELZNICK in **TECHNICOLOR** 107



HERBERT MARSHALL

is one of the stars of

DUEL in the SUN

Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

that pair once they get going on a GI entertainment tour, and besides, this time, they made Camp Joseph T. Robinson and the Army Navy General Hospital in Arkansas and Alan went over to Hot Springs, his old home town, and tried to track down missing relatives he knew he must have in those parts. So they stayed away longer than they'd planned and the terrible realization suddenly smote them both that they would be smack up against Christmas by the time they got back to Hollywood. So they wired Betty, "Can you pick up gifts Sue chose before leaving and start wrapping them, as Alan wants to stay at the hospitals till the day before Christmas?"

Betty wired back, "Love to," and by the time she rolled over to the Glendale station with Diane, Alana and the nurse, Jezebel, the pup and other Ladd menage mainstays, to meet Sue and Alan, all the presents were wrapped with seals, stickers n'everything. Of course, she had made a couple of mistakes. Like the pedal-pusher she tagged for a grown up gal friend of Sue's with a baby name, and the perfume she'd wrapped for a female moppet with a very adult sounding title. Alan and Sue, I might add, were not ungrateful.

to Betty, with love . . .

Because the Christmas present they gave Betty was a two-week vacation to fly back to her home town, Easton, Pennsylvania and visit the folks. And when, just two days before her trip, Betty's plane reservations got cancelled and the dream blew up—well, Alan spent a whole day chasing down everybody he knew even remotely connected with an airline or train and turning on every calorie of heat, so that Betty left for home right on schedule, Christmas rush or no. Some boss? You can't knock him to Betty. And a girl like Miss Jordan, who gets mixed up in all the daily glamorous goings on of a star's home base doesn't necessarily wear rose-colored glasses.

Betty and Diane laugh at Alan when he comes out to greet them in the mornings when his eyes are still half closed with sleep and he can only scowl good naturedly, "What's good about it?" when they chirp a cheery "Good Morning!"

They are well used to the sight of Ladd scuffling along in a pair of mud-caked garden shoes which even the Salvation Army would refuse to rehabilitate. They know what he looks like when he hasn't shaved, when his favorite pants, the tattered blue denims (that Sue has tried unsuccessfully dozens of times to bury) adorn his lower half with nothing but tan skin top-side. They know his weakness for the weirdest combinations anyone could think up—like the yacht skipper's cap he likes to wear over his Cheyenne frontier pants and cowboy boots! And they have been bystanders in several household crises where their star boss didn't exactly loom bright and shining in a hero's role.

There was the time, for instance, when Alan almost flooded the family out of house and home. That night Betty stayed on for dinner with Sue and Alan and during the course of the meal Sue in-judiciously mentioned that a leaky faucet in the upstairs bathroom was driving her slowly mad.

"I'll fix it after dinner," stated Laddie. "Hadh't you better call a plumber?" Sue suggested.

"Of course not," snorted Alan. "Very simple job. Besides, plumbers are busy these days. No sense in calling one in when I know exactly what to do."

So, after dinner, Alan dug out hammers and wrenches and things and soon great clanking and banging sounds resounded through the place in fearful fashion while Sue and Betty sat downstairs and chewed their nails. Finally, the nervous gals heard him clumping down the basement stairs.

Cleans! Disinfects!

It's fragrant
of PINE



- MAKES CLEANING EASIER
- DEODORIZES
- ECONOMICAL TO USE
- FOR PAINTS, TILES, FLOORS, BATHROOMS AND KITCHENS
- WON'T IRRITATE HANDS
- ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Sergeant's DISINFECTANT POSLAM ← gives you 5-way help for Surface PIMPLES

- ✓ Reduces redness, soreness!
- ✓ Soothes irritated skin!
- ✓ Helps heal!
- ✓ Works amazingly fast!
- ✓ Improves complexion!

FREE!

For generous trial sample write: Poslam, Desk M, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. 19, N. Y. Known 40 years as the "Ointment without Disappointment." All drugstores, only 50c. Money-back guarantee.

Get all 5! Ask for POSLAM!



Fascinating
**MOVIE
STARS
PHOTOS**
12 for \$1.00

Exciting high gloss
shots of your Holly-
wood favorites in
fascinating poses.

FREE

Catalog with more than 600 miniature
photos with each order. SPECIAL - 16 page
"Pin-Up Paradise" catalog on request with each order.

ALPHA PHOTO SERVICE

Dept. 249 • 1235 SIXTH AVE.
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

"Where are you going, dear?" ventured Sue timidly.

"To turn the water off, of course," echoed up the stairs. But next minute there were ominous gurglings and splashing from all directions and a miniature Johnstown Flood started sweeping over the house. Instead of turning the water off, the guy had turned it full on!

Sometimes, naturally, Betty and Diane manage to get mixed up in Ladd household dilemmas, whether they mean to or not. You can't be a private secretary and put your foot in the right place every hour of the day, and the last boss in the world to expect that is Alan, who likes everyone around him to stay relaxed and happy, and constantly keeps them kidded that way. If Betty bumps her toe on the flagstone walk, he'll yelp, "That'll cost you five bucks to lay a new sidewalk—remind me to dock your salary." And he's always strolling into the playroom office with a slave driver look and growling, "From now on everybody works Sundays, holidays and every other night," just to start a banter bout. But in three years Diane has never seen Sue or Alan really burned up about anything she's done and that goes for Betty, too, in the year she's been on the Ladd dream job. And both admit there have been a few provocations to ruffle the feelings of any one half way touchy.

By now Betty has learned to keep out of Laddie's way when he's due for a radio broadcast. He races around the house like a madman those days and you're likely to get bowled right over if you block the track. By now, too, Betty knows better than to buy lamb when she markets. She did that the first week she was there and watched Alan turn a funny green and push his plate away at dinner. Now, if Betty markets, she sticks to the steaks he loves and she knows that artichokes and zucchini squash are about the only members of the vegetable family he'll swallow without gagging. She knows he's allergic to studio commissaries, too, and if Sue's busy she whisks over to Paramount with the lunch which Alan likes to heat up on the hot plate in his housekeeping-style dressing room.

a man's treasure . . .

She knows which are Alan's particular treasures in the playroom—the GI statuettes Dixie Crosby gave him when he went into service, the framed athletic medals he won in high school, the wooden duck that Webb, his studio makeup man and pal, carved for him, the lighter a soldier fan overseas made out of a 37-mm shell and sent, the film splicer Bill Demarest gave him for Christmas—so she gives them a wide berth when she buzzes around.

Matter of fact, nobody gets a bigger laugh than boss man Alan when Betty or Diane bang into a slapstick bit of comedy grief going about their unpredictable chores. Once Laura Lee, the special cook Alan and Sue have in for fancy parties, decided she'd prepare some of the food at home. When party time came, Betty and Diane volunteered to bring her and the fancy goodies over, while Alan and Sue got dressed. So they rolled over to Laura Lee's in the Packard, carefully tucked her in the back seat with a scrumptious lemon chiffon pie and a bowl of tomato aspic which had taken her all the afternoon to make. Laura balanced one on top of the other carefully. But on the way home and in a hurry Betty slammed on the brakes at a crossing and—Squooosh!—the prettiest mixture of lemon-tomato-pie-aspic you ever saw flew all over the car and poor Laura Lee's snowy apron. Betty could have dropped right through the floor when she confronted Sue with the mess, but Alan had to go in the next room and roar. They

(Continued on page 112)

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU CAN POWDER YOUR NOSE



Something new has happened to deodorants . . .
a super-fast cream deodorant that *stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.*

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords many other greatly needed blessings too—really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

It's excitingly different. It's the wonderful, new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant.

NEW, Superfast



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars . . . 39¢

Bab Mitchum is letting himself in on a lot of fun! At the Cock 'n Bull, a gay bar and quiet, refined restaurant combine to please the Hollywood press and your favorite screen stars.

STEAK AND KIDNEY

PIE, YORKSHIRE PUDDING, RAREBIT

AND CRUMPETS

ARE FAVORITE ENGLISH DISHES SERVED AT

HOLLYWOOD'S COCK 'N BULL

By NANCY WOOD



Food WITH AN ENGLISH ACCENT

■ J. Edgar Hoover and his boys always find what they're looking for! In this case, one of America's No. 1 restaurants, The Cock 'n Bull. They have eaten there often and found it just by listening to the comments of satisfied customers.

Eric Blore, famous for his English butler roles, ate at The Cock 'n Bull the day it was opened in 1937 and so headed the long procession of movie stars who have since enjoyed the typically English food served within those dark oak-panelled walls. The decorations, too, are quite English—polished brass lanterns, authentic old prints and etchings, Toby mugs, and autographs of historical celebrities like Robert Browning and an assortment of English kings.

This charming place is owned by screen writer Jack Morgan (Col. Morgan, if you want to be formal). Although born in San Francisco, he was educated at Oxford, which accounts for his special liking for English food. Originally, Morgan planned a tavern with a few snacks, but those tidbits were so good the menu grew and grew until today there's a magnificent buffet table spread with baked turkey, fried chicken, broiled squab, browned potatoes, an out-of-this-world horseradish, vegetables, piles of hot crumpets and, well, just heaps of beautiful food!

Also a bit of all right are the customers. At the bar there's a terrific turnover of Hollywood gossip supplied chiefly by newspaper men and press agents. In the restaurant you may find Joan Crawford enjoying some baked beans, or Jane and Ronnie Reagan starting their meal with Welsh rarebit. Frank Sinatra eats



If tables really do groan when loaded with delicious food, this one has a groan coming! Bill Williams and Barbara Hale are about to feast on some of the best food in the country!

there too—Nancy feeds him a lot of good home cooked food, but his youthful appetite causes him to tour the town in search of tasty tidbits. Prominent out-of-towners include cartoonist Peter Arno, the famous Leopold Stokowski and, as we have already said, J. Edgar Hoover, always accompanied by two of his men.

We're giving you some English recipes as received from The Cock 'n Bull, with only such changes as will make it easier for you to prepare a chef's recipes in your own kitchen.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

1 cup flour 1 cup milk
 ½ teaspoon salt 4 eggs, beaten
 ½ cup beef grease

Sift flour once. Measure, add salt and sift again. Add milk and well beaten eggs gradually, stirring smooth. Beat mixture vigorously 2 minutes. Place drippings in 10 or 12-inch square pan and heat to bubbling hot before pouring in pudding. Bake in hot oven (500° F.) for 20 minutes. Cut in two-inch squares and serve with roast beef.

NOTE: The average Yorkshire Pudding uses two eggs, if you're keeping an eye on the budget. Some cooks bake it about 35 minutes in a moderately hot oven (400°-425° F.).

WELSH RAREBIT

2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 ½ teaspoon salt
 ⅛ teaspoon pepper
 ½ teaspoon dry mustard
 2 cups milk
 1 pound American cheese, diced
 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 ½ cup beer

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour, salt, pepper and dry mustard and stir smooth. Add milk gradually, stirring smooth. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Add diced cheese and stir until melted. (Do not overcook as cheese becomes stringy.) Add Worcestershire sauce and beer and mix thoroughly. Serve immediately on toast or buttered English crumpets. Serves 6.

ENGLISH TRIFLE

1 8-inch layer sponge cake
 ⅓ cup sherry
 ¾ to 1 cup raspberry jam
 1 recipe custard sauce*
 1 cup whipping cream
 Maraschino cherries

Cut sponge cake into 1-inch cubes and line serving dish with layer of cubes. Sprinkle with sherry wine. Spread with part of the raspberry jam. Add part of the custard sauce. Repeat this layer of cake, wine, jam and sauce until all ingredients are used up. Cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with maraschino cherries. Serves 6 to 8.

*Custard sauce should be chilled before adding to Trifle. Prepare as follows: Beat 4 egg yolks, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt together. Add 2 cups milk which have been heated to scalding point in top of double boiler. Return mixture to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until mixture coats metal spoon. (Do not use too high heat or overcook or mixture will curdle—it is done when it reaches sauce consistency). If whipping cream isn't available, beat remaining egg whites until stiff and add ½ cup corn syrup gradually. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt. Top Trifle with beaten egg whites.



Rhapsody in WHITE

"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away."...

"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs."...

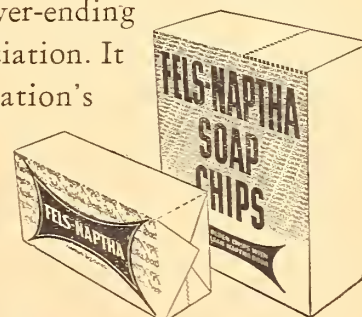
"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things."...

"Everything came out shining white and with half the work."...

"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white."...

"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips."...

In these and in thousands of similar phrases, American women write the Story of Fels-Naptha Soap—a never-ending tale of praise and appreciation. It is, in simple truth, a nation's Rhapsody in White.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" 111

BESTFORM

Girdles

Brassieres

All-in-ones



*no finer fit
at any price*

BRASSIERES 79¢ to \$1.50 • FOUNDATIONS \$2.50 to \$6.50

Bestform Foundations, Inc. • 64 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

DON'T COVER UP A "PROBLEM SKIN"*

(YOU MAY MAKE IT WORSE!)

See how quickly
this famous cream helps
heal ugly blemishes*



Don't take chances with ugly, externally-caused pimples and blemishes. "Covering them up" may actually make them worse! Instead, help heal them with *Medicated Noxzema*. Nurses were among the first to discover how effective Noxzema is for pimples and blemishes. That's because it's a *medicated formula*. It contains special in-



gredients that not only soothe and smooth rough, dry skin but *aid in healing blemishes and irritations*. See for yourself how much Noxzema can do to improve the appearance of your skin. Get a jar *today* at any drug counter. 10c, 35c, 50c (plus tax). *externally-caused

NOXZEMA



all pitched in in the kitchen and repaired the damage before the guests arrived.

The lone family sore spot at the Ladds—which includes everybody who lives or works there—is the case of the missing automobile keys. In a house where so many people buzz off on something or other at all hours, car keys disappear like magic and always at strategic times. There's the Packard and the Buick and never a key for either one when somebody wants it. Alan finally went grimly down to the locksmith's and had ten different sets of car keys made—but they still disappear.

Next to his baffling burnups at elusive car keys—the only time Betty recalls seeing Alan having an unhappy moment at anything traceable to his secretary staff involved—of all people—Baby Alana. She's at the into-everything-chatterbox stage now (she'll be three in April), smart as a wink and cute as a bug. Alana still has her nurse, Kathleen O'Conner, but on her day off Betty and Diane love to dress her, curl her hair (when they can get her to sit still long enough) and generally fuss over the dainty little doll. And on any other day, with the way Alana is getting around these days, she's likely not to be far away from Betty and Diane.

She's Little Miss Perpetual Motion and Little Miss Echo all in one, at this point—and everybody at the Ladds' is her devoted slave. Alan has a dozen fancy names for her—like "Imogene," "Lillybelle," "Ramona," "Fifi"—and usually calls her a different one each time, although her official nickname by now is "Lonnie." The girls can't resist teaching Lonnie catchlines and jingles because it's so cute to hear her say them.

Well, the other night Sue and Alan entertained some friends they didn't know too intimately, and right in a lull of dinner conversation up piped Alana thus:

"Who threw the overalls into Mrs. Murphy's chowder?"

Everybody roared, but Alan was a little embarrassed. He told her to be quiet, and later that night Sue said he shouldn't have done it. "You'll thwart her developing personality," she argued. Alan said he guessed Sue was right.

fast talk moppet . . .

So they had another dinner party not long after and this time Alana sprang a new one, "Anybody here seen Kelly?" she sang out, "Kelly with the jelly belly?" Everybody had to laugh, of course, and even though Alan blushed he kept quiet. So seeing she'd made a hit, Alana came out with another nifty, "Mary had a little lamb—and the doctor fainted!"

Alan had to stop her then, thwarted personality or not, and the word went round to lay off teaching Alana precocious patter. But even he has to chuckle when he thinks of how funny it was.

Next to Alana and Sue, the Number Two love in Alan Ladd's life right now is a hunk of Mother Earth, an idyllic ranch nestled close to the hills in Hidden Valley, forty-odd miles north toward Santa Barbara from Hollywood. To show you how fast things can pop in the Ladd household: When Betty and Diane left work Saturday afternoon, neither they nor Alan or Sue had any idea that a ranch was about to come into the family. When the came to work Monday, Alan said, "If any one wants me, I've gone to the ranch," and grinned. "What ranch?" they chorused and that was his cue to tell all about it. He and Sue had taken a drive Sunday, fallen in love with this abandoned Hidden Valley ranch—and bought it in exactly one hour!

But really the back to the soil urge has been building up with the Ladds' for months. It started, in fact, away back when Alan was set to make "California

at Paramount. He knew he'd need to brush up on his horsemanship, so he started driving around to Griffith Park every morning to get instruction from Dave Laird, a professional horseman. Laddie and Dave clicked right away and became pals. So when he had his spat with Paramount and "California" was off his schedule, Laddie kept right on seeing Dave and riding.

So right now, when their boss isn't making a picture, Betty and Diane have an easy answer when the telephone rings. "Mr. Ladd is out at the ranch." He's all mixed up with barns and bulldozers, corals and water systems, alfalfa and hay. He roars out at the break of dawn and they don't see him unless they stay late and then he's no glamor boy, with his dusty dungarees and cracked fingernails.

Because it's no freak fancy. Alan's already putting up a small ranch house and stables for the horses. He and Sue plan to spend every spare minute out there until they get the breeding place started, and then if their good luck keeps up, they'll build a big ranch house for themselves and retire when they get old and creaky—which is a few years away yet—to raise colts and fillies and Alana right along with them.

As for Betty and Diane, they'll just have to turn horsey themselves—they know any other job would be dull as dishwater compared to life with Sue and Alan Ladd. And how could you ever desert a couple of bosses who think about your happiness every moment?

A while back, Diane's soldier husband, who was overseas for two years with the Army Air Corps, wrote the glad news. He was on his way home. Diane almost tumbled over with joy, but the homecoming posed a problem too. She'd moved in with her family and the housing shortage made it look like a house all their own was an impossible dream. It worried her, but it worried Alan and Sue Ladd even more.

second honeymoon . . .

"You've just got to have a second honeymoon," said Sue romantically. "That's all there is to it."

"That would be wonderful," sighed Diane, "but where, where?" That looked like the jackpot question for sure.

Two days before the returning hero arrived, Alan and Sue called Diane upstairs. "We've got something to tell you . . ." they began.

So when Sergeant Al Craige stepped off the train at Union Station and into his wife's embrace, she led him to a car, slipped in the driver's seat, and with a mysterious smile guided it out on the beach highway along the Pacific Ocean. They rolled along dreamily, and Sergeant Al thought it was a beautiful ride, but when Diane pulled up before a beautiful beach house and said, "Well, here we are," he couldn't talk.

He knew they were at Malibu Beach but he certainly didn't know exactly where or why or what made Diane say crazy things like, "This is our home for the next two weeks. Like it?"

"Of course," he gasped. "But where are we? What's this all about?"

"It's Bing and Dixie Crosby's beach house," explained Diane. "Alan and Sue called the Crosbys and arranged to let us use it for your homecoming."

So they walked inside and there were cartons and cartons packed with all the groceries a honeymoon pair would ever need, and a note from Alan and Sue. "Have a swell honeymoon," it read, "and lots to eat—but don't get too fat!"

When Diane tells about that she says, "It was just like a fairy tale!" And so it was, of course. But that's what you run into sooner or later when you hang around the Ladds for very long.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

deprives a girl of glamour . . . and dates!



Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

SO MANY girls are "too tired" to keep up with the crowd—watch romance pass them by because they haven't the energy to make them attractive!

Yes, girls who are often fatigued and colorless may find that a blood deficiency is cheating them of beauty and sparkle. And medical studies of large population groups reveal that up to 68% of women—countless men—have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

It's your blood that releases energy to every muscle and fibre. Your blood is the supply line of your pep. If there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big and healthy enough—you can't feel alert, "alive."

You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

**Build up your Energy
by Building up your Blood**

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about

by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

*BORDERLINE ANEMIA

—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause

TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



It's new, thrilling . . . and so effective—

THE

FLOATING FACIAL*

for fresh make-up effects far lovelier than you may dream possible



MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove one side of your make-up with your present cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. How clean the cotton stays! Then wipe the cotton over the other side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt . . .

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

on application—and a cream must liquefy to float off beauty-blurring impurities gently, effectively

ONLY A CREAM specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a *Floating Facial*—a cream so light, so pure and crystal clear—a cream that literally floats away old make-up rubble, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating rubbing or tedious “double creaming.” And Albolene lubricates as it cleanses—a “must” for dry, flaky skins.

This lovely, quick-liquefying cream tissues off so easily. All-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water so many creams contain. Leaves skin miraculously cool, soft, dewy-moist—immaculately clean! That's why an Albolened skin can be such a freshly radiant base for clear, breathtaking make-up effects.

Thrill to a *Floating Facial* this very day. It's so modern, so effective! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. Sizes at 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and the big economy 16 oz. jar at \$1.00.



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

THEIR HEARTS ARE YOUNG AND GAY

(Continued from page 39)

and in ‘Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.’ You can certainly be different,” observed Guy.

“I saw you in ‘Since You Went Away’—and you can be natural,” answered Gail. Afterward, Guy said to Henry, “That’s an unusual girl. Do you know why I think she’s unusual? Because most girls, when a fellow first meets them, talk a blue streak. They try to be witty or gay or something. She didn’t try to be anything. She was perfectly natural. She didn’t say anything at all until I spoke to her, then she was pleasant and sincere. Nice girl.”

Gail, talking to Diana Lynn on the set next day, said “I met Guy Madison last night. He’s nice . . . the least actor-y man I’ve met in Hollywood. He doesn’t have a line, and he doesn’t bother to manufacture conversation, yet he doesn’t seem nervous about silence. He’s relaxed and genuine. Quite a man.”

Their first date was not really a formal date at all; Henry and Guy, Loren Tindall and Gail all sort of got together at Diana’s house. After having played recordings for a while, Loren seated himself at the piano and took the ivory route to stardust. Loren is undoubtedly one of the best pianists in town; he is so good, that he is perfectly willing to play before Diana, who is Miss Iturbi herself. Whereas Diana is changing techniques at present, so doesn’t like to play before guests, Loren is perfectly willing to toss off notes on any occasion.

With a roaring fire in the fireplace, with a congenial group in the room, with Mr. Tindall at the piano, Guy is convinced that the world is a very fine place to be.

Occasionally, the foursome dance and dine at one of the Sunset Strip nightclubs. Their table conversation is usually very merry. Gail is a terrific mimic. She does an imitation of Diana that just kills every one who sees it.

Diana is as convulsed as anyone at the antic. One night Guy said, “I guess the reason I think that stunt is so funny is because Diana enjoys it, too.”

Someone said, “It’d be funny whether she thought so or not.”

Guy couldn’t see it that way. “A joke isn’t any good unless the victim thinks it’s funny.”

do unto others . . .

He carries this consideration for others into every situation. One night, Guy and several others were discussing a local Hollywood character. Just after the conversation dwindled, the man himself appeared.

Someone said, “Everything we said was the truth. But I do hope he didn’t hear us.”

Said Guy, “I’m positive he didn’t. I was keeping a sharp lookout, because ‘Speak of the angels and you hear the flap of their wings.’ I figured that he might come strolling in. We weren’t saying anything that wasn’t absolutely true, of course, but who wants to hurt a guy?”

It’s fine, decent personality traits like that which bring Henry so close to Guy. Basically, the two men are much alike. Both loathe and abhor phoniness of any kind; both hate dishonesty, no matter how trivial nor in what form. Both are intensely loyal to their friends and families.

At Christmas time, when there was a good deal of excitement in Hollywood, Guy elected to go home for the holidays. It was the first time in his life that Guy had been able to buy at least a portion of heart’s desire for each member of his

“I keep going and comfortable, too with Midol!”



“Sensible girl,” you say? “And practical, too,” we add! For here

is another woman who has discovered that Midol sees her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree.

Midol tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways:

Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you’re “Blue.”

Get Midol. Take it the first sign of “regular” pain. See how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. C-48, Room 1418,

41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS—HEADACHE—“BLUES”

No Matter What Your Age No Need Now to Let

GRAY HAIR



CHEAT YOU

Now comb away gray this easy way

Gray hair is risky. It screams: “You are getting old!” To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make this no-risk Test:

Get a bottle of the new Kolor-Bak at your drug or department store today and test it under Kolor-Bak’s guarantee that it must make you look years younger and far more attractive or your money back.



Solution For Artificially Coloring Gray Hair

family, back in Bakersfield.

He talked it over with Henry; should he purchase the gifts in Hollywood, or should he wait and shop at home?

"Which would you rather?" asked Henry. "I mean, what makes you hesitate? Most fellows would simply go out on a buying spree without consulting anyone."

Said Guy hesitantly, "This is what I've been thinking, Henry: Don't you suppose that—if I'd get the kick of my life out of planning swell surprises for my family—my mother would enjoy it even more? Suppose I gave her a check and told her, because she's heard them talk, to buy the thing each wanted most, wouldn't that tickle her to pieces?"

Henry said quietly, "You've got the right idea, Guy. Just see that she doesn't spend all of that check on the family, without planning anything for herself. Mothers do things like that, you know." Which explains why Guy took his mom shopping!

As soon as Guy was out of the Navy, he did some shopping for himself. Planning a personal wardrobe that will be as sharp on the screen as when seen on Wilshire Boulevard isn't an easy thing; it requires a person with a 'camera' eye to know what will be right and what wrong. Naturally, Guy took Henry along on the shopping tour, so as to have the benefit of his motion picture know-how.

They decided on a gray flannel suit, and a navy blue with a pin stripe; a brown tweed, three pairs of slacks and three mix-match sport coats. Henry, prowling among the hangers, came out with a sport coat that was strictly Crosby!

Guy shook his head. "Not for me!"

"Just try it on," urged Henry. "No fooling, I think it's great."

Guy tried it on and admired the tailoring and the cut of the jacket. "Somebody had a good idea, all right, but he should have stayed out of the paint factory," he said. "It might be okay for one season. But, Henry, I keep my stuff a long time, I'll be wearing most of those coats for the next five years."


Henry looked horrified. "Not with the kind of wear you give a jacket. Why be conservative? Let yourself go."

"Would you wear it?" demanded the unconvinced Mr. Madison.

Henry regarded the garment wistfully. "I'm not the type. But if I were..."

So Guy bought the jacket for the simple reason that he wanted to please Henry. Which was kind of an unusual thing to do, unless you stop to consider that pleasing people is Guy's job nowadays. And from behind Henry Willson's executive desk, it looks as if the big fellow's going to make a great success of it!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer I went to see the "Tars and Spars Revue" in Buffalo. After the show, I went around to the stage door to get Victor Mature's autograph. When he came out, all the fans ganged up on him. Vic signed their books without protest, but in the middle of one signature, Vic stopped, took one girl's hand, looked dreamily over the crowd of female faces gathered around him, and said, "Do you know where I can get a date for tonight?"

J. M. Daniels
Scio, New York

"Aint we the Cutest Two-some!!

here's why..



LILY: For beeyootiful, healthy skin, Mom smooths Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on us daily, gives us these twin blessings...

LOLA: First, Mennen Baby Oil is better for preventin' diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other troubles, 'cause it's antiseptic. Second, this mild, soothin' oil keeps skin lovelier by preventin' rough, dry skin...

LILY: Most doctors, hospitals, nurses say Mennen is best. Makes us smell sweet, too. Have Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder ready for baby's first day home!

Use super-smooth MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin smooth, healthy, comfy. New scent makes baby smell sweet. More baby specialists prefer MENNEN than any other baby powder!

It's Grand! It's Glorious... and it GLOWS IN THE DARK

Personalized With Your Name in 23-KT. GOLD

ALL PURPOSE MINIATURE BABY GRAND

\$1.95 POST PAID

It's a Grand CIGARETTE BOX
It's a Grand JEWEL BOX
It's a Grand COSMETIC CASE
It's a Grand CANDY DISH

Choice of
HAWAIIAN CORAL ★ IMPERIAL WHITE
AQUAMARINE BLUE

Personalized WITH YOUR NAME IN 23-Kt. GOLD

Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk" GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Yes, if you don't feel that your Baby Grand is everything you expected you may return it in 5 days for a refund.

A RHAPSODY OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY AND USEFUL CHARM

You'll say it's the loveliest of post-war plastic thrills! This skillfully crafted, authentic reproduction of a Baby Grand—scaled down to delicate miniature proportions, with its clever keyboard that actually *Glow in the Dark*, plus your name embossed in 23-Kt. GOLD on its graceful top to identify it as personally yours. And it's as dainty as it is beautiful. Yes, its ornamental grace and charm is only part of the joy of pleasurable, treasurable ownership... for when the top opens you have a truly smart Cigarette Box, a luxurious Jewel Case, a delightful Cosmetic Case, or a grand Candy and Nur Dish. But whatever use you find for your Baby Grand, we know you'll agree it's the loveliest of lovely household accessories... so smart, so decorative, so charming—you'll be equally delighted to give it to a loved one or receive it as a gift.



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR PIANO

IMPERIAL INDUSTRIES, Dept. Z14
618 So. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please note: Glow-In-The-Dark, Personalized Miniature Baby Grand checked off below. If not damaged, I may return in 5 days for refund.

1 for \$1.95 2 for \$2.50 3 for \$5.00

Name Wanted is Gold (If more than one, please print or carbonize name of buyer.)

Color and Quantity Wanted: Coral _____ Blue _____ White _____

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing \$_____ payment in full. Ship Postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. To assure my acceptance of Baby Grand's personalized especially for me, I am enclosing a good-faith deposit of \$_____ and will pay postman the balance of \$_____ plus postage.

Name _____
Phone Print Number _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



"What could be more simple?..."

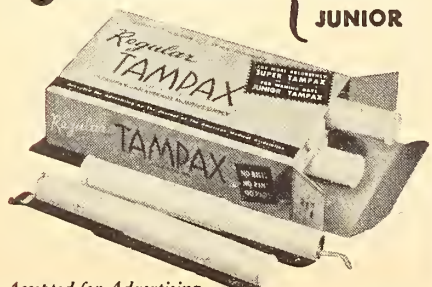
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Modern life aims to make things *simple*—to avoid all the fussy frills and clumsy contrivances that interfere with efficiency. Turn your mind for a moment to the subject of monthly sanitary protection. Are the belts and pins and external pads really necessary? Of course not if you use *Tampax*, because *Tampax* is a slim, streamlined absorbent unit invented by a doctor to be worn internally!

Millions of women in over 75 countries have adopted this method of sanitary protection—so neat and handy to use in restrooms, so compact to keep in handbag or desk drawer. *Tampax* is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators so daintily designed that your hands need never touch the *Tampax*. No odor can form. Disposal is easy.

You cannot feel the *Tampax* when in place and naturally it cannot "show" any ridges or bulges under even the sheerest dress. . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes. A month's supply goes into your purse. Economy Box holds 4 months' average needs. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

DENNIS MORGAN

(Continued from page 43)

But Stan and Lillian said the proper words at the right places, Bob came through with the ring at the crucial moment, Lillian tossed her bridal bouquet, and at last they were Mr. and Mrs. Morner, racing together down the front walk in a pelting hail of rice. Stan roared the family car toward the highway, and after he'd made enough distance to stop and cut off the cowbells and old shoes, he headed happily for the country he liked best—the dark pine woods of northern Wisconsin. They spent their two-day honeymoon at Essex Lodge, on Clear Lake, to establish an added attraction at that resort which has been doing all right ever since.

Not long ago a friend of Dennis Morgan's passed through Clear Lake and stopped at the Lodge. "Got any good cottages to spend the night?" asked this party.

The proprietor snorted. "Well, sir," he said. "Got the cottage that Dennis Morgan spent his honeymoon in. Guess that ought to be good enough for you, Mister!"

But back when Dennis Morgan was plain Stanley Morner, the bridegroom with the golden voice was just another singer in the Windy City trying to get along.

just like home . . .

They started housekeeping in a tiny Chicago apartment with a kitchenette and a pull-down-in-a-door bed. It wasn't much shakes as a town house, but to the newly-wed Stanley Morners it was cozy and it was home. The first day, came a timid knock at the door and Stan and Lillian opened it together, wondering who their first caller could be. He turned out to be a gangling, rawboned man with the kind of square face familiar to both of them since they were kids. He doffed his cap. "Goot morning," he sang in the familiar accent. "My name's Yohnson, and I bane the yanitor."

When the door was closed, Stan and Lillian fell into each other's arms and rocked with laughter. Wasn't Stan half Swedish himself?

"Gosh," they chorused. "We're right back home in Wisconsin!"

They had their early domestic crises, of course. Like the first breakfast Lillian cooked for her husband. She got up before he did, slipped into the kitchenette and made what had always been a festive breakfast dish at the Vedder house, apple sauce. But when Stan sat down he gave it a quick, unhappy look and pushed it aside. It happened that apple sauce was one thing he just didn't vibrate to, in the morning or at any other time.

"What's the matter?" asked his bride, a little belligerently.

"Nothing, darling," said Stan, "except that I don't like apple sauce."

"But I worked so hard . . ."

"But I don't like apple sauce . . ."

"If you loved me, you'd eat it anyway!" cried Lillian tearfully.

Then the contract to sing with vern Buck at the Palmer House Empire Room came up. Stan was a solid hit. The six weeks' agreement stretched into twelve and then twenty-four. He ended up singing twenty-five straight months at Chicago's Number One glamor room. He couldn't have asked for a better showcase to display the voice, looks and personality that were to make Dennis Morgan famous. Chicago's biggest movie theaters, the Chicago and the State-Lake, signed him for featured engagements. When the opera, "Xerxes," was staged, Stanley Morner sang one of the leads. Radio grabbed him and the strong young voice of Stanley Morner

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION Just rub it on the gums



NEW TINY POCKET SIZE RADIO!

Slips in your pocket or purse—only 3 ozs.! Complete READY TO PLAY as shown with self contained phone for personal use. Beautiful black silver plastic case. Has patented fixed Crystal-Slide Tuning Dial! NO TUBES, BATTERIES OR ELECTRIC PLUG-IN REQUIRED. USUALLY RECEIVES LOCAL BROADCASTS without outside aerial wires.

GUARANTEED TO WORK when connected and used according to instructions. Can be used in homes, offices, hotels, cabins, in bed after hours etc. SEND ONLY \$100 (cash, money order, check), and pay postman \$2.99 plus delivery fees on arrival or send \$3.99 for postpaid delivery. IDEAL GIFT FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS ALIKE! Get your PA-KETTE RADIO NOW for real enjoyment. Dealers in most cities. PA-KETTE ELECTRIC CO., Dept. MM-4, Kearney, Nebr.

EXTRA
MONEY
EASILY
EARNED

SHOW FRIENDS EXCLUSIVE GREETING CARD ASSORTMENTS

Up to 100% profit for you. Experience not necessary. Request new 1946 exclusive 14 card All Occasion \$1.00 assortment on approval. Many other year round money makers—Birthdays, Gift Wrappings, Social Notes. Write today for box on approval and new selling plan. THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS, 110 Union St., Westfield, Mass.

FREE
SAMPLE
PERSONALIZED
STATIONERY

BLONDES ALL AGES·ALL SHADES



New Shampoo Made Specially For Blondes Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the drab film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

rang out as soloist on national programs such as Realsilk's "Silken Strings." When he wasn't taking on extra engagements, Stan spent his spare hours from the Empire Room studying voice.

But all Stan's new opportunities, it seemed, came at night. As he worked harder and harder, he stayed up later and later. Lillian adjusted her daily program to a noon-to-midnight schedule, and she loved it. The Morgans had few nights that weren't packed with Chicago activity, and that was swell—until the doctor said one day that a girl so near to being a mother should live a more quiet, regular life. So Lillian packed up and Stan saw her off on the train to Marshfield. There her uncle, Doctor Jim Vedder, brought into the world their first child, one crisp October night. They named him Stanley, Junior. But Stan didn't know he was a papa until hours after the event. And it was eleven days before he saw his first born.

He was singing on the stage of the Chicago Theater that night. When the operator finally got the call through, it came to a friend backstage who didn't want Stan to go completely berserk with joy until he was through the night's performance. After the last show, the pal took him out to a late supper with some other Chicago chums and when they'd all sat down, he said, "Would you be interested in learning that you've just become

SWEET OR HOT

Any way you like your music, says Leonard Feather, the best record every month is Harry James's own fact-crammed record of the lives, loves, movies, discs, and radio shows of your top bandleaders, vocalists and composers. Harry's chart is called "Music Makers"—natch!—and it's yours for a nickel. Just fill out and clip the Super Coupon on page 24.

the dad of a husky nine-pound boy?"

Stan almost knocked the table over getting out of there. "Would I!" he yelled. He kept the phone busy all that night to Marshfield. But in spite of all the festivity, Stan was a sad dad. Because he was so busy he couldn't sneak away down to Marshfield for the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. And when he finally did break away for a peek at the newest Morner he had to run right back to town the minute he made sure that Lillian and the baby were absolutely okay. Because a lot of things had happened in Chicago, and exciting prospects were popping around Stan Morner's head like firecrackers.

It had all started one prophetic evening when Stan, in his best form, was singing his feature solo at the Empire Room. And Mary Garden, who had once been the greatest operatic star in America, strolled in.

Mary Garden was in Chicago to stage an opera, and she had other plans up her sleeve as well—to get together a "Carmen" company and rehearse in New York for a road tour. She didn't tell any of this to Stan that night, but she did send over her name with a note. When he came to her table, she asked him down to the auditorium to sing for her.

He was there the next afternoon. Mary Garden had him sing some familiar arias. At the end of the impromptu recital, she knocked Stan right off his feet.

"How would you like to sing the lead with me in 'Carmen'?" asked Mary Garden. He couldn't answer with the shock. Miss Garden went on to explain.

It was something of a gamble. She had plans for the "Carmen" company, and it

MATCH THESE E-Z-DO CHESTS



★ **WORK-SAVERS!** The plastic coating can be cleaned in a jiffy with a damp cloth.

★ **STURDY!** Heavy wood-framed!

★ **DECORATIVE!** The new Decorator-Beige finish goes with all colors.

★ **E-Z-SLIDE!** On ball-bearing casters.

★ **FAMOUS 49c E-Z-DO MOTH HUMIDOR AT NO EXTRA COST!** Contains pure PARADICHLOROBENZENE which kills Moths, Moth Eggs and Moth Larvae. Sells everywhere for 49¢. (Full instructions in every package.)

Match up a complete set of E-Z-DO's handsome Decorator-Beige wardrobes and storage chests. Illustrated: the new "CORONET" underbed chest, size 48 x 20 x 9 in.; and the "BRESLIN" oversize storage chest, size 40 x 22 x 21 in.

OTHER E-Z-DO STORAGE CHESTS FROM 1.69

E-Z-DO, America's Largest Maker of Wardrobes, Storage Chests, Closet Accessories

AMAZING MONEY SAVING OFFER

3 for 1 BARGAIN

GIVES YOU THIS NEW 1946 "PRESIDENT" MODEL With Latest Features

- Takes full NATURAL Color pictures, indoors or outdoors!
- Takes 16 black-and-whites on ordinary 8-exposure roll!
- New film track brings entire picture to sharp focus!
- Guaranteed for Life-time Service!

COLOR Candid CAMERA

- Fixed focus! Exposure automatically correct at all times!
- QUICK-Action, level view finder! ... Just sight and snap!

Takes FULL COLOR Pictures Indoors or Outdoors NATURAL! • LIFELIKE! • THRILLING!

Here's that wonderful new 1946 model COLOR Candid-Type CAMERA you've been waiting for, at the amazing introductory price of \$3.98—less than half what you'd expect to pay for an ordinary camera—plus FREE Album and Art Corners. Precision built. Durable. Equipped with GENUINE Simpson Lens. Beautiful, modern plastic case. An excellent gift.

FOR ONLY \$3.98 POSTPAID

Film Order Blank and Instructions Included

HIGH GRADE APPEARANCE PERFORMANCE & DURABILITY

SEND NO MONEY! • ACT NOW!

Just pay postman only \$3.98, plus postage, for

Our CAMERA Customers Get FIRST Preference on Famous Film Brands



COLOR CAMERA with beautifully embossed hand bound PHOTO ALBUM and 100 NUACE ART CORNERS included FREE of extra cost. Once you have your CAMERA, ALBUM and ART CORNERS paid, YOU SAVE POSTAGE. Return CAMERA with satisfied ... and keep it as a gift from us. THE GREATER

Plus FREE

16-PAGE MEMORY PHOTO ALBUM



THE CAMERA MAN, 139 N. America's Largest Mail

"I REFUSED to look old at 23!"

Young mother, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., loses 53 pounds!

To see Kathryn Folts now—a slim, typical southern beauty, you'd never think she weighed 175 a few months ago. "I looked and felt old at 23," she says, "and couldn't seem to lose. Then my doctor recommended the DuBarry Success Course. In three months, I lost 45 pounds; I kept on till I lost 53—went from a 38 or 40 dress to a size 14!



HEIGHT
(After)
5' 4 1/2"
LOST
53 Pounds
WAIST
7" Less
ABDOMEN
12 1/2" Less
HIPS
11" Less

Before

After

"What a thrill to look at my new figure in a mirror, now!" says Mrs. Folts. "The Success Course showed me how to have a good posture, a radiant complexion, a becoming hair-do; but most important of all, I feel better than ever before! How right my doctor was when he told me the Course was written in a way that makes you like doing what it says. I'm not ever going to stop it—it is wonderful."

HOW ABOUT YOU! Are you satisfied with the way you look and feel? Have you the vitality to live a full life? The DuBarry Success Course analyzes your needs, shows you how to achieve your ideal weight, care for your skin and hair, use make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Send the coupon for full information.



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

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

DuBarry Success Course
ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
Dept. SD-59, 693 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss



looked definite. But there would be a rehearsal in New York and Stan would have to go there, learn the opera and risk the venture with the rest of them. But if all went well it should be a big feather in his cap. This was Lillian's affair, too, so Stan called her and talked it over. She said, "Go." Lillian always had backed Stan in every venture.

In Chicago, as in every town he had ever lived in, Stanley Morner had made hosts of friends and admirers. One who had spotted him early as a singer of promise was wealthy music lover James MacMillan. For months he had backed and encouraged Stan in all his serious voice study and work. The minute MacMillan heard the news he offered to finance the trip to New York. That decided it. Stan arranged for Lillian and the baby to stay with the folks in Marshfield. Then he quit his Empire Room job and took the train to New York.

They took a tiny apartment in the Fifties, Stan and his music teacher, Victor Chenaix. For two weeks he barely stirred out of the place, learning "Carmen"—the whole opera, from start to finish. It was a gargantuan job, but he did it. The only time he had budged from the job at hand was to look up some contacts in Radio City—just in case. But the big programs, he found, weren't buying any unknown singers, thanks. And then one day Mary Garden called at Stan's little apartment.

break in the clouds . . .

"I've got bad news," she said, right off. "The 'Carmen' production has fallen through." Stan could feel his dream castle tumbling. He managed a smile, "That's all right. It's been a wonderful experience . . ." But Mary Garden was still talking.

"Don't be discouraged. I know you have talent and I've got an idea. I think you'd be perfect for pictures and I have a friend at M-G-M, here in New York. I'm going to tell him about you at once. If he agrees to make a test, will you do it?"

M-G-M. Hollywood! Stan hadn't even given Hollywood a thought—not yet. The possibility had always seemed remote to him, but now he said, "Why, of course I will."

"I'll be back," said Mary Garden. She was. And with the break she had promised to make up for Stan Morner's disappointments with "Carmen." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would be happy to test the young singer.

That was on a Saturday, and with the good news Stan and some pals of his he'd met in New York decided to toss a mild celebration. The party set out from Stan's place about seven o'clock, driving across town to the dinner spot. Stan was at the wheel. A heavy rain had blown in from Long Island and the city streets were slick, reflecting lights like mirrors. The traffic bulb changed to green just as Stan approached Sixth Avenue and he started to cross. But another driver coming up the Avenue whizzed through the sudden red light, and the glare of wet pavements blinded both drivers. To duck him and avoid a crash, Stan swerved his car and—crash!—he slammed into one of the solid girders that held up the old Sixth Avenue "L."

The doors flew off his car and the pals popped harmlessly out onto the slick pavement. As for Stan, he felt a stunning blow in his face and when he woke up the sirens were wailing. The ambulance carted him and his pals off to the Queensborough Bridge Emergency Hospital and patched them up. For Stanley Morner the verdict was, "Severe facial lacerations, contusions, body bruises." They took him here and there, then



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, adarless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



YOU ARE LOSING IF YOU HAVE NOT ACCEPTED THIS FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (Pictures should be clear and sharp; negatives give best results). Information of hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send today. Limit 1 to a customer. Good only in the United States. GEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 463, Des Moines 2, Iowa.

Be an ARTIST

LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
Trained artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. By our practical method, we teach you COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING, and CARTOONING step by step all in ONE complete course. FREE BOOK—"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and commercial opportunities in art. Write today. STATE AGE. STUDIO 804C, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 1115-15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

IF IT STICKS or SQUEAKS, use DOOR-EASE

DOOR-EASE
STAINLESS STICK LUBRICANT

DOOR EASE MANUFACTURING CO.
Muskegon, Mich.

Eases
WINDOWS, DOORS, DRAWERS
Quick! Clean! Easy to apply!
Use like a crayon. In metal containers at Hardware and Dime Stores.

Make EXTRA PAY Every Day

Sell Big Value Greeting Cards
Your Spare Time brings CASH Earnings. Show rich, novel Every Day Cards to friends, take orders. Assortment of 14 smart Birthday, Anniversary, Get-Well Cards retails \$1. 12 other boxes 60¢ up. Big profits. Act now. **PHILLIPS CARD COMPANY**
469 Hunt Street - Newton, Mass.

WRITE NOW
SAMPLE
ON APPROVAL

sent him home. He wasn't seriously hurt, but what was to pay off Monday—his face and his singing apparatus—were not what you'd call in the pink of condition.

In fact, probably no prospective movie star ever showed up for a screen test a more woebegone sight for the eyes—and the camera lens—than Stanley Morner. His mouth was puffed up like a sausage, his eyes were black. He looked like he'd run into a combination of Joe Louis and a meat grinder. He looked like just about anything but a guy who was a bet for a future Hollywood hero. Some kindly studio soul granted a two-day delay, but it was then or never. And Stan made it then. Maybe his face was a mess, but he could still sing—and how! In a few days he had his answer. It was an offer of a contract. He spent far more than he should have making a long distance call to Marshfield. "Get ready, Lil," he sang over the wire, "And I'll be by and pick up you and Junior. We're going to Hollywood. And I might give you my autograph if you're very nice."

Stan bought a big old Packard from a New York garage. It was in fair shape—a wagon that had been rolled around town and that's about all. He paid—or promised to pay—\$700 for the heap to take the family to California. He plunked down what remained of his New York stake, \$200, and signed up to pay \$20 a month from then on. He rolled out of Manhattan in September, headed West. Victor Chenais, his singing teacher, went with him. In Marshfield they picked up Lillian, Stanley Junior, and Stan's sister, Dorothy, to make it a major migration. Baby Stan was an infant of only a few months and still on a formula diet. Stan packed in the sterilizer, pots and pans and a sterno canned heat stove, blankets, bedding, and a baby crib. "From then on," Lillian recalls with a sigh, "the pioneer mothers had nothing on me!"

pop goes the tire . . .

Inconveniences and all, it was still an adventurous lark, modern covered wagon style, until the tires started popping. One by one the casings gave way and each time he had to trudge to the nearest town and buy a new tire. When he left Marshfield, Stan Morner had collected all the money he had in the world. It seemed enough to make the trek comfortably. But he hadn't figured on a set of new rubber tires en route. So one town he will never forget as long as he lives is Alamogordo, New Mexico. That's where he went broke.

Ten years later, Alamogordo was to usher in the Atomic Age, for near there, in 1945, the first atomic bomb was tested. But there was an explosion, too, back in 1935, that to Hollywood-bound Stanley Morner was just as dismaying and twice as personal. Right outside of that desert town his last remaining tube collapsed with a fatal bang. What made it so tragic was that Stan had only a couple of dollars and a few cents in his pockets—and that was all. And he was due in Hollywood, the contract said, not later than noon, September 16. This was September 14.

But he couldn't run on his rim. So Stan pulled over to the curb and the weary party trooped into a roadside café for coffee and a council of war. There weren't any suggestions. Tires cost money and nobody had any. Misery hung over the Morner migration like a pall as they silently sipped coffee. Even Stan, Junior, sensed the depression and started to cry. That's when this strange man mosed over.

He was an affable, well dressed Westerner with a sun-reddened face and twinkly blue eyes. He wore faded jeans and a rough leather jacket. With the exception of a



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

Trudy Marshall —vibrant young player in "THE DOLLY SISTERS," a Twentieth-Century Fox Production, says:

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

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

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

French's is the time-tried canary diet containing 12 proven aids to a canary's health and song. It's an all-over favorite with canary lovers.



ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD

THE RODEO WESTERN SHIRT FROM Mayfair FOR MEN & WOMEN



\$12.85
PLUS POSTAGE

Write
FOR
FREE
CATALOG
OF WESTERN
APPAREL &
ACCESSORIES

MONTIE HALE
and
ADRIAN BOOTH
co-starring in
"WEST OF GOD'S
COUNTRY"
Republic's Musical
Western in
MagnaColor

MAYFAIR...Hollywood Headquarters For Riders...Established 1919, Offers Its Quality Clothes By Mail

The RODEO SHIRT is beautifully tailored of finest wool and rayon with careful attention to those quality details of trim and workmanship that have made it in demand by riders and horse lovers everywhere. Gay contrasting colors, braided piping, farm fitting. Combinations in Brown, Tan, Blue, Green, Red, Yellow, White, Black. \$12.85 Plus Postage.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back
ORDER C.O.D. IF YOU WISH

MAYFAIR RIDING & SPORTS SHOP
Dept. M4, Hollywood Blvd. at Wilcox, Hollywood 28, Calif.

USE THIS COUPON

MAYFAIR RIDING & SPORTS SHOP, Dept. M4
Hollywood Blvd. at Wilcox, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Please send Rodeo Shirt for man — for woman — at
\$12.85 plus postage. For Canada, use U.S. Funds Only.

Color _____ Size _____
Make 1st & 2nd Choice

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zone _____

Request catalog of riding apparel and accessories

EVERYTHING FOR HORSE & RIDER

hundred-dollar Stetson, he didn't look like he had a dime. But he had a friendly voice. "Son," he addressed Stan. "Now I declare you look downright downhearted." Stan looked up wearily. He said, "I am."

"Well, now," chuckled the stranger. "Just what seems to be the trouble?" Ordinarily, perhaps, Stan Morner's pride would have prompted him to retort that it was none of his business. But there was something about the New Mexican's honest manner that broke his defenses. He found himself telling the sad plight—about the tires, the desperate urge to get to the Coast, the lack of money for tires, gas, food and lodging.

"Now about how much," asked the stranger, "do you reckon you need to make it?"

Stan said he figured about \$75.

The man pulled out a roll of bills that would choke a cow and peeled off the amount.

"Oh, no," protested Stan. "I couldn't take it." But the man had a way of wheedling away protest. He pressed the money in Stan's hand. What's more, he wouldn't come through with his name or his address. "But I won't take it unless I can pay you back," declared Stan flatly. "Pay somebody else, sometime, when they need it," said this altruistic character, hustling out the door, "Good luck, podner!"

stake for a break . . .

Well, Stan has done that, many times over, since then. But he still wishes he knew the name of his benefactor. He'd like to write him, and thank him.

So they rolled on into California with the new stake, but not exactly as they had imagined they would. It seemed they'd never get there, but at last a lighted sign fuzzed through the fog, "Culver City Hotel." They pulled up, piled out and staggered upstairs to their rooms. Stan fell into bed, tired and dazed a bit but still happy. "Well, honey," he told Lillian drowsily, "we made it." The next day would be the 16th. Then life would begin.

It was still damp and gray when he got up. No sunshine, no flowers, no oranges. Just little wooden bungalows and stark telephone poles. But Stan could hardly be depressed with the scenery or the surroundings of the bare little hotel room. This was the day of days. The gang all saw him off like a conquering hero. He walked down the main stem to where the big sign said "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." As he walked in, Stan looked at his watch. Five minutes to twelve. "Well," he told himself, "I said I'd be here and here I am!"

"Who did you say you are?" said the receptionist at M-G-M, with a frown.

"Stanley Morner," repeated Stan.

"Who you wanna see?"

Stan told her. They were all out to lunch. He could wait here.

"I'm just out from New York," said Stan hopefully. "I've just signed a contract. I'm supposed to be here today."

The girl shifted her gum around. "You can wait here," she repeated.

So Stan waited.

Finally the girl got a call through to somebody who'd know about this Morner guy. "Okay," she waved him in.

It was the barren office of a minor executive that Stan entered. And even that gent wasn't impressed. "Yeah," he said, "We got the letter from Rubin (the Loew's vice president in New York) about you. Go see the casting director. It's that way." And he pointed down the hall.

If Stan's hopes rose at the magic phrase, "casting director," they didn't stay risen. The man was nice but brief and definite. "Glad to meet you. I've got nothing for you now. But—" he pressed a buzzer—"I'll get a boy to show you around the lot. We'll call you."

BLONDES!



**—Watch His
Eyes Light up
at the Gold
in Your Hair!**

• You can be in a room full of pretty girls. But if you are the one whose hair glistens with lovely bloneness, you will attract his instant attention!

Smart girls know that using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is the easy, modern way to keep their hair beautifully blonde!

You see, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not an expensive "treatment." Carefully perfected by experts in hair care, it's complete in itself for use at home. What's more, it lets you achieve the exact degree of lightness you desire!

Whether you're a blonde, brunette or red-head—if you want to lighten your hair a trifle or make it several shades blonder—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is just right for you. Incidentally, you'll like it for lightening arm and leg hair, too! Try it today.



**MARCHAND'S
Golden
Hair Wash**

Lovelier Nails with . . .

TUFFENAIL

Beautify and strengthen your nails with Hollywood's Tuffenail.

Apply daily with new, easy-to-use applicator. For longer, lovelier nails

. . . for fascinating hands . . . use

Tuffenail. 25c of your 5c and 10c

store cosmetic counter.

VOGUE PRODUCTS

1151 Seward Street
Hollywood 38, Calif.

**Let Nadinola's 4-way action help you
CLEAR UP
EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES
GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS
LIGHTEN DULL, DARK SKIN**

Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 4-way treatment cream that helps to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it feel softer, look smoother. Buy Nadinola Cream today and use as directed. A single treatment-size jar is positively guaranteed to improve your complexion or your money back! Only 55c at drug and toilet counters; trial size 10c. Also—

• **SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET** •

NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris Tennessee
Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Morgans managed to scrape through six lean weeks. Stan floated a loan at the bank on the strength of his contract, and they moved to a tiny apartment over a store in Culver City, big enough but not too big, for the whole gang.

The first time he finally faced a camera was not even on the M-G-M lot—but down on poverty row, in an independent quickie that took nine days to shoot. He wangled that “break” only through the good offices of his friends, John Carroll and Steffi Duna, who were in the picture, too. The epic was “I Conquer the Sea,” and handsome Stan Morner of the golden pipes played a greasy whaler, a sort of poor man’s Moby Dick, where he got his arm chewed off by a whale. He scowled darkly through the picture with his arm strapped up. Lillian and Stan took in the preview in a neighborhood grind house. As the fumbling picture unwound, people started to get up and trail out. As each group got up grumbling and departed, Lillian sank lower and lower in her seat and Stan’s face grew more stony. They drove home in silence. Even Lillian couldn’t think of anything to say.

crooner by proxy . . .

It’s hard to believe about Stan Morner that the biggest studio in Hollywood didn’t even halfway discover him until right before he left. In two years, for some reason still utterly incomprehensible to Dennis Morgan, they kept picking up his options, until when he left he was dragging down \$750 a week. And in all that time a handy extra player could have taken care of what he had to do.

The topper to Stan’s “triumphs” occurred in “The Great Ziegfeld.” Allan Jones, M-G-M’s pet tenor, had recorded a song, but when shooting time came around he was tied up with another picture. They decided to shoot Stan in the picture to sing the song—but with Allan’s voice. His stint in that was to mouth the words of the song that Allan Jones sang!

Fortunately, before he blew up like an atom bomb, a chance came for Stan to let off steam. A Los Angeles production of “The Student Prince” was getting under way downtown. He was offered the singing lead. It meant going off salary at M-G-M if he took it. But that was worth it to get back his self-respect. Stan signed up for the production (they had nothing for him to do at the studio) and plunged into work. This was like the old days at Carroll and Chicago. And because he was

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Walking down the street in Hollywood one day with my mother, we spied Andy Russell going the other way. A swarm of bobbysockers was pursuing him, and before I knew it I was caught among them. In a few moments I found myself face to face with Andy, and he was saying, “To whom shall I address this?” “To my mother,” I said promptly. “She’s crazy about you!” A little startled at this unusual request, Andy stammered, “Okay, I’ll just say ‘To Mom.’ How’s that?” Well, that was swell, and mother’s been bragging about it ever since!

Mary Phillips
Los Angeles, Calif.

YOU FEEL SAFER

*when your napkin has this
triple-proved deodorant!*

THE VERY IDEA
OF OFFENDING
AT SUCH TIMES
GIVES ME
THE FIDGETS.

WAKE UP, DARLING!
THAT NEW **MODESS**
HAS A TRIPLE-PROVED
DEODORANT
RIGHT IN IT!

WHY LET the dread of offending haunt you—when Modess now has a triple-proved deodorant?

YES, TRIPLE-PROVED: proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who’ve tried the new Modess!

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no sprinkling or spilling!

FREE! SEND for “Growing Up and Liking It,” a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation. Write Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 344-G, Milltown, N. J.



GREATER SOFTNESS! 3 out of 4 women found Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

GREATER SAFETY! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

COSTS NO MORE, so next time get luxurious new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant. Box of 12 is only 22¢.

MODESS COMES TWO WAYS. Full-size and Junior. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, get Modess Junior.

**Overnight
LOVELIER HAIR
FOR YOU...**



Betty Ann
Sheets
**WALTER
THORNTON**
Pin-Up Girl

**Instantly, You'll See
the Results of this Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL
TREATMENT**

You don't have to wait week after week—try just one application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment tonight — and tomorrow you'll see the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all three today — Glover's Original Mange Medicine — GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING
SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR



FREE TRIAL

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St.,
Dept. 854, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLOVER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name

Address

City Zone State

happy, he was good. The critics weren't stingy with praise. The word even penetrated the thick walls of M-G-M and reached the ears of Louis B. Mayer, its grand mogul. He sent a pink memo around to his production heads. "Go downtown and see this Stanley Morner fellow. He must have something." And just when his stock was rising at last, the craziest episode of all happened to Stan. A studio talent scout approached him backstage after one of the performances of "The Student Prince."

"Say, Morner," he began, "I just caught you and you're great. Listen, I think I can get you a contract at the studio. Would you be interested?"

"What studio?" asked Stan.

"Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, the best," boomed the scout. "With what you've got, kid, we'll make you a star."

"Well," said Stan drily, although he had to grin. "You've had me there two years and nothing's happened yet!" The poor scout almost dropped through the floor.

So his success paid off—but too late—at M-G-M. Right after "The Student Prince," Louis B. Mayer called Stan into his office. He said he had a part for him in "Maytime," the big Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta extravaganza. The part turned out to be another hit. They still couldn't really take Stan Morner seriously. He knew then he'd better move on.

sweet-tempered blockhead . . .

"No," said Stan, "I won't do it." People don't say no to the M-G-M grand boss very often. There was quite a long argument but Stan knew what he had to do and he didn't budge.

"But," argued Mr. Mayer, "when you're with M-G-M you're with the Tiffany of the motion picture business."

"That's not the point," said Stan. "Maybe this is Tiffany's, but I can't sparkle when I'm kept on the shelf." Mr. Mayer finally shrugged and signed his release. That was that, figured Stan. Now, to get the heck out of this town.

He made plans to go back to New York and even started packing—but back in the rear of his noggin a disturbing thought bounced around like a loose bearing and that was this: He was running away and for the first time in his life he was a failure. This chucking the whole thing over gave Stan a vague, uneasy feeling that wasn't familiar or comfortable.

So he was ripe for the offer from Paramount. At the moment, in fact, it looked like a lucky second time up at bat. Paramount signed Stan. Again good money. Again promises that he'd get leads in pictures for sure. And again the second chapter of "The Forgotten Man"—only worse. Because Stan not only ran into the doldrums at Paramount, but into an inter-studio political scrap—with himself in the middle taking the punches.

I won't go into the agonizing details. But here, as Schnozzle Durante would say, was *de condition dat* prevailed: The King of the B's at that moment at Paramount was handed Stan to groom for better things. He had a feud on with the fellow who had signed Stan and he aimed to show him, via Stan Morner, that he was all wet. So instead of casting Stan in important picture parts—he slipped him the most murderous Mickey Finns of movieland, villainous bits in quickie pictures—mainly so he could say—"See? You're paying this big lug a star's salary. And what he does I could buy for twenty-five bucks a day from a ham extra. Are you dumb?" That was about the size of the situation.

He started there as "Richard Stanley" because the first thing they did was work over his name. The fact that Richard



**YOUR TEETH DESERVE
its longer polishing action**

● Millions embarrassed by smudged teeth (from smoking or other surface discolorations) have only their dentifrice to blame.

They brush faithfully. But their dentifrice foams up, disintegrates—its polishing action all too quickly gone.

So change today to denser, heavier Iodent No. 2 made by a Dentist. It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth up to twice as long. They *do not* dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes jewelry.

You'll be amazed what it does for the sparkle of your teeth. Try it *starting today!* Tooth Paste or Powder.

IODENT

For millions with teeth
easy to bryten—espe-
cially children—
Iodent No. 1



**FREE JEWELRY
CATALOG**

Genuine Diamond Rings as low as \$5.57! Sterling Silver Wedding Bands from \$1.49! Pearls, Novelty Jewelry at lowest prices. Send for FREE illustrated Catalog Today! No obligation. You save when you buy jewelry direct! LA VERE JEWELRY CO. 1155 26th St. Des Moines, Iowa



**Be Your Own
MUSIC
Teacher**

LEARN AT HOME FOR
LESS THAN 7c A DAY

Play by note Piano, Violin, Tenor Banjo, Guitar, Accordion, Saxophone or any other instrument. Wonderful improved method. Simple as A-B-C. No "numbers" or trick music. Costs less than 7c a day. Over 750,000 students.

FREE BOOK Send coupon today for Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample explaining this method in detail. Mention favorite instrument.

U. S. School of Music, 1444 Brunswick Bldg., New York 10, N. Y.

U. S. School of Music, 1444 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Please send me Free Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument)

Name Have You

Street (Please Print)

City State



**SUCCESSFUL
48th YR.**

Stanley is confined to limbo forever is absolutely okay with Dennis Morgan to-day. In one epic he was a purser on a ship and said one line, to wit: "Don't do that!" Then—bang—he was drilled "daid." Exit. In another they put a fierce black moustache on his handsome face and made him a fierce menace. And in "Persons in Hiding," he even played Dillinger, or Pretty Boy Floyd or Baby Face Nelson or some such lethal character. Stan didn't get it. He tackled the B-keeper producer.

"Listen," he said, "these mug parts are a little out of my line."

"Don't tell me, I know your type," snarled the big shot, "You're a heavy if I ever saw one and that's what you'll play here. For everything else you're dead at Paramount!" Stan knew he was so right on that last remark. He resolved since he was to be dead, to play possum. After a few months more of indolence they kicked him out of his contract and he was never happier. This time he packed his bags grimly and for keeps.

But before he got his Paramount walking papers, an important producer of big pictures at Paramount had heard Stan sing. Charles Rogers knew talent when he saw and heard it. He begged the studio to keep Stan and stick him in with Bing Crosby's picture, "The Star Maker." But the front office couldn't see "Richard Stanley" for sour apples, and neither could Richard Stanley see Paramount. So that flopped, but Rogers told his story to his friend Jack Warner, over one weekend, and the Warner Brothers' boss promptly said, "I'll test him." So again, on the brink of his getaway, the offer came.

This time, Stan Morner told the agent bearing the tidings, "The hell with it!" He'd seen plenty.

third time's the charm . . .

Already he had theater bookings for a singing tour of the Midwest. Lillian and the kids would stay in their Hollywood house. But before train time arrived, the agent pressed the Warner test on him. And Lillian wisely persuaded, "Why not make the test? You can't lose anything." "Okay," Stan told the agent, "but Warners will have to make that test before Thursday. Because I'm leaving when that train pulls out!" They hustled up the test.

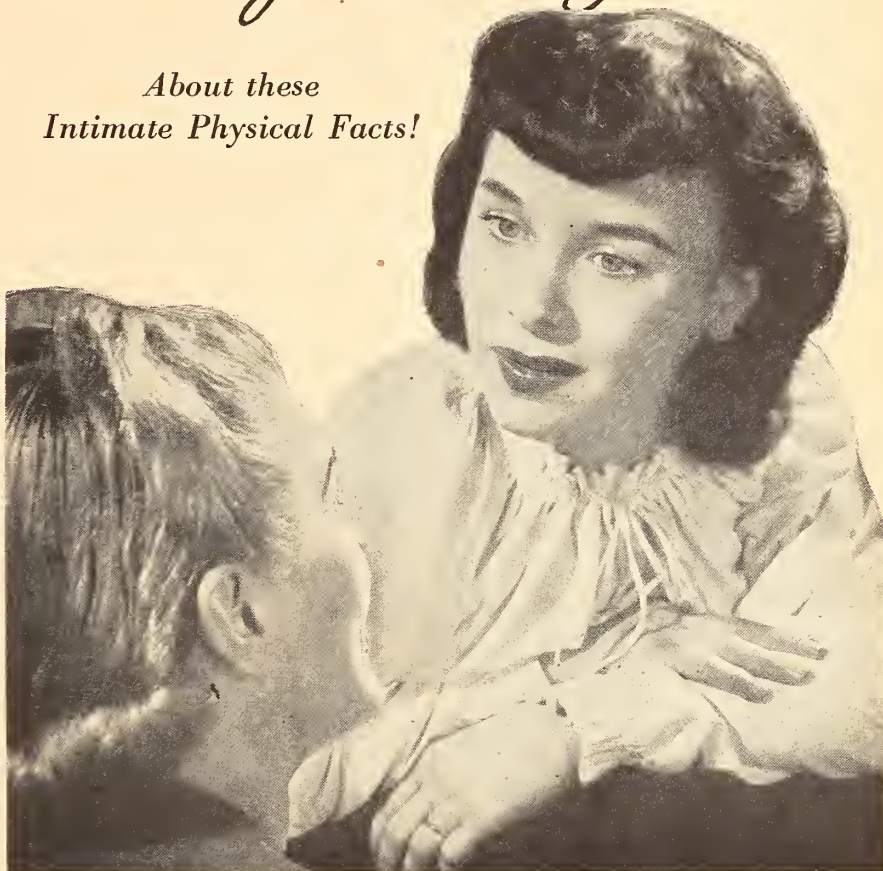
He had been singing two days at the Riverside Theater in Milwaukee when the wire came. "Cancel tour at once," it read. "Contract on your terms at Warner Brothers. Lead in 'Waterfront,' starting week from Monday." Stan whistled. "Well, I'll be darned." He hadn't thought this would happen. He thought Hollywood was as much off him as he was off Hollywood. But this looked like a real chance at last. First he called Lillian long distance, and they talked it all over. She didn't try to influence him one way or the other. "I want you to be happy," said Lillian. "Do you think this will work out?"

Stan had a hunch. "Yes," he said, "I think it will." And the third time was the charm.

He arrived back in Hollywood on a Saturday. He started work in "Waterfront" Monday. For two years he had barely a day off. He did nothing but leads. Not the studio's prize pictures, of course, but at Warners' they made the best B's in the business, with the wizard, Bryan Foy. So Stan knew he was getting somewhere and he wasn't wrong. Everything seemed to click—even his new name. Jack Warner picked out "Dennis Morgan" for him and it was uncanny how the new name took. Today Stan's old friends and Lillian still call him "Stan," and occasionally he gets "Tuff" from an old school chum, but Dennis Morgan seems to fit him. As one fan wrote, "Before I saw your name, I knew right off you were Irish." Irish!—

It's your sacred duty to tell your daughter...

About these
Intimate Physical Facts!



Ignorance Has Wrecked Many A Girl's Marriage

Your daughter *wants* to know but is probably too timid or embarrassed to ask you about these intimate physical facts. The result is she is often filled with *misinformation* from well meaning friends. Misinformation which may prove very costly to her in her married life ahead.

So it's your sacred duty to instruct her how important douching often is to womanly cleanliness, charm, health and happiness.

But *first*—make sure *your own* information is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be! And it *WILL BE* if you tell her how important ZONITE is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so *POWERFUL* yet so *SAFE* to delicate tissues.

Cauton Your Doughter Against Weak, Homemade Mixtures

Certainly no well-informed mother would think of telling her daughter to use weak, old-fashioned homemade mix-

tures. She certainly should know by now these *DO NOT* and *CAN NOT* give the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern ZONITE*.

Yet remember—despite its great strength—ZONITE is *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning*. It positively contains no carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, phenol or creosote. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary—it's *HARMLESS!*

Zonite Principle Discovered By Fomous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually *destroys* and *removes* odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* that no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. *BUT YOU CAN BE SURE* ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. S-46, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening *FREE* booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

Too Strong!



It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!

Too Mild!



A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!



Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups. As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

EX-LAX
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

10c and 25c at all drug stores

Beautiful NAILS
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

Have you torn, thin, short, or discolored Nails? DON'T WORRY! Just apply NU-NAILS and in a jiffy you have long, tapering fingernails. Can be worn any length and polished any shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Waterproof. Removed at will. Help you overcome nail biting habit. Set of ten, 20c. At all 5c and 10c stores.

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15-D, Chicago



the big Swede! But still that's how he looks and oddly enough, a lot of his real personality carries a touch of the green. Especially in the luck department.

Because it was pure shamrock stuff that gave Denny Morgan his introduction to major movie stardom in "Kitty Foyle."

He was a standard article around Warners' by then, settled in a cozy house in the San Fernando Valley, definitely on the team. When you're that solid at Warner Brothers, you don't stray very often. A studio policy is "They're our stars, aren't they? Okay, we don't loan them—we use 'em ourselves." Stan hadn't had a breathing spell and none was coming up when he took a look at the script of "Kitty Foyle" and said out loud to himself when he'd turned the last page, "I've just got to do this!" But "Kitty Foyle" wasn't in the works at Warners; it was at RKO.

Sam Wood, who remembered Dennis 'way back in the M-G-M dog days, when he had him for a bit in "Navy Blue and Gold," sent Denny the script. He was to direct it and he had Dennis in mind for the doctor. But Dennis only had eyes for the Main Line boy whose bitter-sweet affair with Ginger Rogers' Philadelphia working girl gave the screen one of its most tender romances. He knew that role was what he'd been waiting for, what he could prove himself in for the big league. He told Sam Wood he wouldn't even test for the doctor; he wanted that lead with Ginger, and after a test Sam thought so, too. But how to get permission from Jack Warner, his boss, who was allergic to loan outs? That's where Stan's luck came through at last.

kitty foyle . . .

For one thing, Brynie Foy, who had him already cast for another B picture, went to bat for Dennis. Like the good sport he is, Brynie wrote Jack Warner he'd decided Dennis wouldn't work out in the B part. Couldn't use him. That was a white lie, but Foy knew the score and he's one to help a pal along when he can. The second break was—Dennis Morgan's boss happened to be on vacation in Hawaii. Maybe the tropic breezes and the soft skies put Mr. Warner in a relaxed, generous mood. Anyway, when Dennis wired him for permission to make "Kitty Foyle" it came right back. "Okay. Go ahead."

At that, it was a constructive slip for all concerned because, as everyone knows, "Kitty Foyle" proved to the world that Dennis Morgan was a great romantic actor. He won the Movie Critics' Award and that's the kind that makes box office registers play "Happy Days." Last year, for instance, the two biggest money-making movies Warners' produced starred Dennis Morgan—"Christmas in Connecticut" and "God is My Co-Pilot." That's been the story of Dennis Morgan at Warner Brothers all along since then and he proved it didn't have to happen away from home, a little later on. Because "The Desert Song," far more even than "Kitty Foyle," rocketed him right to the very top. Since then he's collected more fan mail than any other actor on the lot. And "The Desert Song" was an all-Warner party, in honor of Dennis Morgan. To Denny, too, it meant far more than just a mere hit. He'll never make another picture that packed such a personal thrill as that one. All his young life, "The Desert Song" had been Stan Morner's good luck charm, and to make it into a picture, to reveal at last the thing he treasured most, his voice—had been his ambition. He made the picture on location in Gallup, New Mexico, and while he was stranded 'way down there Lillian went to the hospital to have their baby boy, Jimmy Irving. There was some fear she wouldn't recover then,

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



24k. GOLD PLATED BIRTHSTONE RING

Sweetheart Design! BEAUTIFUL HEART SHAPED STONE **98¢** Plus Tax

Select Your Very Own Simulated Birthstone
January - Garnet
February - Amethyst
March - Aquamarine
April - White Sapphire
May - Green Spinel
June - Alexandrite
July - Ruby
August - Peridot
September - Sapphire
October - Zircon
November - Gold n Sapphire
December - Zircon

LADIES! Wear this lovely ring set with your very own Simulated Birthstone. Genuine 24k. Gold Plated Shank in smart, new, beautiful design is adjustable—will fit any size finger. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. ACT NOW! Know the thrill and satisfaction of owning your very own simulated Birthstone.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just name and month you were born. Pay postman only 98¢ plus Tax and postage for 1 ring or \$1.69 plus Tax for 2 rings. **ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART** 100 NORTH DEARBORN STREET DEPT. 18-E CHICAGO 10, ILL.

PENNIES WANTED

WILL PAY \$10 EACH FOR CERTAIN LINCOLN PENNIES! Indianheads \$50.00; Nickels \$500.00; Dimes \$1,000.00 All rare coins, bills, stamps wanted. Catalogue 10c. FEDERAL COIN EXCHANGE, 3-MOD, Columbus 5, Ohio

NEW SECURITY PLAN Pays HOSPITAL & DOCTOR BILLS

PROTECTS YOU IN CASE OF SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

ANY HOSPITAL, ANY DOCTOR

3¢ A DAY
COSTS ONLY

In case of sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. WE PAY YOUR EXPENSES in full accordance with Policy Provisions.

INDIVIDUAL or FAMILY

You are eligible for this low cost Protection from birth to age 70—without medical examination. The famous North American Plan is sold direct at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. BE PREPARED! Sickness and accident strike suddenly. Insure now! Send for free details at once. No Agent will call.

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Room and Board for Sickness or Accident
Per Day **\$6.00**
Up to

Doctor Visits
In Case of Accident
Per Visit **\$3.00**

Surgical Operations
Up to **\$150.00**

Time Lost from Work
In Case of Accident
Per Week **\$25.00**

Accidental Death
Up to **\$2000.00**

Physical Dismemberment
Up to **\$2000.00**

Identification Service
Up to **\$100.00**

Ambulance Service
\$10.00

FREE! MAIL COUPON

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. MM-6-4, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....

Address.....

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

**AVAILABLE for
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!**



Radios—5 tube
A. C. and D. C.
28.95 & 38.95

Automatic Electric Irons
6.95 & 8.95

Plain Electric Irons
4.95 & 5.90



Electric Curling Irons
2.49 & 2.95

Electric Toasters
4.45 & 7.95



Electric Cookers—2-burner
6.95 & 8.95

Enclose deposit with order—balance C. O. D.
Send 3¢ stamp for illustrated catalog listing over
600 hard-to-get items—Electric Appliances, Cook-
ing Utensils, Hardware, etc.

JOSEPH WINKLER & CO.
671 N. CLARK ST., Dept. S-4, CHICAGO 10, ILL.

**Chapped Skin
Fever Blisters
Raw, Red Nose
due to Colds**

IF YOU are miserable from the
itching, smarting soreness of
such annoying, externally caused
skin irritation, try soothing, medi-
cated Resinol for surprising relief.

Enjoy, too, the many other uses of
this bland ointment that comforts
thousands. Fifty years a favorite.

RESINOL



WITH HIS DIVISION INSIGNIA
Thrilling gift for a husband or
sweetheart who served overseas

He'll adore you for your thoughtfulness when
you give him this ring! It's a precious souvenir
of his Army days that he'll wear always. It
shows his division insignia and the countries
where it fought. 10K gold, designed \$22.75
and produced by master craftsmen.

For ring size, send string loop that fits your finger
For her, a matching **SWEETHEART PIN** \$10.15

No. C.O.D.'s Including Federal tax
and all postage

Custom **Twentier's** Jewelry

MMI BANK OF BISBEE BLDG., BISBEE, ARIZONA
Gentlemen Please send me gold insignia rings of \$22.75 each

Division..... Ring Sizes.....

NAME (Print).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

Enclose money order ☐ bank draft ☐ check ☐

and Denny paced the sands desperately as
telegrams flew back and forth. But she got
well, completely well, and Denny sang
"One Alone" as he'd never quite sung it
before. No wonder that Dennis Morgan's
theme song occupies a particular soft spot
in his heart, his sentimental heart. Be-
cause success and applause and wealth
and fame haven't done much to change
Dennis Morgan. Down underneath it all
he's still "Tuff" Morner, grown up as he
ever will be. He shows that all the time.

The great outdoors is still Dennis Mor-
gan's first love, and he runs off back to
Wisconsin whenever he can to hunt and
fish in the familiar woods of his youth.
One of his best pals and constant tennis
partner is Don Phillips, an air line pilot,
who went to Carroll College with Dennis.
Dennis keeps in touch with the folks back
home; right before last Christmas he made
a special movie reel for owner "Cap"
Thurwaxter to highlight the 25th anni-
versary of the Waukesha Theater where
Stan Morner, the college songbird, made
his first professional bow.

As he did back in Wisconsin, Dennis
Morgan solos once in awhile in the Holly-
wood Presbyterian church choir, and his
glorious voice, along with the choir under
the inspired direction of Dennis' good
friend, Charles Hirt, has made that group
one of the finest in the nation. They re-
cently scored a double record of "The
Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The
Lost Chord" and the entire profits go
right back into building up the choir.
That's a hobby Dennis has clung to since
high school days, devotional singing.

Besides having for a sweetheart the
same girl he had in high school and col-
lege, and a swell family of three bright,
husky children, Dennis Morgan has his
mother and dad living near him too, and
it's Dad Morner, the former Prentice
banker, who handles every item of Dennis'
financial affairs. Sister Dorothy too, now
married to Captain David Foster, just back
from overseas action in France, spends
half her time with Lillian and her brother
at the La Canada estate.

It's one of the loveliest estates in all
California. There's a marvelous Mediter-
ranean style mansion, two guest houses, an
elaborate swimming pool. It's furnished in
carved, imported furniture, has outside
formal garden statuary, marble fishponds
and even peacocks to divert the eye. But
do you know why Denny Morgan bought
the place? Because of the towering pine
trees. He'd always felt a stranger where-
ver he lived in treeless southern Cali-
fornia. Lillian knew this, so when she
spied this piney estate on a house hunt,
she raced to the studio and yanked her
husband right off Stage 5, in the middle
of a scene. They bought it that after-
noon because, as Dennis sighed happily,
"It looks and smells like Wisconsin."

take me out to the ball game . . .

Denny had a kick last Fall at the World
Series in Chicago. His dad and he were
called back there on a family matter and
had a few days in town. The Cubs were
battling the Detroit Tigers and the park
was sold out. Dennis remembered some-
thing from 'way back in his schoolboy
days at Prentice, Wisconsin. He recalled
his dad, the banker, coming through for
the uniforms for the back lot kids team.
He recalled the fervor his dad had for all
sports, especially baseball. He had said
dreamily, back then, "Some day, son,
I'm going to take you to see a World
series." But somehow, that had never
come about. That gave Denny Morgan
an idea. Maybe he could make a dream
come true.

"Dad," he said, "let's go to the World
Series." His pop's jaw dropped.

"Gee," he said, "that would be wonder-

SMILES

*Sparkling
Bright!*



BRISTLES

*Crystal
Clear!*



25¢

You can see
the differ-
ence. Those
crystal clear
bristles show that
this is the quality
brush of the low
priced field.

By the makers of Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

**Sweep Easier and Faster with
a WAGNER Carpet Sweeper.**



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Magazine

Years ahead in
cleaning efficiency. See your dealer . . .
insist on a Wagner. Write for literature.

WAGNER Komb-
Kleaned
Sweeper
Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

E. R. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MM, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

*It's EASY
to Win Him!*



.. When You Know How!

Men are funny—you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, heart-break! Save yourself lots of tragedy! Don't make embarrassing faux pas! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for you—learn once and for all how to get along with men in this amazing handbook.



Only
98c

READ FOR YOURSELF!

How To Get Him To Date You
How To Make Him Enjoy Your Company
How To Interest Him in You
How To Have Personality
How To Overcome Inferiority
How To Be Well-Mannered
How Not To Offend Him
How To Improve Your Conversation
How To Keep Him Guessing
How To Become His "One and Only"
How To "Make Up" With Him
How To Keep His Love Whom Apart
How To Keep Your Soldier's Love When Reunited
How To Get Him To Propose
And More Valuable Pages

Send No Money!

FREE five days' examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, 113 W. 57th St., Dept. M394, New York 19, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. M394
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS** in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. and I will pay postman 98c plus postage.

☐ I enclose 98c. Send postpaid.
☐ If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

In Canada \$1.25 with order.

ful, but of course it's impossible. That game's sold out."

Denny just smiled but after a while he came back to the hotel room and laid two box seat tickets in his dad's lap. They went to the park. Not only that, they went down to the players' dugout during the game, met all the sport heroes his dad worshipped. After the game, they traveled down to the showers, talked over the next day's strategy with Manager Charlie Grimm of the Cubs. Dennis could see his dad was in a daze of delight. He'd never dreamed this would happen to him.

Dennis knew if he'd taken Pop Morner to a Hollywood party, introduced him to Gable and Garson and—even—Garbo, he wouldn't have batted an eye. He knew, too, that the fact that his own son was Dennis Morgan, the movie star, impressed him not one whit.

"Son," asked Pop Morner now, "how do you know so many important people?"

Dennis had to laugh. He didn't explain that often he worked out with the Cubs when they trained in California, that maybe the reason they let him do that and got to know him was because he was Dennis Morgan, the movie star. He just said, "Oh, I get around."

But no matter how much Denny Morgan gets around, the chances are he'll always be "Tuff" Morner as long as he lives, the Wisconsin boy who made good, and now can make his family and friends happy by being not only a star, but a real person. At least that's his ambition, and it's a pretty good one, if you ask me.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

(Continued from page 37)

decided to show him off to MODERN SCREEN's Jane Wilkie (who was the donor of Heathcliff originally.)

"Wait until you see what's happened to Heathcliff," bragged June when Jane arrived at the house one evening. "It's a transformation. Really!"

June and Jane strolled out to the patio. "Hello, Heathcliff," she said, as the pup came wagging down the walk.

Heathcliff sat down, lay down, rolled over, and rushed off to bed. Then he returned at a gallop for his dog biscuit, having handled the situation with great speed and not paid the slightest attention to his mistresses' commands.

Said June defensively, "Well, he's a VERY smart dog!"

Aside from an occasional misadventure, the Powell house is genuinely appealing. For that reason, June and Dick are usually reluctant to go out. Oh, they plan big, but when it comes right down to making a definite date, the trouble starts. With a fireplace in one hand, a dog in the other, a wife on a knee, and a pepsi in the offing, it's easy to see why Dick heaves a sigh and pulls that no-place-like-home routine, night after night.

But when Louella Parsons asked June and Dick to come visit, they just couldn't say no. Why, it was practically a command performance, as Jane Wilkie pointed out. And because it was also an Occasion, Jane just had to have some pictures taken for MODERN SCREENERS. "They'd never forgive me if I didn't," she informed June, turning on the hearts and flowers patter.

And it was fun... as you can tell easily enough by looking at the pictures! So maybe now the Powells—having taken the plunge—will leave Heathcliff in charge once in a while and step out more often. But not too often, we can hear Dick saying. Because there's always home—and the little woman—to come home to.

FOOT RELIEF

**Soothing, Instant-Acting
Foot Plaster**

To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, instep ridges, chafed heels—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex—a superior type flesh color mole-skin. Very effective. Economical. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. Try it.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use **DERMOIL**

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 247 Northwestern Station, Dept. 7809, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE



Hair OFF Face
Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many things... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "What I Did About Superfluous Hair" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 252, Chicago 64, Ill.

LEARN NURSING AT HOME

Earn while learning — Opportunities everywhere
THOUSANDS NEEDED NOW
Demands for Nurses today greater than ever before! Profitable, interesting career.
HOSPITAL TRAINING
(optional) in hospitals near own locality. High school not necessary. No age limit. Get the facts today!
FREE PLACEMENT FREE LESSON
Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing
Dept. 13, 127 No. Dearborn St. Chicago 2, Illinois

DON'T CUT CUTICLES

Manicure is a smart cosmetic which beautifies nails while it softens cuticle. MANICARE is a cuticle remover, cuticle oil and stain remover, all in one.



Manicare 35¢ a jar
Drug and Dept. Stores



The newest in smart Maternity Dresses for home and street wear. Darling frocks for comfort and concealing lines. All at surprisingly low prices. A dress for every occasion.
FREE from HOLLYWOOD
New catalog sent upon request in plain wrapper free. Write today.
JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 95, 5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Here's One Of The Greatest BLOOD-IRON TONICS YOU CAN BUY

if you lack iron in your blood!

You girls and women who suffer so from simple anemia that you are pale, feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—this may be due to lack of blood-iron.

So start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS—one of the best and quickest home ways to help build up red blood to get more strength and energy—in such cases.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy. Just try them for 30 days—then see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit.

Lydia E. Pinkham's **TABLETS**

Butabs

- ★ For Facial Lines and Wrinkles
- ★ Should be used as Soon as Lines Appear
- ★ Will Improve All Conditions
- ★ Not a Cream or Lotion
- ★ Easy and Quickly Applied
- ★ Absolutely Harmless to the Skin
- ★ Economical—Send \$1.00 for Generous Supply

BUTAB COMPANY - Box 1202 - St. Louis, Mo.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

only 10c each

All the Latest Stars & Poses
Direct from Hollywood

Special Offer
15 for \$1.00

FREE List decorated
with MOVIE FREE
STARS mailed with each
order—

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE

Box 1150 Dept. B-2

Hollywood 28, Calif., U. S. A.

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly tint telltale gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless when used as directed. No skin test needed. The principal coloring agent is a purely vegetable derivative with iron and copper salts added for fast action. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch, as new gray appears. Easy to prove on a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 at druggists. Get BROWNATONE now, or

Write for **FREE TEST BOTTLE**

Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 294, COVINGTON, KY.

ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING

(Continued from page 56)

beamed Hannegan. "There never was anything wrong with him, I guess, that four weeks of good jokes couldn't cure."

* * *

June Bombing Notes

We've all heard so much about the rapid expansion of television that a lot of us sort of have been looking forward to seeing the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight from the vantage of a cushioned chair at home or in a theater . . . Well, I decided to find out from NBC and CBS just how much chance there would be of that thought materializing. The answers were not too optimistic . . . NBC engineers told me, and CBS agreed, that the June 19th outlook is not for any tremendous coverage. Television at that time may be operating on a line from Schenectady to Washington, D. C., which would mean that New York, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Albany, Newark, N. J. and other cities and towns in that area would be able to see a televised fight. For the rest, they'll have to go to the newsreel and motion picture theaters, or hear it over the radio. Broadway theaters lack screens:

I asked if it were possible that a Broadway theater could arrange to have the Louis-Conn fight televised on a screen large enough for audiences. "No theater yet has a television screen large enough to project such a fight to a huge audience," regretted NBC. "Paramount has been dicker with the idea, may come up with the answer before the night of the scrap". . . Television crews of about the same size as were assigned to the Army-Navy game at Philadelphia, will televise the Louis-Conn fight. CBS estimated they'd have 25 to 30 television engineers at the ringside, if and when Mike Jacobs makes a contract for such coverage.

* * *

Lowdown on the Crosby Affair.

What persuaded Bing Crosby to drop from the air? Why did he suddenly decide that

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My home is in Hollywood. I have lived there all my life up until now, and needless to say, I have seen many movie stars. One day my girl friend and I were going on a picnic. We happened to land some film, so we brought

the camera to take pictures. While we were walking up Vine Street to catch the street car, we saw Red Skelton signing autographs. When the crowd cleared away, we asked him if we could take his picture. He smiled that cute smile of his and said, "Sure, but not alone," and with that he put his arm around me, and my friend snapped the picture. Now that picture is one of my sweetest memories of home and of Red Skelton, the nicest star I've ever seen yet.

Pat Spargo
Washington, D. C.

GENUINE DIAMOND 14K.SOLID GOLD SWEETHEART SETS

Guarantee-Bond with Every Purchase

Now at remarkably low prices, you can get GENUINE DIAMONDS in beautifully designed mountings of 14K SOLID GOLD. Order now while these Sweetheart Sets are available. A Guarantee-Bond with every sale. Wear your Set or Ring 10 days; if not delighted, return them for immediate refund. But, be sure to order today!



4 DIAMONDS

\$5.50

Each Ring

\$9.50 for Both Rings
Exquisite 14K SOLID GOLD Engagement Ring with brilliant GENUINE Chip Diamond in heart design mounting. Wedding Ring to match, 14K SOLID GOLD with 3 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

GUARANTEED Set No. 4



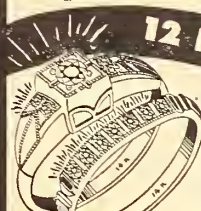
8 DIAMONDS

\$6.75

Each Ring

\$11.50 for Both Rings
You'll love this beautiful Set 14K SOLID GOLD Engagement Ring set with 3 flashing GENUINE Chip Diamonds in superb mounting. The 14K SOLID GOLD Wedding Ring has 5 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

GUARANTEED Set No. 8



12 DIAMONDS

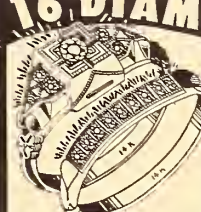
\$7.75

Each Ring

\$14.00 for Both Rings
A Set you'll never tire of wearing. Imagine—an Engagement Ring with 5 glittering GENUINE Chip Diamonds set in a lovely mounting of 14K SOLID GOLD. And the 14K SOLID GOLD Wedding Ring has 7 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

GUARANTEED Set No. 12

OUR MOST UNUSUAL VALUE 16 DIAMOND SET



\$8.75

Each Ring

\$16.00 for Both Rings
A gorgeous Set to make you the envy of your friends. Picture on your finger the Rose cut Diamond Engagement Ring set with 7 sparkling GENUINE Chip Diamonds in a breathtaking 14K SOLID GOLD mounting. Every one's eyes will gleam when they see your 16-Diamond Wedding Ring. Don't miss this amazing offer.

GUARANTEED Set No. 16

NOTE: We do not handle imitation or simulated stones. All our Rings are set with GENUINE DIAMONDS only. We ship C.O.D. Include ring size when ordering. Wear 10 days on trial.

L'AMOUR JEWELRY CO.
545 Fifth Ave., Dept. D-107, N. Y. 17

SEND NO MONEY!

L'AMOUR JEWELRY CO., Dept. D-107.
545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Send the Rings checked below. Will pay postman price, plus postage and 20% Fed. tax. After 10 days, I may return Rings for refund of money.

Set No. 4	Set No. 8	Set No. 12	Set No. 16
Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>	Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>
Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>	Wed. <input type="checkbox"/>

My ring size is.....(or send paper strip to size)

Name.....

Address.....

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

Blondes

NEW "RINSE AND TINT" SPECIALLY MADE FOR YOU!



Adds Lovely GOLDEN HIGHLIGHTS

Blondes! Here it is at last! The new "Rinse and Tint" made specially for blondes. Gives dull, faded hair lovely extra lustre and that little touch of color blonde hair often needs. Called BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE, it is not a permanent dye or bleach—washes off as easily as make-up. Made by the makers of BLONDEX, the world's largest selling blonde shampoo. Costs little to use. Sold at all good 10c, drug, department stores

Remember Your Loved One!

Wear This Genuine
**STERLING
SILVER
PHOTO RING**
FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Custom Made Design with Your
Photo Hand-Painted in Oil. Per-
manently Sealed in Magnified Dome Cryst-
al. **WATER-PROOF—WILL NEVER FADE.**

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail a photo or
clear snapshot which will be returned in
good order. When your Photo Ring arrives,
pay the postman \$4.49 plus a few cents
postage. **LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE OF SER-
VICE.** Mass production and direct sales
to you make this value possible.

\$4.49
\$7.50 Value
All Federal
Taxes Inc.

Send in a Paper Strip with your
ring finger measure for correct size.

FSK INDUSTRIES, Dept. 101
Fisk Building, 250 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

A NEW FACE—A NEW FUTURE

How Plastic Surgery easily, quickly re-
shapes an ugly nose, takes years off the
prematurely aged face and corrects other
facial blemishes is told and illustrated
with 88 before-and-after pictures in fas-
cinating book, **YOUR NEW FACE**
IS YOUR FORTUNE, written by
famous Plastic Surgeon. Yours,
postpaid, in plain wrapper—only

25¢

FRANKLIN HOUSE, 629 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa. Dept. 3-R

Design Smart Fashions
LEARN AT HOME—SPARE TIME



Fascinating field. Design own wardrobe at consid-
erable saving. Gain experience designing for oth-
ers. It may lead to thrilling career—even a shop of
your own some day. Basic "learn-by-doing" course
under guidance of qualified teachers provides ex-
cellent starting point for a career. Send for
free booklet, "A Career in Dress Designing."

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRESS DESIGN
1315 So. Michigan Ave. Dept. 2364 Chicago 5, ILL.

SORORITY and FRATERNITY PINS



Also Club Pins and Emblems. Artistic de-
signs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 30¢
up. Write for illustrated catalog.
Dept. 2, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Relieve soreness of
stiff muscles
with...



ABSORBINE Jr.

he'd rather do one program a month, instead of one a week? Everybody has guessed at the reason. Instead of guessing, I asked "The Groaner" how the litigation with Kraft started.

"It's simple, Ed," said Crosby. "I got the idea as a result of those 'Command Performance' broadcasts we did for the troops overseas. It dawned on me then that the proper way to do a broadcast was to first play it before a studio audience, and learn from them what jokes to cut out, what songs to sing. Then when the thing is letter perfect, put it on a record. If the first record isn't top-notch, well—break it, and make another record until you get exactly the pace you want. You rarely get a perfect studio broadcast to send out over the air. I think that a recorded program is the answer and correction of all the human errors that are inevitable in a studio broadcast."

Crosby goes Gaelic:

Before he left New York and went back to the Coast, Crosby made at least a dozen records for Decca's shrewd, able Jack Kapps. . . . Largely, they were Irish records. One of them you'll be hearing is "Dear Old Donegal," which Bing made with the Jesters and a hot band fronted by Bob Haggart. This number happens to be Pat O'Brien's favorite, and Pat sings it at the drop of a shillalah. So Kapps and Bing determined that at some point in the lyric, they'd have to work in a reference to their pal, O'Brien. When you hear the record, as Bing reels off a list of Irish names, you'll hear one phrase: "And Pat O'Brien showed up late."

Record Records:

Just how many records Crosby has made since he first plattered "I Love You Truly" and "Just A'wearyin' For You" back in 1934 would require a staff of CPAs. I asked Kapps, instead, what records had won the greatest sales. Out in front is Bing's Decca platter of "White Christmas," which sold 2,500,000 in this country, plus 500,000 abroad. Second would be "Silent Night," with a sale of 2,000,000.

I'M A CROSBY FAN!

(Continued from page 55)

exposed sooner or later. I have a lot of fun sitting down at the piano and rattling them off. The other day, Mrs. McCarey heard that tune from "State Fair," "It Might As Well Be Spring."

"... but I feel so gay, in a melancholy way..." she sang. "Leo, now why can't you write a poetic lyric like that?"

"I'm not Oscar Hammerstein," I told her.

But about Bing. . . . Maybe Bing didn't think so much of my hidden talent, but from the start I had my eyes on his. My brother, Ray, directed Bing in the first picture he ever made. I was on the set most of the time. Bing hit me right between the eyes with his easy naturalness, which was then, and still is, my prime ingredient for acting talent. He was good looking and he had something inside besides melody. Maybe the Irish in me vibrated to the Irish in Bing. Anyway, I had a bright idea.

"Hey, Bing," I said. "You know you could be a swell actor if you wanted to."

COLOR PHOTOS

at home!

By the easy **MARSHALL** method



You simply take a black-and-white photo and rub on Marshall's Photo Oil Colors. In a few minutes, you have a beautiful, valuable, colored photograph! Many people with no previous experience soon sell colored photographs to others at a big profit. See for yourself how easy it is. Get a Marshall Photo Oil Color set (from \$1) at any photo dealer.

FREE! New, valuable, full-color illustrated booklet explains easy way to color photos, in detail. Includes tips on making money. Write for your copy to Dept. 40, John G. Marshall, Inc., 167 N. 9th St., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME



Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.

LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 184, Chicago 1, Ill.

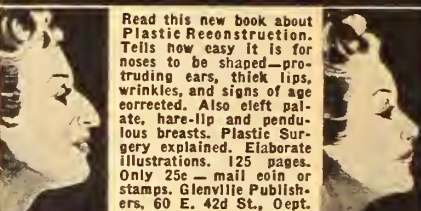
WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, travel, local and club activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper men learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

VETERANS: This course approved for Veterans' Training.


NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 571-D, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

"BEFORE & AFTER!"



Read this new book about **Plastic Reconstruction**. Tells how easy it is for noses to be shaped—producing ears, thick lips, wrinkles, and signs of age corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate illustrations. 125 pages. Only 25¢—mail coin or stamps. Glenville Publishers, 60 E. 42d St., Dept. MA. New York 17, N. Y.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS



Get actual photo portraits and pin-up poses of all the Hollywood Stars. Send 10¢ for a sample photo of your favorite and a Free Illustrated list of the famous screen stars in Hollywood; or send \$1.00 for 12 photos and list.

HOLLYWOOD PHOTOS, Dept. M-4
Box 1515, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

EXTRA MONEY for YOU

Sell GREETING CARDS and Personal Stationery


Take easy orders from friends, neighbors. Sell beautiful \$1.00 All Occasion Assortment. Costs you 50¢ up per box. Also Birthday, Baby Congratulations, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Scripture Text assortments 35¢ up. Up to 100% profit. Extra Bonus. Request \$1.00 Everyday assortment on approval and Free Stationery portfolio. Special Offer.

Emira Greeting Card Co., Dept. M-40, Emira, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLES
Name Imprinted Stationery

BE A Nurse

MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK



You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. 47th yr. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Men, women 18 to 60. High School not required. Easy tuition payments. Trial plan. Write today.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 234, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

He gave me a funny kind of look. "That's on the level," I said. "You owe it to yourself. Look, suppose some day you lose your voice. . . ."

"That might be a blessing," Bing cracked. As the years passed, it got to be our own private joke. Bing Crosby went his way and I went mine and we both did all right. When we'd meet on the lot, or at Lakeside, playing golf, or at Santa Anita or Del Mar playing the ponies, the first thing Bing Crosby would toss at me was—

"What about that picture, Leo? When you going to make me an actor?" And this would occur even after Bing was the top box office star of Hollywood, three years in a row.

"I haven't got the right idea yet, Bing," I'd have to reply. "But I'll get it—and I'm not kidding." I wasn't either.

So, I was sitting at home one day stewing over a story for a picture, and possibly the farthest thing from my mind was Harry Lillis Crosby. I had troubles enough. The script was two-thirds finished with \$20,000 of good money sunk in it. But I wasn't happy.

My doorbell rang. A Catholic priest, the lines of a good life written on his face like a manuscript, greeted me and I asked him in. He was calling for a donation to the church. We sat down and talked. The subject turned to raising and educating children. I have a daughter. This good father had spent his life bending twigs the right way. I listened to what he had to say.

"I'm an old man," he smiled. "Seventy-some, and I think the outstanding thing in my life has been my experience educating children. It's so interesting. So important. There's a young priest who's just arrived at my parish. All young priests," he smiled, "have new ideas, progressive ideas. I don't always agree—but I know they're right. Even as I sit here," he smiled, "I know what that young priest is thinking—we're going to have to turn the old man out to pasture."

He talked on. When he left, I picked up the almost finished script and tossed it in the wastebasket. Then I picked up the phone. I was muttering to myself as I dialed the number. "Here's where I make good my promise to Bing."

I hadn't seen him for months, but when I said, "Hello, Bing, this is Leo. I've got it," he knew what I meant.

"You mean the one for me?" he came back. "The one where I act?"

"Yep, Bing," I said, "this is it."

He said, "Come on over."

Bing was playing with his boys when I burst in. "Break it up, kids," he said, and chased them out of the room. We talked half the night. I told him the story. It poured out like water out of a tap, all from what that aging priest had told me. I knew there was a story in it. There was. It was "Going My Way."

who, me? . . .

Bing knew it was a story, too. He said, "It's swell—but where do I come in?"

"You play the young priest, of course."

"You're killing me!" snorted Crosby. "Me—play a priest?"

That's Crosby. To suggest that he play a man of God was the greatest compliment I could pay him. But Bing ducks compliments. They embarrass him. He showed that the night this story I'm talking about, made into a movie starring Bing Crosby, won him his first Academy Award as the finest actor of the year in Hollywood. I was there and I heard Bing crack, when they handed him the gilded doll any actor would be proud to perch on his mantel, "It's certainly a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with this hunk of crockery!"

But here's another thing about Bing. Once he sets his sights on something, he



25c



Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap is a special soap containing the same costly medication as 106 year proved Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Ointment. Whip up the rich cleansing, FOAMY MEDICATION with finger tips, washcloth or brush and allow to remain on 3 minutes. Amazingly quick results come to many skins, afflicted with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, itching of eczema, and rashes externally caused that need the scientific hygienic action of Palmer's "SKIN SUCCESS" Soap. For your youth-clear, soft loveliness, give your skin this luxurious 3 minute foamy medication-treatment. At drug, toiletry counters everywhere, 25c.

Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS SOAP

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN 4 COLORS



Van Johnson

Your favorite stars of the screen come to life in these beautiful LIFELIKE photos, ready for instant framing to add new lustre to your room and home . . . new charm to your album or scrapbook. Get them today . . . it's the chance of a lifetime! TOM DRAKE—JANE RUSSELL—GREGORY PECK—JUDY GARLAND—ROBERT WALKER—VERA HRUBA—RALSTON—ELEANOR CRAIN—DANA ANDREWS—INGRID BERGMAN—JOHN HODIAK—GENE TIERNEY—FRANK SINATRA—VAN JOHNSON—JUNE ALLYSON—ALAN LADD—LANA TURNER—ROY ROGERS—BETTY GRABLE—ALICE FAYE—SONJA HENIE—PAULETTE GODDARD—JOAN CRAWFORD—DANE CLARK—GLORIA DEHAVEN—SHIRLEY TEMPLE—WILLIAM EYTHE—BOB HUTTON—LON McALLISTER—BING CROSBY—CLARK GABLE—BETTY HUTTON—LAUREN BACALL—GREER GARSON—MARGARET D'BRIEN.

These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, size 8x10, in FULL COLORS, your choice of any eight listed above for 50c—16 for \$1.00—entire set of 34 only \$2.00. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

IRVING KLAU, 212 East 14th ST.

Dept. N-77

New York City 3, N. Y.



Can't SLEEP?

Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. DR. MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES NERVINE

FREE! ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO



JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED! WE WILL MAKE YOU A BEAUTIFUL 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT OF ANY SNAPSHOT, PHOTO, OR NEGATIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get Our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c each for handling and mailing the enlargements. Originals returned. Be sure to include all information. Act Now!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS • 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 903

7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative.
(specify number, limit 2)

Please make _____ free enlargements.
(specify number, limit 2)

Handling and Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zone _____

Fill out description below.
Mark back of picture 1 & 2
COLOR - Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

COLOR - Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

MAIL TODAY

LOOK THRU YOUR ALBUM
SELECT YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOTS

New—Hair Rinse safely Gives a Tiny Tint



and...
**Removes
this
dull
film**

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings... plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Black | 7. Tintan Blonde |
| 2. Dark Copper | 8. Golden Blonde |
| 3. Sable Brown | 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 4. Golden Brown | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 5. Nut Brown | 11. Light Auburn |
| 6. Silver | 12. Lustre Glint |

4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radien, all new, approved ingredients.

Try Golden Glint... Over 50 million packages have been sold... Choose your shade at any cosmetic dealer. Price 10 and 25¢—or send for a

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle, 14, Wash., Box 3366 C-21

Please send color No. _____ as listed above.

Name _____

Address _____

GOLDEN GLINT

An Economical Relief for ASTHMATIC Misery



Why spend needless time and money when Dr. Guild's **GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND** may bring comforting relief from the misery of asthmatic attacks? On sale at nearly all drug stores. Cigarettes, 50¢. Powder, 25¢ and \$1.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Use only as directed on package. A **FREE SAMPLE** will prove how much this trusted product can help you. Write J. H. Guild Co., Dept. V11, Rupert, Vt.

Beautiful MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

3
FOR
30c

Special
Offer!

Send Only \$1
for 12 Thrilling
Photos



Gorgeous, glossy photos of all your favorite Hollywood Stars in their newest poses! Customers love our photos, you will, too! Smallest Order 30c. Name 2nd choices.

FREE! Gift
Coupons and
Catalog of over
200 exciting
photos with
order.

Van Johnson,
M.G.M. Star.

DELUXE PHOTO SERVICE Dept. N39
Box 953 Church St. Annex, New York 8 N. Y.

gets it. The minute Bing caught my enthusiasm for "Going My Way," he carried the ball. There was a high hurdle. I had an iron-clad contract at RKO, with years to run. Bing had an iron-clad contract at Paramount, with more years to run. I couldn't get him. He couldn't get me. How could we get together?

"We'll just hop the fence," said Bing. Meaning the fence in between the two lots. "You make an extra picture for Paramount and I'll make one for RKO." So that's how we worked it. "Going My Way" was Bing Crosby's picture and he deserved every honor he got. Sure, I directed it. But sometimes I wonder if I really direct people. I've tried telling actors exactly what to do and the results are usually terrible. Kids are the easiest actors. Give them the idea and let them alone and they're swell.

Lesson in acting...

One day, making "The Bells of St. Mary's," Ingrid Bergman came up to me with a puzzled look. She faced a scene where, playing a Catholic sister, she talks a tight-fisted businessman out of a building. She wasn't quite sure just how to approach it—how the character she was playing would think, putting over a deal like that. She asked my advice.

"Play it," I said, "like a nun who wants a mink coat."

Bergman tossed back her head and laughed. She went right back into the scene—and it was perfect.

Bing's that way, too. He has sincerity. He has the capacity to listen like real people listen when other people talk. Most actors like to talk; they're jealous of their lines, they always want to be front camera. It's part of that natural ego which, to most professional actors, is a necessary evil. You know the gag about the Hollywood actor: "But," he says, "let's not talk about me anymore—what did you think of my last picture?" Bing's not like that.

Once I had a seven-minute scene scheduled to shoot one day in "Going My Way." Seven minutes is a long time for the camera to turn. All morning I paced up and down with the script in my hand. I was stumped. I didn't shoot one take. Pretty soon it was noon so we called lunch. I sat in a corner of the stage and beat my brains. Bing strolled over.

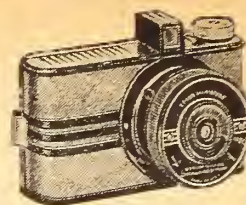
"Say, what's bothering you?" he asked. "Is it because I haven't got anything to say in this long scene?"

He hit it right on the head. "Yes," I told him. "That's right. Barry Fitzgerald talks for seven minutes, and you haven't one line to draw the scene your way. It's not fair to you, Bing."

He thought a moment. "Well, look," said Bing, cutting the Gordian knot. "Don't knock yourself out coining any clever epigrams for me. If no lines pop up for me naturally—why force 'em? Let the old man speak his piece. I'll listen."

He listened—and how! For seven long minutes while Barry Fitzgerald gave his longest, best scene. It was the one where he starts, "I've been to the Bishop,"—remember? It was the turning point in the old priest's attitude, the hinge of the whole picture. All that time Bing Crosby never opened his mouth except to say "Yes, Father," and nod. Most actors would say that was like stepping off a cliff—certain suicide. Maybe so, but it wasn't worrying Bing Crosby.

But somehow, I felt I hadn't paid off my whole debt to Bing for all the melody he'd handed me through the years and I felt I hadn't quite made good that old promise, even after "Going My Way." It bothered my conscience to have stacked Bing up in that long-promised acting job against probably the greatest supporting performance of all Hollywood history, and that's what I think Barry Fitzgerald delivered.



1000 NEW Candid Type CAMERAS

Each With A
Roll of Film

GIVEN AWAY

Take clear snapshots and pictures. We will send to at least the first 1000 women, men, boys or girls answering this ad—a real, new candid type **CAMERA** and regular size roll of film—all **GIVEN** for selling only one book, or 8 coupons to your friends and neighbors at 25c each and returning the money collected as per **FREE** gift catalog. Everyone wants pictures of loved ones that are true-to-life and natural, so these Coupons (good for 25c on a beautiful, 5 x 7 inch enlargement, made from a snapshot or picture) go fast. Send no money, just your name and address. We trust you. Write today. **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 16-C, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Piles

Free Trial on Request

If you can't sit comfortably, can't stand or walk without discomfort, you should try Page's Palliative Pile Preparations. More than 2 million packages already used. Try it **FREE**. Just send us your name and address on a postcard. Follow simple, easy directions. You may feel quick relief from the burning and itching misery. Send no money. Trial is **FREE**.

E. R. Page & Co., Dept. 493-N3, Marshall, Mich.

Thrilling Work COLORING PHOTOS

Fascinating hobby and vocation learned at home by average man or woman who is artistically inclined. Work full or spare time. Modern method brings out natural, life-like colors. Many have earned while learning. **FREE** BOOKLET tells how to get started doing this delightful home work for photographers, stores, individuals, and friends. Send today for your copy. No obligation. **NATIONAL PHOTO COLORING SCHOOL 1315 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 2364, Chicago 5, Ill.**

NEW HOSPITAL SURGICAL POLICY

You, as an individual or your entire family (ages 3 months to 75 years) will be mailed actual policy made out in your own name, for 10 days' free inspection, if request is received during this introductory offer.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

This new policy is different. It pays men and women up to \$5.00 a day room and board for 90 days' hospitalization either sickness or accident. Children included. Pays \$50 for childbirth; \$20 X-ray; \$20 operating room; \$20 anesthesia; \$20 laboratory examination; \$10 medicines; \$10 ambulance service. Doctor allowance for operations up to \$150. Emergency draft benefit \$50 included. Pays \$1,000 accidental death or dismemberment. Policy is good in any accredited hospital in U. S. and some foreign countries.

Special Group or Individual Plan

	Mo.	Quar.	Semi-A	Annual
Individual 18 or Over	\$1.00	\$2.90	\$ 5.70	\$11.00
Husband and Wife	\$1.75	\$5.08	\$ 9.98	\$19.25
Hus., Wife, One Child	\$2.25	\$6.53	\$12.83	\$24.75
One Adult & One Child	\$1.50	\$4.35	\$ 8.55	\$16.50
Each Add'l Child	\$.25	\$.73	\$ 1.43	\$ 2.75

SEND NO MONEY!

Just write—giving name and address, date of birth, height, weight, race or color, occupation and condition of health for last five years, of yourself—and each member of your family to be included. Name and relationship of person to whom your benefits are to be paid in case of death. Actual policy will be mailed you for free inspection.

NO AGENT WILL CALL!

This new policy has been created for the benefit of those who can think and act for themselves, and save by mail. No doctor's examination. Write NOW! **American Life & Accident Ins. Co., 305 American Life Bldg., St. Louis 8, Mo.**

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge your favorite snapshot, photo, kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches absolutely FREE if you enclose this ad. Please include color of hair and eyes and get our new Bargain Offer, giving you your choice of hand-some frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike colors and sent on approval. Your original returned with your enlargement. Send today. DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 802, 118 N. 15th St., Omaha, Nebraska



ITCH CHECKED IN A JIFFY

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription**. This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription**.

TURN SPARE MOMENTS INTO SPARE CASH

Just see this wonderful line of greeting cards for Anniversaries, Birthdays, Sick Friends, etc. They're sensationally new and big values. Show them to friends and you get big profit orders. Pleasant way to make extra cash. Also Personal Stationery. No experience needed. Send 50c for Sample \$1 Assortment, or write for details. **ARTISTIC CARD COMPANY**, 338 WAY STREET • ELMIRA, N. Y.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation. American School, Dept. H-414, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37



PHOTO-RING

ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE of Sweetheart, Relative or Friend reproduced permanently in this beautiful onyx like ring featuring the New Magnified Setting! Will last a lifetime! Indestructible! Waterproof! Enclose a strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send cash we pay postage. (Photos Returned.) 25c extra! **PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO.**, Dept. V-39, Cincinnati, Ohio

Designed by a Woman for Women

AMAZING! DIFFERENT! NEW POCKET-SIZE DOUCHE APPLIANCE

Makes Feminine Hygiene Quick-Easy-Pleasant



At last, feminine hygiene appliances have been rescued from the ranks of the unsightly, completely modern, streamlined—no larger than the palm of your hand is this amazing douche appliance. So easy to use, yet much more convenient. Simply attach Du-Urn canteen to the faucet and it's ready to use. Control water from faucet or fingertip shut-off on the fountain. No more fussing with old-fashioned methods and awkward appliances. Attractive as the finest compact... dainty, convenient! Get your Du-Urn hygienic appliance TODAY.

ATTACH TO FAUCET READY TO USE

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER NOW Set consists of canteen with faucet attachment, hose and fountain for only \$3.95. **SEND NO MONEY**—pay postman only \$3.95 plus postage on arrival. Postage prepaid on cash orders. Follow simple instructions. Money back guarantee. State color choice (Canary, Ivory, Green, Rose, Powder Blue). Send name and address now to **Du-Urn, INC.**, Dept. 4-D, 4753 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

"You've an I.O.U. of mine," I told Bing, "for another picture." Bing laughed. "It doesn't have to happen twice."

"Why not?" I replied. Fourteen months later the idea hit me. I called Bing in Mexico City. "I think I've got the idea for another one, Bing," I told him.

"Yeah?" his voice came over the wire. "Who steals this one?"

"A Swede," I said. "Anybody I know?" "Name's Ingrid Bergman." Bing whistled. "Is that bad? When do I report?" That's the way he works. Quick and no complexes. He'd walk into a part with Garbo without batting an eye.

If there's any fault Bing Crosby has, it's that he's just naturally self-conscious about showing emotion. Inside, that Crosby's terribly sentimental. He feels deeply about everything and there's nothing wrong with his heart, as hundreds of people know. But when emotions rise up, he tries to lick them, in real life.

I said, "Bing, I admire your viewpoint on life on this restrained emotion business, but I think when people see this picture they're going to cry."

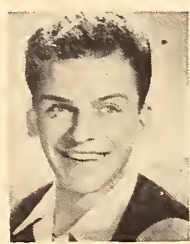
Bing gave me a so-what stare. "I think they'll expect you to cry, too," I went on. "If you don't, they'll think you're a dull guy." We were just about to shoot a delicate scene that I knew Bing understood and felt, if he'd only show it. A race track jockey who was visiting the set, helped me out. He overheard and walked up. "I know this is none of my business," he said, "but I think what Leo means, Bing, is—last year you coasted in to an Academy Award. This year you're going to have to ride for it!"

Bing walked across the stage to a corner and sat by himself for about ten minutes. Then he came over and said, "Okay, Leo, I'll play it now." He did—and how.

Bing's a good sport—none better—in all departments. He's taken a terrific beating about his race horses, for instance, but he's never let out a peep, win or lose. Owning a string of fickle bangtails is a test of any man's good humor and sanity. I know, I had a stable once myself.

The best race horse I ever owned was

I SAW IT HAPPEN



After the Sinatra show we went backstage to get our dream-boy's autograph, but when we saw the huge crowd waiting ahead of us, we decided to take a walk instead. It was a windy day and I was wearing a beanie, so of course you can guess what happened—it flew off my head and went sailing down the street. Before I knew what happened, the hat had disappeared from my sight. I was about to continue my walk without it, when I suddenly heard a man's voice behind me.

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

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

I was stunned at first, but I soon recovered myself and murmured my thanks. My friends crowded around him and we each got his autograph. I shall always be thankful for windy days!

Marilyn Cacas Chelsea, Mass.

They say I'm a vamp



• None of this one-man dog stuff for me... I'm everybody's darling!

My secret is personality PLUS sparkling eyes and shining coat, and plenty of energy. The folks make sure that I keep in the pink by giving me Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) every day... they're made especially for dogs with vitamins A, B, D, G and Niacin. They help guard a dog against diet deficiency diseases.

You'll find Vitapets with other Sergeant's products, at your nearest drug or pet store.



Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant's Dog Book? It's full of good ideas on dog training and care—and it's FREE. Get it of any drug or pet store, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's VITAMIN CAPSULES

I get vim from vitamins Brenda



BE A NURSE LEARN QUICKLY, EASILY AT HOME

Splendid income, new social contacts, and the satisfaction of serving humanity can be yours as a **TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE**. Ages 18 to 60. High School not necessary. Training plan welcomed by physicians. Prepare in spare time. Many earn while learning. **NURSE'S OUTFIT** and Placement Guidance included. **EASY PAYMENT PLAN**. Write now for facts and fascinating FREE sample lesson pages. **WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC.**, 2301 N. Wayne Ave., Dept. K-17, Chicago 14, Illinois

BARGAIN JEWELRY FREE CATALOG



Genuine Swiss Watches Ladies' or Men's. Guaranteed Jewel movement. Accurate and reliable. Price each \$9.95

SEND NO MONEY. Money Back Guarantee. Pay postman C.O.D. plus postage and tax. Or, write for Big Free Catalog of lovely Earrings, Expansion Watch Bands, Costume Pins, Birthstone Rings, Pearls, Bracelets, Billfolds, Charms, Hosiery, etc. Latest styles from Broadway and Hollywood. **International Diamond Co.**, 2435 Indiana Ave., Dept. 608, Chicago 16, Ill.

Blue-Jay with Nupercaine* for MORE RELIEF from CORN!



ONLY BLUE-JAY
with
NUPERCINE
DOES ALL THREE!

- 1 **EXCLUSIVE**
with Blue-Jay,
anesthetic Nupercaine
cure surface
pain (inflamed area
around top of corn)
as NO OTHER
corn plaster does.
- 2 **INSTANTLY**
stops pain caused
by shoe-pressure.
- 3 **GENTLE**
medication acts to
loosen the corn's
hard "core"—you
simply lift it out in
a few days.

Special! A tiny, streamlined size
for corns on **LITTLE TOE**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A brand of Dibucaine

**BLUE
JAY**
CORN PLASTER

Sleek, flesh-colored, inconspicuous
with open-toed shoes! Also special
Blue-Jay for Soft Corns. All have Nupercaine,
miracle pain quietener. No other
corn plaster has it! At all drug
and toilet goods counters.

A product of

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

LOOK AT YOUR
TODDLER'S
FEET!



The X-Ray shows a toddler's
foot, twisted and warped in outgrown
shoes. Toddlers' feet grow very fast.
You must get a larger size often.

WEE WALKERS are America's most
popular baby shoes because they are soft,
flexible, correctly shaped, yet cost so much
less, you can afford a larger size often.
No shoe at any price can be healthier for
a toddler's normal feet.

See WEE WALKERS...com-
pare them...in the Infants'
Dept. of the stores listed.
Sizes 2 to 8.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. I. Silver & Bros. Scott Stores
McCrory Stores Schulte-United Charles Stores Co.
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. Kinney Shoe Stores
F. & W. Grand Grand Silver Co. McLellan Stores



SMOOTH ONE-PIECE TONGUE

Prevents pressure on nerves,
tissues, blood vessels. A fea-
ture found in very few other
toddler shoes, even at top
prices.



FREE: WRITE for pamphlet, "Look At Your
Baby's Feet." Valuable information on
foot care, and scale to measure size
needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M,
Carlyle, Ill.



WEE WALKER
Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

named "Bitter Regret." I bought her
at Lucey's Hollywood restaurant, by a long
distance phone call to Kentucky. Now
who'd pick a horse with a name like that?
But she cost \$1550 and she won \$26,000.
The others—well, we won't go into that.
The point is, I didn't love the sport enough
to carry on—but Crosby doesn't care if
his nags win a dime. He's just crazy about
horses. At that, I have the distinction of
being one of the few surviving men in the
world who won money on a Crosby nag.
That was a joke on Bing.

I was up in the mountains between pic-
tures, but keeping in touch with what went
on at the race track. I had a hunch on a
horse, named "Sorteado." I didn't know
who owned him and I didn't care. A hunch
is a hunch. But I knew Bing would be
going to the track. So I called him.

bing the bookie . . .

"Bing," I said, "if you go over to the
track this afternoon, will you do me a
favor and place a bet on Sorteado?"

"Are you crazy?" replied Bing. "He
hasn't got a chance."

"I think he has."

"I know better," said Crosby. "I own
him. And listen—I'm sitting here with my
trainer and they're laying even money
Sorteado can't even find the racetrack!"

"I still like him," I said stubbornly. "Lay
me \$200 on his nose."

"Okay," said Bing, "but you better have
your head examined."

That afternoon Bing's Sorteado broke
the track record and paid fourteen to one.
Bing didn't have a penny on him. But he
had to carry around \$2600 for me for two
weeks, which was when I came back to
Hollywood.

Bing calls me "The Tiger," because, I
suppose, I'm so hard for him to take.
That's not a boast—just a freak fact. For
some reason I have the Indian sign on
Bing. I'm just bringing this up to show
what a dreamy disposition Crosby has.
He should have conked me over the head
long ago with a mashie for the outrageous
jinx I've fastened on to him at golf.

Bing and I have played a lot of golf—
and as anyone knows, Bing Crosby is one
of the best amateur players in the country.
I'm a dub. It's a strain on any good
golfer's nature to be a pigeon for a dub.
Bing and I have hung around Del Monte
and other golf havens for months at a
time, and he's lost money. He should have
murdered me. For instance:

One night Bing called me up at home.
"Congratulate me, son," he said. "I
equalled the course record this afternoon."

"Then you ought to be pretty good," I
came back. "I'll take you on in the morn-
ing."

"You're on," said Bing. "But I'm warn-
ing you, I'm sharp as a tack."

Next day, Bing had his worst round in
months. I had my best. He shot an 84
and I shot a 74.

Another time, playing with Bing, I
came up to the green with a fifty-foot putt
to the cup. "Just the kind I like," I joked,
cockily.

"A thousand bucks to one you can't sink
it," Bing shot back.

"I like the price," I told him. "That's
my kind of money."

"It's a bet," said Bing. "Like taking candy
from a baby."

The minute I stroked the ball, I shut my
eyes. When I opened them, the thing was
still rolling, on and on until it plopped
into the hole like a homesick gopher.
Bing peeled the thousand off his roll. "I
should have known better," he sighed,
but he said it with a good-natured grin.

I don't mean that Bing Crosby is any
long-suffering martyr. He can dish it out
as well as take it. Not long ago, he got me
where he wanted me and rubbed it in. It

was on a Command Performance radio
show for the overseas gang. I'm allergic
to radio mikes. They do something to me.
I shake, can't help it. But Bing had written
this show himself. I've never thought
much of Bing as a writer and after this
show that still goes. But he put on the
pressure for me to play the lead. I was
to make love to Bette Davis. Bing was
my son. Jack Benny directed the thing.
You can imagine.

I did everything in the world to duck it.
"Bette Davis isn't my type," I said.

"Who is?" came back Bing.

"I don't know anything about acting."

"Never mind, I do. I won an Oscar,
didn't you know?"

It went on like that. But I didn't have
a chance, Bing was bound to get me where
I'd had him. He practically wrestled me
over to the studio, then he poured it on in
front of all those people. "Here is Mr.
McCarey, who spends all his life telling
people how to act," said Bing, "and look
what a ham he is! Look at him standing
there, shaking." He rattled on like that
while the stopwatch-and-headphone moni-
tors went wild. "Tell me," cooed Bing, "is
there anything I can do to help you quit
trembling, my awkward friend?"

"Yeah," I blurted, "You can give me my
basket of cheese and send me home!"

Well, the audience loved it anyway, even
if I didn't. And you can't really be mad at
anyone who packs around as big a heart
as Bing Crosby—not for long.

I know something about the size of that
particular Crosby ticker. He's not selfish
with it, no matter how busy he is. The
other day I had a call from Washington,
D.C. It seems that GIs in eight theaters of
war had voted "Going My Way" the pic-
ture that entertained them most. Bing and
I were due for a citation the next day in
the capital. I talked to General Kirk at
Walter Reed Hospital there and he thought
it would be a good idea if I showed up to
receive it in person.

I was in Hollywood and Bing was in
Chicago tied up on a business deal. I got
him on the phone and told him the news.
"Think we can make it to Washington to-
morrow?" I asked him.

"I sure do," said Bing. "As far as I'm
concerned, I'll take a plane tonight." I
met him at the Shoreham Hotel the next
day. He'd have flown to Timbuctoo at the
drop of a hat for a cause like that.

There was a schoolmate of his at Gonzaga
College who entered the priesthood and
went to China. He opened a mission to
help the Chinese, but he was short of the
money he needed. He sailed back to the
States to raise it and came to see Bing.
"I'll see what I can do," promised Bing.
Before he got around to the matter, he got
word that this young priest had been killed
in an automobile accident. Today, all the
money that comes in from Bing Crosby's
two most popular recordings, "Silent
Night" and "Adeste Fidelis," goes to that
young priest's mission as a memorial to
him.

after you're gone . . .

I know a lot of things like that about the
life of Harry Lillis Crosby which add up
to make him one of my favorite people.
Some day, I've promised myself, I'm going
to write it into a story and make a movie
of the life of Bing Crosby, the gravel-
throated nightingale, and maybe then I
can tear up for keeps that I.O.U. due BINGO
for all these years of friendship. I think it
ought to be a hit—maybe it will even take
another Oscar—although Bing says he
won't be here to accept it.

Bing says it's strictly no deal until after
he's dead—the big, bashful dope! So, if
I get too ambitious I may have to shoot
him one of these days—and do the picture
while I'm hot!



Martha O'Driscoll
Universal Star now playing in
"House of Dracula," at
your favorite theatre.



Imagine... a
COLD WAVE PERMANENT
in 2 to 3 hours at home
Yet Costs So Little

Know the joy of *natural looking* curls and waves by tonight. With the New Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave kit it's done in 2 to 3 hours at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving *Cold Waves* costing up to \$15.00 or more. A famous beauty editor says: "Some of the loveliest Cold Wave permanents are not done in beauty shops, because more and more glamour-gifted girls are doing their own permanents at home."

It's Easy as Combing Your Hair

- Perfect comfort—no machines, no heat
- "Takes" on fine or coarse hair
- Ideal, too, for children's hair
- Your COLD WAVE Permanent will last months and months
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

Ideal for Children

Children's soft, fine hair takes a marvelous wave. Give your daughter A SUPREME Cold Wave—She'll be thrilled!



The new Charm Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Drug Stores, Cosmetic Counters and 5c and 10c Stores.



Each kit contains everything needed to give yourself a gorgeous COLD WAVE.

THE NEW *Charm-Kurl* **SUPREME**
COLD WAVE

with Kurlium *
NOW ONLY 98¢ Plus 14c Tax

PRICE IN CANADA \$1.35 TAX INCLUDED AT DRUG, COSMETIC AND VARIETY COUNTERS.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: FRASER HAIR FASHIONS, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



This Magazine Cover got its start in 1927

That's MADELON MASON smiling at you from that magazine cover—she's one of this year's most famous cover girls.

You might say this cover got its start in 1927, for Madelon has had *that Ivory Look* for all her 19 years. Her radiant complexion has already put her on the cover of more than fifteen famous magazines.

HOW DOES A COVER GIRL GET THAT WAY?

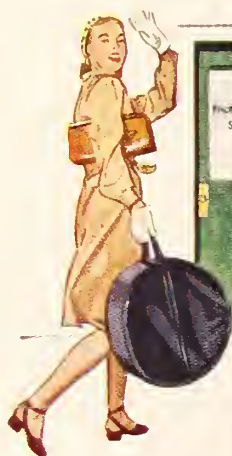
Well, with Madelon's first bath as a baby, she started regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Here's one of her early baby pictures. Today she says: "I still use Ivory Soap—'cause I know many doctors advise it for skin care—it's mild enough even for babies!"



"PLEASE SEND PIN-UP PICTURE," FANS WRITE

Madelon does, by hundreds! Boys started asking for Madelon's picture when her first cover appeared—and they've never stopped.

"Fans who write in say I'm their idea of a real All-American Girl," she says. "So I've lots of reasons for sticking to Ivory care!"



BEING A FAMOUS MODEL ISN'T EASY

Madelon's on the go all day—every cover means hours of difficult posing. "But," Madelon says, "I never neglect my complexion. You can't afford to be careless about that if you want *that Ivory Look!*"

If you want a softer, smoother, lovelier skin, change to Madelon's beauty secret—regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap!

Make your Ivory last—it contains critical materials!



More Doctors advise Ivory than any other soap...

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure
it floats!