

Modern Screen

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GENE KELLY



Passion Flames

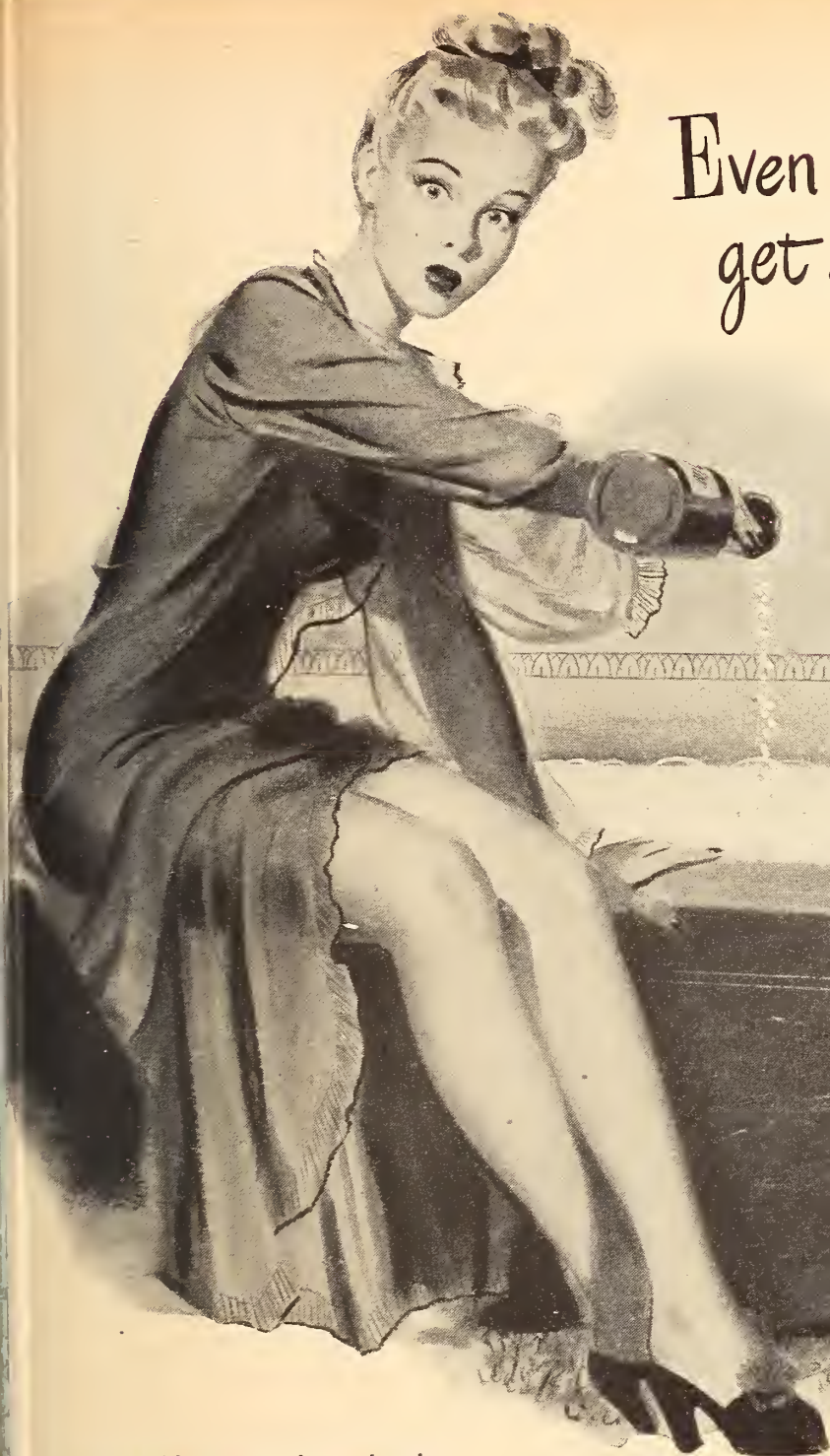
Who can tell what strikes that spark? The look in your eyes...the touch of your hand... the sheer thrill of YOU in a clinging, exotic fragrance. So to kindle the flame in his heart, be excitingly sweet all over. Shower yourself from head to toe with Lilacs and Roses Talc. The perfume of passionate red roses blends with the languorous fragrance of lilacs to sweep you two into Paradise. Or tease and tempt him with Spicy Apple Blossom Talc. Its maddening fragrance promises love spiced with adventure! Get one of these exquisite Lander's Talcs at your 10c store today.



LANDER'S TALCS

10¢
EACH

Even Venus couldn't
get away with that!



How can a goddess stay on her pedestal
unless she stays nice to be near?

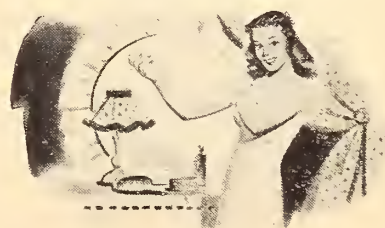
SURE YOUR BEAUTY will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word for *lasting* charm. Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of *future* underarm odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth Mum on each underarm. Half a minute and you're protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And it won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum smooths on easily even *after* you're dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.



Mum



— takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

MAY -1 1946

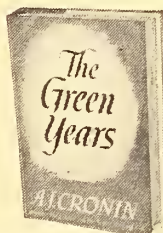
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the thrill of seeing our words brought magically to the screen.



As M-G-M has just done, for instance, with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

If we had written "The Green Years",

we'd be especially proud of having created the whole galaxy of fascinating characters who would shine before us in the hushed and darkened theatre, the living images of what we'd envisioned.

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town... and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.



There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—Lea



modern screen

JUNE, 1946

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At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece...

A. J. Cronin's

THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to *there*...



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SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

MOVIE REVIEWS

Easy To Wed

■ There's some nice Technicolor scenery in "Easy To Wed," the nicest being Esther Williams in a bathing suit. Then there's a guy named Van Johnson whom you may have seen around from time to time. There is also the hilarious duo of Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, and if you want anything more you should be in a psychopathic ward. The beautiful Esther plays an heiress, Connie Allenbury, who is suing a newspaper for two million dollars. They have, she says gently, ruined her good name by claiming she was a husband stealer, and it will take that much dough to compensate.

Haggerty (Keenan Wynn), the managing editor of the paper, is desperate. So desperate that he re-hires an employee he fired the year before, because he thinks said employee is irresistible to women and can maybe get somewhere with Connie. Bill (Van Johnson) is quite willing to attempt it, for the trifling sum of fifty thousand bucks. Here's the scheme:—Bill is to marry some girl whom they can trust, then he'll go down to Mexico where Connie and her father are vacationing. He is to work on Connie, get her to come to his room alone, and the minute she enters, a photographer will snap her picture. Bill will produce evidence that he's married, and there is Connie—a husband stealer! That will wash up the lawsuit.

There are difficulties. The first one—where to find a girl they can trust—is solved by Haggerty, who nobly offers up his redheaded fiancée on the altar of business. The fiancée, Gladys (Lucille Ball), is not pleased with the nobility, but grudgingly agrees to go along on the deal. The second difficulty is that Connie turns out to be a very hep dame, who has been exposed to every wolfish approach imaginable, and thinks Bill is a fortune hunter. But he's a bright lad, and not easily discouraged. He finds that her father's passion is duck shooting, and in five days, Bill becomes a duck expert. So he gets asked to go hunting with them, and has a chance to get better acquainted with Connie. She is, he finds to his surprise, a swell girl. The kind you could fall in love with so easy.—*M-G-M*



Glodys (Lucille Ball) and Bill (Van Johnson) get morried—to help a pal out of a tight spot!

THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

The screen's
boldest probing of
human emotion!



MEET THAT GUILD GAL...
She Gives As Good As She Gets!

JOHN HODIAK • NANCY GUILD

in

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

with

**LLOYD NOLAN
RICHARD CONTE**

and

**Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner • Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard • Lou Nova**

Directed by

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by **Anderson Lawler**

Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph
L. Mankiewicz • Adapted by Lee Strasberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Can *You* guess her Age?



DRESS BY CHAPMAN

IT'S HARD TO TELL the age of anyone whose skin is so beautiful. For isn't it true that it's the appearance of your skin that "dates" you?

No matter how lovely your skin is today, take the advice of many beauty experts and make every effort to see that your skin retains the natural moisture which gives it that peach-bloom glow of youth.

Protect the natural moisture of your skin by guarding against the things which dry

out the skin: Neglect of proper skin care and too much exposure to winter's blustery winds and summer's hot, drying sun.

Choose Your Creams Carefully. Not necessarily the most expensive but creams that will do something for your skin. Try the two creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream. Contains "cholesterol" . . . a special ingredient that protects against loss of natural skin moisture. Also soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

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Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.



Skin cream —A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol". Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.



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Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

P. S.

Esther Williams had a birthday party with her family one night after work. Brother David gave her a pair of water-wings, her Dad gave her a miniature bathing suit and a request for a pinup picture, and Mom came forth with a china pig bank—a gentle hint to Esther to save her money . . . On location for the picture, Van noticed a group of curious kids mounted on horseback. "That's a nice horse you have there," he said to one little girl. She sneered back, "Ain't no horse—it's a mule." Then she looked closer at him. "You a stand-in?" she wanted to know. "Yes, for Van Johnson," said Van. "Humph," said the kid. "You don't look like him." . . . Keenan Wynn, back at work for the first time since his accident, was without a dressing room the first day. The cast and crew had installed a large doghouse in its place. A sign over the door read, "For those who hold up production."

THE GREEN YEARS

Veteran Charles Coburn heads the cast of "The Green Years" as old grandpa Gow, whose only virtues are his loving heart and the way he can explain his red nose by constant references to the poison darts aimed at him in the Zulu War! His son-in-law, "Poppa" Leckie (Hume Cronyn), continues to tolerate his wife's father: After all, how long can the old drunk live, and we mustn't forget that fat insurance policy, must we?

When young Robbie (Dean Stockwell), orphaned son of a deceased, disgraced Leckie daughter, comes to Scotland to live with them, poppa is beside himself. Here's another mouth to feed, he moans, and the boy comes without a cent to his name. Convinced that he must have the boy educated, however, he sends Robbie to the local Academy, where the sensitive youngster finds that his outlandish made-over clothes and frowned-upon religion make him the butt of all the class bullies. Painfully, but always with the warm guidance of the schoolmaster (Richard Hayden) to spur him on, Robbie succeeds in his studies to the extent that he finally becomes eligible to stand for the Marshall Exam, which, if he wins, will entitle him to five years' free tuition at medical school. But waste not, want not, Superintendent of Sanitation Leckie is still preaching, he's cared for the boy all this time, now it's his turn to go to the mines and contribute to the family.

There's not much heart-rest for Robbie Leckie (played, as an adult, by Tom Drake) in "The Green Years." Not when he's so hopelessly in love with wealthy Alyson Keith (Beverly Tyler). Not with his dream of medicine shattered, and his God, whom he's cherished this long time, seemingly deserting him. The only thing which keeps him going is the feeling, deep down, that even if God does seem temporarily out of happy solutions, Grandpa Gow isn't. Richard Hayden turns in a "Mr. Chips" portrayal that will keep you glowing for a long, long time.—M-G-M

P. S.

This picture brings forth a new star, Beverly Tyler, the 18-year-old girl who came to Hollywood from a choir loft in Scranton, Pa. On her days off, Beverly had her portrait painted. She posed on the stage of the auditorium of the Pasadena Regional Hospital, and gave the patients quite a few hours of easy staring . . .

It's the
Comedy Hit
of the Year!



Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes
the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever
rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland
Ray Milland
Sonny Tufts

with

James Gleason • Constance Dowling • Percy Kilbride • Jean Heather

Produced by Fred Kohlmar • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell



That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year
follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend"
performance with a new screen high in
romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!

THE WESTMORES OF HOLLYWOOD BRING YOU

Seven Hollywood Reds

A group of seven exciting, lipstick colors created in Hollywood for the Hollywood stars . . . and you. Ask for one of the Westmore Lipstick colors by name: — Red Signal, Garnet, Jarol, Pepper Red, Glorious Red, Deb and Strawberry Blond.

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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 . . . in a new, attractive METAL lipstick case.



Anne Baxter

Starring in

"SMOKY"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



Perc Westmore, famous Hollywood make-up authority who, with his brother Wally Westmore, created the well known House of Westmore Cosmetics.

. . . and for a star-lovely complexion, use the new liquid cream foundation,

WESTMORE'S

GOOD FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . GOOD FOR YOUR SKIN

Overglo



in 7 flattering shades

Jessica Tandy was pregnant during the filming of the picture, three weeks before the baby was born she received a wire from Lillian Hellman, who wanted her to do a lead role in "The Children's Hour" on Broadway. Jessica wired back, "Sorry, but in few weeks will have children's hour of my own" . . . Tom Drake spent his lunch hours, on the q.t., studying singing with coach Harriet Lee, and has finally received the welcome news that he will sing in his next film.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA

Remember how you melted over the Bergman-Bogart romancing in "Casablanca?" Well, run see this Marx Brothers version of intrigue in North Africa—the melting process will be repeated, but this time with laughter.

Three managers of the swank Hotel Casablanca have been mysteriously murdered in the past six months, so the local police chief starts thundering, "Round up all suspects!" Out scurries his staff, and when one of them corners blond, beaming Harpo, he is no end pleased. "Come with me," he orders. Harpo won't. "What-cha think ya doin'?" snarls the copper, "holdin' up the buildin'?" Harpo nods brightly. So the policeman grabs Harpo's arm, yanks him into a waiting police car—and the whole building collapses!

Well, to get back to the story. A manager is imported from out of town to take over the hotel, Ronald Kornblow (Groucho), who immediately succumbs to the rather obvious charms of the hotel's entertainer, Bea (Lisette Verrea). Rusty (Chico), owner of the Yellow Camel Cab Company and chisler de luxe, however, is vaguely suspicious of the undulating Bea, and eavesdropping on her furtive tete-a-tetes with Count Pfefferman (Sig Rumann), he discovers that there is a large cache of Nazi treasure hidden in the hotel which Bea and the Count plan to escape with as soon as the troublesome Kornblow is made kaput. "Stay away from that woman, boss," pleads Rusty. "I can't," retorts Ronald, "I'm losing my head over her!" "Well, slap a hat on your neck and come out anyway!"

Yes, those are the gags that prevail, and for not quite two hours there, you really don't give a darn for Bergman-Bogart, you're so hysterical. Except that the Marx Brothers aren't as pretty.—U. A.

P. S.

Last spring, the Marx Brothers hired two noted writers to whip up the script of "A Night in Casablanca," then they hired a rehearsal hall and devoted long hours to acting out scenes, adding, discarding and revising . . . Trouble loomed when Warner Brothers sued Loew over the title rights to "Casablanca." It was solved when Loew contended that no one has exclusive rights to a geographical name, and he won. But not before the Marx Brothers got in their own two cents. "The Marxes have been calling themselves brothers long before the Warners. And if the Warners refuse to let us use Casablanca we propose to sue and restrain them from calling themselves brothers." Not content with that, Groucho reminded anybody who would listen that the Marx epics, "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races," were made long before Warners planned their film, "Night and Day."

HEARTBEAT

If you've been in Reform School like Arlette (Ginger Rogers), you can't get a job. So maybe you answer an ad, and find yourself in a school for pickpockets.

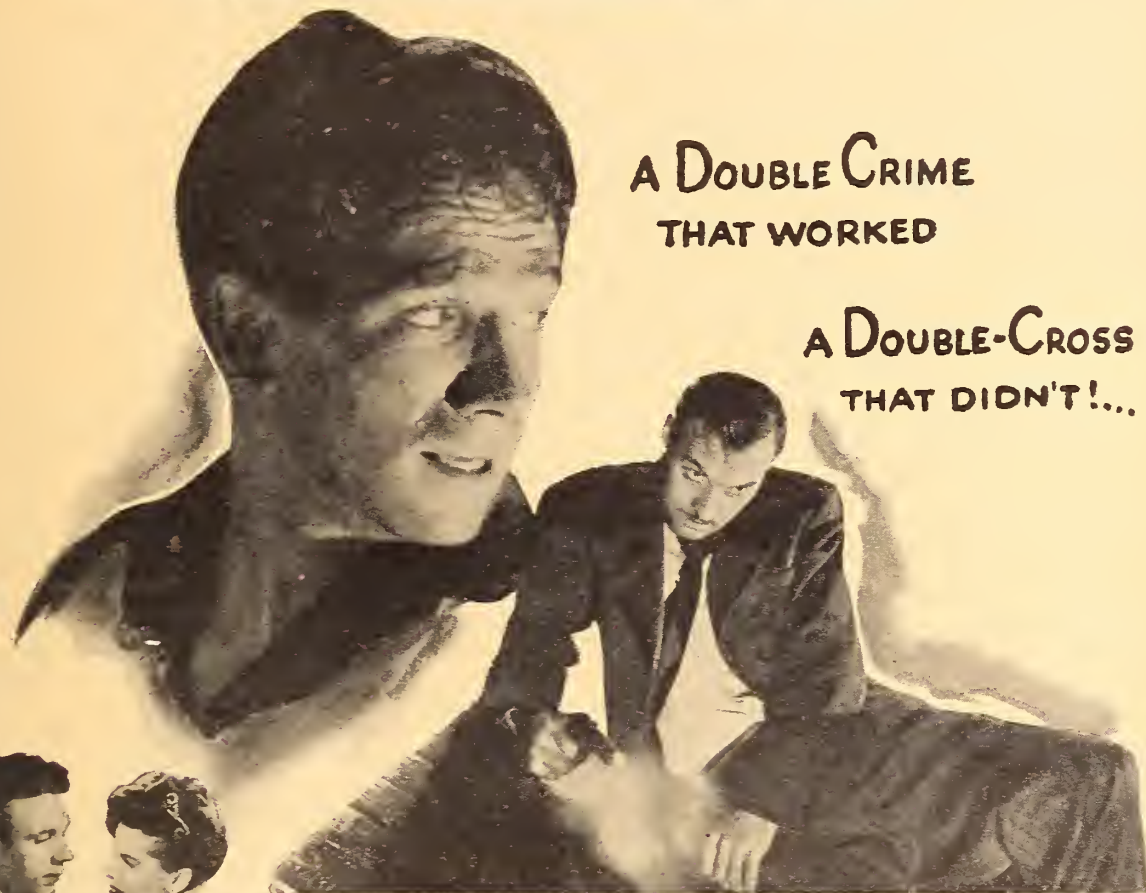
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**A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED**

**A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!...**



**IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR EXCITEMENT AND
ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF
BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!**

THE RUGGEDEST PAIR
IN PICTURES
PAIR-OFF!

**DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT
JANIS PAIGE**

THAT NEW GAL—BRINGING
A LUSCIOUS NEW 'SOMETHING' TO PICTURES!

"HER KIND OF MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK de CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HOWARD SMITH • HARRY LEWIS • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB
Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas • Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNER REMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to—or you'll be mighty sorry...



Let the Glamour of
"Make-up"
 add a Garland of
 brightness to
Your hair

Use Your Head . . . and make the most of your hair! It can be one of your loveliest features, as flattering to your complexion as the lipstick and dress shades you choose with such care . . . so color-bright that you're always at your best. And it's all so easy.

3 Minutes, at Home . . . does the trick! That's all the time it takes to use Marchand's wonderful *Make-Up Hair Rinse*. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — it's absolutely harmless, as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair!

Here's All You Do . . . After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. In seconds, all trace of soap film is gone! Your hair shines with new color, sparkles with dancing highlights, and is easier to manage, too.

For Every Shade of Hair . . . Yes, with Marchand's 12 smart Rinse shades, you can achieve a variety of interesting color effects. For example, you may highlight your natural hair color, or even tone down overbright hair. Sound interesting? Try it — after your next shampoo!



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

The Professor (Basil Rathbone) is a very good teacher, but Arlette isn't a very good pupil. She gets her eye on a diamond stickpin and snatches it, but her victim makes her give it back. He also dreams up a little job of thieving for her to do for him, or else he'll call the police. He is an Ambassador (Adolph Menjou), and he suspects his wife of playing around with a handsome diplomat, Pierre des Roches (Jean Pierre Aumont). He takes Arlette, dressed in a just-bought, expensive gown, to the Embassy Ball. There she is to steal Pierre's watch and the Ambassador will see if his wife's picture is in it.

The picture is there all right, but Arlette, fascinated by Pierre's charm, takes it out before she gives the watch to the Ambassador. He is delighted that he has misjudged his wife, and tells Arlette to run along now, he's through with her. She can't tear herself away from Pierre, and eventually tells him all about herself, including that pickpocket school she has been going to. He is considerably disillusioned, but is sorry enough for her to find a solution. He will marry her to his worthless friend, Roland, who will do anything for money. That will give her identification papers, so she will be able to apply for jobs without mentioning the Reform School. This seems like a fine plan, only somehow by the time the wedding is scheduled, neither Pierre nor Arlette really wants her to marry Roland.

"Heartbeat" is not as heavily emotional as its title sounds. It's a light, gay romance that will pass your evening pleasantly.—RKO

P. S.

"Heartbeat" is Jean Pierre Aumont's first film since his distinguished discharge from the Free French Forces, which he left with two wounds and the Croix de Guerre . . . For the scene in which Basil Rathbone hauls off and slaps Ginger, the actress insisted upon doing her own screaming. Usually, a studio hires a professional "screamer" to emit the howls for \$25 a day, but that wasn't for Ginger. She said she had her own brand of screeching, and she'd do it herself . . . Upholding his reputation as owner of the largest male wardrobe in Hollywood, Adolph Menjou contributed his own watch, worth \$7000, as an important prop for the picture. The studio had the ticker insured and paid Menjou \$5 daily rental, just to make everything legal.

THEIR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP

George Bernard Shaw sure hit it on the head when he cracked, "Youth is so precious, it's a shame to waste it on the young." Especially when the youth part takes place in the roaring twenties and the young are Emily Kimbrough (Diana Lynn) and Cornelia Skinner (Gail Russell).

This time the two zanies are frantically trying to locate a fake "uncle" whom they can pass off as their chaperone to the head of their school, thus wangling permission to attend the Harvard-Princeton game with their fiancés. Desperate, Emily, who isn't the shy type anyhow, sidles up to a likely looking gent at Pennsylvania Station and puts the question to him, point blank, and is bowled over when, just as simply, the man accepts! And not only does this Tony Minetti (Brian Donlevy) agree to join them, but he insists on throwing in an extra "uncle," Mr. Peanuts Schultz (William Demarest), to further the good work. There's no telling how intimate the group could have become if, on arriving at Princeton, Emily hadn't accidentally unpacked Uncle Minetti's bags—and discovered a fortune in smuggled hooch! Petrified, she ships Cornelia down-

stairs to entertain their waiting beaux, Avery Moore (James Brown) and Dr. Tom Newhall (Bill Edwards), and pours the giggle water down the drain.

There are many laughs and much fun in this one—but nothing to ever make your heart want to grow up!—Para.

P. S.

William Russell, who makes his debut as a director with this film, has been for years a talent coach at Paramount and has been responsible for the careers of many of the young kids on the lot, including his foursome in this picture, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell, Bill Edwards and Jim Brown. Many of Russell's "kids" insisted on doing bit parts and walk-ons in the new director's first picture, as a gesture of friendship. Mona Freeman suggested that she do a small part which kept her on the screen only a minute-and-a-half . . . On the first day they worked, Gail and Diana presented director Russell with a baseball bat hung with ribbons and advised him to swat them if they turned temperamental. They later gave him a "director's chair" on the back of which were painted two hearts, their autographs, and the title, "The Genius."

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

Amnesia has been kicked around considerably as a theme for pictures. However, with John Hodiak as a bewildered ex-Marine who doesn't know who he is, it gets a fancy doing over. Nancy Guild plays the debonair heroine who helps him find his past. You see, when a guy comes to in a South Pacific hospital and can't remember anything at all, it's a bit upsetting. The doctors and nurses call him George Taylor, but who is George Taylor?

George, if that's his name, is discharged from the Marines, and goes to a rundown Los Angeles hotel which was the address given in his identification papers. No one there remembers a George Taylor. He has a baggage check in his foot locker, and when he turns it in he is given a dusty old brief case. "Almost four years since that was checked," the clerk tells him. Inside it, George finds a .38 revolver and a letter signed by Larry Cravat. It says, "I deposited \$5000 for you in the Second National Bank. Your pal, Larry."

When George goes to the bank to collect the money, he is met with stares, whispers and delay. He leaves without the money when he hears them calling the police. But at least he now has one clue to his past—Larry Cravat, if he can find him. In his search for this unknown Larry, he meets charming Christy (Nancy Guild), a night club singer who thinks he's a wolf. He is beaten up by a bartender, and questioned expertly by a racketeer. Everyone wants to know why he's interested in Larry Cravat. Christy is eventually convinced of his sincerity. She gets Phillips (Richard Conte), owner of the club where she works, to enlist a detective in the search for Larry. The detective has heard about him before. He suddenly had two million bucks dropped in his lap from Nazi sources and then disappeared. The police would like to know where he went. So would George Taylor. So would you, because by the time you've seen this much of the picture, it's really got you.

Richard Conte, as usual, walks off with the acting honors.—20th-Fox

P. S.

John Hodiak finished work in "Time For Two" at Metro at 3 a.m. one morning, and reported at Fox for his new role in "Some-

"TICKETS PLEASE!" What happens is hilarious... when Claudette makes friends of two handsome strangers! She boards their train without reservations . . . and winds up in a Pullman predicament!



JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MAC EWEN
present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LEROY'S production of

Without Reservations

with DON DeFORE • ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT



"Who said Give in to Periodic Pain!"



Not you? Why certainly not! It must have been an echo from grandmother's day because you, modern miss, *know* that the functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

Yes, these famous tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve periodic pain, and do it *without opiates*. Millions of girls and women accept Midol because they have learned that it helps give them real comfort on "those days" in not one, but three ways: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

It's so easy to be comfortable and carefree every day of the month. And, it's easy to have Midol handy, because drug-stores everywhere carry it. Ask for Midol today!

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. C-66, Room 1418,
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CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

where in the Night" at ten o'clock that morning . . . This is the first screen role for Nancy Guild, the blonde gal who was discovered by Hollywood when her picture appeared in a national magazine, wearing a GI hat. When Darryl Zanuck saw her screen test, made without any makeup except lipstick, he said, "There are only two things to do to that girl—leave her exactly as she is and put her in a picture immediately." A week later she was assigned the leading role in "Somewhere in the Night," opposite Hodiak.

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS

Yoicks and tally-ho! This is one of the horsiest, most hilarious pictures to come out of Hollywood yet, with a stuffed horse leering from one side of our hero's desk and a definitely unstuffed one, Albert by name, falling madly in love with him!

Ever since he was a kid, Jeff Warren (Robert Cummings) has hated horses—he couldn't even bear merry-go-rounds or "Black Beauty," so why Albert should have conceived this violent passion for him is past all understanding. Especially since he, Jeff, is that celebrated authority on southern history who is about to be divorced by Sally (Barbara Stanwyck), who owns a stable and probably even takes a bath in her riding boots.

The whole business is so silly, anyway. Jeff doesn't object (well, not too strenuously) to having Lance Gale (Patric Knowles), who is obviously in love with Sally, hanging around all the time, so he can't understand Sally's objections to Mary Lou Medford's (Diana Lynn) attentions.

The reports about Jeff and Mary Lou are so incriminating that if it weren't for Uncle Tod's (the late Robert Benchley) maneuverings, ten-to-one Sally would have scratched herself out of the race and Mary Lou would've raced in the winnah. But Sally's a thoroughbred—and who ever heard of a thoroughbred settling for place or show?

We nominate Albert, the horse, for swoon boy of the century.—Para.

P. S.

The stuffed horse, "Black Prince," created confusion every time he appeared on the sound stage, when the 27 real horses hired for the film went into a wild uproar . . . Stable scenes were shot in the northern end of San Fernando Valley. On the particular day that the temperature hit 118 degrees, the hottest day of the year in that area, Bob Cummings had to do the exterior scene swathed in a well-padded Santa Claus costume . . . "The Bride Wore Boots" was the last film in which Robert Benchley worked before his untimely death . . . Albert, the horse who gives the picture its loudest laughs, is actually "Goldie," a trick horse said to have the highest equine I.Q. in the world.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE

There's an eerie kind of magic in "Specter of the Rose"—a magic that comes of ghosts who cannot rest, and hushed, yet still-tinkling music.

The world of the ballet is a small one, fiercely loyal and tightly shut against outsiders. That's why, when Andre Sanine (Ivan Kirov), acclaimed Nijinsky's successor, is suspected of having knifed his wife to death and retires to a hide-away with a "nervous breakdown," his friends do everything in their power to keep the police from questioning him. Among them is the crippled "Madame La Sylph" (Judith Anderson), who in the old days was a premiere ballerina and who now beats time with her gold handled cane for

CANCER

DOES NOT WAIT !

Surely you have at least nine persons in your family. Then accept this fact: One of those nine is doomed to die of cancer. And don't push that thought away, because that is not a threat—just a statement, a proven fact. ONE OUT OF EVERY NINE PERSONS ALIVE IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY WILL DIE OF CANCER. One of those nine is bound to be your mother, your father, your brother, sister, friend, a close relative—or yourself! For cancer respects no age, no race, no physique—CANCER DOES NOT WAIT. There is no uglier death. There is no more painful death. There is no illness more terrifying in the toll it takes in anguish for the patient, and grief for the waiting relatives—waiting, because after a certain stage in this disease there is no way out. There is no miracle, no cure, no begging off, no swap with God.

That's why the Memorial Cancer Center Fund has been established: To build a great hospital where doctors can be trained to understand, treat, but most important, *diagnose* cancer. CAUGHT IN TIME, CANCER IS CURABLE. Letting it go undiscovered for even one week may mean certain death. The hospital will provide for advanced patients who need the highly specialized nursing which alone can ease their torture. The hospital will have a special wing for the nearly 2000 children under five years of age who each year are stricken.

Let us repeat: These are not "scare statistics." If 164,000 people die each year of cancer, one of them will be someone dear to you. The Fund needs four million dollars to carry on its work. If you give as little as a dollar, a quarter, you may be giving a scientist the final push towards discovering a cure, you may be saving a loved one's life—or your own.

Frank Sinatra, who begs you to "pitch in to speed victory over one of man's worst enemies—cancer," James Melton, Fredric March, Ralph Bellomy, Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Hildegarde and many other stage people are behind this drive—won't you join in and fight the good fight with them?

I'd like to get behind Frank Sinatra and all the other persons interested in this great cause. Here is my contribution of \$..... which I am sending to:

The Memorial Cancer Center Fund
444 East 68th Street
New York 21, N. Y.

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

The motion picture
to hold you on
the keen knife
edge of...

Fierce, violent love with
murder as its motive!

SUSPENSE

"SUSPENSE!" An exciting, thrill-packed
motion picture that dares probe the dark
corners of a beautiful woman's heart.

Every dramatic moment an
experience in stark, gripping
"SUSPENSE!"

"**SUSPENSE**" A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION starring BELITA • BARRY SULLIVAN • BONITA GRANVILLE
ALBERT DEKKER with EUGENE PALLETTE • Miguelito Valdes • Bobby Ramos & His Band • Produced by MAURICE and
FRANKLIN KING • Directed by Frank Tuttle • Original Screenplay by Philip Yordan • Music by Daniele Amfitheatrof • A MONOGRAM PICTURE



"Naturally, RC tastes best!"

says **SUSAN HAYWARD**

See her in Walter Wanger's
"CANYON PASSAGE" in Technicolor



"THE TASTE-TEST CONVINCED ME. I tried leading colas in paper cups—found Royal Crown Cola tasted best!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a real quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.

RC is the quick way to say...

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Best by taste-test



the young hopefuls who attend her dance school. And there's Max Polikoff (Michael Chekhov), fabulous, extravagant Max who, when he gets around to it, produces ballets with the money he wheedles out of rich old matrons and has just been fired by Billy Rose for leering at the Diamond Horse-shoe showgirls. Max loves everybody, he loves La Sylph for the genius she once had, and shy, intense Haidi (Viola Essen), for the talent she shows. In fact, the only person whom he doesn't consider "adorable, vunder-full, exquisite," is Lionel Gans (Lionel Stander), a gravel-voiced cynic who marches about calf-eye'ing Haidi and reciting gruesome poetry. Inevitably, Andre and Haidi meet, fall hungrily in love, and marry. Their friends cluster about the newlyweds at the wedding feast, with the specter of Nina, the wife Andre may have killed in a burst of insanity, hovering over their heads.

There is terror and beauty and great faith in this picture. See it, if only to thrill to the wonderful dancing—and Michael Chekhov's and Judith Anderson's superb acting.—*Repub.*

P. S.

Some years ago, Ben Hecht, the cigar-chewing genius of the pen, saw the French ballet, "Spectre de la Rose." His imagination was caught up by the weird strangeness of the plot, and he made a subconscious note that some day he would write a story about it. Hecht has never been dazzled by the idea of making money from motion pictures. He claims that a good movie can be made quickly and cheaply. He talked about it to Herbert Yates, president of Republic Studios, who agreed to make it for Hecht simply because it was so refreshing NOT to be told, "This movie will make a million" . . . Everyone in the cast, mostly unknowns except for Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov and Lionel Stander, was so enthusiastic about both the picture and Hecht himself, that they all crowded into a projection room when work was finished to see the daily rushes.

CLUNY BROWN

On a Sunday afternoon in London, 1939, Mr. Hilary Ames (Reginald Gardner) is busily calling up plumbers. His kitchen sink is stopped up, and he has forty people arriving for cocktails. None of the plumbers seem interested in working on Sunday afternoon, but when the doorbell rings, Ames thinks one of them must have relented. He proceeds on this theory with the man who enters, until he finds to his disgust that it's a Czech professor named Belinski (Charles Boyer) who has come to the wrong apartment. Belinski is not annoyed at being taken for a plumber. To the contrary, he borrows a fast five pounds and decides to stay for the party.

The doorbell rings again and this time it's a girl. Rather an attractive girl. Her opening line is "Well, shall we have a go at it?" which disconcerts Mr. Ames, until he discovers she has come about the sink. Her name is Cluny Brown (Jennifer Jones) and she isn't a plumber, but her uncle, who is, was busy, so she decided to try it herself. She fixes the sink and celebrates by having a couple of quick drinks with Ames and Belinski. Her uncle shows up, suspects the gentlemen of untoward designs, but admits it's probably Cluny's fault, as she doesn't know her place. He yanks her home, and tells her she is to go into service as a maid at a country home.

Cluny goes, under protest. The first night at dinner, she drops the roast in surprise at seeing Belinski, who turns up as the guest of Andrew (Peter Lawford), the son of the household. Her domestic career continues to be hazardous, but she

Come to Bedlam!...See The
Marx Bros.

*in their
1946 HOWL-RAISER*

**"A NIGHT
IN
CASABLANCA"**

A DAVID L. LOEW
PRODUCTION

with

CHARLES DRAKE • LOIS COLLIER

LISETTE VERA • SIG RUMAN • DAN SEYMOUR • LEWIS RUSSELL

Released thru United Artists • DIRECTED BY ARCHIE MAYO

acquires a beau. He is the village chemist (Richard Haydn) and Belinski thinks he's dull. Belinski is considerably surprised to find himself getting quite intense about the whole affair, but where Cluny's concerned anything can happen.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Boyer was so well liked by the entire "Cluny" company that every member of the crew asked him for an autographed photograph. Their tribute was summed up by a grip who said, "This sort of thing is rarer than an Academy Award." It could be that their affection for Boyer was enhanced when, without rehearsal, he executed a fast rhumba with Helen Walker. "Good thing it wasn't a waltz," said Boyer. "That might have given me trouble" . . . In this, her first film comedy, Jennifer Jones comes through with the authentic hairdo of Cluny, bangs across her forehead, and the "pony tail" sticking out in back . . . Peter Lawford, playing Andrew Carmel, is pleased when he wins Helen Walker. "That's better any day than Lassie," he said. Peter plays almost a real life role in the film, that of the only son of a British Lord and Lady.

HER KIND OF MAN

At one point in "Her Kind Of Man," a detective remarks about its heroine, "When a girl like that picks the guy she wants, she's his till he's salted away." That sums up the story of Georgia King (Janis Paige).

But that's getting ahead of the story. Let's go back to a New Year's Eve in a night club of a small city. The club is owned by Joe Marino (George Tobias), and its star attraction is the glamorous singer, Georgia King. Georgia's mind isn't on her work tonight. Steve (Zachary

Scott) promised he'd be here, but he hasn't shown up. He is, as a matter of fact, in a crap game, and winning heavily. By the end of the game, he's made a lot of money but he has also made an enemy of a guy named Bender. Still, he's acquired a bodyguard, "Candy," so perhaps it evens up.

When Steve finally gets to the club, Georgia forgives him, as she always does. He asks her to marry him and go to New York. But just then Bender shows up. Steve shoots him, in self-defense, and has to hide out in Florida. Georgia goes to New York alone. She does all right there, too. Gets in a Broadway show, and soon has the famous columnist, Don Corwin (Dane Clark) head over heels in love with her. Not that she's interested—she's waiting for Steve to show up. But you can ride your luck too long, and Steve does just that, with disastrous consequences.—War.

P. S.

Dane Clark spent most of his time on the set watching the clock. During production he bought a home and three acres of land in Brentwood, and being master of the house, missed every minute he couldn't be supervising carpenters and plumbers . . . Zach Scott also had his mind on home one day. The preceding night he had gone home and found that an anonymous character had sprayed kerosene on all his fruit trees, flowers and the vegetable garden. The culprit has never been caught . . . Janis Paige devoted much of her spare time to the returning GIs during the shooting of the film. She sang for Army men and women just returned from a Japanese prison camp, the first entertainment they had had since their release from the Orient . . . Faye Emerson changed

back to her natural brunette hair and wore it in an up-do. Faye never looks so good at the daily rushes, so will see the screen effect of the new coiffure for the first time when she sees the completed film.

RENEGADES

When a good woman falls for a man, there isn't much anybody can do about it. Except write a picture and shoot it in Technicolor, with Evelyn Keyes the good woman and Larry Parks as the bad man. There is also a good man, played by Willard Parker. He is a doctor in the little Western town of Prairie Dog, but in the stagecoach days. His name is Sam Martin and he is in love with pretty Hannah Brockway (Evelyn Keyes). Hannah is going off on a trip to the county seat to buy her trousseau for their wedding. Sam had known whom she would meet that trip, he would never have let her go.

It's on the way back that it happens. The stagecoach is held up by the notorious Dembrow brothers, but they in turn are hijacked by a mysterious stranger who lets them escape. He returns the money to the stagecoach passengers, and tells them his name is Ben Taylor (Larry Parks). They all acclaim him as a hero. Ben tells Hannah he has moved to Prairie Dog, where he lives with his mother, who is a doctor. She recommends Sam as a doctor.

Sam is nice to Ben at first, but he soon suspects the newcomer of a connection with the Dembrows. Eventually he learns that Ben is indeed a brother of the outlaws, though he himself has stayed on the side of the law. It is worry over the other brothers which has made his mother ill. The Dembrows attack Hannah's father one night soon after, in a search for some insurance money. With a posse in hot pursuit, they ride to Ben's house. The show

ADVERTISEMENT



"Hey, Joe! Hide that Pepsi-Cola. She's supposed to act sad in this scene."

kills his mother, and Ben is arrested as one of the gang.

P. S.

Columbia had owned the story of "Renegades" for a long time, but held up starting production because they couldn't find a suitable leading man. Willard Parker, the six-and-a-half foot young giant who starred with Rosalind Russell in a movie before going into the service, was at last discharged from the combat engineers, and the picture started rolling... Evelyn Keyes' unique allergy to horses gave her little trouble, despite the fact that she had to ride a Palomino in several scenes. The studio doctor injected her with a serum that took care of the whole thing.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH

Just recently, the Surgeon General's Office of the Army put on a campaign to educate civilians against using the term "shell shock." It's "battle fatigue" now, or, if you must be fancy, "war neurosis," but never, never shell shock. But maybe, because we're talking about a dog, they won't mind if we say you-know-what. We'd feel pretty silly talking about a hound's nerves, and as to the other, Bill may have been in battle, but what unhinged his brave collie heart certainly wasn't fatigue. Hatred maybe, or even love, but not fatigue. Bill wasn't the kind that got tired.

From the very moment he first remembered being alive, Bill has craved security and affection, ever since that hazy, long-ago day when some hunters captured his mother and four brothers and left him alone, terrified and exhausted, whimpering in the protection of the tall grass. It was Kathy (Elizabeth Taylor) sunny, sensitive Kathy, who stumbled on him and carried him, his blood staining her blue jeans crimson, to old Harry MacBain (Frank Morgan) for help. And help he does, so well, that in no time at all Bill is out on the meadows, learning the tricks of his new trade from Harry's old sheep dog, with Kathy ever poking about after him, bursting with fun and curiosity.

It's a good life the two youngsters are leading when suddenly, one day, as Bill is herding a flock of sheep across the road, a huge army truck appears, swerves sharply, then goes out of control. When the driver leaps down to inspect the damage, he comes on a huddled form under the wheels—Bill.

Gently, the soldiers lift the unconscious dog into the truck and speed him to the nearest vet, the roar of their engine drowning out the sound of a little girl's voice wailing through the fields.

Maybe it was Kathy's love, even though they were miles apart, that kept Bill going, but he soon recovers, and when the Army Veterinarian Center can find no trace of ownership, it is decided to send Bill to the San Carlos Dog Training Center where he graduates as a messenger dog. Replacements have been high on Attu Atoll, and gratefully, the men of Group Four accept Bill. He is put to the test almost immediately for, their ammunition gone, Bill is their last hope to get word to the Command Post. Jap bullets whining overhead, Bill drags himself to the Post, only to have the C.O. order him back immediately, there is no one else to lead the way. Desperately, the dog retraces the terrifying steps and then, his duty done, his nerve snaps and he becomes a wild, bare-fanged killer.

But through all the madness, the sound of Kathy's voice and the touch of her hand stay with him and as ever, love finds a way.—M-G-M.

LOOK!
NEW VENETIAN BLINDS
AND WINDOW SHADES
ALL OVER MY HOUSE
FOR ONLY 51¢
A WINDOW!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

Windows	Cost for 13 Windows	Cost
2 living room		
Clopay Venetian Blinds @ \$1.98		\$3.96
2 living room		
Clopay Washable Shades @ .29		.58
2 dining room		
Clopay Washable Shades @ .29		.58
2 kitchen		
Clopay Lintone Shades @ .15		.30
4 bedroom		
Clopay Washable again @ .29		1.16
1 bathroom		
Clopay Lintone @ .15		.15
Total cost for 13 windows		\$6.73
Average		.51

I BOUGHT THIS DRESS WITH WHAT I SAVED BY BUYING CLOPAY!

DRESS UP YOUR WINDOWS WITH LOW COST CLOPAY SHADES AND VENETIAN BLINDS!

For an average of about 50 cents a window you can replace those old shades with bright, new Clopay Window Shades and Venetian Blinds. Clopay's sturdy fibre shades and 3-ply fibre Venetian Blinds will add new sparkle and life to your windows at a minimum cost and maximum savings.

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CLOPAY



Sweet and Hot

By LEONARD FEATHER

■ This will be known as Feather-Sticks-His-Neck-Out Month in the Sweet and Hot department. Strictly for my own amazement, I was compiling a list of bests and favorites in the musical field the other day, and by the time I was through it occurred to me that if I passed the list along to you, it might at least prove interesting—provocative, even. So now, while I'm taking cover from the brickbats, here is my own private collection of favorites. The opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Editors Al Delacorte, Henry Mahngreen or any living person, present company excepted:

GREATEST BANDS: Duke Ellington, Woody Herman.

GREATEST JAZZ SINGERS: Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday.

GREATEST POPULAR SINGERS: Bing Crosby, Mildred Bailey.

MOST BEAUTIFUL SINGER: Doris Day.

GREATEST PERSONALITY BANDLEADER: Lionel Hampton.

BEST DRESSED SINGER: Frances Wayne.

BEST DRESSED BANDLEADER: Duke Ellington.

BANDLEADERS BEST LIKED PERSONALLY: Louis Armstrong, Les Brown.

SINGERS BEST LIKED PERSONALLY: Frank Sinatra, Lena Horne.

MOST UNDERRATED BAND: Boyd Raeburn.

MOST UNDERRATED SINGER: Kay Starr.

MOST OVERRATED BAND: Guy

Lombardo.

MOST OVERRATED SINGER: Vaughn Monroe.

BEST NEW SINGING BETS: Johnny Desmond, Lynne Stevens.

BEST GIRL MUSICIANS: Mary Lou Williams, Mary Osborne, Marge Hyams.

MOST VERSATILE BANDLEADER: Benny Carter.

BEST LOOKING BANDLEADER: Ina Ray Hutton.

I could go on like this for several pages, thinking up new kinds of bests and mosts, but I've probably started enough trouble already, so the rest can be saved for some future issue. "Best liked personally" in the above list means

best liked as a person, among fellow musicians and showfolk, regardless of talent.

For the month's best popular selection I'd take Bill Finnegan's fine arrangement of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, played by Tex Beneke with the revived Glenn Miller Orchestra on Victor; and for hot jazz, Duke Ellington conducting the *Metronome All-Star* band for 1946 in *Metronome All Out*, also Victor, but a 12-inch.

Best Popular

FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia). There are umpteen other records of this, but Frank's is, of course, the most popular as well as one of the best musically. (Continued on page 24)



Jack Smith (at the lady's right) takes a busman's holiday at a CBS rehearsal with the Mademoiselles: Those 4 guys and a gal—Paula Stane.

catches **BOB**
BABS
With
her
boots
off!



Paramount
presents

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn



• with
PATRIC KNOWLES
PEGGY WOOD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIE BEST
Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley



CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE

New CHARTS THIS MONTH

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—by Jean Kinkead—This teen-agers' beauty bible has been revised and enlarged to include new sections on Body Beautiful, Grooming, Clothes, Jewelry, Accessories, etc. PLUS up-to-date advice on complexion, hairdo's, makeup, nails, exercise and diet. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ☐

HOW TO USE MAKEUP (10c)—Makeup CAN make you more lovely, if you know how to apply it properly. Here are step-by-step directions, with diagrams, that tell you how to blend your cosmetics to bring out your own natural beauty; minimize your defects. Send 10c and 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 ☐

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 102 for details. 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. ☐

✓ **YOU CAN BE CHARMING!**—says Jean Kinkead—It isn't always the gal with the smoothest chassis and prettiest face who's perfect date-bait. It's a warm, friendly spirit and that glow from within that really count. Here's how to de-vel-op your per-son-al-i-ty. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR ROMANCE

✓ **HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS**—by Jean Kinkead—Be dated, re-dated, but never super-annuated! 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 sailing through any social situation without awkward, embarrassing moments. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer ☐

✓ **GUIDE FOR BRIDES**—Complete wedding etiquette for the girl who'll be a bride this June—and every girl who ever hopes to be one. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) 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 THE FASHION-WISE

✓ **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. ☐

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FOR HOME SWEET HOME

HOW TO THROW A PARTY—How to make your shindig a sure-fire success, whether it's an orchids-and-tails gala, or Sunday supper for the gang. Sound advice on good hostessing, refreshments, decorations, entertainment, etc., and charted Party Index for all occasions. FREE, send LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope ☐

✓ **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**—House-beautifying tricks to transform a drab corner or a whole room into a heavenly setting for you and yours. And it's both fun and money-saving to do it yourself! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope, or see special THREE-IN-ONE offer. ☐

FOR CAREER

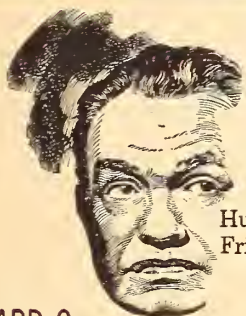
HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Select the job that's right for you—on the basis of your hobbies, natural abilities, personal desires. Private secretary, model, nurse, interior decorator, statistician—whatever your choice—here's how to decide whether you'd fit in. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped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

Special THREE-IN-ONE OFFER

Save postage by taking advantage of our special THREE-IN-ONE offer. Look up and down the list of free charts. You'll find an even dozen (12) checked (✓) like this. Select ANY THREE of these checked charts and enclose ONE large envelope bearing SIX CENTS in stamps. We'll send you all THREE in this one envelope, and you'll save three cents. Enclose additional envelopes (6c postage on each) for each additional choice of three checked charts. Four envelopes (6c stamps on each) for entire series of 12 charts.

*After what you've
done to me...
KILL
ME!*



Hunter—or prey?
Friend or Stranger?

EDWARD G.

ROBINSON



...Tainted by the
touch of the
Stranger!

LORETTA

YOUNG



...Stranger to fear...
master of deceit!

ORSON

WELLES

"The Stranger"

The most
DECEITFUL
man a woman
ever loved!



International Pictures presents

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LORETTA YOUNG
ORSON WELLES

in
"the Stranger"

with

PHILIP MERIVALE • RICHARD LONG • BILLY HOUSE

Produced by S. P. EAGLE

Story by VICTOR TRIVAS and DECLA DUNNING

Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER

AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

(THE HAIG CORPORATION) Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by

ORSON WELLES



SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

One sure formula for song success seems to be this: You take a standard or classical melody, write some lyrics with *moon* in the title and stick your own name on as composer. That's what happened when something of Tchaikowsky's became famous as *Moon Love*; that's how it went when a Rachmaninoff concerto became *Full Moon and Empty Arms*; and that's the way it'll be, too, with—

IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White)—this is not the old Duke Ellington theme song *Moon Mist*, but a "new" number which turns out to be "adapted from a melody by Godard." Oh well, it's an easy way to make a living. But I find the story of the next item much more interesting—

THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Kay Kyser (Columbia)—This might well be described as "adapted from a commercial by transcription." You see, this tune started life as one of those little jingles written for a singing commercial, transcribed and played for ages over New York stations. It was then called *The Prince George Hotel* and the lyrics simply sang the praises of that establishment. The tune was so pretty, though, that people began humming it anyway, and the young Englishman who has made a living writing clever commercials for these transcriptions, Ginger Croom-Johnson, decided to convert it into a Tin Pan Alley special; hence *There's No One But You* and a good Hal McIntyre platter.

BEST HOT JAZZ

A WOMAN'S GOT A RIGHT TO CHANGE HER MIND—Jimmy Jones (H.R.S.) In spite of that mouthful of a title, there isn't a word sung or spoken on this record, nor do you hear Jimmy Jones, who, fine pianist though he is, stays in the background while Duke Ellington's great baritone sax man, Harry Carney, takes the spotlight. It's a lovely tune wonderfully played, whether you agree with the title or not (I don't, but we won't go into that here!)

METRONOME ALL OUT—Metronome All-Star Band (Victor)—Duke Ellington led the band on this side in a tune which began life as part of the Ellington version of *Frankie and Johnny*, but wound up being something new on its own. The other side has Sy Oliver as conductor-composer for *Look Out*. I was at this session, and I never saw so many great musicians get together and produce such fine music with so little display of temperament. Tommy Dorsey, as usual, modestly refused to hog the trombone solo work, bowing to his colleagues in the trombone section that night (it was a midnight date). Said colleagues being Will Bradley, J. C. Higginbotham and Bill Harris, it was hard to make a choice for the solo spots. The sax section was even more amazing: Georgie Auld and Flip Phillips splitting the tenor work, Johnny Hodges and Herbie Fields on altos, Harry Carney's baritone, plus the clarinet of Tommy Dorsey's Buddy de Franco. With six top

trumpet men, a fine rhythm section, and Red Norvo's vibes for good measure, the bunch spent a short while under the Ellington baton and wound up sounding more like Duke's band than Duke's band itself. You'd never think, to listen to the wonderfully integrated results, that nobody knew until a few hours before the session who was going to be in the band and that some of the fellows had never even met before!

TONSILLECTOMY—Boyd Raeburn (Jewel)—All the Boyd Raeburn records on Jewel are, to coin a phrase, out of the earth. Boyd is a persistent little man. Instead of giving up hope when his futuristically styled band couldn't get any bookings, he just settled in Hollywood and gathered around him a bunch of musicians who believed in modern music as he does. They'd work separately in the movie and radio studios for money, then congregate and rehearse with Boyd for kicks, and make transcriptions, records and an occasional one-night stand with him. Harry James' new girl singer, Ginnie Powell, came along too, to sing the vocal on *Ruby Red Van Winkle*. The music was all written by a young character named George Handy who wears a beard and dark glasses but is a genuinely terrific composer. Another title in this series is *Yerxa*, described as the "elegy movement from the jitterbug suite." (Ted Yerxa is a popular L.A. radio disc jockey.) Either you won't be able to make head or tail of the Raeburn Handy musical products, or you'll be nuts about 'em.

Together Again

IRRESISTIBLE *P.W. LIPSTICK

and METAL SWIVEL CASE

*Pre-War IRRESISTIBLE is back!

The smoother lipstick, longer-lasting, more wonderful than ever thanks to wartime research. WHIP-TEXT through our secret process, of long scarce materials,

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK is creamy soft as you love it, yet firm, non-breaking...

and comes in a smart metal swivel case that works!

Irresistible RUBY RED *Lipstick*
a deep, rich red . . . WHIP-TEXT to be s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r . . . longer lasting!

in
handsome
metal
swivel
case

10c
&
25c
SIZES

DO YOU LOVE ME?—Ella Fitzgerald-Billy Kyle (Decca)—Back after a long, long siege in the Pacific, Billy Kyle is a civilian again. The popular ex-John Kirby pianist had only been home a few days when he formed this bright little trio, with guitarist Jimmy Shirley and former Ellington bass man Junior Raglin.

ONE MORE TOMORROW—Tex Beneke (Victor)—Sorry, but I won't refer to this as the Glenn Miller Orchestra. I have a funny feeling about using a dead man's name for top billing with a band, even when the idea is a sincere attempt to preserve his memory. Artie Malvin, who sings on *One More Tomorrow*, was part-composer, with Glenn, of another of the band's Victor releases, *I'm Headin' For California*.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca)—This album comes to a crossroad at one point and hits "The Road To Morocco" for one side, with Bob Hope joining the Bingle in the title song of that older opus. The other sides are all "Utopian products." I just heard that Barry Ulanov, whose book on Duke Ellington was such a hit, has signed to do a similar full-length book on Bing, despite the fact that his brother is planning a Crosby tome, too!

ANNE BAXTER—STARRING IN
"SMOKY"
 A 20TH CENTURY-FOX
 TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION



*A star lights
 your way to*
BEAUTY

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

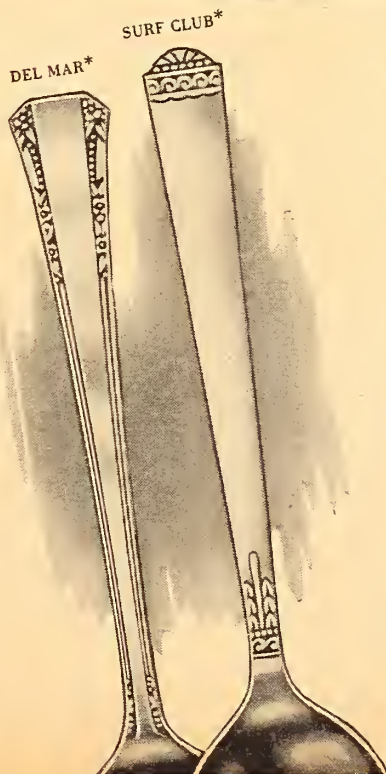
MILDRED BAILEY—Album, with Red Norvo and His Music (Crown)
FULL MOON AND EMPTY ARMS—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Gordon MacRae (Musicraft), Bob Eberle—Carmen Cavallero (Decca)
I'M IN LOVE WITH TWO SWEETHEARTS—Harry James (Columbia)
IN THE MOON MIST—Les Brown (Columbia), Will Osborne (Black and White)
COLE PORTER Show Hits Album—Allan Jones (Victor)
PRISONER OF LOVE—Perry Como (Victor), Billy Eckstine (National)
ST. LOUIS BLUES—Larry Adler—Johnny Kirby (Decca)
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THERE'S NO ONE BUT YOU—Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Kay Kyser (Columbia)
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO LOVE?—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

BEST HOT JAZZ

BARNEY BIGARD—Step Steps Up (Signature)
KING COLE TRIO—Sweet Georgia Brown (Capitol)
EDMOND HALL—Face (Continental)
BILL HARRIS—Characteristically B. H. (Keynote)
HELEN HUMES—Pleasing Man Blues (Aladdin)
JIMMY JONES—A Woman's Got a Right to Change Her Mind (H.R.S.)
BARNEY KESSEL—What Is This Thing Called Love? (Atomic)
METRONOME ALL-STAR BAND—Metronome All Out (Victor)
BOYD RAEBURN—Tonsillectomy (Jewel)
ART TATUM—Piano Solos (A.R.A.)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA—Who's Sorry Now?—Bing Crosby—Eddie Heywood (Decca)
CENTENNIAL SUMMER—All Through The Day—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Perry Como (Victor)
DO YOU LOVE ME?—I Didn't Mean a Word I Said—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Do You Love Me?—Ella Fitzgerald—Billy Kyle (Decca), Johnny Desmond (Victor)
GILDA—Put The Blame On Mame—Milt Herth—Jesters (Decca)
GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE—Give Me The Simple Life—Benny Goodman (Columbia)
ONE MORE TOMORROW—One More Tomorrow—Tex Beneke (Victor)
THE OUTLAW—Now and Forever—Freddy Martin (Victor)
ROAD TO UTOPIA—Bing Crosby Album (Decca), Personality—Pearl Bailey (Columbia), Johnny Mercer (Capitol)
TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Tomorrow Is Forever—Martha Stewart (Victor)



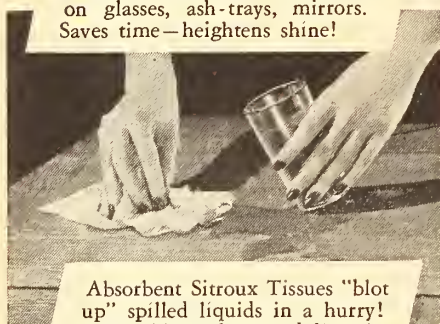
Be shining as a star at your own table . . share the silvery beauty Anne Baxter and other Hollywood stars lavish on *their* tables. Ask your dealer to show you place settings in the Silver Service of the Stars . . in **DEL MAR**—inspired by a Hollywood wedding . . . or in **SURF CLUB**—the pattern that echoes the silvery sheen of the white California strand. Be the *first* in your set to set a table like the Hollywood stars!

1881
ROGERS
 by **ONEIDA LTD.**
 SILVERSMITHS

SHORT CUTS IN House Cleaning!



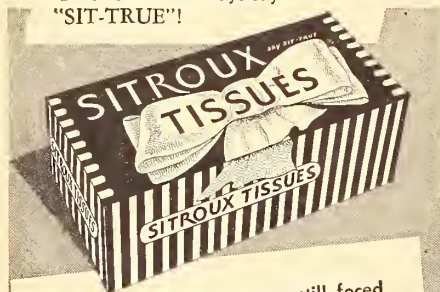
"Beauty treat" for glass-ware, as well as your own precious complexion! Use soft, SITROUX TISSUES for quick "shine-up" on glasses, ash-trays, mirrors. Saves time—heightens shine!



Absorbent Sitroux Tissues "blot up" spilled liquids in a hurry! Saves table surface—and dispositions! And speaking of "saving"—never waste Sitroux!*



Substitute soft, absorbent, SITROUX TISSUES for baby's bib—(use after, for "mopping up" high-chair tray!) Sitroux is grand for "sniffles" and sneezes, too—and cuts down on laundry bills as well. Always say—"SIT-TRUE"!



* 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



A girl's best friend is
her girl friend—so how do
you rate with Kate? And
Mom and the kids?
Don't hoard
that charm of yours!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I've never had a date in my life, and from the look of things I never will. Isn't fifteen pretty old to be dateless? What do you suppose is the matter with me? M. T. Amenio, N. Y.

One of the most attractive gals we know never had a date until she was eighteen, so you see you have really nothing to be frantic about. Aside from the obvious things, like making yourself as gorgeous as you possibly can and getting yourself some small talk, best way we know to start dates rolling is to invite a guy and another couple over for a casual evening of fun. Maybe Sunday night supper and a round of darts. Or Friday night for movies (your treat) and hamburgers at your house. Or Saturday night to dance to the Hit Parade. Somehow, once you've broken the ice, dates just sort of happen. Try it and see.

My father saw me kissing my date good-night, and since then he hasn't let me go out at all. How can I convince him that I'm not the hussy he thinks I am? H. G., Athens, Ohio. (Continued on page 103)

At least half of our columns ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta about getting along with the guys, and it occurred to us that we've been by-passing the rest of the world. How about getting along with the gals and the family and people in general? You can't be really attractive, really well-balanced if you're purely and simply a man-trap. What's more, always a siren, never a bride. So, with one eye on that happily-ever-after stuff and the other eye on a more satisfactory Now, let's talk about you and your public.

The Women: If you want to attract the smoothest gals, you have to look pretty sharp yourself. Not that beauty is a must. But good-looking outfits are, shining hair and a well-assembled makeup job are, a good big smile is. Girls like to be seen with a swish dish almost as much as boys do, and they leave the slow drip strictly to herself. And, in addition to looking good, you've also got to be hep. Get yourself a slew of interests—music, dogs, a sport or two, poetry, airplanes. The more interested you are in the world, you know, the more interesting a character you'll be. Furthermore, if you want to rate with Kate, don't be boy-crazy. Don't be a prig. Don't be a Mrs. Milquetoast with melted vanilla ideas about everything from tennis to Dennis. Don't be a wicked witch, with a barb for a tongue and an ice cube for a heart. Nip cruel gossip in the bud, instead of passing it on with embellishments; play Cupid when you can instead of homewrecker; repeat the nice things you hear about people instead of the digs. Don't form a closed corporation with just one other girl. Sure, have one very best friend, for secrets and giggling and deep, deep discussions, but have lots of other buddies, too. 'Cause if you and Janie are always together, you'll wind up wearing twin clothes, talking the same jive, loving (Continued on page 103)



JEAN
KINKEAD

Just One Cake of Camay and Skin's Softer, Smoother!



It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your *first* cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

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

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY

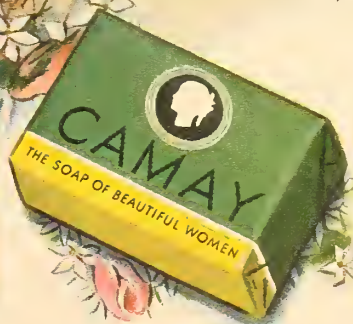


Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very *first* cake brought a new, clearer look."



Coming—a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." *Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation. Make your skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!*

MRS. DANIEL F. CALDEMEYER
the former Muriel Lunger of Evansville, Ind.
Bridal portrait painted by *M. Legend*



Please—be Camay-careful. Make each cake last, for precious materials go into soap.

*Very
personally
yours*



the cushioned softness of Kotex*—the sanitary
napkin made for lasting comfort

Comfort and confidence are always yours . . . with Kotex! For it's made to stay soft while wearing—made to hold its shape. Its extra comfort is only one of many special Kotex features that are all *very personally yours*.

To prevent revealing outlines, Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So, your secret's safe!

What's more, Kotex is made with an exclusive safety center—designed for plus-protection against accidents, against roping and twisting—against moist, chafing edges.

A deodorant in every Kotex napkin

As an extra safeguard for your daintiness, your poise, every Kotex napkin contains a deodorant. It's locked in so it can't shake out—a new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost! . . . And only Kotex provides 3 sizes for different women, different days—Regular in the blue box, Junior in the green box, and Super Kotex in the brown box.



More women choose Kotex
than all other sanitary napkins

TO OUR READERS...

■ A man past 60 can be very young and frisky when he's happy. Jean Kinkead found that out when she drove up to Newport, R. I. to see Charles Johnson.

It was the day after Van's visit. Pop still had kind of an emotional hangover. He knew Jean and greeted her like a long-lost love. That famous Johnson scapegrace grin, which looks as good on Pop as on Van, seemed to say, "Wait till I tell you!"

From then on, he was enthusiasm incorporated. Pop pouring coffee straight from the steaming pot; Pop breaking Jean's training with a whole lost weekend's worth of pie à la Johnson. Pop dashing off like an oversized bird-dog to lug in all the fan mail Jean's last story ("That's My Boy") had brought him.

At which point the phone rang. Van had heard Jean was coming and wanted to say hello. They talked about Pop's pie and when would Van make his next picture? Kind of silly, wasn't it—but what does a girl say to Van Johnson?

Somewhat giddy in the head, Jean anchored herself with another cup of coffee and proceeded to get Pop talking about Top Secret No. 1. What he said makes a charming story, which you can read right away if you'll take the trouble to turn the page.

But before you turn, see if you don't think this is kind of cute. As Jean was leaving, Pop dashed off on another of his mysterious errands and came back with an armload of tourist pamphlets all about beautiful Newport. "For you!" That was all he said. But the Johnson grin meant, "Newport's some town. After all, wasn't Van Johnson born here?"

At Kinkead





Van got a kick out of school chum Betty Cozzens asking for autograph. Felt thrilled when, recently, he got royal welcome of a N. Y. nitery that 5 years ago had barred him—for collecting signatures!



stranger in town

FOR VAN, VISITING HOME

WAS LIKE BEING A LITTLE BOY AGAIN,

WITH DAD AND THE OLD

FRIENDS AND THE

GOOD FEELING OF BEING LOVED

By Jean Kinkead



In the old days, the Johnson men had many friends only too willing to look out for their womanless household. Among them, Mrs. Betty Meikle Ottilge (ot Charles J.'s right) and Mrs. Peter Speckmon.

■ Van Johnson came home the other day. Maybe you read about it, maybe not. It didn't get very much publicity because Van didn't want it to. After four-and-a-half years, he was coming home to Newport to see his dad and the house he'd grown up in, the Opera House and Martellino's Drug Store; and if it was all the same with everyone, this once he'd skip the photographers and the press. If it was all the same with everyone, this once he'd just be a stranger in town. He slipped into the Union Station at Providence at 5:00 Saturday afternoon and slipped away

again on Sunday afternoon, and there were no big parties, no brass bands; just a quiet dinner, some good talk and a lot of beloved, familiar faces. And if you think he didn't have a wonderful time, you're crazy.

Van had come East for a vacation. Five days in Nassau, a little while in Miami, a weekend at the Waldorf. He had dreamed the whole thing a hundred times while he was finishing his last picture—pre-living the swell tennis in Nassau, the long, lazy Florida days, the bright lights on Broadway. But



Van insists on comfortable clothes, wears a favorite item till it's battered and tattered. Lives in moccasins, even travels in 'em. Also dates on that hound's-tooth tapcoat he's carrying here.



During his New York trip Van (here with Kate Smith and two young admirers) became a member of Kate Smith's fan club. Is an ardent fan himself, raves on for hours about Spence Tracy

strangely enough, the part of the dream that really stirred him, that squeezed his heart till it hurt, was the visit home. He wrote his dad, "Gee, it will sure be fine," and Mr. Johnson, reading the words, thought in his big kid's language, "You're not kidding."

He cleaned the house till it shone, fixed Van's room the way it always was, with the comfortable disarray of stuff on the bureau. High school pictures, a couple of letters he wanted him to read, some new movie magazines. Then he got in bags and bags of fruit, bananas and oranges and apples, and put them in the big blue bowls Van used to like. He gathered an armful of pussy willows from the yard and put them around. After that there wasn't much to do except wait for the telegram that would say "when." At last it came, "The airport at 4:30 Saturday." Then later on the word that the plane had been grounded,

and he'd be on the five o'clock train.

And after a while, Mr. Johnson was in his shiny Ford driving the thirty-odd miles to Providence, and then he was standing in the Union Station, back near the door where he'd said he'd be; a big, red-haired man without a hat, standing quietly with a waiting look in his eyes. Van misunderstood about the meeting place, as his dad had half-suspected he might, but eventually Mr. Johnson saw him at the other end of the station—big and tanned and grinning with his whole face. He caught sight of his dad, and he charged at him, wrapped him in a tremendous bear hug. Charlie Johnson gripped him hard around the arms, thinking in one confused, terribly happy second how strong he'd grown, how healthy he looked and how terrific that accident must have been to put a scar like that on his forehead. (Continued on page 107)

stranger in town



Van (dining with his No. 1 girl, Sanja Henie) never showed up at Esther Williams' wedding. Seems that his invitation got snowed under all that Johnson fan mail.

Margaret O'Brien and Van (at President's Birthday Ball), deny romance rumors, insist careers came first. Van's now in "Till the Clouds Roll By."



In New York, Van remained in one piece thanks to the iron rails at Grand Central Station. In Miami, he puffed with pride when Winston Churchill 'lunched with him.



JOYOUS JUNE, DECISIVE DOT AND EX-

CITABLE EVVIE—MEET THAT HILARIOUS HAVER TRIO WHOSE SECRET

PASSWORD IS "GET THE LINENS!" • BY HELEN COLTON

3 three little sisters



It takes Junie (of "Woke Up and Dream") hours to dress for a date, but around the house she wears the same Sloppy Joe togs as blonde Dot and dark Evvie. Junie adores charm brocelets.



The girls hoot at the idea of having a decorator glorify June's new Colonial-type home. They have such definite ideas that Mo (who answers to the name of "Junior"), is scared to buy a pot without first asking!



Bubbly June's inclined to swagger a bit in her walk, but Mom can stop her dead in her tracks by letting out a long, shrill wolf-whistle! Director Bruce Humberstone is the latest of June's many beaux.

■ On the set recently at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, June Haver has been one of the "Three Little Girls in Blue." But at home, a ten-minute scoot by car from the studio, Junie is one of three little sisters in rosy pink. That's the color of the lives the Three Little Havers—June, Dorothy, and Evelyn—have made for themselves by their team spirit.

Not that there's never been a cross word bandied around among them. Like any three young, attractive girls, they've had their bickerings and quarrels over clothes and dates. But underneath it, the Haver gals, like the Three Musketeers, are "One for all and all for one." And let the outsider who would try to split them beware, before he is sent scurrying!

When the three Haver gals were kids back in Rock Island, Illinois, June and Evvie's favorite game when Dot, the eldest, had a boy friend visiting, was "Let's sneak and peek." Dot, who'd been tricked before, would make sure her kid sisters were tucked in bed before it was time for her date to arrive. Mother would tactfully exit to the kitchen or be out for the evening. Junie and Evvie would stay awake, giggling with anticipation of their little game. When they

June's forever phoning Jimmy Dunn to see if St. Christopher, her collie dog with the wandering affections, is parking at his house. Seems Christie met Jimmy at a nearby golf course and promptly switched loyalties.



Composing is another of June's accomplishments. Having written a piano concerto and other works, she got Dave Rose's advice on them, which started all that romance talk. But no—it was a professional tie-up!



June feels extra close to her mom and grandma because they are so unusually young. Grandma, called "Mammo," was already a grandparent at 33. Mom (left) recently became an actors' agent.



A career girl despite all those rumored heartthrobs, June (here with Dick Haymes at a Screen Guild show rehearsal) had a radio program of her own at age 11 as star of an ice cream company's show.



heard the doorbell ring and knew that Dot's beau had come, they'd sneak out of bed, tiptoe to the living room door, lie down on the floor in their pajamas and peek at Dot and her friend. Their giggles would give them away and they'd be sent back to bed, with admonitions from Dot to "never do that again." After a while, they gave it up. It just got too dull when they realized that all Dot and her boy friends did was sit and talk!

Junie and Evvie were too young to provide any real competition for Dot's beaux, who called them "kid stuff." (Dot was born on July 16, 1921, and is five years older than June, born on June 10, 1926, who's fourteen months older than Evvie, born August 11, 1927.) But Dot recalls it was always Evvie who got the presents from her boy friends. One night a gang of her friends came over for the evening. Junie was in her room practicing her impersonations of Garbo, Hepburn,

Helen Hayes and Zasu Pitts for a political rally where she'd be the mistress of ceremonies.

"Where's your little fat sister?" one of the gang asked Dot. (Evvie herself admits she was a fatty until a couple of years ago.)

"Someplace around the house."

"I got a little toy for her here. I'll go find her."

The boy stormed back into the living room a minute later. "Some family you are!" he exploded, "leaving your baby sister in there all alone to do the dinner dishes for all of you."

"What?" Dorothy said, rushing into the kitchen. There Evvie stood, surrounded by dirty pots, plates, spoons, with cocoa and sugar spilled on the stove.

"Making fudge. Have some?" Evvie murmured, proffering a syrupy finger for Dot to lick. Dot *wanted* to be mad for the tall tale (Continued on page 68)

three little sisters



Since he went away...

QUITE A TRIO, THE GALS

HE LEFT BEHIND: MOM, SIS, AND MARIT. BUT

A QUIET TRIO, SINCE JEROME COURTLAND WENT AWAY . . .

By Hank Jeffries

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Talk about mountains going to Mahomets! Talk about coincidences! Talk about MODERN SCREEN being ever on the beam! Here we were moaning about Jerry Courtland's being so terribly far away for an interview, when an old writer pal of ours, Hank Jeffries, by name, scribbled us a "Having wonderful time, wish you were here" note—datelined Yokohama! Which, as good luck and MODERN SCREEN's special good fairy would have it, is where Cojo is stationed! So here it is, a wonderful scoop by a first string reporter on one of our most favorite young actors.)

■ It was Christmas Eve in Yokohama. The night was cool, with a bright crispness in the air—not like a night in Japan, really, but more like one back home. The barracks were strangely quiet, and there was none of the usual horseplay going on. Most of the men were writing letters. Suddenly a long, lanky boy who was lying on a cot in the corner, began to sing.

"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know."

His voice was clear and strong and unbelievably sweet. Gradually, the other men joined in, and through the still dark Japanese night, rose the strains of that typically American song.

The lean, dreamy-eyed boy who started it was Jerome Courtland and he was, at that moment, more homesick than he had ever been in his life. Yokohama was such a (Continued on page 120)

The first time Jerame (wha was phatographed in Jopan by the outhar) sow himself on the screen, he wos sa disgusted thai he shouted at himself, "Straighten up there! Shoulders back!"



The gals Caja left behind him: Blande Morit and Mom, who once sang on the rodia under the nome of Mary Caurtland. Cojo likes toll girls, else his 6'4" build mokes him feel giroffish.



Ever since his hiking and camping days back in Tennessee, Cojo has wanted to be a herpetologist. (Relax—that means a snake snarer!)



Jerame's mom (with youngest child Kurt, and Marit) once thought Cojo, who has a talent for cartooning, would be commercial artist.



B. sighed, "Now I haven't any excuse for coming in late from my new ranch!" when Hedda H. presented Barbara with her Gruen Award.

She's got no glamor, no gift of gab. Just that shiny,

little-girl look and a talent that's shooting her starward.

by hedda hopper



Barbara and fiancé Bill Williams (here at the Acad. Award dinner) are saving furiously. Each has a \$40 per week budget, salts the rest away in annuities. They play to get married early in June.



After months of playing "walk-ons," Barbara (of "A Likely Story") won the annual Look Magazine award as 1945's most promising actress. Bab Hape presented her with a plaque to make it official.

watch

barbara hale

■ Four months ago, I picked Bill Williams as my Star of the Month. When I phoned and invited him to lunch, there was a brief silence before he answered. Finally he got it out.

"Could I bring my girl, Miss Hopper?"

I grinned to myself. This kid was a character. The new rave of the town's press, he sounded more like a hometown school boy who doesn't even drink a coke without his girl.

"In the first place," I said, "call me Hedda. In the second place, who's your girl?"

"Barbara Hale," he said quickly. "She's in the movies, too. You ought to be watching her instead of me." This was completely unlike an actor. So was the next sentence. "I don't mean to be rude, Miss Hop—Hedda, but we always go everywhere together. Would it be all right with you?"

I told him to bring her along. What I didn't tell him was that the average actor who is invited to lunch shows up with his whole frat chapter in tow.

When Barbara arrived that day, I could see Bill's point. They belong together like the sea and the sky, except that with these two, there's no horizon, no divisible line to separate them. They sort of melt into each other, and seem like one person. They radiate a bloom of youth that makes this old girl wish she could see twenty again. Walking into the restaurant, hand in hand, they looked like something dreamed up by a 4-H club. There's that halo of health about them that makes me wish—oh well, on with the story.

I didn't learn much about Barbara that day. She kept talking about Bill, how good he was, how proud she was that I had chosen him for the watch award. But, on Bill's advice, plus (Continued on page 131)

flying irishman



On leave from boot camp last Christmas, Apprentice Seamon Gene Kelly visited Hollywood's Claver Club with wife Betsy. Now Betsy's in New York, understudying the leading role in a Broadway show, till Gene's o' civilian.



Reunion in Chicago: When Gene (now o' lieutenant, j.g.) appeared at March of Dimes compaign, m.c. turned out to be ex-Lt. Bob Brown, who'd worked with Gene in motion pic photography division!



By **GEORGE FRAZIER**

■ Last February, when Gene Kelly and Van Johnson were in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, Gene realized that Van, who neither sings nor dances to any extent, would be at a decided disadvantage when it came to performing for the guests at the ball. Inasmuch as they are both extremely popular young actors and therefore natural rivals, you might have expected Gene to press his advantage. Instead, he whipped up a skit, which, far from spotlighting his own gifts, was designed to build up Van.

On this same trip Kelly made it a point to visit the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland, and chat with the patients. As he was about to leave each ward he stopped and looked back. "There's a fellow coming up to see you," he told the patients. "His name's Van Johnson. You'll like him." Johnson made no secret of the fact that this thoughtfulness of Gene's on his behalf created inestimable good will among war-toughened men who might otherwise have resented the Johnson vogue.

In addition to being an irresistible Boy Scout, Gene is probably the most abundantly talented entertainer in the world! Because of his many-sided talents, Gene is probably the most irreplaceable piece of property under contract to any motion picture studio. To fill his job with any adequacy at all would require five specialists. *(Continued on page 66)*

When Gene was in New York last, he usually ate at the cheaper "hamburger joints" of his chorus boy days. Once a waitress timidly inquired if he were Gene Kelly, the dancer. "What?" snorted Kelly. "A sissy dancer? I should say not! *I'm* a sailor!"



HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SWEARS HE'S JUST A

TIRED OLD TAP DANCER . . . AS HE PUSHES THROUGH

THE BOBBY SOCKERS AND SIGNS "GENE KELLY" FOR THE '100TH TIME!



Esther went jewelry mad in Mexico, bought so much that even Ben's king-size Valentine's Day jewel box overflows.

■ Esther Williams was just seventeen when she came home in triumph after her championship swimming sweep in the Nationals at Des Moines. Flushed with her victories and fired by the approaching realization of her ambition—to swim for the United States in the 1940 Olympics—she plunged into an all-out training campaign at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. She'd won three team spots and three berths of the big Olympic ship due to sail in May. Esther had done the impossible, as she'd vowed to do—reached world championship form in two years. She had nine months now to whet the edge of her racing form.

Then a bomb screamed down, burst in a bright, red flame—and shattered Esther Williams' swimming career to smithereens.

The bomb burst, not in Los Angeles, but in far-off Helsinki, Finland. It fell from a roaring Russian bomber (*Continued on page 36*)



Between acting and comp touring, E. squeezed in some non-pro dunking with her then fiancé, Sgt. Gogge. Now Ben's spare time goes in building a bar out of wood he knocked out of an "extro" wall in their home.

ESTHER WILLIAMS

Life story

The Gage patio looks over the Hollywood hills and ocean, has a beat-up barbecue which Ben works overtime. A singing chef, he bellows so loud at his work Esther has to stuff her ears, plead "Please, darling, boom in the other direction."

SHE WAS SCARED TILL

GABLE STARTED KISSIN', SHE WAS

SHY TILL THE MAR-

QUEES BLAZED. THEN IT

HAPPENED—THE MERMAID

TURNED INTO A SIREN.

By Kirtley Baskette



The piglet helps her penny pinch, but it took a slew of pats to okay Esther's new rug. She had them drink a toast, then spill the champagne. When, later, no spots appeared, she bought the rug!



For Frankie, she takes the winter
And makes it summer—

Picture a tomboy in lace, that's . . .



nancy with the laughing face

■ She came running in, her face lighting up as always when she sees her father. Frank scooped her into his arms. "Here's Nancy with the laughing face—"

"Hey, that's a cute song title," said Phil Silvers, who'd dropped in at Frank's with Jimmy Van Heusen. Jimmy was doodling at the piano. "Lemme write a lyric and run the pros out of town—"

He didn't mean it. Phil's that unique bird who *doesn't* want to write a lyric. All he wants is to be an employed actor. This lyric he wrote in spite of himself. Because Jimmy grinned up at him and went on doodling, and out of the music little Nancy's face laughed again, and words began forming inside Phil's dome. . . .

When it was finished, he sang it for big Nancy, who got all choked up and made the boys send it to Frank in New York. He read it and gulped and introduced it on his next broadcast. Maybe he sang it three times altogether before leaving with Phil and the rest of the gang for the ETO. No one expected the song to be commercial. The boys had written it for their buddy, Frank had put it on the air for Nancy, and now it could be retired to private life.

So they go overseas and the song's forgotten and comes time for Frank to do his request (*Continued on page 110*)



Family Portrait: Tiny Nancy (with Frank, Jr. and Mom) is so attached to Dad that when he flew to Boston to play a benefit with Crosby, she wept buckets. Show was such a hit, Frank (of "Till The Clouds Roll By") and Bing plan a pic together.

By Ida Zeitlin



Intime and on the beam

■ The telephone rang. It kept on ringing. A tousled blond head emerged from beneath a pillow, and a tanned arm reached for the instrument.

"Hello," Kurt said, without enthusiasm. It was pretty early in the morning.

"Give me the perfume counter, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

Kurt didn't even do a double take. He was used to this. His telephone number was so similar to that of a big Los Angeles department store that it happened all the while. He was, he decided sourly, tired of it. He had been out till three this morning and being waked up at nine by some dizzy female who couldn't even dial straight didn't please him. He would teach her a lesson. He clicked the phone a couple of times and then said "This is the perfume counter," in a rather high voice.

"I wanted to know if you still have the LaRue cologne at \$8.75 a bottle," the customer (*Continued on page 126*)

"Intime" (pro-

nounced an-teem)—that's "cozy" in

French. And Kurt

Kreuger—that's charm in

any language!



Recently Kurt answered a knock at his door, whereupon a girl dashed in, ran to the piano, played a song and kissed him before being chased. "That sort of thing happens all the time," puzzles Kurt, "I can't understand why!"



Courtly Kurt (now villaining in "The Dork Corner") has been going steadiest with ex-Powers girl Cothy Downs, new 20th Century-Fox starlet.

By Abigail Putnam



the power and the glory

THE GLORY OF HOME-

COMING, THE POWER OF TYRONE'S LOVE—

NO WONDER ANNABELLA MET

THE BOAT, AND TY JUMPED SHIP!

By Fredda Dudley

■ The Marine lieutenant on the ship which was being towed into dock at Portland, Oregon, was a very glum chum, indeed. He had let his wife know on what boat he was returning from the South Pacific, and he had assured her—as he had been assured—that the vessel would put to port in San Francisco.

But now, in accordance with military custom the world over, the plans had been changed. The lieutenant was landing a thousand miles north of San Francisco, and he thought gloomily of the little woman standing on the wharf within the Golden Gate and being viewed by the hungry eyes of thousands of other returning servicemen—not one of whom was her eager husband.

Tyrone Power was leaning over the rail and taking a generally dim view of the homecoming he had so long anticipated, when his eye was caught by the sight of a gleaming head far below. In addition to her shining hair, this slender number had ample assets to inspire the wolf calls that began to ascend like midnight on the Yukon trail.

"Annabella!" he yelled.

"Oh, Tyrone . . . Tyrone," she called back. She pronounces his name Tear (as in dew from the eyes, which she had in quantities) and Own (as in Mine, all mine). "Tear-own. Tear-own."

Lieutenant Power scanned the dock and found a clear spot toward which he might leap. Then he looked at the yawning gap of tideland water (Continued on page 99)

Story swapping at the Stork: Civilians Ramero and Power both have long service in the Morionos to their credit, both are now movie making: Cesar in "Three Girls in Blue," Ty in "The Razor's Edge."



Mrs. P. used to visit Ty (here with an officer friend) at the El Centro Marine Corps Air Station, kept his interest in acting so bright he invested, along with Helen Hayes, in the American Repertory Theater.

It didn't matter
to the Dane Clarks if all they
had for dinner was a can
of beans—so long as they
had each other.



a can of beans - and you



Done (in "A Stolen Life") vows the birdhouse is cozier than their 4-room "mansion" which Clarks moved into before roof was installed. They lived under tar paper for 2 weeks.

By Edward A. Herron



Done runs up huge phone bills roving to pols about new house furnishings. Morgot gets just as excited, but not as extravagant. The Clarks haunt antique shops, will storage most of their buys till house is completed.



■ A white-haired old man met them at the door, nodded absent-mindedly and led the way into the parlor. A short, matronly woman came and stood beside the piano during the ceremony, fanning herself with a small handkerchief. She stopped the fluttering when the final words were said and the dark-haired boy looked at the red-haired girl for just a moment before folding her in his arms. "Honey," she heard him whisper, "it's forever. Forever and ever."

Dane Clark and Margot were married.

"You're not sorry, Red?" When she shook her head vigorously, smiling, he took hold of hands, intense. "It's going to be a tough go, honey, a fight from the opening bell, and maybe I shouldn't have asked you to—"

"It's too late to change my mind, Dane. And I don't want to. We've talked it over a hundred times. Besides we're going to miss the bus back to town.

Come along, darling."

They ran across the hot, concrete street, dodging the swollen stream of traffic, waving wildly at the bus ripping along the edge of the stream. When they came to the brownstone front in Brooklyn hiding the one-room apartment that was to be Honeymoon Hotel, they went along a narrow hall, pitch dark save for the yellow light gleaming dimly at one end. Before the dark wooden door Dane fumbled for his key. He had it thrust out toward the door when suddenly he jammed it deep within his pocket again.

"Cripes, Red, this is no place for us. Let's get out of here."

A half hour later they were walking quickly toward the black gash cut in surrounding skyscrapers. There were tall trees, the sleepy chattering of birds, the faint, elusive touch of a breeze. They passed a policeman's horse clomping morosely (*Continued on page 122*)

DIANA'S A TEEN-DREAM

WITH A STRING OF HEARTS LIKE A CHARM

BRACELET, BUT MRS. LYNN REMEMBERS

WHEN SHE PREFERRED BOOKS TO BOYS

by Cynthia Miller

Diono claimed Douglas Dick (of "The Seorching Wind") tied his bow like an inside loop, bet him a cor-polishing she'd do it prettier! Result: The sigh guy with the spry tie mossoged her convertible!



"Our Hearts Were Growing Up" is more than the title of Diono's pic; she's *very* grown up with Henry Willson escorting her to the Academy Award dinner . . . grown up to a full five-feet, six-inches.

Nobody's Sweetheart

■ As the car turned up the hill, Diana looked at her watch for the third time in five minutes.

"Gosh, it's almost two-thirty, and one is absolute curfew. This is really going to be rough."

The young ensign at the wheel was apologetic. "I should have kept track of the time. It isn't up to a girl to do it."

"But we were having such fun. All those friends of yours were wonderful, and I loved sitting around singing those old songs. . . ." Diana stopped suddenly as she got a look at the Loehr house which was lighted up like the Carthay Circle at a premiere. She groaned. "You'd better just let me out and then duck. This looks like double trouble."

"Don't be a dope." The ensign stopped the car and gallantly came around to help her out. "I can always offer to make an honest woman of you." He grinned at her teasingly. (Continued on page 82)



That lazy jumping bean, Bob Mitchum, has two suits, two sons and two studios, but is strictly one of those one-woman guys—even if Dot can't cook!



The kids can take anything Bob dishes up! Big Jimmy's spots are the remains of chicken pox, while Chris still has a babyhood bore spot on his noggin. Dad's apron is a leftover from his Army days



Bob's career slept through eight "Hopalong Cassidy" horse operas, countless bit parts, comes fully awake in "Till the End of Time." David O. Selznick proudly owns half of his ex-extro's contract.

■ Bob was lying on the rug in front of the fire, fast asleep, when it happened. Not that he would have admitted he was asleep—he never does. He always claims he “just shut his eyes for a minute.” He even thinks I believe it. Anyway, there *he* was, sleeping, and there *I* was, out in the kitchen frowning in despair at the cookbook he’d given me the week before. Why can’t cookbooks say what they mean in plain English? Why all this double-talk about dripping and basting and things nobody ever heard of? I had a roast in the oven, and I was determined that for once it should taste like something besides used chewing gum. I was going to dream up some biscuits to go with it, too, I hoped, if only I could interpret that cookbook.

The radio was going but I wasn’t paying any attention. We leave it on for hours without really listening. But suddenly the words clicked into place in my mind, because the commentator was talking about Bob.

“Academy Award nominations for best supporting male role include Robert Mitchum’s performance in ‘GI Joe!’”

I’ll never forget those words, or the way they made me feel. Happiness bubbled through me—the crazy kind that catches at your throat and makes you want to laugh and cry all at once. I jumped up, knocking over the mixing bowl, and tore into the other room.

“Bob! Wake up! You’re a great actor!”

Bob opened one languid eye and grinned at me. “Um-hum.”

“You’ve been nominated for an Oscar! Did you hear it, you big dope?”

“Um-hum.” He stretched lazily, ripping his shirt in the process. I can’t keep that guy in shirts.

“Honey, don’t you *care*? Oh, golly, I’m so excited I can (Continued on page 115)

**by
dorothy mitchum**

as told to

virginia wilson



he's
my
guy

Lost: One weekend!
Found: One Oscar! Academy Award
Dinner bright with
some tears and much laughter.



June and Dick Powell joining the well wishers.



Runner-up Cornel Wilde and wife raved for Ray.



The night of nights in Hollywood . . . The Academy Awards . . . and I've never seen so many smiles of happiness on every face . . . or so many tears in the eyes!

Does that sound ambiguous? It is only because as each winner was announced, Joan Crawford, Ray Milland, Anne Revere and particularly, James Dunn, there was so much real, heartfelt sentiment.

Don't let anybody tell you, and I have heard a few hints, that Ingrid Bergman took her loss hard. The truth is, that backstage, Ingrid grabbed hold of Charlie Brackett's (also a winner for scripting "Lost Weekend") arm and said with feeling too



Attendees were treated to the newest in Academy Award dinners—scenes featuring the Oscar candidates flashed on a screen! Here Best Actor Ray Milland receives his prize from 1944 winner Ingrid Bergman.



Best Actress Joan "Mildred Pierce" Crawford missed all the fun. Sat up in her sickbed to croak thanks to Director Mike Curtiz who acted as her stand-in at the great moment and then toted the Oscar to her.

sincere to doubt, "I'm so glad—so glad, for Miss Crawford."

Joan, herself, was well dissolved in tears in bed at her home by this time for, as you know, she was suffering with the flu and running a temperature of 103. I talked with her on the telephone five minutes after we left the theater and she was so choked up with emotion she could hardly speak. "I just can't believe it, Louella," she said between sobs, "I just can't believe it!"

Then she laughed a little bit and said, "Flu or no flu, Dr. Branch has given permission for the photographers to come out here and take my picture with (Continued on page 63)

louella parsons' good news



ive pair: Diana Lynn and beau, Henry Willson.



I beauty, I blonde: Cathy Downs and Guy Madison.



J. Wyman of "Weekend" and R. Reagan.



Lowford squired daughter of Jerame Kern.



Larks K. Graysan and J. Johnston came to thrill.



Dick ("Stote Fair") Hoymes and Mrs.



Special Awards for Peggy Ann Garner and Frankie S.



ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING...

While the scientists are rigging up the Pacific atoll experiments that will determine the energy content of the various types of atom bombs, the people of show business would like to learn the secret of another bundle of energy which goes by the name of Eddie Cantor—and goes at top speed. The nuclear reactions of Cantor 30 years ago bewildered Flo Ziegfeld, fifteen years ago baffled Sam Goldwyn, and today are a subject of equal perplexity to radio sponsors, motion picture theater managers, directors, newspapermen and everyone else who comes into direct contact with Little Popeye, Ida's husband. I've known him for sixteen years and still can't figure out what makes him tick, because his energy is unlimited, his zest for life is stepped-up with the years. I'm convinced that vitamins take Cantor!

Not long ago, I asked Eddie to take his radio show out for me to Halloran General Hospital, the great Army hospital on Staten Island. It required quite a bit of maneuvering on Cantor's part—it also cost him about \$1,000 of his own money for telephone wires—but one day he called up and said that it was all set. "Where you calling from, Eddie?" I asked him. "Right here in Boston," he said casually. He had flown to Boston to try to salvage the musical show, "Nellie Bly," in which he had \$150,000 of his own money. Throughout this time, despite the certain loss of that large chunk of

currency, Cantor never was anything but genial and considerate. I commented on this and Cantor said: "When I was wiped out in 1929, I found out that money didn't mean a thing. I don't like to lose \$150,000, but all I can do is my best to recoup—if that's not sufficient, well, that's a closed chapter."

He came in from Boston and the ill-fated "Nellie Bly" for the Halloran broadcast. We met in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers at about two o'clock. Cantor was doing a buck-and-wing for some members of the radio cast. Seeing me, he switched to an Irish jig, halting that to sign some autographs for an elderly guest. A room clerk, a girl, introduced herself to me as a friend of my family, so I introduced her to Cantor. He promptly did a dance with her, sang some snatches of a song, signed the autograph. They called him to the phone. He told somebody in Boston to take a pencil while he dictated a change in dialogue in one scene, corrected some lighting cues.

It was time for us to start out in the Red Cross bus for Halloran. Out on the sidewalk, people were waiting for him and he got them laughing with rapid-fire jokes. He was signing autographs right up to the time the bus pulled down 50th Street, and from then until we reached the hospital, he talked authoritatively and interestingly on politics, the Jewish question as it related to Palestine, the wounded he'd entertained at a Navy hospital, the late FDR and a variety of other subjects.

By this time, we were on the electric ferry that slices past the Statue of Liberty, into the fairway leading to Staten Island. The salt air made me sleepy, but not Cantor. It merely served to wake him up. When I dozed off, he was getting a ship-board shoeshine while talking animatedly to a group of servicemen and civilians who had surrounded him. He was still talking and signing autographs when we berthed at Staten Island and started the last 15-minute drive to the giant hospital. At the hospital, Cantor rehearsed his entire show—songs and dialogue—and then after almost two solid hours of rehearsal, he turned to us and said happily: "Now we can go out to the wards and entertain some of the wounded who won't be able to get to the auditorium." (Continued on page 63)



Ed Sullivan awards the MODERN SCREEN Plaque to famous comic, philanthropist and brilliant showman, Eddie Cantor.



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to your local hospital and help.



Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!



Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum

Joyannic Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.,
ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. Another Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a grand cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat

—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Ask for a big luxury size jar of Pond's today.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville*

EVEN PARIS WAS EMBARRASSED!

The gay kind of romance
most Americans *think*
takes place in Paris . . .
and in this case does!



ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM
present

GINGER ROGERS

in SAM WOOD'S

Heartbeat

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Melville Cooper • Mikhail Rasumny • Mona Maris
Eduardo Cionelli • Henry Stephenson
and

BASIL RATHBONE

Produced by Robert & Raymond Hakim

Directed by Sam Wood

Adaptation by Marrie Ryskind

Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.



Meet Jean Pierre Aumont—He's Ginger's new "Heartbeat"—Yours too!



ED SULLIVAN SPEAKING

(Continued from page 60)

The wards were a tumult of excitement when he arrived. Again autographs, personal jokes to the men, and then into a regular stage routine with Thelma Carpenter and Leonard Sues. By this time Cantor had been on his feet for three hours, but finally he was to get a chance to sit down, at dinner with General and Mrs. Ralph G. Devoe, and Lieut. Col. (Father) John M. Bellamy. From the dinner, we sped to the broadcast in the auditorium, but preceding the broadcast, Cantor put on a 30-minute warm up session. And late that night, when we got back to New York, Cantor suggested gaily: "Eddie, how's about going to some alley and bowling three games?"

Actually, he isn't the athletic type.

Once, at Palm Springs, California, we asked him to get up early, to go horseback riding and then play a few holes of golf.

"Listen, boys," said Cantor. "I have seen too many little guys go to a resort for a rest and drop dead, trying to get in shape over the weekend. Not me. My limit in exercise is gin rummy, with very light cards."

Anyone so successful as Cantor must have made enemies. His assured, dictatorial manner has enraged plenty of people. His dabbling in politics has enraged others, who don't believe that actors should have opinions on anything more profound than a bad review in *Variety*. First time Cantor and I ever hooked up, he was furious at something I'd written about an act in which he currently was appearing with Jessel. Cantor, always enthusiastic, was going to buy up the newspaper to gratify his yen to fire me. Down the years, he has aroused vivid grudges and indulged plenty of his own. His courage inevitably would lead into violent disputes, for he was courageous as a comedian, and courageous offstage.

His closest friend, I guess, is Georgie Jessel, of whose fantastic activities Cantor once remarked: "Georgie is wonderful. He has so many irons in the fire—that he puts out the fire." On one occasion, Jessel long-distance phoned Cantor from San Francisco. "Come here instantly, Eddie," pleaded Jessel. Cantor, fearing the worst,

rushed from Beverly Hills to San Francisco. He dashed into Jessel's suite, certain that Georgie had knocked himself off. In the half-gloom, he saw Jessel in front of a fire with a beautiful Chinese girl. "Eddie," said Jessel, calmly, "can't you use her in your next Goldwyn picture?"

What qualities in Cantor have made him a tremendous commercial success, not only once, when he was a young man—but when he was older, broke, busted after the 1929 Goldman-Sachs debacle? Start off with his enormous talent, if you wish to praise him, because he has talent to burn. Some comics are good in night clubs or on vaudeville stages—some may click in movies, or on radio. Consider that Cantor has clicked in every medium, and in addition, is probably the greatest "book" comic ever to appear on Broadway. Add to these assets his singing, and his dancing—and above all these things, throw in his courage and intelligence and you have an all-star lineup of assets.

Cantor undoubtedly has been spoiled. Anyone who zoomed from the east side of New York to international reputation might certainly be pardoned a bit of spoilation. The astounding thing is that he has rarely lost his head, or gone sour in his judgment.

His biggest mistake bankrupted him in 1929, but Wall Street brought down brainier financial men than Cantor in that appalling disaster.

His radio judgment of Mussolini, after meeting him in Rome, was in error, but not more faulty than the estimate written into history by some of the top statesmen of the world.

Cantor, however, wiped out all other errors in his correct estimate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Close to the people himself, Cantor realized instantly that FDR was destined to be the people's champion.

So much for Cantor as a man of the world. Let's regard him professionally. Probably no other performer ever knew so much about selecting vaudeville dates as Cantor knew. Other performers on tour frequently found themselves washed out by spring floods, or flattened by Lent, or wrecked by Jewish holidays. Some failed to notice

that they had been booked into a city in which the American Legion or Shriners destroyed show business for a week. Still other performers forgot to notice that they had been booked into Chicago during the home stay of the Cubs or White Sox.

Cantor never made mistakes like that. Perhaps he absorbed that vaude knowledge from William Morris or Abe Lastfogel, but his sagacity in booking personal appearances was legendary. He always had the best of it, because he made his breaks and he never butted his head against a stone wall. One week, I followed him into the Palace Theater, at Chicago. Cantor busted every record, and this curious thing developed: The manager of the theater told me that the box office never had handled so many large, old-style dollar and five dollar bills. Farmers and their wives who had learned to enjoy Cantor over the radio came to Chicago on a picnic when he was booked into the Palace, brought along Ma and the kids, and ate their lunches right in the theater.

In giving this third Ed Sullivan-MODERN SCREEN Award to Eddie Cantor, as a recognition of long and honorable service, I've tried to express the overall picture of the energetic little comedy star, a composograph of a fine artist and a fine citizen. It is a recognition of the military ports and posts and hospitals he has played, a memorial from the little churches and synagogues which owe so much to his personal appearances—it is appreciation and amazement at the energy which distinguishes him.

While he was in New York, Cantor introduced me one night at Rabbi Birstein's annual benefit show for the Actors' Synagogue:

"Every time you see this fellow," said Cantor, "he is appearing at a benefit show for the wounded, or the sick, or the poor, regardless of race, color or religion. How he does it, at his age, I don't know." With that jibe, the considerably older Cantor ran offstage. Actually, I can use his tag-line as the tag-line of this tribute to Eddie Cantor, and I hope Ida and the daughters aren't listening—because "how he does it at his age, I don't know."

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 59)

the Oscar. I want my picture taken so I'll always know how I looked on the happiest night of my life!"

Later, at the La Rue cafe, where Paramount was tossing a "victory" party, I ran smack into the other big winnah, Ray Milland. "I sure got you off the hot spot, Louella!" he called, clear across the room. And he sure had! Here's a little secret: I was so sure he was going to win that I had built my whole radio show around an interview with Ray weeks in advance!

Of course, the whole Paramount crowd was up in the air because not only had Ray given the "best male performance of 1945," but their picture, "The Lost Weekend," was the winning production of the year, Billy Wilder, who directed it, "the best director" and Wilder and his crony, Charles Brackett, "the best script writers."

But let's get back to other high spots, and one or two low moments, of the show itself.

Sometimes, Frankie Sinatra can irritate me a little. But the night of the Academy was NOT one of the times he peevied me.

Frankie pitched in and helped out every time he was called upon to pinch hit. And he was asked to pinch hit for nobody less than Bing Crosby, who most certainly SHOULD have been there and WASN'T!

But when Bing didn't show up, Frankie was called on to do the honors. He did the numbers beautifully even though he had to read the words off a card put into his hand just before he stepped onto the stage.

And, oh, that Jimmy Dunn! I tell you there was a shout of happiness from everybody in the theater (have I mentioned that it was Grauman's Chinese?) when Ginger Rogers told the world that Jimmy had hit the come-

back trail to win with his wonderful, moving performance in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." I was sitting close to Jimmy and the first thing he did, even before he started to run down to the stage, was to lean over and kiss his pretty wife and press her hand hard.

Anne Revere, who snagged the honors for "best supporting" actress for the mother in "National Velvet" was lovely in her formal black gown with the corsage of orchids.

The girl who really looked the most stunning, and just the way fans expect movie stars to look, was Kathryn Grayson in a form fitting white dress, a full length ermine coat, and her hair dressed beautifully with braids around her small head. Her jewelry was stunning—diamonds and emeralds—a bracelet, earrings and a clip.

Myrna Loy had one of the new short hair cuts—very short and feather waved like a

KATHRYN GRAYSON, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON"



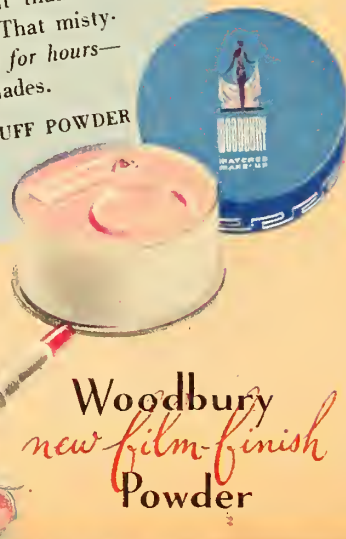
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... saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours... dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-full. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

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1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
 2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
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Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder

cap around her head. Dinah Shore's gown was a bouffant blue net, very ingenue-ish, but pretty on her.

Bob Hope got laughs, as usual, in the master of ceremonies spot and received a miniature Oscar for m.c'ing the Awards for seven years.

* * *

Judy Garland became very nervous and uncomfortable and went into the hospital three or four days before her doctor had scheduled her Caesarian operation.

I'll let you in on a little secret—both Judy and her husband, Vincente Minelli, had made several bets that they would be the parents of a boy. Now they deny it and say, "We wanted and expected a girl all along!"

Miss Liza Minelli made her debut at 7:58 a. m. March 10th. She has a great deal of black hair and light blue eyes. When she cries, Judy insists she is "singing" and when she kicks her feet in a mild temper her Ma says, "It's a dance step."

Certainly Liza has one of the prettiest nurseries in town—and so unusual. The entire color scheme is yellow—a soft yellow lighter than a singing canary.

One of the first gifts she received was a miniature contract, an exact replica of her mother's, from Louis B. Mayer, Judy's M-G-M boss—and it has been framed and hangs in the nursery. The contract is absolutely on the level and when Miss Liza is eighteen years old she can put it into immediate effect if she wants to be a movie actress.

* * *

While we are in the Stork Department—I sincerely believe that having a baby will smooth out all the marriage tangles between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin.

It would be silly to deny that Ted and Betty haven't had a pretty stormy time during their first eight months of marriage. It all centers on the fact that Betty is an independent little girl who has worked hard and paddled her own canoe for years.

She was confused and unhappy when Ted, a business man—but not a movie business man, started giving her advice. But Betty is happy now that she's sure she is expecting a baby, and I think she and Ted really love one another.

* * *

Well, I sure found out when I asked my MODERN SCREEN friends, "Shall I continue to write about Hollywood parties?" Your letters came in by the basketsful. You readers don't think that party news is frivolous news and the consensus of opinion is, "Keep on telling us about Hollywood parties."

In just a moment or two, I will. But first, I want to ask another question. Is it the Van Johnsons, the Frank Sinatras and the June Allysons you want to hear most about or would you like to hear about Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and Walter Pidgeon? Sometimes when you are as close to the picture as I am, it's difficult to know just who are your biggest favorites.

Please keep writing because I love your letters. Believe me, I try to answer as many as I can.

And now for some parties! There have certainly been some good ones.

Tennis is becoming increasingly popular in movietown and almost every Sunday afternoon you'll find a crowd of devotees at Irene Selznick's beautiful home. There's a lot of good natured rivalry, too, for top honors.

I stopped in one Sunday night when Irene had kept all the tennis players for dinner, and one by one other guests dropped in.

We were greeted by the unusual spectacle of Van Johnson, weary from so much tennis, stretched out on a divan with his shoes off, his trousers rolled up above his knees, and practically asleep in spite of the noise and gay greetings.

Jimmy Stewart had been playing all day, too—but he wasn't tired. He was sitting at the piano playing and composing his own numbers (very funny, too) as he went along. He had an admiring group around him and one of the most enthusiastic was Eddy Duchin, no mean key tickler himself.

Ingrid Bergman and her husband were there. She had just returned from Palm Springs and had a divine suntan. Ingrid's husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, is sort of a mystery man in Hollywood—but he is very nice, a clean-cut young Swede who works very hard, and brilliantly, I am told, in his profession of brain surgery.

The Constellation crowd, and by that I mean the movie folk who went with Howard Hughes on the initial trip of that airship, was given a cocktail party by Veronica Lake and her husband, Andre de Toth.

Several months ago Veronica announced to the world that she was setting forth on her campaign to become one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She's certainly living up to that promise. Ronnie wore a silver lamé cocktail gown with a small, matching hat.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant and that romance, my pets, is more serious than ever. Cary seems crazy about her and you can't blame him—she's such a sweet girl.

Danny Kaye was in—and out—like a streak. This boy often comes to parties and other social events—but he seldom stays very long. But it's always good to see him, even for a little while.

**JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT
ALL OVER**

Only instead of bustin' out with buds, June's overflowing with five dollar bills this month. How come? Well, we want to hear about your star-gazing—whom you saw, what you said, what he said, and all those juicy details that we love to read—and publish! If you'll look at the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue, you'll get an idea of what we want. Keep it short, type it out, and mail it off to our "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. If we accept it, there'll be a five spot wending its way to you! But please—give us time to answer!



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Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin 65

FLYING IRISHMAN

(Continued from page 43)

Kelly is without a doubt the most accomplished male dancer in the world today. If he is inferior to the very top talent in the ballet field at their own specialties, he is plainly their master in the almost infinite variety of his type and the brilliance of his inventions. He is also wonderfully resourceful in dreaming up new dance ideas. His duet with his conscience in "Cover Girl" and the dance he did with animated cartoons in "Anchors Aweigh" were magnificent pieces of inspiration. In his own specialty, which is taps, Kelly is just about as close to perfection as they come.

boosting the competition . . .

With the possible exception of Frank Sinatra, he is the only actor in Hollywood who is as popular with adult movie-goers as he is with bobby-soxers. In person, Gene is a plain and pleasant guy. His even disposition is ruffled only by occasional brooding over the hardly noticeable thinning of his black hair. In an aggressive and ruthless profession, Gene is outstanding for his complete unselfishness and loyalty.

Although he has written a baseball story in which he and Frank Sinatra will play a Keystone comedy combination with the Brooklyn Dodgers, he went out of his way a few weeks ago to help sell a baseball script which a friend of his had prepared for Crosby and Hope, a pair who most certainly come under the head of competition.

As a member of the U. S. Navy, Gene did a fine job in a position for which he was thoroughly qualified. In February,

when he had sufficient points to get out, he refused to accept his discharge. "I got some work to finish here," he told his commanding officer, and went on with the job of making a motion picture about submarines which would provide Washington with some much-needed information. His attitude toward his service assignments was one of unquestioning, uncomplaining loyalty. Speaking about this not long ago, a Navy man remarked, "When he went in, they were pushing him around. He stuck it out, though, and didn't make a single squawk. He earned the respect of everyone from enlisted men to admirals." Kelly, who entered the Navy as a goby and was promoted to lieutenant (j.g.), gave his full energies to his work. Probably the clearest proof of this is that he did not even take time out to practice his dancing. "I'm like a fighter out of condition," he remarked one day shortly before he was released.

At this point an admiring listener suggested that with talent such as his, Gene had nothing to worry about. "After all," he pointed out, "Astaire's retired and there's no one coming up who can give you any competition." Kelly shook his head. "I don't know about that," he said. "Some of these kids are sensational."

Someone then mentioned a young dancer whom, as everyone knew, Gene had helped only to have him steal one of the Kelly routines. "What about him?" Gene was asked. "Dynamite!" he replied, without a trace of resentment. "Please believe me, that kid's dynamite."

Although he manages to remain unembittered toward people who have treated

him ruthlessly, Kelly can become blisteringly articulate when he sees others being pushed around. During the filming of "Cover Girl," a director who wanted to make an impression on Rita Hayworth by demonstrating his authority, singled out Phil Silvers and called him down in front of the rest of the cast. Although the situation in no way concerned him, Kelly interrupted the director and gave him a verbal lashing. A refusal to be anything but what he is, is probably his biggest charm.

A few months ago an irresponsible item in a gossip column predicted that Kelly and his wife were about to separate. It was completely off the beam, of course. To say the least, the Kellys are still very happy after five years of marriage.

love wears a false face . . .

They met for the first time while he was dance director at the Diamond Horseshoe cabaret in N. Y. Gene happened to be sitting around the Horseshoe unshaven and in old clothes one afternoon, when a pretty redhead named Betsy Blair came in looking for a job as a dancer. Allowing her to assume that he was either the janitor or a stagehand, he suggested that she drop around in the evening and speak to the dance director. That night they started going together. Betsy, who has been understudying Julie Haydon's role in "The Glass Menagerie," is an uncommonly good young actress, but has no burning theatrical ambition. At the moment she is learning Russian, a language that, al-

(Continued on page 68)

How to REMOVE DANDRUFF completely

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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.



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on the lawn in back of their apartment on Second Avenue, strung up blue lights, connected the radio outdoors for dancing, and went shopping for goodies. "This time," June promised Ev solemnly, "I'll invite a boy for you to have all to yourself. I'm inviting three boys all for myself. Don't worry. I won't take your date away from you."

True to her word, June invited Ev's current crush from Central Junior High School. True to her word, she didn't take him away from Ev. He just wandered to Junie by himself while Ev sat in a corner with Junie's three cast-offs!

Ev didn't talk to Junie for a couple of days. Then they made up and everything was swell until the next time one of Ev's boy friends wandered over to Junie.

Ev says she's getting over that habit of not talking for days when she's mad. "I'm getting to be more like Junie," she admits. "She gets miffed, goes out of the room, and a minute later, she's back, smiling. She's forgotten what it was about."

Junie has always had a passion for birthday parties. When she was 7 or 8, she threw parties for herself every three or four months, mostly to get presents, she confesses now. "It's my birthday tomorrow, I'm having a party after school," she'd tell friends, and invite them to come. Mrs. Haver got pretty used to Junie, Ev, and Dorothy trooping in after school with a bunch of kids and Junie announcing: "Can we have some ice cream and cake? I'm having a birthday party today."

"What, another one?" Mrs. Haver would sigh, rushing out to buy nickel Dixie cups. They'd all sit around while Junie opened her presents, mostly toy watches from the five-and-ten cent store, or little glass toys filled with hard candies.

Pretty soon Junie would decide she wanted to practice her piano playing. She wished the kids would leave. "Let's play hide-and-seek," she'd suggest. That was Ev and Dot's cue. The three sisters would run outside and get all of the kids out. Then they'd run back in and bolt the door so the kids would have to go home.

kill or cure . . .

Junie also loved to play doctor, mostly at Ev's expense. Mrs. Haver was in an auto accident and Junie had seen the doctor giving her a hypodermic with a long needle. One day Dot came upon June with a long hatpin ready to jab into Ev's chubby little arm. "What are you doing?" Dot demanded, grabbing the hatpin. "Ev's sick. I'm healing her," Junie protested.

Another time, Mrs. Haver heard Junie saying to Ev in the next room: "Just a little lower, Ev, a little lower." And Ev would answer, "Okay, how's this?" "No, lower, Ev." Attracted by this queer dialogue, Mrs. Haver opened the door. Evvie was bent over, her head down, and Junie had a hammer poised over her skull ready to bash it in—for just what healing purpose, neither of them could remember.

"Evvie was always so obliging," Junie laughs.

It was probably the memory of obliging little Ev that kept Junie from getting annoyed with her recently when Ev took June's gray convertible and tried to drive it without ever having had a lesson. She ran it into a tree, got scared, and ran home, sending Mrs. Haver out to drive it back to the house.

Like all sisters, the Havers have pet names for each other, except Dot, who was too grown up to have a nickname. Evvie's is "Trimmytone," her childhood pronunciation for mercurochrome. Junie's is "Pencil Box."

Once, at the start of a school term, Mrs. Haver sent Junie to the corner drugstore to buy pencil boxes for the three girls. For Ev and Dot, she bought 50¢ boxes,

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Let your nail polish interpret every mood . . . every occasion!" SAYS

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Evening Enchantment

For after-dark allure, Vivi gives her fingertips a more sophisticated, formal look by covering them completely in Dura-Gloss PINK LADY. And she uses the Quick Trick method—applies 2 coats of polish—for crystal lustre and sheen.



Costumes by McMullen
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Outdoor Freshness

To harmonize with her gardening costume, Vivi wears Dura-Gloss NUTMEG, applied to show both moons and tips—for a casual, outdoor effect. And she uses the Double Quick Trick because it makes quick polish changes so simple and easy.

It's charged with excitement . . .

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Fingertip Allure

Town Sophisticate

Changing to Dura-Gloss RED PLUM to accent her vivid red hat, Vivi complements the sleek lines of her suit with a smooth, tailored manicure—moons exposed, tips covered. And applying her polish the Quick Trick way, gives her nails a jewel-like gleam.



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1. Quick Trick

For crystal-like lustre and sheen, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—two coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this easy method for sparkling fingertip beauty: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—one coat of polish. Quick dry with Dura-Gloss Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of Nail Polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

each with one drawer. But for herself, she got a super-duper scrumptious affair with about six drawers, a compass, a map, pencil sharpener, pen, pencils, pen points, pen wiper, erasers. She brought her purchases home to show to her mother.

"What did you get for Dorothy?" Mrs. Haver asked.

"This one."

"How much did it cost?"

"Fifty cents."

"And how about for Evvie?"

"Here, this one."

"And what did that cost?"

"Fifty cents, too."

"And what's that BIG pencil box there? Who's that for?" Junie played it dumb, knowing Mom would reprimand her for spending \$1.50 on a pencil box for herself when the other girls only had 50¢ ones. "Pencil box? What pencil box?"

Junie finally had to confess. But since then, whenever Junie gets coy, or tries to get out of something, all the family has to do is to say, "Hello, pencil box." It always makes Junie grin.

the closet was bare . . .

The family S.O.S., whenever anyone needs help, is "Get the linens." June explains it:

"If anyone used to come here, and say, 'Gee, I'd like some ice cream,' and we didn't have any ice cream in the house, I'd yell to Dot or Ev, 'Get the linens.'"

They picked up the phrase when Mrs. Haver's mother, Grandma Hansen, was ill and they were all over at their grandmother's house helping Mother take care of her. When the night nurse came, she said to Mrs. Haver: "I think your mother should have a change of linen."

"Marie, get the linens," Mrs. Hansen said.

Knowing full well that everything was at the laundry and there wasn't a single clean sheet or pillow case left in the house, Mrs. Haver just went and sat in the linen closet and looked at the bare shelves. At last she had to come out and tell the truth.

Not long after they moved to California, June had a date with the captain of the football team at Beverly Hills High, to ride the roller coaster at the Fun Pier in Venice. He came to their four-room apartment at 9548 Olympic Boulevard, where they were then living, took one look at the thin coat June was wearing, and said: "Gonna be too cold in that coat way out on the pier. You'd better get a fur wrap."

It must be that boys around here expect their dates to own fur wraps, Junie thought. She was so far removed from owning a fur coat that even the gabardine coat she wore on dates was Dorothy's.

"Okay, just a minute," June told him. She went into the bathroom, sat down on the edge of the bathtub, and called, "Mother, get the linens." A few moments later June left with her date, a fifteen-year-old wrapped like a *grande dame* in Mom's black persian lamb coat!

Everybody was scurrying around like mad to "Get the linens" when Dot's husband, Bill Flynn, came home last August after two years overseas. This time, "Get the linens" really meant *linens*, as well as food for Bill's breakfast.

It was the night they moved into their big white colonial house in Cheviot Hills, which Junie had to get court permission to buy for \$25,000 since she's still a minor. A telegram came from Bill, saying he was pulling into Union Station around midnight and could they meet him there?

They'd just come from the Olympic Boulevard apartment where everything, including linens, was furnished. So there had never been any need for them to buy linens of their own. Stores weren't even selling more than one sheet and one

pillow case at a time to a customer. By waiting in line, Mom and Dot had managed to pick up a couple of sheets and pillow cases. Till they could buy more, the three girls and Mom would bunk together in two double beds. The next day June had off from work, and the four of them were planning a big shopping spree. They'd had dinner out, so even the larder was bare.

"Gee," Junie said to Dot, who had married Bill on September 30, 1943, "this is practically your second honeymoon. And here we have no coffee, no milk, no eggs for Bill's breakfast, and no linens!"

The irony of it struck them and the three girls collapsed into shrieks of laughter. "Mother, get the linens," they chorused, "and this time we do mean linens."

Junie decided that if no other bed in that house had linens that night, at least Dot's and Bill's would. She pulled off the sheet from her own bed and made up Dot's bed, romantically dousing it with sachet powder. If Dot and Bill were overwhelmed by the odor of sachet that night, they were too polite ever to tell Junie about it.

They were still without food for Bill's breakfast. And he had to leave the house at 6 a.m. to get to Fort MacArthur to be discharged.

After picking him up at the station and dropping him off at the house, Junie and Mom went shopping for food. By now it was 2 a.m.! They drove first to a drive-in, but even a beautiful blonde and a cute brunette couldn't convince the manager that he ought to change the rules and sell eggs to the public.

June and her mother drove on. Every restaurant was dark. In desperation, they pulled up to a policeman.

"Where can we buy some eggs and coffee now?" Junie asked.

"For my son-in-law's breakfast. He's just in from Europe," Mrs. Haver added, for purposes of persuasion.

Convinced that they weren't kidding, he led them to an all-night restaurant run by his mother and got them the precious eggs and some coffee. Then he directed them to an all-night doughnut shop.

The next morning, due to Junie's frantic middle-of-the-night wanderings, Dot fed Bill a breakfast of eggs, doughnuts, and coffee.

On May 26, 1942 June was signed to a contract at Twentieth whose talent scout, Ivan Kahn, had seen her play Lucybelle Lee, a southern siren, in "Ever Since Eve" at Beverly Hills High School just two months earlier. Six months later, her option was dropped. They said she looked too young to play ingenues and too old to play children.

Encouraged by Dorothy, June decided she'd prove to them that she could play ingenues and sophisticated young ladies, too. Dot made several sketches of June's face with different sophisticated "up" hairdos, and they picked one they liked. Next, June had to get a slinky dress, but she had no money. Dot, who was working as a secretary, took \$150 from her Christmas savings account and they went shopping. Who made the most sophisticated clothes in town? they asked each other. Adrian. So they went to his Beverly Drive shop and picked out the slinkiest, most sirenish gown in the place—a long sleeved white crepe cut low in the front, encrusted with rhinestones. June took Dot's sketch to a beauty shop and ordered them to do her hair "just the way it looks here." They also bought a pair of platform shoes.

After the studio executives got a look at June's new screen test, which she wrote herself, she was signed again. A while later, she was given the part of Cri-Cri in "Home in Indiana."

Dot has been June's stand-in for the past couple of years, and Ev has been her secretary since she got out of Beverly Hills High in June, 1944. Ev answers personal letters from kids they knew in Rock Island and Cincinnati, where they lived before they moved to Hollywood, and also addresses envelopes. June autographs her own pictures, and Dot usually sees that the mail gets to the post office.

On the set, whenever June finishes a scene, she looks over at Dot. If she's scowling, June knows she hasn't done so well. If she's smiling, June knows the take had Dot's approval. Every day, they see the previous day's rushes together, and afterwards they have a gabfest about how June looked and where she might have improved herself.

When Junie has a day off between pictures, the three Havers frequently go shopping together. June always knows exactly what she wants and is the quickest

Forget that old tradition that the bride's going-away suit has to be beige or a pastel, and try this luscious melon-colored tropical worsted by Junior Deb. Its lines are soft as soft can be; the sleeves are gracefully ballooned, with the very new dropped shoulder line. The fabric will wear forever, for it's a Wolther tropical wool. Wear it as we show it here, with lime gloves, odd o lime hot or lime-colored flowers in your hair. For real sophistication, wear a block hat, the sleeves pushed up, with long black gloves, and sport your most fragile block sandals.

To find out where to buy this suit, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S Fashion pages, send a self-addressed envelope to: Toussio Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

buyer of them all. If she particularly likes something, like a play shoe, she gets six or seven pairs in different colors.

Although Mrs. Haver used to dress Junie and Evvie alike when they were kids, their tastes in clothes are entirely different now. June likes all her clothes in pastels or black. She's said to have the largest collection of pastel slacks in the movie colony. The sisters practically never squabble over clothes nowadays because their clothes don't fit each other. Ev is the tallest of the three and Junie the slimmest. However, they can, and do, change off belts, berets, costume jewelry, gloves, and other accessories. June doesn't mind anyone borrowing her stuff if only it's left in the same apple-pie order in which they find it. Extremely neat and systematic, she hates open drawers and doors.

But June rarely has occasion to get miffed at her sisters. They are so much alike in so many ways and such good pals that they fit perfectly the dictionary definition of a "trio"—three united!

Modern Screen
Fashions





VICTORIAN COTTONS

LEFT: Airy dotted swiss makes this enchantingly prim little number, with its white ruffles outlining neck and armholes, and that new dropped waistline look. A big, *big* bow ties it at the back. Under \$11.00.

CENTER: Feminine and fragile is the way you will look in this bare-shouldered plaid cotton. It is fitted as can be, and the skirt is very full. Shoestring bows that you tie yourself hold it up, and it's under \$11.00.

RIGHT: This striped seersucker is something right out of a fairy tale, with its double puffed sleeves, its beruffled skirt. All these wonderful dresses are by that brilliant designer, Dorris Varnum, of Jonathan Logan.



*Straight out of Godey's Lady's book
are these story-book dresses with their ruffles,
full skirts and romantic bows.*

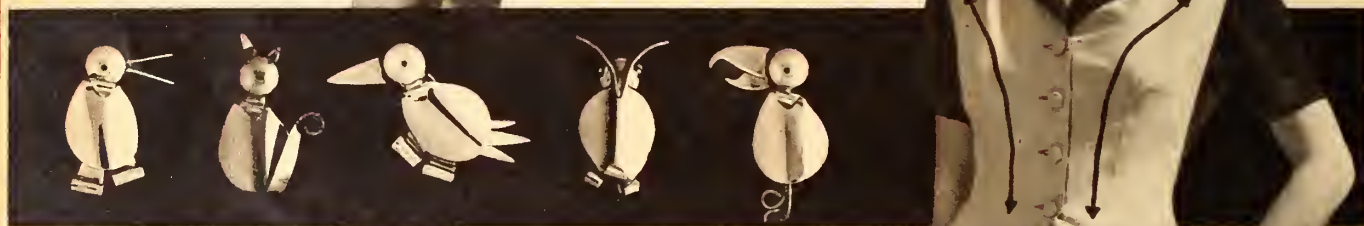




LEFT: Crisply cool, this Gay Togs three-piece play suit will be your summer standby. Bra and shorts, about \$6.00, the coat, about \$8.00. With it, wear these hand-made Mexican huaraches, by Doray of Fifth Avenue.

BELOW: This masterfully tailored Gay Togs slack suit, with its color-contrast top, its arrowhead trim, is yours for only \$9.00. Wear the top as a blouse, with skirts, wear the slacks with all your own blouses.

The silver animals and birds perched on this page are members of the Whipoo family, made by Worthey. They cost about \$2.00 each—fun for your money!



Summer | wdes



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The matador look is the
news in play clothes. Black trousers, cut
off just below the knee, borrowed
from the bull fighter by
Frances Sider. Wear them if your
hips are slim, your legs lovely.
We like them with a print blouse,
as shown here, or

The matador look ...

with your best ruffled
and bow-tied white shirt. With the
print shirt, ballet slippers are
just right, but if you want to be really
terrific, wear high wedgies
with your white blouse outfit. The
price for all this
chic: about twenty dollars.





vacation sensations

To make you beautiful
on that two-weeks-with-pay: Luscious
play clothes, designed by
Frances Sider.

Beautifully cut bra and shorts, made
of Everfast printed cotton. Note the V-
top of the bra repeated in the V-top of
the shorts. That's styling! About \$11.00.

To top the bra and shorts, there's a young
Victorian coat, with a bow neck, loose full
sleeves, and elegantly ruffled cuffs. It's made
of the same print, and it's under \$11.00.

For packing, for freshness, for fun, there's
nothing like rayon jersey. This two-piece play
suit is a lovely date dress when its side-
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You'll be Lovely too, in a *Lovable* BRASSIERE



FUN IN THE SUN

Interchangeables are your best bet for Summer vacation clothes—watch for five- or six-piece outfits in a single fabric, or in coordinated colors, that will give you lots of attractive combinations. We've seen a set made up of a two-piece bra-top bathing suit, a one-piece romper play suit, a ruffled bare-midriff top, ruffled shorts to match and a separate skirt, all in printed cotton. No end to these possibilities!

Bare shoulders, bare midriffs are everywhere, from two-piece swim-or-play suits, to your very dressy evening cottons. One-strap bathing suits are new, as are also those luscious Grecian-draped dresses that leave one shoulder bare. Lots and lots of evening dresses show bare midriffs, either in two-piece styling, or peek-a-boo midriffs with skirts that button on to the tops, leaving just a bit of you showing.

Shorts go to all lengths, from very short ones, if your legs are beautiful, to the longish, boy's type of short, and from there to the clam-digger or pedal-pusher slack. They're wearing those just-below-the-knee pants a little tighter, showing them in black with dressy white blouses, and calling them bullfighter trousers. They look very new, if they're your type, but they're definitely not easy to wear.

Beach coats run the gamut from modern to Victorian, but they have one thing in common: They're very short, and very covered up on top, and they give you that appealing, leggy look. Yours can be fitted, with a shirt-type collar and sleeve, and a set-in belt, but we like the loose ones, with a bow at the neck, and full sleeves, like the one we picture from Frances Sider, in Everfast cotton.

The big news in bathing suits is that there is some elasticized fabric around the market, so that some manufacturers will be delivering a few of those wonderful, stretchable suits. Otherwise, the story is still cotton and jersey, and the fashions still are bare as bare can be. The diaper suits are not so much in evidence as the newer bloomer-type pants, and there are lots of suits with brief pants and tiny separate flored skirts to wear after your swim.

FADS AND FANCIES

Edith Head of Paramount writes us the latest about gadgets being worn in Hollywood. You don't have to be a star or a starlet to follow these trends, so see which of these ideas you can adopt for your own wardrobe needs!

You learned to braid in kindergarten, and here's where you put that knowledge to good use! Joan Caulfield shows off the new braid influence with her soft chemise dress of grey linen which she wears with a braided bandeau and belt of yellow, grey and lime.

Remember the arm bands that men used to wear to keep their shirt sleeves up? Well, next time you wear a plain white long-sleeved blouse, braid narrow ribbons in three bright colors, and wear 'em around your arm. Watch people sit up and take notice!

Gail Russell, whose favorite color is white, is wearing wide braids of scarlet, chartreuse and black around the waists of her white dresses, and she wears matching braids of narrower ribbon in her hair. She says she loves the gypsy look of bright colors on white.

Barbara Stanwyck adopts the braided mode to her own sophisticated style by wearing a belt of braided copper, silver and gold beading around the waist of a simple white dinner dress. With it she combines a stunning trio of braided cuff bracelets.

Braided belts of bright ribbon make a gay outfit of your white shirt and black shorts. Braid just the part that goes around your waist, and leave the ends that tie hanging free, to give that bold pirate air.

If the drawstring on your last year's pouch handbag has given way, make drawstrings of braided ribbon to match each of your braid-trimmed outfits. It's easy to lace the braid into your bag, so don't forget to change!

If you have an evening gown you want to dress up, how about a braided coronet of velvet ribbon in black and two shades that match your gown? Wear it like a real crown, smack on top of your head. It looks regal and glamorous, and that's the way you want to look in your evening gown!



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BRASSIERES

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 55)

"Laugh while you can," Diana said grimly. "It won't be for long. Wait till the reception committee gets you."

She was so right. As they walked up the front steps, the door was thrown open. Mrs. and Mrs. Loehr stood there accusingly, clutching their bathrobes.

"Young man," Mr. Loehr never raises his voice, but his tone was effective. "Didn't I say to you as you started out that Dolly was to be back by one?"

"Yes, sir." The ensign's young face was worried. "It was all my fault."

"No, it was mine!" Diana insisted.

"No, really, sir, it was mine. But it will never happen again."

"It certainly won't," Mrs. Loehr told him coldly, "because you're never going to take our daughter out again. Good night!"

curfew shall not ring . . .

That put an end to the conversation. Diana went off to bed and wept bitter tears of embarrassment. How could they have made such a scene in front of that nice boy over a little thing like an hour?

There was a knock at the door and her mother slipped in. "Dolly, are you awake?"

"Yes, mother."

"I thought I heard you crying. Look, dear, your father and I didn't mean to be so cross, but we were terribly worried about you. I kept imagining you in an auto accident. . . ." Her voice broke, and Diana reached over and patted her hand.

"I'm really sorry, mother. When I saw how late it was, I should have called up to say we'd be delayed. I'm not very bright."

Mrs. Loehr blew her nose. "We'll forget about it, as long as it doesn't happen again. You know, I expect your father and I looked awfully funny, standing there in bathrobes, and me with my hair every which way. No wonder your little ensign looked scared to death."

That was a couple of years ago, and now the curfew in the Loehr household has been changed to two o'clock, when Diana isn't working on a picture. There are occasions, too, when even that isn't unalterable. Like the night Henry Willson was co-host at a party with his boss, Mr. Selznick. Henry is one of Diana's special guys these days, besides being a top executive for anyone his age.

"Mrs. Loehr, I just can't leave the party in order to get Diana home by two tonight," he explained. "Would it be fatal if it was an hour or so later, this once?"

"Oh, I guess not, as long as we know the reason." Pretty Mrs. Loehr smiled at him. "I don't want to be too much of a stern parent."

She tries very hard to be reasonable, without being "easy," but it's hard to tell just where to draw the line, when you have a lovely nineteen-year-old daughter. It has been especially hard for Mrs. Loehr, because Diana grew up all of a sudden. Until she was sixteen, she didn't evince the slightest interest in boys. She loathed parties, and wouldn't go to them if she could think of any excuse to wiggle out. Mrs. Loehr was worried about it.

"I think it's time Dolly started going out with boys," she told her husband. "The other girls her age do."

"She's got plenty of time." To Mr. Loehr Dolly was still a child.

But that afternoon when Diana got home from the private school she attended, her mother called her into the living room. "Dolly, you're going to give a party."

"Give a party!" Diana looked as if she had just been sentenced to Alcatraz.

"Certainly. It's time you started going

out, and the way to start is to give a party yourself for all the crowd you know. Boys, too," Mrs. Loehr added firmly.

Diana protested vehemently. "It'll be a washout. I hate being a hostess. I don't even know how."

"It's time you learned. This will be a very informal affair. In fact, I think we'll make it a kitchen party."

"What's that?" Diana asked skeptically.

"I'll have salad and ice cream ready, but we'll let the guests fix their own hamburgers. Won't that be fun?"

"No," said Diana under her breath. But as it turned out, she was wrong. It was fun. Having to cook the main course themselves put everyone in a friendly mood. The boys kidded Diana, and she toasted rolls busily, and forgot that she hated parties. After that, somehow, boys kept showing up at the house with increasing regularity. By the time Diana was seventeen, she was really getting too much of a whirl to suit her family.

"You can't go out so much and still get your school work and practicing done, even when you're not making a picture." Mrs. Loehr was reproving. "There's such a thing as being too popular, Dolly."

Diana smiled angelically. "Who started all this, anyway? There I was, minding my own business, and who was it said I should be going out with boys?"

"There ought to be a happy medium." But Mrs. Loehr had lost the argument and she knew it.

For about a year, Diana was very busy being the belle of the ball. Of every ball. The war was still on, and there was a constant stream of Army captains, Naval lieutenants, and just plain GIs, through the Loehr household. "A different date every night," was Diana's slogan and she was just the girl that could do it.

change of heart . . .

"I suppose we shouldn't mind," Mrs. Loehr said to her husband, watching Diana go down the steps with a completely new Air Force major. "There's safety in numbers."

"In that case, we're probably the safest parents on record. I never can remember these fellows' names, though."

"They don't last long enough for it to matter. You know Dolly."

But next day, Diana seemed to react a bit differently. She rushed to the phone every time it rang, and came away with a disappointed expression which she hastily erased when she saw her mother watching. At five o'clock, Mrs. Loehr said casually, "Who's your date with tonight, dear?"

"I think I'll stay home tonight, Mother. I'm sort of tired of going out."

Her mother stared, but made no comment. Sometimes silence was golden. At five-thirty, a boy delivered a box of flowers. They were delicate, apricot colored roses and Diana read the accompanying card with a gleam in her eye.

"I guess maybe I will go out tonight after all. I mean, you never can tell how long the Major might be around."

"Who?"

"The man I dated last night. Didn't you think he was dreamy, Mother?"

"Oh, very dreamy." Mrs. Loehr resolved to take a good close look at him tonight.

He was definitely the type a 17-year-old dreams about. Tall and just good looking enough, with the casual manner affected by the Air Force, and a couple of rosy ribbons to disprove it. He was very polite to Mr. and Mrs. Loehr, in an absent minded



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way. Obviously, he was interested in Diana to the exclusion of everything else. Mrs. Loehr felt a queer little tug at her heart when she saw the way he looked at her daughter. She sighed with relief when Diana said they were to pick up Mona Freeman and a lieutenant for a double date. Somehow, that turned the whole thing into just another of Diana's evenings. Probably they'd all go to a movie and have cokes and hamburgers on the way home. And maybe in a few days he would be sent away. She told her husband that, hopefully.

"Seems like a nice young man. Why do you want to send him off in a hurry to get killed?"

"I don't!" Mrs. Loehr was indignant. "I just don't want Dolly getting serious about anyone at her age."

As usual, Mrs. Loehr didn't go to sleep until Dolly got home. It was twelve-thirty (curfew was earlier when Dolly was seventeen) and the girl walked upstairs as if she was floating on a pink cloud. Her blue eyes were enormous with excitement. She saw her mother in the upper hall.

"Oh Mother. We've been to a night club. It was wonderful!"

Mrs. Loehr's breath came out in a long exclamation. She didn't know what she'd expected, but it wasn't this. However, night clubs had never entered the picture before. Surely 17-year-old girls didn't go to night clubs! She said so, firmly.

"Oh, but Mother, we wanted to because Ciro's has the best rumba band. None of the hotels where we usually go has a band that can play a really smooth rumba."

"What's the matter with a fox trot? Do you have to rumba?"

"Oh yes, everyone does and you know how much I love to dance."

Then Mrs. Loehr decided the escort was probably not as important to Diana as his dancing. Mrs. Loehr told herself to remember her husband's words, "By tomorrow night it will be someone else."

But by tomorrow night it was still the same. And the next night. And the next.

"I thought you liked going out with different boys every night, Dolly," her mother said at breakfast one day the next week.

"She's slipping," Mr. Loehr observed from behind his newspaper. "Can't get them any more."

"Oh, I got bored, seeing different people all the while. Having to adjust my personality to a new man every date. I think if you meet someone you like, it's nicer to sort of stick to them. If you know what I mean."

Mrs. Loehr was afraid she did. By the time Diana's eighteenth birthday came along, her mother was definitely worried. The officer wanted Diana to marry him—she was sure of that.

Then with the suddenness of wartime, he was gone. Diana missed him, but she was evidently not broken hearted.

"He certainly was the rumba prince of all time," she said regretfully. "But I met a man who's awful good at the samba."

ticket collector . . .

Of course even at seventeen, Diana had other interests besides men. One was learning to drive.

Diana never drove a car until she was seventeen. She didn't have the early urge some children do to get their hands on a wheel. Her mother usually drove her to the studio, but a little over a year ago Mrs. Loehr had a serious illness. One of the things that worried her was that she wouldn't be able to drive Diana around.

"Well, for heaven sakes," her daughter said with some spirit, "You must think I'm a dope. I can certainly learn to drive."

She learned very fast indeed, but she has gotten three tickets in the last year. Every one of them for the same thing.



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Somebody ahead of her puts his brakes on in a hurry and Diana runs smack into his rear bumper. Diana explained the first ticket to her father easily enough.

"After all, Dad, I've only been driving such a little while."

"She's really a very good driver," Mrs. Loehr put in. No more was said about the matter. Came ticket number two.

"What's this one for?" Mr. Loehr demanded.

Diana looked appealing. "Somebody ahead of me stopped all of a sudden."

"You'd better learn to slam on your own brakes," Mr. Loehr said darkly.

When ticket number three arrived, there was a minor crisis in the Loehr family. After that, Diana went back and took a couple more driving lessons.

She's always had her career in pictures, her music, her passion for clothes, and her love of reading as balancing factors. She did and does, read everything omnivorously. Books, magazines, plays. When she was a little girl, Mrs. Loehr was very busy giving music lessons, for she was one of the best known teachers in the city. When Diana would get home from school, she was supposed to practice her piano for an hour, then go and play outdoors. In an ordinary home, it's easy enough for Mother to tell when little Gertie is or is not practicing the piano. But in the Loehr household, there were always lessons going on, with their attendant sound. Diana could, and frequently did, skip part of her practicing without her Mother knowing it.

two men to a heart . . .

Of course, after Diana got into pictures there was much less time for reading or anything else, but for several years she did keep up her music industriously. Then at sixteen she developed this interest in boys and the music suffered. Mrs. Loehr worried. She'd had a tremendous ambition for Dolly to be a concert pianist. One day a friend came to her.

"Mrs. Loehr, I know Diana pretty well. She really loves music, but when you keep nagging at her about it, you just antagonize her. Don't mention it for awhile. She'll come back to it."

The advice was good and Mrs. Loehr took it. She's glad that she did. Diana is back at work on her music now and as interested in it as ever. Pictures, of course, are all-important in her life. Now that Diana is a star, with a very definite career, her mother wonders sometimes how that's going to mix with marriage when it comes.

Right now there are two leading contenders for Diana's heart. One is young Loren Tindall, actor, musician, ballet enthusiast. The other is Henry Willson, the above mentioned Selznick executive. They are a complete contrast. Loren is volatile, temperamental, and a little mad, in a fascinating sort of way. Henry is suave and balanced and dependable. He has known Diana for some time and when she first began to mention Loren Tindall frequently, he decided to find out what it was all about.

"I'd like to meet this Tindall guy, Diana. How about introducing us?"

Diana agreed and Henry thought he was a wonderful chap. Diana was completely baffled. The next time Henry called her for a date, she said, "I hear you and Loren are very buddy-buddy."

"Why not? We're both so fond of you."

Diana was in one of what her mother calls her "Scarlett O'Hara" moods. "Maybe I'll bring him along on our date."

"Fine!" Henry said heartily.

Diana slapped the phone down with a bang. This was really ridiculous! Still, it might be interesting. She wore her most devastating dress—a cream colored sheer wool that made her look very femme fatale



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in a demure sort of way. The three of them went to dinner, and Henry and Loren, instead of battling, talked to each other all the while and left Diana biting her rose colored nails.

At Christmas time, came the episode of the cocktail ring, which hit all the columns from coast to coast, to the Loehr family's dismay. What actually happened was this. One day the phone rang, and Mrs. Loehr answered. It was Loren Tindall.

"Mrs. Loehr, I wanted to tell you about the Christmas present I just bought Diana."

"What is it, Loren?"

"It's a jeweled cocktail ring, I think she's going to be crazy about it."

"Oh, but Loren!" Mrs. Loehr was really disturbed. "That's awfully sweet of you, but we couldn't let Dolly accept such a valuable present. Especially a ring."

"But I've already bought it," Loren protested. "I want to give Diana something really nice."

"Why don't you exchange it and get her a pretty lapel pin, or earrings. Couldn't you do that?"

Loren was annoyed, and didn't try to conceal it. He went to Diana, and she was very unhappy over the situation. She knew how Loren felt, and she would have loved to have that ring. But she saw the force of her mother's argument.

"I'm afraid she's right, Loren," she said reluctantly. "It's just not the thing to do."

Dolly was a sensible girl, who could be depended on to do the right thing at the right time. It was this conclusion that led to Mrs. Loehr's letting Diana go to New York alone in February. Several stars were going to Washington to appear for the March of Dimes campaign. Diana was asked to be one of them. The studio

representative would accompany them to Washington. Afterward, the other stars were going on to New York, for a few days of theater and fun.

Her mother hesitated. Wasn't nineteen too young for a girl like Diana to stay in New York unchaperoned?

"Alexis Smith is going," Diana said calmly without much hope. She was so sure her mother wouldn't let her go. "We could room together."

"I think that would be very nice," Mrs. Loehr said briskly. "When do you start?"

Diana's lovely mouth fell open. She couldn't believe it! Then she let out a warwhoop completely unsuited to the dignified age of nineteen, and screamed happily, "I'm going to New York by myself!"

While Diana was in New York, Henry, by an odd coincidence, had to attend to some business there. He called Mrs. Loehr before he left and explained.

He didn't want her to think he was trying to put anything over. He really did have business in New York, but of course he wanted to see Diana, too.

Mrs. Loehr laughed "Don't apologize, Henry. I'm sure she wants to see you, too."

So Henry was around to take Diana to the theater and the Stork Club and El Morocco, and it was all very gay. And very harmless, as Mrs. Loehr knew it would be. Because she's sure now that Diana isn't really in love with anyone yet. Not the way she wants love to be. And since Diana's a smart girl, she'll go along awhile, working hard at her career, having fun with the people she likes best, but not marrying anyone. Not until she's really sure. And when the right guy comes along, no one will be happier about it than Diana's mother.

ESTHER WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 45)

and the blast was felt 'round the globe. It portended many dark and bloody events for an anxious world, but for Esther, wrapped up in athletics, it wiped out the goal of her young life. And Esther Williams always had to have a goal.

The Olympic Games were cancelled. That meant four years at least before another chance at the world crown. But even in four years Esther would be too old. The fire inside her, the will to win, flickered for want of fuel. And there were a couple of other dampers that turned her competitive flame to soggy ashes. One was physical, the other psychological.

She was swimming in the ocean one day and running back up on the beach, she felt a searing pain in her foot. Blood poured from the wound a hidden piece of jagged glass had cut. Luckily, no tendons were severed, but her sole was laid wide open. She had to stop swimming; for a while she couldn't even walk. That took off some of the edge. The other experience was even more deadly, because it was disillusioning to a girl of Esther Williams' forthright, trusting honesty.

Her LAAC coach came up to her one day and remarked casually, "Oh, by the way, I had a wire from the AAU. They're interested in your joining an exhibition team for a South American tour."

Esther's heart bounced back into stride. She didn't ask to see the wire; she took it for granted she'd be asked, all right. But time went on and there was no further word. One day she picked up the paper and read where the South American troupe had sailed. Esther was dismayed. She rushed down to the club. "Oh," said her coach, "they decided you weren't quite good enough." That baffled Esther. Not good enough? She was the national champ. "They thought you weren't a versatile enough swimmer," explained the coach. Not versatile? Esther had placed in three winning events. She squelched her disappointment, and worked to prepare for the Indoor Nationals in Florida that April. But her heart wasn't really in it. She didn't know that her coach had taken it on herself to discourage the South American trip because she wanted the team intact for the Florida meet. But Esther was no fool, and it didn't make sense to her that a girl who had placed sixth at Des Moines sailed with the exhibition team.

The payoff came when the South American tour boat docked in Florida. Off poured Esther's lucky colleagues, tanned, laughing over a swell pack of memories, trained sharp as tacks from the constant winter outdoor swimming. Esther looked at them enviously. Then one of the boys on the team she knew spied her.

she wuz robbed . . .

"Hey, Williams," he called, "what happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you join us?"

"I wasn't asked. I wasn't good enough."

"Are you kidding?" he choked. "Say, we held off sailing two weeks waiting for you, and then the wire came saying you couldn't go!"

Esther's world dropped away from her feet. She was hurt to her very depths. Naive, maybe, certainly straightforward and frank, she had never been deceived before. Whether her coach was justified or not was beside the point. She felt cheated. She stalked in and confronted her mentor.

"Yes," the coach admitted. "They wanted you. But I didn't think it would be good

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QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Stranger in Town</i> (Van Johnson) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Intime and On the Beam</i> (Kurt Kreuger) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Three Little Sisters</i> (June Haver) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Power and the Glory</i> (Tyrone Power) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Since He Went Away</i> (Jerome Courtland) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>A Can of Beans and You</i> (Dane Clark) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Watch Barbara Hale!</i> by Hedda Hopper <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>He's My Guy</i> (Bob Mitchum) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Esther Williams' Life Story</i> (Conclusion) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Nobody's Sweetheart</i> (Diana Lynn) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Flying Irishman</i> (Gene Kelly) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Nancy With the Laughing Face</i> (Frank Sinatra) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Ed Sullivan Speaking</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

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for you, Esther. You wouldn't be in condition for the Florida Nationals."

"Don't you think myself or my mother ought to be the judge of what's good for me?" Esther came back, white faced.

"You'll have to trust me where your swimming is concerned, Esther."

But Esther Williams couldn't—not after that. She couldn't trust anyone and the organized, commercial side of championship swimming hit her tummy and sickened her all at once. She was through with competitive swimming right there. The National meet had to be held, but Esther didn't want to win. Her apathy spread to the LAAC team. She didn't win a race in Florida. Nobody on the Los Angeles team did. The South American tour kids swept every event. Esther traveled back to California. The first thing she did when she got home was to quit the LAAC team. She hung up her suit out in the garage at home.

to swim or not to swim . . .

That was the background of an important decision Esther would soon have to make—whether to keep herself "simon-pure" in the cradle of amateur sport, or turn professional, or give up entirely the swimming she loved. But first she took a job. Money was still scarce around the Williams house on Orchard Street and Esther needed a stake to start U.S.C. with next term, which was then her plan. She walked into a swank Los Angeles women's store, Magnin's, and asked for a job modelling clothes. One look at her face and figure and she was hired.

At first she was a regular stock model, standing by to display a dress a customer fancied. She learned to wear clothes expertly—something she had never really been interested in before. She caught on quickly to all the little artifices of the trade: When to smile, how to walk, what to stress, how to impress. Her natural sunny charm and beauty started her right up. But Fate interrupted. It was a telephone call one day right while she was changing from one dress to another. The voice on the wire was imperious.

"This Esther Williams?" said Billy Rose brusquely. "I want you to try out for my San Francisco Aquacade show. Be over at the Ambassador Hotel pool in fifteen minutes to swim for me."

That was three o'clock in the afternoon. Esther still had two hours of work ahead of her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rose," she said, politely, "but I have a job. I can't walk away from it."

"Listen," said Billy. "This is the star's part I'm talking about. The same thing in the San Francisco Fair that my wife, Eleanor Holm, did in the New York Fair. And I have to catch a plane at five."

"I'm sorry," repeated Esther.

"What time you get off?" Esther said five o'clock. "Okay, then," growled Billy. "I'll wait."

At five-fifteen Esther was in the water of the familiar pool where she had swum so many exhibitions. It felt good to be back in the water again. She didn't exactly know whether she wanted to be a star of any Acquacade or anything, but it was fun again to show what she could do and she was only human.

"Swim four laps free style" he was saying, "now four laps backstroke—uh-huh" and "now four laps breast stroke." He puffed away at a big black cigar.

Esther popped out of the water, grinning. "What's next?" she asked.

"You're not tired?" Esther shook her head. She was never tired—not when she was interested. "My gosh!" heaved Rose, mopping his hair. "I'm tired just watching you!" Then he came to the point. "You're okay. Forty a week."

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"I get forty-five now," replied Esther coolly. Besides, she didn't really think then she wanted to swim in Billy Rose's Acquacade. That was show business. She was no entertainer. In the water or out. She swam fast, not fancy. She still had no idea she was any kind of a feminine dream dish, in spite of the sport page photos. She liked her modelling job.

"Fifty," said Billy Rose.

"I'll let you know," said Esther, and that's what she meant.

There were flocks of wires from San Francisco after that. Each one went up ten or twenty dollars. Magnin's matched some of them because they liked Esther. But soon it got into show business money. "\$125 a week." That seemed like all the money in the world to Esther Williams. She was very tempted. After all, she was doing her job to pile up an educational stake. She could pile it up pretty fast at that rate. But like all amateurs, Esther didn't like the idea of swimming for money. Whenever a dilemma like that arose, there was only one place for Esther Williams to take it. She went into a huddle with Mama.

"I don't see any point to your going on with your amateur standing," Bula Williams advised Esther. "In fact, I think you might enjoy topping off your swimming career by making some money with your talent. After all," she smiled, "you can't eat medals."

As usual, Esther thought all these things herself. She just wanted the family okay. She wired Bill Rose her "yes" at last.

The family saw Esther off on the train to San Francisco. She left two weeks before the Acquacade was to open on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. She felt a little wobbly. Esther wasn't used to being scared much of anything, but this time she felt uncertain. She'd been on lots of trips before, but always with a gang of athletes her age, and always with a definite job to do. This time she was going it alone—by choice—and what she was going to do was a mystery, really, to her. She was like a puppy who strays out of his own yard for the first time—eager but nervous.

"Don't you want me to go up there with you, Esther?" her mother offered. "Maybe you'd feel more at home."

Esther's lips tightened. "No, Mommie," she said. "I'm eighteen. I'm a woman. It's my party from now on, thanks just the same." She knew what whether she loved or loathed her new life it was her problem and she had to face it. But the locomotive's whistle was lonely in the night.

the first day . . .

Her first day as a paid swimmer was the tip-off. Esther knew right away she wasn't going to like this, but her usual courage rallied. In fact, the experiences of Esther Williams' first encounters with show business had a great deal to do with her becoming Hollywood's prize "No" girl and putting off a career which was right for her for over a year.

She knew she was on the spot when she walked out on the rim of the public pool in San Francisco where Billy Rose was putting the show together. It was lined with dozens of girl swimmers, most of whom had made water ballet their specialty. Every one had bid keenly for the very star spot Esther had captured, almost against her will. She could feel their resentment, imagined she could hear cutting remarks and titters as they sized her up and asked, "Migosh, what has she got?" Her bathing suit was a plain racing rig. She pulled on her rubber cap and waited, thinking that it certainly was a laugh that all eyes were on her—the star—and she didn't know beans about what she was supposed to do.

"Well," she reasoned to herself, "they hired me knowing I'm no ballet beauty. I'm a racer. That's what I'll have to show them—speed."

Billy Rose used a public address system to direct the troupe. "All right, Miss Williams," his voice boomed out.

Esther dived in and split the water. She shot the length of the pool and back again, and if a stop-watch had been on her then she thinks she probably would have busted a world's record wide open. Every eye was on her and that made her arms dig in more savagely. She'd show 'em. The water boiled behind her. When she pulled her body out she was greeted by an aching silence.

racing fans! . . .

Then Billy Rose's voice came over the speaker. "Miss Williams." There was a pause, and the words came slow and sharp with sarcasm. "I'm sure," he said, "you can swim very fast. Yes—very fast. But . . ." and then he waited for the effect with a showman's timing, "we just aren't interested in that type of swimming. This is a show, not a race."

The girls lining the pool giggled. Esther's face burned, right through her wet cheeks.

"First of all," barked Billy, "take off that bathing cap." Esther took it off.

"That's better," said Billy, "but not much. My wife, Eleanor, always wears a bow in the water. You might try it. Now, I see we've got to teach you how to swim. That looked like amateur night in Dixie!"

Esther flared inside, but outside she tried to keep calm. Still, her voice trembled with anger as she tried to make her reply level.

"All right, Mr. Rose," she shouted back so everyone could hear. "You're paying me for this, so I'll learn to swim any way you want me to. I'll guarantee complete satisfaction." And although Esther's tone was defiant because she had been hurt, that's just what she meant. She'd deliver. She was even more determined to now that they'd made fun of her.

So she kept in the pool every day and every night learning to swim the way they wanted. She mastered it, of course, and with her beauty, her trim body and her untiring swimming power, Esther Williams more than measured up to what Billy Rose had bargained for and more than earned her salary as star of the pack-'em-in show. But Esther was never happy.

It was nice enough when the colored spots were on, the music playing and the rhythmic water performance in full flow. That was doing something and it was a life saver to Esther. Because the rest of the deal was pretty grim. The tiny dressing room with the forlorn light bulb dangling down before the cracked mirror. The musty, damp smell of wet suits and makeup and backstage cigar smoke. The perpetually wet hair, the sputtery gas heater. Four shows a day, every day. It got monotonous. But she got used to that.

But the rough and tumble, often vulgar show business world, Esther never got used to that. The salty wisecracks of the backstage hands. The nice, fresh college kids she saw, recruited from athletics like herself, turning tough and brittle and wise.

"That will never happen to me—never!" swore Esther.

Naturally, this decision only added to her loneliness. Esther's resolve to go it alone when she left Los Angeles was all very well. She thought then, she'd make lots of new friends at once as she always had. But she didn't click with these characters, and vice-versa.

This depressed state of mind was directly responsible for two of Esther Williams' major decisions while she starred in Billy Rose's Acquacade in San Francisco. It made her say "Yes" to marriage, and "No" to Hollywood. The offers arrived in

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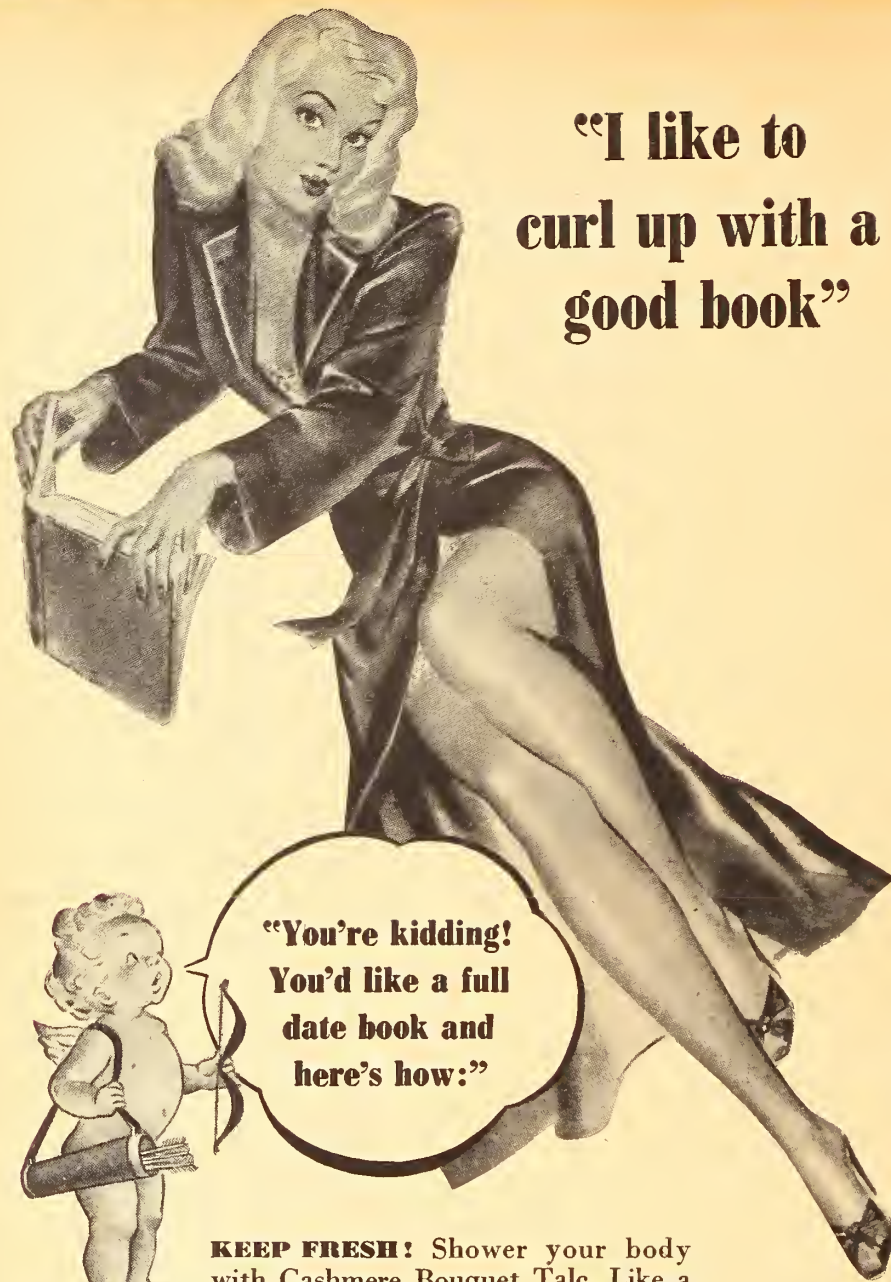
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reverse order, Hollywood calling first. She was in her tiny dressing room one evening when Jack Cummings of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who later on was to produce her first starring picture, "Bathing Beauty," "Easy to Wed" and her latest, "Fiesta") came backstage.

"Metro," bubbled Cummings, "has been looking everywhere for a girl to star in a big swimming picture—and you're it!" Esther just stared. "Yes," he went on, "M-G-M's crazy about you. Several execs have seen you at the Aquacade and I'm getting the picture together and you're my choice, too. You're a mighty lucky girl. You'll be a star overnight. You'll have everything you want. . . ."

ya-ta-ta ya-ta-ta . . .

He rattled on, talking a blue streak. Esther didn't have a chance to say a word.

"Now, let's see—the script's being written now and the scenes designed. You'll finish here in September. Then you'll come right down to Hollywood and out to M-G-M for color tests and fittings—and . . ."

Esther let him carry on. She couldn't have stopped him anyway. When he ran out of breath, she said:

"But I'm not interested in pictures."

Jack Cummings did what they call in Hollywood a "double-take"—and a real one. He looked like someone had suddenly knifed him.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I mean 'no,'" explained Esther. "I've found out what show business is like—and I don't like it."

Jack Cummings made a few remarks and then walked out, stunned. He just didn't get it. After he got back to Hollywood he came to and a barrage of studio offers started peppering Esther. But they didn't understand: Esther Williams meant what she said. But she was lonely, too. So when Leonard Kovner came to San Francisco and said, "Let's get married," that made sense to Esther.

She'd known Leonard and gone with him for a year or more, down home. He was a young medical student making up his pre-med credits at Los Angeles City College when Esther was there. They both planned to go on to USC and Leonard did. Leonard was going to be a doctor and that was a goal Esther admired. She could see herself part of a useful and real future with Dr. Kovner. She thought she was in love.

Anyway, Leonard's weekend visits came oftener and oftener and one day they went to a preacher. Esther's family wasn't there. They didn't get along with Leonard and he didn't like them. That was a wedge and an unnatural one that could never have allowed any marriage of Esther Williams to win out in the long run. But she was resolved to make her marriage a success. And that was another reason why she kept shying from Hollywood, in spite of the wires and phone calls and the visits of Johnny Hyde, the agent who took on the "Get Esther Williams Into Pictures" campaign. Johnny was persuasive and aggressive and he never gave up. She began her series of "No's" that lasted a year after the Aquacade closed.

husband's helper . . .

When that happened, Esther breathed a sigh of relief and moved back down to Los Angeles. The Kovners found a funny little apartment in the city and Esther found her old job waiting for her at Magnin's. Leonard entered USC and Esther went to work. She was glad to do this, because it helped her husband toward his medical goal, and because she had always liked modeling. Soon she was head model and trusted with staging fashion shows and exhibits all over the town.

There's not much doubt that Esther Williams could have gone right to the top as a fashion expert. Magnin's had their eye on her as a prospective buyer. She was happy in her job and she forgot swimming. She had no idea anything was going to happen that hot August day which would change her life and let Fate catch up with her, right over her own objections.

Johnny Hyde had kept calling up regularly, once a month or oftener. And when he said, "Haven't changed your mind yet, have you?" Esther would answer honestly, "No. It's still no. I'm just not interested."

Well, this day was sweltering and the customers were staying away in droves. Sitting around the store, idle and a little bored, Esther heard the phone ring. "I'll get it," she said, hopping up, glad for anything to bust the monotony.

"Hello, Esther, this is Johnny Hyde."

"I asked you not to call me at work, Johnny."

"I know—but, look. Louis B. Mayer's in town and he'd like to meet you. He's an awfully nice man. Wouldn't you like to meet him and say hello?"

"Yes," said Esther. "Of course, I'd like to meet Mr. Mayer, but . . ."

"But what?"

Esther fell back on the best argument she could think of. "But I've got a job. I'm not off until five." Johnny said five was fine. A car and chauffeur would call. Maybe that did it with Esther. She was only human; she couldn't resist the tempting vision of a big, shiny limousine drawing up especially for her. She weakened. "Okay," she said, "I'll be ready."

Then she let the rest of the girls in on the news. That was just the thing to brighten up a dull day. "Boy, will we send you off in style!" they said. Esther was dressed, undressed and dressed again with stock merchandise until she felt like a window dummy—but everybody, even the floor boss, had the time of her life. By five, Williams was really a dish that she could approve of in the mirror. The whole crew hung out the window and waved her off with cheers as the chauffeur pulled away from the curb. "I won't sign any contract or anything, no matter what," Esther assured herself. But little did she know Mr. Mayer.

she didn't say no . . .

He's an ace diplomat and the first thing he did was put Esther at her ease. His aide, Sam Katz, was with him. They told Esther, "Miss Williams, we're not boogie men. We aren't out to ruin your life or anything. We just think you have ability and we'd like to put you in pictures—that's all. Now, what's wrong with that?"

Esther wanted them to know where she stood, too. It sort of embarrassed her to get all this attention and keep saying "No." They must think she was a swell headed little brat, or else a sharp bargainer. So she said,

"Please—I'm not trying to be hard to get. I'm really not at all. It's just that I don't think I have any talent. I can swim, sure, but I can't act. I'm not very pretty, I'm—I'm—" she fumbled for the right phrase, "well, I'm just like everybody else!"

Mr. Mayer smiled. "That's just what we want," he told her, "believe me." Then he answered every doubt she brought up.

" . . . Soon as you find out how awful I am, I'll be out again in six months . . ."

"You'll have yearly options."

" . . . I'll never pass a screen test. . . ."

"There won't be any screen test. We'll sign you right now." And all prepared and perfect the contract slid magically out of L. B. Mayer's desk drawer. Esther found herself signing.

So Esther was in pictures at last. Her mother approved, but she wasn't impressed. Nobody in the Williams house was. It made

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☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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little difference in Esther's home life, either.

She started from scratch. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's drama coach, grabbed her at ten o'clock in the morning for an hour. From there she hustled over to the dance school. A half hour of ballet, another half hour of ballroom. After lunch, back to Miss Burns, and then on to an hour of diction and voice culture, another hour of walking with books on her head, sessions with makeup and wardrobe. And at the day's end, an hour of singing lessons.

In what spare moments there were she sat quietly on sets and watched. Everybody was swell to her. She had free run of the lot, authority to run off a picture in a projection booth. She didn't have to go to "command" parties, meet visiting Elks, pay any mind whatever to anything she didn't want to. And she swam every day, too.

Esther had been letting her swimming slip at Magnin's. There hadn't been time. But now swimming was a big item on her Star-Is-Born schedule. A good pool is one thing M-G-M doesn't own—so she had free access to all the glamorous ponds around Beverly Hills and Hollywood. While she was paddling luxuriously at the Beverly Hills Hotel crystal pool one afternoon, Esther got her first studio scare and biggest thrill all wrapped up in one.

It was just two months after she'd started on her M-G-M training program and Esther hadn't yet shaken a guilty feeling that she was getting paid for producing absolutely nothing.

So when they called her to the telephone at the pool and L.B. Mayer's private secretary said Mr. Mayer would like to see her in his office right away, Esther thought, "Well, they've come to their senses at last. They know I'm no good and they're going to end this foolishness. I'm fired."

She was fully resigned to that sad fact when she walked into the sanctum sanctorum at M-G-M. Esther was wearing slacks and a sport blouse. Her hair was wet and shapeless. Her makeup was washed off and her nose gleaming.

When she walked in the inner office, she couldn't have looked less glamorous. And she couldn't have guessed worse.

"We have something in mind for you," L.B. was saying. "But first, there's a young man outside I want you to meet."

just a nice young man . . .

He got up from his desk, smiling, walked out of the office and when he came back Esther felt her spine turn to solid ice and then prickle like a cactus stick. Mr. Mayer was leading in Clark Gable!

Esther still wonders how she managed to shake Clark's hand. Van Johnson wouldn't have thrilled her or Bob Taylor or anyone else. But Gable—he was just in tune with her age bracket to be the idol of her girlhood and of course he still was.

And she actually heard Mr. Mayer saying, "Mr. Gable would like to make a screen test with you." All she could think of was "Oh, I've never been so unattractive. I'm such a mess. This is awful!" (Clark Gable told her later he found her so refreshing!) She tried to say something. But all she could squeak out was:

"A test? But, why?"

"I think you two might be good in a picture sometime," explained Mr. Mayer. "And I think a test with Clark will be good for you. Give you confidence."

Esther thought, "Confidence? If you only knew how that guy gives me the shakes and shivers!" But she had self-control enough to keep quiet and play dumb.

It was some screen test. Clark picked a love scene from one of his current pictures. Esther studied the lines until she could say them almost without thinking. But Clark read his lines off sheets on a table, and when he'd miss one, he'd just go into a clinch, like a boxer. That raised

the average. After each smack Esther would gulp and carry on. She tottered off the test stage in a daze, and even later, when she ran the film so much that it got frayed at the edges, she couldn't study herself with any concentration. All she could see was Clark Gable kissing her.

But the studio tagged it a big success and from then on Esther plunged into a series of tests. She was always the girl partner for every new young man M-G-M tried out.

One day she was summoned into casting. "You're scheduled for a test with Mickey Rooney," they told her.

"But," she said now, "Mickey already has a contract." She didn't get it. She was always making a test with somebody else, but also for somebody else.

"This time the test's for you."

She made that test in a bathing suit. Ten other girls tested, too. So she was still in a race, of a sort. Six months after she first put her signature on the M-G-M contract, Esther had her first part in a picture, "Andy Hardy's Double Life."

mama knows best . . .

Frankly, the only scene where Esther felt at home was the scene under water where she and Mickey pull off a submarine kiss. Before the preview she told her mother, "Now, Mama, you've got to look at this objectively. Don't soft soap me (as if she didn't know better than that). If I haven't a spark of talent I want you to tell me—promise?" Bula Williams promised.

They sat in separate seats. After the picture they met outside. A first look at yourself on film is a pretty horrible experience anyway. But to hypersensitive Esther Williams it was slow death.

"Well, Mommy?"

Mrs. Williams took a long time answering and Esther's tummy sank and sank.

"That's not my girl," said Mrs. Williams, letting her have it. "That's not Esther. Honey, you were trying to do a job so hard you couldn't think of anything else. That works in swimming, but not in acting."

After that she burned up for experience. She wanted to be in every picture made at M-G-M. Just as an extra, a walk-on, anything. She pestered everyone at the studio, big and little—directors, producers, executives, even assistant directors. If she could only learn by doing, it would help.

"Listen," they told her. "We know better. Our plans are too big for you. Your next picture is going to be 'Bathing Beauty'—and you're going to be the star!"

"Oh, no!" protested Esther. Now that she was inside a studio and knew what talent movies demanded, she was horrified at actually doing the thing she had obviously been signed for in the first place.

Esther's campaign to land another part paid off just once before she was thrust, as she thought, like a lamb to the lions, in "Bathing Beauty." She talked herself into a tiny bit in "A Guy Named Joe." She danced with Van Johnson in a scene, had four or five pages of dialogue, and then put in more months of hard licks until at last "Bathing Beauty" rolled around.

She asked the same question of her favorite critic after the preview of "Bathing Beauty"—"Well, Mom?"

"It's a wonderful, beautiful picture," her Mama told her after the show. "You've gained confidence. And there's one scene at the end of the picture where your real humor, warmth and sincerity come through, Esther. That scene proves to me that you can be an actress if you want to."

And so Esther went on, always wondering, "Why are they putting me in another picture? Why are they wasting their money?" It wasn't until she'd finished "Easy to Wed" and it was previewed that her question, "Well, Mom?" brought final confidence to Esther Williams. After that

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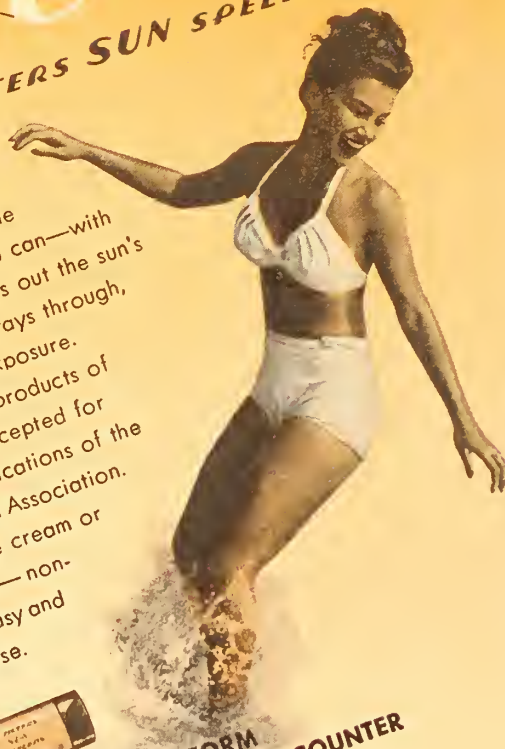
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one, Bula Williams sent a wire to Esther in New York.

She wired simply, "My Esther is on the screen at last."

It was the greatest accolade Esther ever got or ever will get.

At the time when the world was discovering Esther Williams, when she was basking in the first full rays of fame, Esther, true to form, courageously faced up to her private life and did what she knew had to be done. In 1944, just before "Bathing Beauty" opened in New York, Esther separated from her husband, Leonard Kovner.

It was the worst time she could have picked, if she had been picking it with publicity consequences in mind.

to thine own self be true . . .

But Esther's marriage had been wrong from the start and she had given it four long years that weren't happy ones for her. Instead of being false to herself and keeping it alive, she showed again the stuff she was made of by braving divorce.

When the break came, she didn't know Cupid was lying in wait right around the corner. Esther had never heard of one Sergeant Ben Gage when she cut the badly tangled knot of her marriage to Leonard Kovner. But only a few weeks after her divorce he walked right into her life—and Big Ben has never left.

They met at a benefit party at Earl Carroll's. All Hollywood had turned out and Esther was peddling cigarettes for sweet charity. She was dressed formal because this particular affair—the Jewish Old Age Benefit—is quite an event in Movieland. But although Esther glittered glamorously she was as low inside as a snake in a swamp. The hangover of her wrecked marriage depressed her.

This tall guy with the golden crinkles in his hair had loomed on Esther's horizon off and on all night, and somehow she couldn't get him out of her mind, even though they hadn't even said "Hello." Esther had to grin to herself, and as she was looking right at this man he grinned right back. So she wiped hers off and said "Cigarettes?" to a passing party.

Then when her chore was over and she'd turned in her cigarette tray and the proceeds, she started out to get her car and go home and drown her sorrows in a soft pillow. And then—nuts—the Heavens started bucketing down and her car would be miles away in the maze of the dripping parking lot.

That's when the voice behind her said, "Having trouble, little girl?"

"Little Girl"—Esther's heart did that double-time routine again, because she knew who it was before she turned around. "Am I having trouble?" sighed Esther. "I am. My car, I . . ."

"I'll get it for you," said the tree-top tall sergeant. He brought the buggy 'round and Esther drove him across the street to his car and that was all.

Esther's romance with Ben Gage was on the cautious side at the start. She wasn't letting the big soldier sweep her off her feet because that had happened the first time and it hadn't worked. And this time, too, she was going to be dead certain that anybody who came a-courtin' knew her family, and liked them, and vice-versa, because Esther knew by now she could never be happy in any stand-offish domestic relationship with her folks. They were too dear to her. And so when Ben Gage called, Esther came right out with:

"Would you like to come to Mama's house for dinner?"

"Would I?" said the Sergeant. "After this army chow? Look—can she cook?"

"If she can't, I can," laughed Esther, "but she taught me how."

Well, that night Ben and Bula Williams

got along like a couple of country cousins. In fact they talked and jabbered away so long and exclusively that Esther finally gave up and went to sleep on the couch!

All the summer that followed that spring of 1944, while Esther made "Thrill of a Romance" on an M-G-M set, a real life romance of the same name progressed in her private life, unspectacularly but solidly. It was quite a spell before Esther could trust her feelings for Ben. She'd been hurt, but Ben passed all the tests—Esther's own and Mama's too—with flying colors, and then Esther began to let out the strings of her heart.

And to tuck up a long and fairly familiar Hollywood love story—well—Esther Williams turned into Mrs. Ben Gage in a candlelit church in Westwood last November, with bridesmaids and ushers and rice and tears and double rings—all the trimmings of a girl's dreams.

Privately Esther Williams couldn't be happier than she is with her husband, Ben, in the little redwood house they've set up housekeeping in—high on a mesa with a view sweeping the Pacific Ocean.

When Christmas rolled around this past year, Esther was down in Mexico in "Fiesta" and Ben flew down to see her. It was the first Christmas Esther had ever spent away from home and in a foreign land, to boot. But she thought with Ben there they could make it real.

a southern christmas . . .

So they tramped off to a little side alley market in Puebla and picked up all the Yuletide decorations and trinkets they could find. They even dug up a tree and lugged all the Santa Claus loot back to the hotel room. Esther explained in her limping Spanish to the Mexican cook just how she wanted everything fixed—how you made cranberry sauce and chestnut dressing and how you roasted a turkey, Norte America style. The picture crew was invited, and on Christmas Day thirty people made with cheer and feasting, sang carols and everything.

It was okay—but, darn it, it just wasn't real. Both Ben and Esther tried hard but they finally had to confess to each other that Christmas just wasn't Christmas away from the folks. The only thing to do, they decided, was to hold back the calendar and do it right when they got home.

So they set about their Christmas shopping. They cleaned out the Mexican shops with presents for every member of both families and Esther had to come back to the United States with practically no wardrobe at all because every bag was crammed with gifts. The minute she got home she started things going. It was February by then but what she was up to was a family Christmas dinner.

So Esther tied on her kitchen apron and went to work. Soon the family started tramping in until the walls of her honeymoon cottage bulged to bursting.

She was there with her family, not one of whom was the least impressed with the fact that she was a Hollywood star. What counted with them was that she was still Sister Essie and that she could get up a family Christmas Day like this with a Christmas dinner like this.

Because Esther had cooked the whole dinner herself and if her cheeks glowed with a shiny flush, it was not all because of the hot kitchen. But because of a couple of compliments from a couple of people who counted.

It was her Dad who said, "Esther, I wouldn't care if you were the greatest actress in the world if you couldn't cook!" And it was Ben who cracked proudly, "That's no actress—that's my wife!"



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HE ADMIRES YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

the hair, itself, is soft, gleaming, healthy, alive. Helmut said that when he was, over seven years ago, coming over on the boat as an Austrian refugee, one of the first characteristics he noted about the American girl was her free-flowing, well-brushed, sparkling hair. So do live up to the American tradition by always having your hair at its best. Wield that brush every night. Shampoo regularly. And protect your hair from the searing summer sun, unless you think the boys might like a crisped straw effect! To help you out here, a firm known for its fine hair-beauty aids, has concocted "protecsun" which is a very helpful oil product that does such a good job of warding off the sun's burning rays that you can even use it as a sun lotion!

Helmut wanted to be quoted as most definitely "not favoring any particular shade of hair." Of course, it would be awkward for MODERN SCREEN to print that he liked brunettes on the very day that he had a date with a blonde! But there is even more wisdom in his statement. That all-important "he" in your life will admire the color of your hair . . . as long as that color is looking its very best. Not drab, not dingy, not dull. So, be you blonde, brunette or redhead, it behooves you to finish off your shampoo with a special rinse. There is a large selection of shades from which to choose. Just dissolve a package of the 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 . . . no matter what the color.

Men like your hair clean. So let's squelch, once and forever, the persistent rumor that it's harmful to wash your hair often. It isn't so. Look closely at your film pet the next time you are at the movies. Doesn't her hair look soft and clean and shimmering? And you should know by this time that those movie girls have their hair washed anywhere from twice a week to once every day.

Your hair doesn't require a daily dunking, because it escapes the close inspection of the camera's eye. The frequency of your own washings, therefore, depends on whether you live in dusty city or clean country, whether you're addicted to hats or love to go bare-headed. Also, hair that is heavy and oily catches more dirt than fine, dry hair, and blond ringlets show soil quicker than dark hair.

Summing up what we learned from Helmut, we find that our men like us girls with individually styled hair . . . and with clean, clean hair; But Mr. Dantine has one more message for you: He feels very strongly about the unattractiveness and bad taste of hair combing in public. It's absolutely shattering to any illusions of feminine daintiness. So let's all try to have the men in our lives admire both our pretty curls and our pretty manners!

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THE POWER AND THE GLORY

(Continued from page 51)

below. Then he jumped.

Some character on the boat yelled "Geronimo!", which is the paratrooper's cry.

If Ty had been a baseball and Annabella a right fielder, she would have caught him just before the fence. As it was, she was in his arms before he had quite caught his balance, which was unimportant, as her kiss sent him spinning anyway.

A mighty roar of approval went up from the men on the ship. "Kiss her for me, Ty," somebody shouted. "Best scene you've ever played," someone else kidded.

As soon as Ty could get through the red tape, he and Annabella rushed to the airport where the soon-to-be Mister Power made his first postwar purchase: A pair of airline tickets for Los Angeles.

During the war, while Annabella had appeared in New York in "Jacobowsky And The Colonel," then had gone to France to appear in U.S.O. shows for troops, and while Ty had been working for Uncle Sugar in the Marine Corps, Ty's sister, Anne Hardenberg, had occupied the Powers' Brentwood house with her small daughter, Neeltje. (Don't try to pronounce it; just call her Pixie, as the family does.)

overseas yens . . .

Pixie was three-and-one-half-years old and garrulous for her age. Said Mrs. Hardenberg to her daughter, "This is, your Uncle Ty and your Aunt Annabella."

Pixie fixed a long look on her Uncle Tyrone. Having never heard the old saw about the pot calling the kettle black, she observed, "That name's too hard for me."

Also waiting at the house, in addition to Mrs. Hardenberg and Pixie, was Tyrone's mother. "Darling!" she said, taking her son into her arms and bursting into the tears that mothers must shed in gladness. After a few moments she backed away and studied the hard-sinewed, tanned man with the steady dark eyes. Almost accusingly she said, "But you look wonderful!"

This sort of thing went on for several days. Ty was interested in very little food other than milk and green salads. If Pixie had been a little older she could have earned her college money simply by following her Uncle Ty around and returning his empty milk bottles.

"If atabrine turned you yellow, it seems to me that the amount of lettuce you've been eating is going to turn you green," observed Annabella. "Isn't there something else you'd like to eat?"

Ty's answer was prompt. "Caviar," he said, rolling his eyes.

It took Annabella several days to find a small cache of prewar, cold water, small-size caviar. Then she and Tyrone sat before their bar, perched on high stools, ate crackers spread with the precious stuff . . . and drank milk. That is, Tyrone did. Annabella shuddered, sipping her red wine.

Eyes twinkling, voice soft, Annabella said after a bit, "Aside from certain peculiar eating habits, you are a very nice husband, but I must say that at times you present a problem."

"Only one?" asked the head of the house.

"At the moment—one. The property next door has been sold."

"Oh. To anyone we know?" asked Ty.

"To the operators of a girls' school," said Annabella.

Ty clutched the bar to prevent himself from falling off the stool. "No!" he yelled.

Annabella only nodded, spread another cracker with caviar and handed it to her husband to placate him.

All of which will explain Mr. Power's



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next activity: He and the gardener spent days reinforcing the hedge around the Power property, and planting thick new bushes in any portions of the greenery which might have worn thin.

In addition to his horticulture, Ty had other business to attend to; there was the accumulation of income tax to be paid, there was insurance to be brought up to date, and there was work to be done on the script of "The Razor's Edge."

One afternoon he asked Annabella to look up some receipts for him, and when he returned to the library, he found her glancing through a stack of yellow envelopes. Smiling up at him, she said, "These are all the cables you sent when you were away. I'm going to keep them always."

operation incomplete . . .

Vividly, for a moment, he remembered Guam. When the telegraph office had been opened there he had flown up once a week—on routine flight, of course—and had cabled Annabella, wherever she was. Through the heat, the soggy weather, the homesickness, he had planned his brief communications, making every word count.

Remembering the circumstances surrounding the sending of the cables—these many months and thousands of miles later—Ty rested his hand on his wife's shoulder and smiled into her eyes. The Powers are not prodigal conversationalists; an exchanged glance, a smile, a phrase, suffice to convey their thoughts. Annabella said softly, "They were nice messages."

And Tyrone said, "To a nice girl."

After Christmas Ty and Annabella went to New York where they were wine and dined and gala-ed.

After having seen dozens of plays and having checked up on the brightest New York spots, Ty and Annabella scooted off to Mont Tremblant for some skiing. Annabella had never been in eastern Canada before and she was overpowered by the scenery, the charm of the Inn, and the fun of a snow outing.

Ty had learned the proper stance, had grown accustomed enough to alpenstocks to keep from knitting the nearby shrubbery with them, and had learned a fairly decent "Stem Christy." However, he was still several winters away from a slalom race. On a distant slope he caught occasional glimpses of Annabella unscrambling herself; he always managed—on his own slope—to get the snow brushed off his back before she straightened to see how he was getting along.

On the third night Annabella said dismally, "I don't think I am ever going to learn to ski. I have no balance; I have no assurance; I have no grace. Ten percent of the time I spend in picking myself up. Now you . . . you are good."

Ty grinned at her. "My percentage is better," he admitted. "I'm now about fifty-fifty. Fifty percent on my feet and fifty percent on my fanny. There's no doubt about it—I'm good!"

When they were in Montreal the telephone rang in their hotel suite one night and a jovial voice said, "Hi, Ty—read in the paper that you and Annabella were in town. This is Marion McKeen!"

You could have heard Ty's jubilant shout all the way to Klondike. Mr. McKeen had taught Ty to fly in the bygone days when Mac was running a flying school at Clover Field, near Los Angeles. A fast resumé revealed the fact that Mr. McKeen and his wife now owned and operated Ski Hills Inn, near Montreal.

"Come on up and spend as much time with us as you can," he urged.

That was all the Powers needed. They moved to Ski Hills Inn for a few additional days of skiing (still on a fifty-fifty basis) and they spent the rest of their time reminiscing about Ty's early flight experiences.

"Remember that guy who used to take off like a harpooned goose?" Mac asked. "Well, he spent two years flying The Hump. Gosh, I NEVER thought that character was going to learn to fly. I used to say to him, 'Watch Power take off . . . see how much of the runway he uses. You never see him hang a plane on its props.'"

Afterward, Annabella said, "Mac really thinks a lot of you, Tyrone."

And Tyrone answered, "That makes it mutual. There is one of the swellest guys in the world."

Back in Los Angeles, Ty reported to the studio. His secretary, Bill Gallagher, was out of service, newly-married, and eager to get back to work. Said Bill, "I'm sure glad to see you back, Ty. Gosh—how my stamp collection has languished! Now that your fan mail is coming in from everywhere in the world again, I'll be able to fill volumes with rare specimens."

Ty had planned to buy a car, but when he investigated the used car market his sales resistance became stratospheric. The prices were immense. And the delay in getting a new car would be great unless he wanted to pay a premium; having just come from service, where black market operations were looked upon askance, Ty simply decided to continue to use his sister's car until 1947 or 1948 if necessary. His sister had joined her husband in Honolulu, so she wrote that she would appreciate Ty's taking care of the bus.

Someone at the studio said, "What about your motorcycle? Wouldn't that do?"

Answered Ty, "I've now been through the motorcycling phase of my career. After getting back from the Pacific in one piece, I don't want to make one of those oddity notices in a newspaper by entwining a civilian telephone pole."

At the time he sold his motorcycle, he had also given away his two dogs. Naturally, the people who had taken them had grown fond of the mutts and didn't want to give them up. Not that Ty would expect them to, of course.

He returned to the house late one afternoon, grinning. "Where have you been?" his wife wanted to know.

"Down to the city pound. They don't have a dog there who is strictly my type, but I'll go down again in a week or so."

20th century sport . . .

This hound, when he is added to the Power household, will have to wait a bit before he is taught tricks, because Ty is deeply engrossed in another hobby at present. Better sit down for this one, because it will jar you: The motion picture colony—at least the 20th Century-Fox division—has taken up croquet.

The game is not, however, the mild-mannered tourney played by children at garden parties. This game is played with an English set, imported by Mr. Zanuck, including striped and peaked caps which the players wear. The English wickets are tall and narrow—allowing barely enough room for the ball to pass through—so the players have to be accurate shots.

At Palm Springs one Sunday, Tyrone, Mr. Zanuck, Clifton Webb, Gene Markey and Henry Hathaway played for seven hours, taking time out only for luncheon. So far Tyrone and Mr. Zanuck, playing as a team, have licked all contenders. In describing the games to Annabella, Ty produced a nice pun: "In our games, every stroke is made with mallet aforethought," he said.

Answered Annabella, "No wonder you win. You've got all the Power on your side."

No matter on whose side Power is, it is apparent that everyone from Mr. Zanuck to the only picture fan in Trembling Leaf, Maine, is on the side of Power—and is glad to have him back in picture business.



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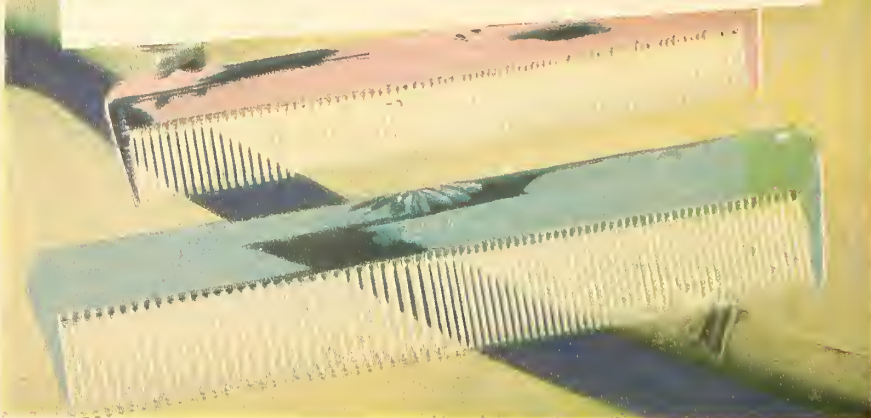
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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



A welcome back is in order for **RICHARD WARING**, who scored as Bette Davis' brother in "Mr. Skeffington." He was set for the picture, "Corn is Green," when the Army stepped in, forcing him to re-

linquish the role of Morgan Evans which he had created on the stage, to John Dall. Born in England, on May 27, 1911, he's 6' tall, 155 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Berg-Allenberg, 121 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Another Britisher, rising fast in American popularity, is dynamic **JAMES MASON**, who was born May 15, 1909. He has brown eyes and black hair, is 6' tall, 160 lbs., and married to Pam Kellino. Pix include "Seventh Veil,"

"Hotel Reserve," and "Man in Grey." Will be in the U. S. come October, and intends to gorge on Hershey Bars which he loves. Address: Gainsborough Films, 142-150 Wardour St., London, Eng.



Of English descent, but Hawaiian-born, is **LESLIE VINCENT**, who was Nicholas in "Pursuit to Algiers." He's in his early twenties, 6' tall, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Unmarried ... and at Universal Pictures. Fan

club: Leona Rosenthal, 1285 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, New York.

B.T., IOWA: MAY I HAVE DATA ON STARTING A FAN CLUB OF MY OWN ... AND ALSO ADDRESSES OF SOME NEW CLUBS? ... Anyone wanting a club of their own, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for info. New clubs: **SCOTT ELLIOTT** (Lenny in "Kiss and Tell"): Doris Berman, 797 Empire Avenue, Far Rockaway, N. Y., **JOHN HEATH**: Edythe Rojan, 40-05 12th St., L. I. C., **DANNY KAYE**: Virginia Vickery, Box 219, Madison Sq. P. O. N. Y. and **RORY CALHOUN**: Leila Leibowitz, 1105 Boynton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

I look forward to your questions, so send them along to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. And please don't forget that **SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE**.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

Ask him for a second chance, even though you'll have to swallow your pride to do that. Tell him that while you're proving to him that he's mistaken about you, that you'll have your dates at home with him present as a chaperone. He certainly can't refuse you dates on that basis, and once you've re-established his good faith in you, he'll be glad enough to let you go your way and have the living room in peace again.

I am twenty years old and most of the boys I've just started to go with like to stop for a drink or two after the movies. They kid me because I don't touch the stuff. Do you think they'll drop me for a more sophisticated gal? E. K., Red Lion, Penna.

The guys worth bothering about won't. It's funny, but we think most lads sort of like a non-drinking gal. It gets them thinking in terms of pedestals and purity and stuff, which is how they like to think of girls.

Some girls have to fight off the wolves, but they give me no trouble at all. Darn it! How can I get out of the sister act and into something more romantic? S. K., Taos, New Mexico.

Dollars to doughnuts you're a perfectly wonderful sport. You'll sit in the rumble seat when the other babes are afraid they'll muss their hair, you open all doors for yourself, grin when you've all but broken your leg falling off your bike. You're just too good an egg for your own good. Begin to let the boys wait on you a bit. Take their arm crossing the street, fumble with your door key so that they can come to your rescue, ask their advice about gardening and dogs and outdoor things. Without sacrificing any of your particular brand of wholesome charm, you can make yourself subtly more feminine, more of a clinging vine. And wait'll you see what fun it is!

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

the same guy, and you'll drive everyone crazy. Including yourselves, in due time.

The Family: Home, whether we realize it or not, is just about the best proving ground for charm that there is. If you can woo your pop, captivate your mom and keep your small brother entranced, sister, you're going to be a Success. If your family just tolerates you in a tight-lipped, clenched-fist way, it's time you did something about it. As a starter, how about looking better around the house? Take a few seconds to comb your hair and climb into a new face before dinner. Glamor up slightly when your mom and dad are entertaining, by way of making them ever so proud of you. Having perked up your exterior, work on your interior. You're a charmer with your pals, but with the family aren't you a bit of a rain-in-the-face? Try laughing at your dad's jokes, occasionally telling mom when you think she looks swoony. Without turning into a sweetness and light job and getting them terrified over what ails you, spread some of your good humor around the

(Continued on page 106)

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

Great natural dignity and an infallible style sense make Mrs. Vanderbilt's handsomeness unforgettable. For a quick complexion "re-styling," she has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"It makes my skin feel softer . . . look brighter and clearer," she says.

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Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!



A TRIP TO THE "TROPICS"



Sugie gives lodies much good odvice along with key rings inscribed "Stolen from Sugie!" Here Rosemory Ames gets his opinion on o new script.

Don't you feel like you ought to be chewing betel nuts when you see all that bomboos? Here's friendly Sugie with movie stor friends.

WHERE YOU'LL FIND NATIVES LIKE BEY, LAW-

FORD, DRAKE, DeHAVEN, PAYNE, AND BERGMAN

HAVING A MARVELOUS TIME! • BY NANCY WOOD

■ If the movie star patrons of the Beverly Hills Tropics could be persuaded to show up for dinner wearing sarongs and carrying baskets of pineapples and bananas on their beautiful heads, the South Sea Island illusion would be perfect! "People go for atmosphere," declares Harry M. Sugarman, and "Sugie," Tropics owner, sees that they get it.

The Pago-Pago effect is created by a palm-shadowed patio, drinks with terrific names like "Missionary's Downfall," "Untamed" and "Lapu-Lapu," and, of course, bamboo walls wherever you look. Lighting is dim and from softly burning hurricane lamps—this flatters women's faces, says the astute Sugie. He plans, however, to have one room done over with mirrors, elegance and lots of lights—"For the girls who want a swank background for their mink coats!"

Confidante of a smart half of the darlings of the cinema, Sugie gets Hollywood vital statistics on his own special grapevine. He is often the first to know of an engagement, marriage or divorce. Shirley Temple and Jack Agar spent a good part of their time at the Tropics during their courtship.

Walls of the Tropics are historic with pictures of twosomes in loving poses dating back so far that customers are frequently somewhat embarrassed when they come in with their current better halves. Sugie maintains this art work adds interest to the restaurant.



You gather that Sugie is a personality! His picture decorates the menus, the walls, the wine list and the paper place mats used during the acute laundry shortage. Then Jack Oakie cracked, "This is the first time I ever went to a restaurant and almost ordered the manager!"

The cuisine runs largely to very good Chinese and American dishes. We're giving you several recipes of the kind that makes the Tropics a favorite eating place.

CHICKEN FRICASSÉE

- 1 stewing chicken (5 lbs.) cut up
- 3 cups water, or just to cover chicken
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 3 stalks celery and leaves, chopped
- 2 diced carrots
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon vinegar, optional
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ¾ cup flour
- ½ cup rich milk

Sprinkle pieces of chicken with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot fat in skillet. (Use any fat from chicken for frying.) Remove to kettle and just cover with water. Add onion, celery, carrots, salt and vinegar. Cover and cook over low heat for 1½ to 2 hours, or until tender. Remove chicken from broth and keep hot. Skim any excess fat from broth. Heat 3 tablespoons of this or other fat in pan. Stir in flour. Add broth from chicken gradually, stirring smooth. Add rich milk and, if broth has cooked down a lot, enough water to make medium thick gravy. Cook, stirring constantly until gravy bubbles gently. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over chicken in serving dish. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. Serve hot with baking powder biscuits or noodles. Serves 6.

CHINESE ROAST PORK

- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons honey
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons catsup
- 3 tablespoons chicken bouillon
- 2 lbs. fresh pork butt or shoulder

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except pork. Cut pork lengthwise in 3 pieces, add to soy mixture and let it soak 45 minutes, turning it now and then so all sides of meat are exposed to sauce. Place pork on rack in roasting pan and add a little water to keep any sauce that drips off from smoking. Roast 1¼ hours in a moderate oven (350° F.), turning occasionally. Baste with remaining soy mixture. When done, slice pork and serve immediately with hot mustard. Serves 6.

STRAWBERRY CREAM PIE

- 1 can (15 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 2 eggs, yolks and whites separated
- 1 cup sliced strawberries
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 (9-inch) crumb crust

Blend together sweetened condensed milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and strawberries. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust. Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until just stiff and shiny and adding sugar gradually. Bake in moderate oven 350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

To make Crumb Crust: Roll enough graham crackers to crumbs to make 1 cup. Add ¼ cup melted butter. Blend. Pat on bottom and sides of pie pan.



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house. Assume a few responsibilities. For instance, if you're earning some money, chip in occasionally on the buying of party groceries, of which you and your chums are the star devourers. Take on voluntarily the chore of dishes or of getting breakfast, of darning socks or mowing the lawn. Take charge of your own room, your own clothes, your own life. Enjoy your family. Now and then take the younger kids to the beach, to the zoo, to the local cokery. Get to know them, give them a hand with their pint-sized dilemmas, act as an interpreter between them and your parents. Set aside a Saturday once in a while to go somewhere with your pop. Get his ideas on things, and see him as a guy instead of simply as a father. Talk things over with your mother. Listen to her advice and have heart-to-heart discussions when your views don't mesh. Profit by her wisdom and experience, and let her profit by your bright new ideas on fashion, makeup, entertainment and such.

People in General: What do the people who don't know you intimately think about you? Your teachers, the storekeepers, all your various acquaintances around town? Appearance, again, is one of the first things they judge you by, so when you're out in the wide world, be sure that your slip doesn't show, that your stockings aren't run and that whatever you have on is clean. Consideration is as attractive a quality as we can think of, and terribly pleasing to the people you run into casually in a day. If you practise it, you don't rehash last night's movie when Teacher is trying to tell you about atomic energy, you don't wax boisterous on a crowded bus, or walk four abreast when you're downtown. You don't take over a booth at Joe's by the hour when there are people waiting to sit down, or whisper in the movies, or giggle at the soda jerk with the foreign accent. You're very sure you're not guilty of B.O. or halitosis, either of which can annoy dozens of people in a day. If you're anxious to be well thought of by your acquaintances, you'll pay your bills promptly, follow through when you undertake a job, be friendly without being gushy and interested without being curious. Is being nice worth it? Try it—we kind of think you'll think so!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



As I was enroute home from the Pacific, I had occasion to stop at Oceanside, California, as the first leg of my journey from the Marianas home. It was the day before Christmas, and two buddies and I were stretching our sea legs, walking around town. They stopped to look in a store window, and I walked on ahead, spying Henry Fonda about to cross the street. "There goes Henry Fonda!" I exclaimed. My buddies stared at the dungaree-clad figure carrying bundles, and shook their heads at me. "You're crazy," they said. "It is so," I insisted. "I'll bet you \$10." Just then a lady passed by, smiled at me, and said, "You're right! I'm Mrs. Henry Fonda. Pay the man!" And she stood by, smiling mischievously while they paid off.

Jack Watson, CSKU
St. Albans' Hospital, N. Y.

STRANGER IN TOWN

(Continued from page 33)

"Let's get out of here, Dad," was the first thing Van said, and they were just about to duck out through the side door when someone spied him. It was kind of a stampede after that with dozens of high voices shrieking "Van Johnson!" and youngsters yanking buttons off that famous black and white checked sports coat.

Afterwards, driving south through the cool New England evening, Van's dad said wonderingly, "You don't get mad when those kids pull you apart. I sure would." And Van said,

"Yeah—you big softie. Like heck you would." The two men kind of looked at each other in the flickering dusk, and then Van laughed and his dad laughed. Then it was just like old times, driving along. Like coming home from a baseball game or something. The talk was easy and warm.

"Had a phone call from a kid in Fall River today," Charlie Johnson told him.

"Your public?"

"Gosh, no. Yours. I get a couple of calls a day about you. And mail! Sixty-two letters one day last week."

"Hey, pretty sharp stuff. Hope you answer 'em all." A second of shocked silence, then they both burst out laughing. Van's dad is possibly the world's worst correspondent. He and Van have kind of a gentlemen's agreement about it. They phone or wire, but almost never write.

old haunts, good memories . . .

There was no discussion about where they'd have dinner. The Ford practically took them there automatically. It was MacComber's in Tiverton, of course, for wonderful food and a look at Vic, the proprietress, who is one of the Johnsons' favorite people. They drove in the back way and went into the kitchen, and there were all the good, remembered smells.

"How about a good, thick slice of ham?" Vic asked him, and he grinned at her because she hadn't forgotten. Ham and potatoes and a tossed green salad. Milk and hot rolls and fresh butter. His favorite food.

"Gee, Vic," he said, and he took off his jacket and rocked back in his chair.

"S'good to be home, you know?"

It was nine o'clock before they'd finished eating and talking. There was so much to say. Vic wanted to know if the stars were really that beautiful, and Van said most of 'em were even better. And she wanted to know who were the nicest ones. That kind of stopped Van because he likes so many. Keenan Wynn and June Allyson and Bob Walker, Irene Dunne, and of course, his idol, Spencer Tracy.

"How about this guy, Sinatra?" That was Van's dad, who is strictly a Johnson fan himself.

"There couldn't be a nicer gent," Van said. "No kidding, he's swell." (So now Sinatra's got a new praise agent, Charles Johnson. Anyone Van's sold on is tops. "That Sinatra's a right guy," he'll tell you, "Van likes him.") And of course, Vic wanted to know about his love life. She'd seen his picture with Sonja Henie. They looked cute together. Van had an answer for that.

"Vic, I want to marry a good cook. Preferably a whiz at the Swedish stuff." Vic said she guessed she was born too soon, and they all laughed at that; and pretty soon they said goodnight, and the Johnsons started home. When they came into Newport, Van said, "How about driving along Thames Street sort of slowly?" Thames Street was the Great White Way of his childhood.

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"Oh, Thames Street," his dad's voice was gently scoffing. After Hollywood and Vine, Broadway and Forty-Second Street—Thames Street. "How does it look, Red?"

"Funny, it packs the same old kick," Van told him quietly, and he almost broke his neck rubbernecking at Rugen's and Waldron's, at Christie's and the Chinese Restaurant. They took it twice around Market Square and Van looked at what was playing at the movies, and then they went home.

They didn't talk much going into the house. Mr. Johnson was busy wondering how it would look to Van after all the places he'd seen, and Van was busy swallowing the golf ball in his throat, because it looked so darned dear and good and solid, and there were so many memories in every corner of the place. Then Charlie switched on the dining room light and said, "Like my new floor?" And Van said, "Hey, yeah!" and gave his dad another hug for no particular reason.

worry wart . . .

They got started on a box of chocolates and talked a while about Russia and the British loan, about Nashes vs. Fords, and about how each other looked. Van thought his father looked fine. Fit and strong and without a single gray hair. Mr. Johnson thought Van looked strapping and well, but he didn't like that scar on his forehead. "It's practically gone," Van told him. "You ain't seen nothing. Why, I don't even have to wear very heavy grease paint to hide it for photographs any more."

"I still don't like it."

"Worry wart."

They sat and sat, discussing at length the state of the nation, the waterfront property Van wants to buy in Newport, his proposed trip to England for his next picture, and the state of the nation all over again. Finally, yawning in each other's faces, they went to bed.

Van's dad is an early bird. He's up and at 'em at seven o'clock most days, seven-fifteen the latest—and Sunday's no exception. Van would just as soon stay in bed, usually, but this Sunday was different. He sat up on his elbow, getting his bearings for a minute, and his dad appeared with a tall glass of orange juice.

"How do you like your eggs?" he asked him, and Van said,

"You should slave over a hot stove, Mr. J., and me with four bits in my pocket? Let's have breakfast at Martellino's." They got dressed then, conversing in shouts from one room to the other, just the way they always had.

"What's all this stuff in my dresser?"

"Presents from fans. I told you about them."

"Hey, nice ties."

"Yeah, I've been wearing 'em."

"Ever see the sweater Keenan Wynn sent me?" That was Van's father again. Van sauntered into his room in a white shirt and gray slacks, tying his black knitted tie.

"Let's see it." The sweater is a good-looking heavy maroon job.

"Nice sweater," Charlie said.

"Nice guy."

Charlie showed off the plaid bathrobe MODERN SCREEN gave him last year, dragged out some old snapshots of himself in a baseball suit and of Van, aged three, with a Buster Brown haircut, got Van to give him his exact statistics. (He's six-feet-three, weighs two hundred pounds.) They laughed about the great big charcoal drawing Van, aged twelve, had done on his closet door. And presently it was nine o'clock, and they went down to the drug-store, pretty sure that no one much would be there because it was right between church services. But people noticed him

crossing the street, and cars honked, and busses stopped. They sat down in Martellino's and half of Newport crowded in. Martellino's thereafter became a shrine for the bobby-soxers. "What did he eat?" they wanted to know, and "Exactly word for word what did he say?" And they all take turns sitting on Van Johnson's chair.

Strolling home again, Van and his father saw lots of people they knew, and now and then Van would remember some other names and ask what had become of them.

"How's Mrs. Applegren?" he asked once. She was a dear friend of his little Swedish grandmother whom he'd adored. His father told him that she hadn't been too well.

"Supposing," Van said, "I pick up a flower and take it over to her." The next day, her daughter called Van's dad and told him that Van's call had done more for her than a visit from a New York specialist.

local boy makes good . . .

Back on their own Ayrault Street there were other old friends to see. The Speckmans next door whom Van has known all his life, and their children and grandchildren. He let the three little boys climb all over him, and when he was going, he gave their mom—Rita McCarthy, who had been one of his early gals—a big kiss goodbye. There were more visits after that. To the Meikles across the street and the Ottlges. To Mrs. Crosby and Mrs. Irish and the Sullivans in Middletowne and lots of others. And everywhere it was the same.

"You look wonderful, Van, and you're just the same, aren't you?"

Whereupon his father would say something like, "No, he's changed, all right. He hangs up his clothes now. He's gotten neat." And they'd all laugh and wham Van on the back.

It was around noon time when the phone rang, and the bad news came. Van had to go back to New York. There was to be a press conference that evening for Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Van, and M-G-M had been trying to catch him all morning to tell him about it. He'd have to get the very next train.

His dad helped him pack, and then they picked up two of the Cutter youngsters and drove into Providence. There was time for a cup of coffee, and once again there was a crush of fans. Van signed autograph after autograph, and once he said, "Times like this I'm sure glad my name's not Margaret O'Brien," and then he went on scrawling "Van," "Van," "Van." And finally he was on the train platform and the train was moving. "I had a swell time, Dad," he called, and his dad nodded, and they stood waving and looking for a long while.

nothing sacred . . .

Home again. The old house seemed awfully empty, awfully still. Mr. Johnson wandered around a while flicking imaginary dust off the tables, pulling shades up and down. He fixed himself a bite to eat and then sat down and went to work on his account books. It was about seven o'clock when Van called.

"Hi, Dad—"

"Van? Where are you?"

"On the 30th floor of the Waldorf. Gee, you ought to see the lights out of my window."

"Better than Thames Street?"

"Are you kidding?"

There were a series of clicks on the line, and Mr. Johnson said, "Operator?" A small feminine voice said,

"Yes, sir—"

"Are you listening in, operator?"

"Sometimes we do, sir, when he's on the line."

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Traveling around the countryside near my home, I can see the farmers busy in the fields. It gives me deep satisfaction that many of these crops in the form of prepared baby foods will help to feed America's babies!

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SKIN SUCCESS SOAP

Van and his father roared with laughter. Then Van said, "I've got to go now, Dad, but I wanted to tell you how swell it was. Gee, really. Every bit of it."

"Pretty strenuous, though—"

Van chuckled. "Yeah."

"Lots of night life."

"Just enough."

"Come again, Red."

"Sure thing, Dad."

And that was the end of Van's visit home. But after he called, the house wasn't lonely any more. Mr. Johnson remembered that Van was as close as his telephone, as close as his neighborhood movie. He could see him and hear him any old time. At peace with the world, he finished up his books and walked downtown.

Folks crowded around him. "How's the boy? Have a good visit?" And Charlie Johnson said, "Wonderful, wonderful. Couldn't have been finer." Then he was embarrassed because he sounded doting. He shoved all the words back into his heart where they belonged and changed the subject.

"Anyone want to shoot a little golf next Sunday?"

NANCY WITH THE LAUGHING FACE

(Continued from page 47)

numbers. "What'll it be, fellas?"

Twenty thousand guys yell: "Nancy with the Laughing Face—"

Frank looks at Phil and Phil looks at Frank and they're both thinking: "Wise guy! You put 'em up to this— But it wasn't a rib. The Armed Forces Radio Service had taken the song off the air and recorded it on V-discs. It was No. 1 on the Stars and Stripes Hit Parade.

Those guys are America, Frank figured. If they like it, so will the folks back home. That's why he took it out of retirement, plugged it, recorded it, had it published.

Little Nancy doesn't say much about the song. Ask her if she likes it, and the most you'll get is a shy smile. Offer to play the record and she'll shake her head—

"No, let's play the other side—" It's Brahms' Lullaby.

She never sings it herself and rarely asks Frank to sing it. When he does it on the air, she listens gravely, her face quiet and withdrawn as if she'd pulled down a curtain and were hiding behind it. Only she can't hide the shine in her brown eyes. Not quite six, Nancy's a woman of delicate sensibilities. She knows that in some lovely way, the song's just between herself and her daddy.

doll baby . . .

Frank adores her with the special tenderness men keep for their daughters. Let anything go wrong with her, and he's lost. One day she had a severe nosebleed, and the doctor said to keep her on her back. He carried her to a couch in the living room, covered her up and spent the day with her. He read, he conversed, he sang, he played records, he colored pictures in her drawing book and would have turned himself inside out with pleasure to keep her nose from bleeding again.

Nancy's sure Frank wanted their first child to be a boy. He didn't say so and she never asked him, but you can feel those things. She remembers the day she lectured herself about it. Frank was working with Harry James in Los Angeles, but The Horn's salary was being attached in some legal action, and for four weeks there hadn't been any dough. The Sinatras had

taken a small apartment with two boys in the band, and Nancy was trying 57 ways to make hamburger taste different.

One morning she woke with a still, small sigh. "I'd give anything for a ham sandwich and a piece of apple pie—"

That worried Frank. He'd heard about prospective mothers who got a yen for pickles and how their husbands ran miles to get just the kind of pickle they craved. What Nancy wanted was simple, except there wasn't a dime in the house. He managed, though—found some empty coke bottles and turned them in for cash.

On the dinette table, after the boys had left for rehearsal, she found a ham sandwich in wax paper, and a piece of apple pie under a paper napkin marked, "with love, for Nancy—"

"The least you can do after that," she told herself "is to give him a son—"

proud poppa . . .

Well, she gave him a daughter first and now he shudders to think that she could have been anything but exactly what she is. The day she was born, he came shouldering his way through the hospital door with a pail and shovel, a teddy bear and a huge doll. Nancy laughed out loud and Frank grinned back. Sure, he knew the kid couldn't play with 'em yet, but you can't come empty-handed to see your own daughter. Then they took him to the nursery, and when he came back, Nancy saw that look on his face for the first time.

Pretty soon it was mutual. On the whole, little Nancy's not a demonstrative child, but you'd never guess it to see her hurl herself at her daddy and kiss wherever her face happens to reach—his ear, his eyelash or the back of his coat. Not long ago, Frank had to go to New York. He and little Nancy said their goodbyes in the morning because she'd be at school when the plane

left and, in the Sinatra family, you don't ditch school except for an emergency. . . .

But the plane was delayed. Frank kept looking at his watch. "I could have seen Nancy." You'd have thought he was going for five months instead of five days. "Maybe I can still see her. Maybe there's time to run out and catch her at school—"

Instead, they phoned the house and asked big Nancy's sister, Tina, to pick her niece up at school and drive out to the airport. As the car pulled up, Frank grabbed little Nancy and ran for the plane. By the time the others caught up with them, father and daughter were under the belly of the big Constellation, engrossed in the landing gear—

"See those wheels, honey? Well, you know when a bird takes flight, how he tucks his feet under him? Same way with this bird—the wheels are its feet—"

First thing Frank packs for a trip are the family pictures. He has them in leather folders of all sizes—big ones for long trips and graduating on down. First thing to go up on his theater dressing table are young Frank and the two Nancys. The longer he's been away, the more he talks about them—and to them—

There's another sign by which you can tell that Frank's getting to be a pretty lonesome guy—"Let's go get some spaghetti," he says.

You go get some spaghetti, he eats it, even seems to enjoy it, then pushes the plate away with an air of gloom. "Nancy still tops them all—"

That means it's high time for Frank to be going home.

They've never had a nurse for the youngsters, and that's deliberate. Both feel you lose half the joy of children unless you stay close to them. Big Nancy looks after them herself. Unless he's broadcasting, or away on business, Frank never

misses their bedtime. Little Nancy says her prayers and snuggles under the covers with Gooch—a once respectable doll who's now a disgrace, but Nancy loves her. Daddy sings her a lullaby. Then she asks for a story. Mother's a little stricter than Daddy. She's more likely to say no story, it's time to sleep, you've got to be up early in the morning. Daddy's more likely to read her a story.

Once in a blue moon he's got to discipline her and it kills him. The only trouble they ever have with Nancy is at meal times. She can't sit still long enough to eat. Big Nancy doesn't bother Frank much with behavior problems, that's her department. But when he's around and sees things for himself, he can't ignore them—

"All right," he says, "you'll have to stay home next time I go to town—" I won't say it hurts one more than the other. They're both crushed. But for good or bad, he's never broken his word to her.

happy birthday . . .

She had a birthday while he was making "Anchors Aweigh," and her gift was to be a lawn swing. On the morning of the great day, it still hadn't come. Phone calls zipped back and forth. The shop finally came clean—the swing was still in the warehouse, they'd deliver it tomorrow. But the birthday was today. Sorry, tomorrow was the best they could do.

Never tell Frank a thing can't be done, it's like giving him the hotfoot. He had to work till five. A pal met him at the studio gate in his station wagon.

Luckily, they made the warehouse just before closing time, got the swing lashed to the roof of the car, hauled it home and set it up on the lawn before Nancy went to bed. If it hadn't come, they could have explained it to her. Of course she'd have been disappointed, but she's a reasonable child,

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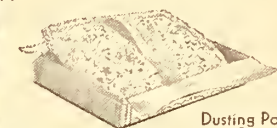
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unspoiled and—according to several accounts—unspoilable. But for Frank, that wasn't the point. The point was you don't break faith with a kid who trusts you.

When he's not working and she's home from school, the chances are you'll find them in the tool shop. Frank's a frustrated handyman. All the minor repair jobs round the house have to be saved for him. Nancy's his assistant. "Hand me a screwdriver, honey—"

"What size, daddy?"

"Middle-size—"

"Like the mamma bear? Does that mean it's a mamma screwdriver?"

They've been known to spend whole Saturday afternoons companionably cleaning fireside brass. They never seem to run out of conversation. With the present and past taken care of, they turn to the future—

"When the little guy grows up, we're going to get a lot of work done around here, the three of us—"

"What'll Brother do, Daddy?"

"Oh, the heavy jobs, I guess. We'll let him jack up the car—"

She giggles, but just the same she wishes Brother'd hurry a little with his growing up, because look at all the fun he's missing. Brother's her darling, and she's the light of his life. She superintends his bathing and feeding, and he paces the floor till she gets back from school. Last Christmas she asked Santa Claus for a sister "just as cute as Brother, only with blue eyes like Daddy's." There she takes after her mother. Big Nancy didn't care whether they came up boys or girls, so long as they were blue-eyed. So she's got two brown-eyed children.

story book daughter . . .

Frank's the typical father. You can't talk to him ten minutes before little Nancy pops into the conversation. The baby too, but there's less to tell about a two-year-old. Nancy, with pigtails and dreaming eyes, looks like a story book child. The boy he roughs up, tumbles him, throws him around. No sissy stuff for his son, no baby talk, seldom even the diminutive Frankie. "Hey! Frank!" he yells, and the little fellow yells back: "Hi!"

At a year old he was about to be taken to the barber's for his first haircut—

"Nothing doing!" said Frank. "My dad gave me my first haircut. I'm giving my kid his."

So he climbed into coveralls, stuck his son between his knees and, with big Nancy holding the small hands out of harm's way, did a pretty good job.

"But if you'd asked him to cut little Nancy's hair," says her mother, "he'd have turned white—"

That's different. Little girls should be handled gently, especially little girls like Miss Sinatra, who have nothing of the tomboy in their makeup. She's the feminine type—very fastidious about her person and belongings, which is how Frank likes his women. He loves buying clothes for her—starchy little pinafores with hair ribbons and socks to match.

But the giving's far from one-sided. She presents him with her best horses and cows. "Here's what I drew for you, Daddy—" On Valentine's Day she made him a beautiful heart with I LOVE YOU, DADDY inside, and don't think he'd take a couple of gold mines for that.

Not long ago she heard talk about a party because Mother and Daddy'd been married seven years. So she took her bank to Aunt Tina. "I want to buy them a present for a surprise—" They decided that she and Brother should go halves.

Nancy has her own charming way of presenting things. She's a little shy and terribly happy and keeps the thing hidden behind her back till she's close up to you.

Then she says, "I have something for you," and hands it over.

That day she and Brother came down the stairs hand in hand. Her eyes blazed with excitement; he was unperturbed. Mother and Daddy waited at the foot of the stairs where Aunt Tina had planted them. On the bottom step, Nancy's other hand came out from behind her back. "We have something for you," and she gave Mother the package with the jeweled Juliet cap.

"For you," echoed Brother, smiling like a Della Robbia angel and hanging on to Daddy's cuff links for dear life.

Sister had to pry the box gently out of his fist. As she did so, she sent a swift upward glance toward her parents. "Don't mind him," she murmured. "He's too little to understand."

Unless you're both a fervent music lover and a parent, you won't understand what it means to Frank that his children should care about music. He didn't have to wait long to find out. At a year, little Nancy was almost too sensitive to melody. If he sang something sad like "I'll Never Smile Again," she'd start whimpering. If he stopped in the middle and changed to a happy song, she'd break into gurgles with the tears still wet on her cheeks.

musical moppet . . .

One day she told Mother she'd like to take piano lessons. On Daddy's calendar that day is ringed in red.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Big Nancy couldn't help laughing. He sounded as if he were treading on holy ground.

"The way it generally happens. One of her little friends is taking lessons, so she wants them, too—"

She was five then. Now she plays well enough to accompany Brother, who has quite a repertoire, including the Brahms "Lullaby." The lyrics don't fall too trippingly from his tongue, since he's only now beginning to put sentences together, but he hums in perfect pitch. Meantime, Frank sees visions. He's crazy about the harp as an instrument. He thinks that for poetry and grace, few things are lovelier than a girl at a harp. He hopes maybe Nancy will study the harp next.

But that's as may be. What really matters to Frank is that her ears and heart should be open to music. Once he went down to Palm Springs for a few days. Other men, off to Palm Springs for a few days, chuck a toothbrush, shaving kit, slacks into a suitcase and that's it. Frank lugs an automatic record-player along.

In his room one night he listened to a Mozart Concerto, while a friend read a book. Presently the other guy looked up. Frank's eyes were fixed on little Nancy's picture, and his pal could have sworn that they weren't dry. He dropped his own hastily. Quite a while after the concert ended, Frank broke the silence. . . .

"Music like that," he said. "If you don't love it, it's like being shut out of a whole beautiful world—it's like fairyland, and you can't go in—" He brushed his hand across his forehead. "I'm sure glad little Nancy's going to love it—"

The fact that her father's in the lime-light means nothing to her. This is something that Frank and big Nancy haven't left to chance. Children easily get a distorted sense of values—

"If they do, it'll be our fault, not theirs," the Sinatras agreed.

So they've tried to provide the normal healthy American background. There's been no radical change for little Nancy. She's moved to another house, but Mother still buttons her, sees that she eats, puts her to bed, lends a hand in the kitchen as she always did. Frank spends as much time with his kids as any man who has

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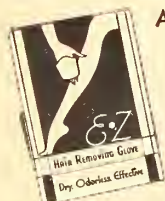
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to work for a living—probably more than most, not because he *has* more time, but because he *makes* it. Their home is gay and friendly. You'll get no formal invitations to dinner, but theirs is probably the openest door in Hollywood, and Nancy the readiest hostess.

It's a cliché in Hollywood that, if you make five thousand a week and I make a measly grand, we don't get invited to the same parties. That may sound like a joke to you, but in filmdom's statelier circles, it's an ironclad law. The Sinatras don't move in stately circles, they just walk around plain like you and me. The people who come to their house are people they like—song pluggers, relatives, movie stars, buddies from back in Jersey or a garage mechanic Frank made friends with—as he made friends with Simon in New York.

Simon's a taxi driver in his middle fifties with a grown son. Whenever the Voice comes to town, Simon drops his regular route and totes Frank around. There's a bond between them. There's something in Simon's mental and spiritual makeup that appeals to Frank, and the other way round. Frank doesn't write letters, he's too restless for that, but when he gets a letter from Simon, he sits himself down and answers his friend's letter.

that's my pop! . . .

Children absorb their atmosphere. In little Nancy's home, there's no atmosphere of hero worship. Ask, "What's your name?" and she'll say: "Nancy." The Sinatra's not important. She knows her daddy sings and makes records, she knows he makes movies and at first she didn't like it at all—

"Oh, my poor daddy!" she wept when they tried to stuff the medicine down his throat in "Higher and Higher."

"Honey," whispered Mother. "If you carry on like this, I'll have to take you home—"

"Yes, I want to go home, but I want my daddy to come with me—"

Now she's grown up and knows it's all make-believe. So she goes to see "Anchors Aweigh," and never stops talking about how Gene Kelly danced with the mouse. Daddy? Uh-huh. Daddy was in it, too—

Frank and Nancy worry less than they used to. Their daughter's own good sense seems to keep her on an even keel. Once an admirer swooped down with:

"Gee, is Frank Sinatra really your father? Boy, I wish he were mine—"

"Why? don't you have your own daddy?"

"Oh sure—"

"Well, aren't you glad you've got your own daddy? I'm glad I've got mine—"

There's one story which seems to me to hold the essence of the feeling between Frank and his little girl—

It happened later in the evening of that same wedding anniversary. Friends had come in to help celebrate, and of course, there was music. As a rule, little Nancy sleeps soundly in her quiet room. But she'd probably been overstimulated by the presentation ceremonies and what not. In any case, she suddenly appeared on the landing in robe and pajamas, her eyes very bright and her cheeks very pink. . . .

"I want to hear the music—"

Nancy let Frank handle it. Maybe the child training books wouldn't have approved. Maybe he should have taken her straight to bed, covered her up, turned out the light and said goodnight, darling, go to sleep. Well, he didn't. He carried her off to a side room where you could hear the music faintly, wrapped her up warm, found one of her favorite stories and read till the tense little body relaxed and the head drooped contentedly against his shoulder. . . .

When I hear him sing "Nancy with the Laughing Face," that's the picture I see.

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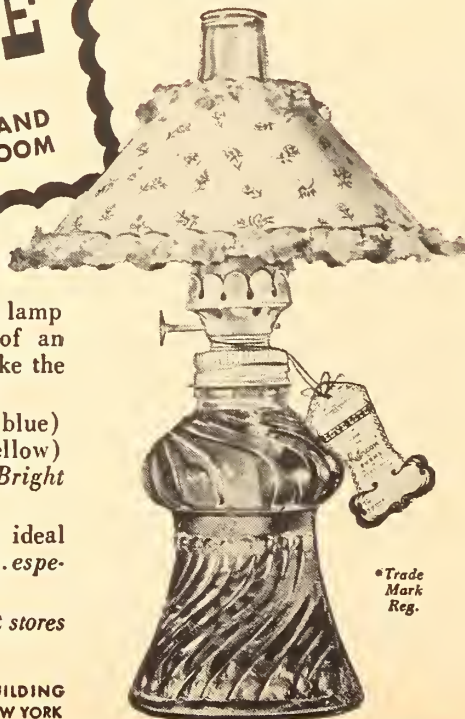
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HE'S MY GUY

(Continued from page 57)

hardly believe it!"

Bob stretched again, looking brawny and solid and—let's face it—pretty pleased with himself. Because of course, he *was* excited. He loves to seem very cynical and casual, but don't let that fool you.

The telephone started ringing like mad then. Most of Hollywood seemed to have been listening to that broadcast, and wanted to tell us how pleased they were. Cars started driving up to the Mitchum door, and before long the room was filled with laughter and congratulations. All of a sudden somebody said, "Hey, I smell something burning."

"Oh, gosh! The roast!" I headed for the kitchen, and my face must have been something to see. Clouds of smoke were pouring from the oven. The roast was definitely a thing of the past.

"Probably wouldn't have been any good anyway," Bob said helpfully. He had ambled out after me to see what the damage was.

"It would, too! This one was going to be different."

"Never mind. I didn't marry you for your cooking. I married you for your money, remember?"

"I remember. The Girl Reserves Club."

embezzled love . . .

We laughed, the way we do over things that go a long way back. Bob and I have a lot of jokes like that because we've known each other ever since we were kids in school. The Girl Reserves was a high school organization which was unfortunate enough to have me for its treasurer.

Bob, broke as usual, would come up to me. "Hey, Dot, lend me a buck and I'll take you to the movies tonight."

"I haven't got a buck. I just bought a sweater."

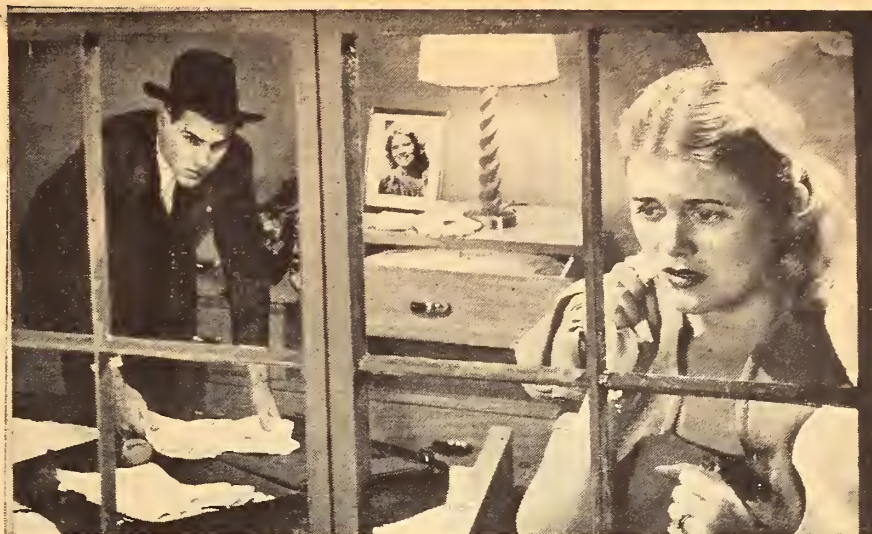
"How about the Girl Reserves dough?" He'd raise a quizzical eyebrow.

That eyebrow always got me. I would embezzle a dollar from the treasury, substituting an I.O.U. The winter that Bob started to drink beer, I got so far in debt that I had to go to work at Woolworth's after school hours to pay it back.

"I hope you appreciate what I do for you," I used to tell him resignedly. "I go into debt, I steal, I work sixteen hours a day. . . ."

"I know, you're giving me the best years of your life." He was kidding me, but I knew how he felt underneath the wisecracks. It's sort of hard to explain to other people the way things are with Bob and me. The way they've always been. I'll never know why Bob fell in love with me. I was just a scrawny kid with dark, smooth hair that was always falling in my eyes. I would have expected him to pick a flashy blonde number. Of course, I adored him from the time I was fourteen, and I used to follow him around with my heart on my sleeve. We've always fought a lot over silly little things, but never over big ones. Oh, I don't mean fought, either, but argued. Still, I never really try to change Bob—not that it would do any good. He has the rugged independence of an Army mule. And I love him the way he is.

Just the way Bob loves me even if I can't cook. He knows quite a bit about cooking himself, picked up in all the years he was batting around on his own. For a while he struggled with the awesome task of imparting this knowledge to me. The trouble is, I'm not quite bright where pots and pans are concerned. He'd



LOVE WENT PACKING

Through . . . done for . . . all our dreams and sharing, and our little "love nest" of a home! . . . Foolish me—not to realize it was my fault our happiness was spoiled. I thought I understood about feminine hy-

giene. But it took my doctor to save the day for us. He pointed out, oh so emphatically: "Once-in-a-while care just isn't enough". . . and told me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



BUT CAME HOME TO STAY

New lease on love at our house now . . . and a so *happy* Mr. and Mrs.! Of course I took the doctor's advice . . . always use dependable "Lysol" now, for douching. No more salt, soda or other homemade solutions for me,

after the doctor said "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet *gently*. So easy and economical to use, too — there's no reason to be careless . . . risk happiness . . . *ever!*

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

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



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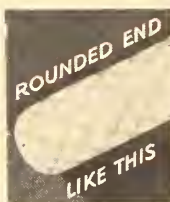
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for Comfort—*



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*So, next time—
look for FIBS!*



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

get me started on some comparatively simple operation like making scrambled eggs, and would go off to the bathroom to shave.

"Bo-bi!" I'd wail like a terrified banshee. "They've all gone funny. What do I do now?"

So he bought me a cookbook and now I struggle along with that. It hasn't improved the meals much, but it gives him more time for other things. "Other things" are apt to be Jimmy and Chris. They follow him around all the while, and he's pretty crazy about them. Jimmy is the original "personality kid." We're resigned to his becoming an actor eventually—it seems inevitable, since he's been a ham practically from birth. When he was seven months old, he used to imitate all of Bob's facial expressions. Bob was doing a character part in a Little Theater at the time—an old man called "Uncle Wolfie." He used to practice the part at home, sometimes. He'd pull his hair down over his eyes, and waggle his jaw, and really gag it up. Pretty soon, Jimmy began doing the Uncle Wolfie routine. He didn't have any hair to pull over his eyes, but he'd waggle his jaw and make with the gestures, and he had it down so pat it used to throw our friends into convulsions.

the family streak . . .

By the time he was a year old, he was a husky little fellow. Other kids that age might be saying "Mama" and "Papa" and creeping around the floor. Not our James. He'd wake up in the morning at seven o'clock and start chinning himself on the bars of his crib. He'd yell "Come on, folks, let's go! Orange juice, eggs, coming up! Let's go!"

Jimmy has decided now that he wants to act in Westerns. His only experience with horses has been the pony at the Fair, and he even had trouble with that the first time. The attendant had fastened him on, the way they do, but somehow the belt came unfastened. Bob and I were outside, looking on, and all of a sudden we saw Jimmy slide off the pony's back. He set up a yell you could have heard in Chicago, and my heart jumped right up into my throat. We rushed over and found him sitting on the ground, obviously unhurt but scared half out of his wits. I was all for taking him right home, with kisses and sympathy, but Bob was smarter. He brushed me aside, hoisted Jimmy right back on, saw that the belt was properly fastened, and said "Ride 'em, cowboy!" The tears magically stopped, and Jimmy finished his ride successfully. Now he's convinced that he could replace Roy Rogers without Trigger ever knowing the difference.

Jimmy has gotten a mad passion for answering the telephone. The minute it rings, he jumps for it, in spite of my protests. Sometimes he says, "He's not here!" and hangs up, regardless of whom or what is wanted. If Bob yells, "Was that for me?" Jimmy looks at him reprovingly and says "S-sh-sh! I just told them you weren't here." Other times, he carries on long conversation with the person at the other end. Jimmy's part of it doesn't usually make much sense, but he has a fine time. Then he'll suddenly say, "So long!" and hang up.

Jimmy wasn't very happy at first about our moving to the new house we've just bought. "I've got a lot of pals here," he grumbled. "How do I know there'll be a good bunch over there?" But now that we're all moved and settled, he likes it. He even has acquired a girl friend, who is, he insists, named Chlorine. We've never been able to discover what her name actually is. The other day, Jimmy came up to Bob and said "Gotta buy Chlorine an ice cream cone. Can I have a dime?"



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Mention natural color of your hair. Send a post card today—BROWNATONE, Dept. 296, COVINGTON, KY.

"What, again?" Bob gave him a parental frown. "I think Chlorine's a gold digger. She's always wanting something. Why don't you get a gal who will love you for yourself alone, the way I did?"

I admit there are occasions when he makes me pretty mad. Take his casual attitude about my clothes, for instance. I really want his advice about what to wear, and what colors are becoming, because he has very good taste. But do I get it? A few days before Louella Parsons' party for MODERN SCREEN, I said, "Bob, honey, what will I wear to the party?"

clothes casual . . .

He never even glanced up from Li'l Abner, which he lo-o-ves. "Why don't you wear what you have on?" he mumbled. "Looks very nice."

What I had on was one of Bob's old shirts which had ripped seven million times and couldn't be mended any more.

"Look at me!" I said furiously. "Be sensible, will you? Everyone will be all dressed up and I want to be a credit to you."

"Listen, darling, you're a credit to me, and it's got nothing to do with what you wear. You're my gal, and fancy clothes aren't concerned in the deal. Do you love me less because I only have two suits?"

He had a point there, because he really does only have two suits. He alternates them. Says no one could ever steal them because everyone in Hollywood knows them so well by now that they'd say, "There goes Mitchum's number one suit." All of which had nothing to do with what I should wear to the party. He was evading the issue, as usual. I told him so.

"Shall I wear my blue dress or my black one, or that old grey number with the . . ."

"The blue one," Bob said absently. "I hate black." He went back to the comics. But when the night of the party came around, he was the one in a dither. Should he wear civilian clothes, or uniform? He was out of the Army, but just out. Maybe they would expect him to be in uniform. So he wore his GI outfit, and I wore my blue dress which I loathe because it makes me look fat.

Jimmy is a lot more help to my ego about clothes than his father. He notices everything I wear. He came bouncing in the other night as I finished dressing, and surveyed me.

"Gee, father's going to like the way you look tonight," he told me. "Wait till I get a flower for your hair." He was back in a minute with a scarlet blossom. By the time I had it tucked into my hair, his admiring stare had given me all the self-confidence in the world. Sometimes I sit around and wish I was terribly beautiful, with pale blonde hair and enormous violet eyes. Other times, like that night, I feel fine just the way I am.

Bob does have an endearing habit of buying me coats every now and then. Just happens to like coats. He came home the other night, lugging an enormous box and beaming.

"Present for you, baby. Guess what?"

I wouldn't have had any trouble guessing, because coats are the only thing he thinks of buying. But I made a couple of wild guesses first, to enhance the suspense. Then I said, veddy demure, "A coat?"

He looked faintly surprised. "Yeah. How did you guess?" He unwrapped it slowly, folding the paper the way he always does. When I saw the coat, I was so thrilled I couldn't talk for a minute. It was divine, cloud-soft grey wool, with beautiful wide shoulders and a full skirt. I felt like the glamor girl of all time when I tried it on.

"Bob, it's heaven. But we can't afford it."

"I know. But if I bought you some-

How 'half-the-truth' may wreck your daughter's marriage...



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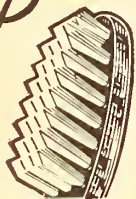
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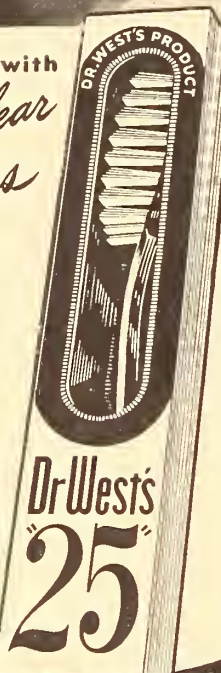
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thing I could afford, I wouldn't get any kick out of it."

That's Mitchum and I love him. Kissed him twice to tell him so. And it's true about our not having much money these days. The new house took all we had.

parlor, bedroom, bath . . .

Now we have a house, and the next problem is where to get money for furniture. So far we have managed to borrow the necessities. A couple of rooms are still completely empty, but they're fine for the kids to play in. They're such destructive youngsters that they wreck the living room if we let them play there. They break everything up, including themselves.

Some of Bob's Army pals have brought them war souvenirs. "I don't know if we ought to let them play with those things," I said doubtfully one day. "They might hurt themselves."

"Sure, they'll hurt themselves. That's how they'll learn. It's the only way anybody'll learn anything—through experience." Very, very hard-boiled, he was.

A couple of days later, he went out in the garden and found little Chris standing there, quietly watching blood pour from a cut in his hand. Jimmy was there, too, saying, "It was an accident, father. The edge of that helmet cut him. It was an accident. Please don't spank me."

Bob got the first aid kit and fixed Chris' hand up, but when he got through, his own hand was shaking like a leaf. "The kid never cried, or anything," he said. "Poor little monkey, that iodine must have hurt like hell, too."

"Well, that's the way they learn—by experience," I said. He gave me a dirty look and didn't speak to me for two hours. Men are wonderful.

Chris is no exhibitionist, like Jimmy. He's a lot smaller, of course, and he's quiet and sort of dreamy. He worships Bob, but he's too young to do the things with him that Jimmy does, and so he doesn't feel as close to him, which bothers the baby of the family. The other night he came into my bedroom, his eyes shining.

"You know where I've been, Mother?" His voice was important. "I've been sitting out on the terrace with Daddy. Talking." Obviously it was the most exciting thing that had happened in some time.

Chris is still so little that I hug and kiss him a lot, but I don't kiss Jimmy much because it embarrasses him. He's terrified of being thought a sissy. His school is several block from home, but he has a fit if we drive him over.

"Do you want the other boys to laugh at me?" he asks daskly. "Do you want me to be disgraced?"

Maybe one reason why the kids are so close to us, emotionally, is because we've always lived, before, in such tiny houses or apartments, all crowded in together. We've never had much privacy. Bob used to think it was funny to whistle at me and make with the wolf calls when I was getting dressed. Then Jimmy started to imitate him. Somehow, Chris got the idea that whistles were a necessary accompaniment to dressing, and for a long while wouldn't get into his clothes without them.

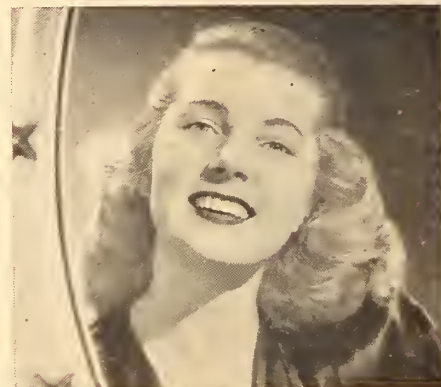
one-woman man . . .

Of course, now we have loads of room. I do think this new house is going to be fun. Bob has a lot of ideas about how he wants to decorate it, eventually.

"People are too conservative," he snorts. "There's no reason why you shouldn't have a room with one orange wall and one purple one, if you want to."

"But I don't want to. It sounds awful. You'd get tired of it in a hurry, too, Bob. You know how easily you get tired of things."

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"I don't get tired of you, baby. One-woman Mitchum, they call me."

That's what happens in all our arguments. Just as I'm winning, he confuses the issue with something like that. And I love it.

Bob likes to think of himself as a handy guy around the house. I'll never forget the episode of the bookcase, in the Palm Avenue house. The bookcase was there when we rented the place, but we didn't have any books to put in it, or any money to buy them.

camouflage division...

"The damn thing gives me the creeps, sitting there empty," Bob said. "Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have ivy trail down over it, to hide the shelves?"

"It would be wonderful!"

"I'll fix a thing to put on top, to plant the ivy in. Something that will fit between those decorations on the ends." He got a yardstick and started measuring the bookcase in a business-like manner. The next couple of nights, he hammered happily away down in the cellar. Came the third night, and he emerged triumphantly with an enormous, clumsy affair of wood. He lugged it over to the bookcase.

"That's fine," I said politely. "Only isn't it sort of big?"

"You need it big." He hoisted it up to the top. There was a pause. The box he had built was a good four inches too long for the space involved. I wanted to laugh, but he looked so like a small boy who has lost his last candy bar that I changed my mind.

"You can soon fix it, honey. And it will look really lovely when we get the ivy in it."

It did, too. The ivy made a kind of screen, trailing graceful greenery over the emptiness. One day, someone told Bob it would grow faster if he put some Vitamin B in it. He dumped in three times as much as they'd told him to. The next morning when he walked out into the living room, he let out a yell.

"Hey, Dottie! There're ants three feet long out here climbing up the bookcase. They're stompin' around all over the place!"

I tore out and found that for once he wasn't exaggerating. At least, not much. There was a horrible black path of ants from the outside door right straight over to the bookcase and up the side of it, to the ivy container.

"That Vitamin B is some stuff," Bob said admiringly. "Why, those ants'll be big as possums by tomorrow."

"They won't be here by tomorrow," I said firmly. "You go right down to the drug store and get some ant poison."

"Seems kinda too bad," Bob remarked. "They're sure having a heck of a time for themselves."

my guy forever...

One thing I guess you'll have gathered from all this: Life is never dull at the Mitchums. Bob has a way of making things seem exciting whether they are or not. You never know what is going to happen next. He's been making "Till The End Of Time," and he has a good part in it. He contrasts very neatly with Guy Madison, who is big and beautiful and quiet. Bob is big, but he's not beautiful, and he's about as quiet as a Mexican jumping bean. He's happy with the picture, and with being an actor—for the moment. But honestly, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if one fine morning he woke up and announced that he had decided to try being a short order cook or a stevedore or a lion tamer. Unpredictable is the word for Mitchum. And if that ever happens, I'll go right along, because what he wants is what I want. He's my guy.



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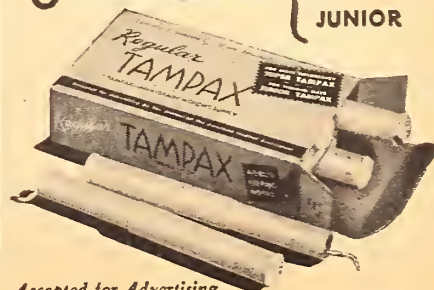
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SINCE HE WENT AWAY

(Continued from page 39)

long way from Hollywood. Such a long way from his mother, and his chubby little step-brother, Kurt. Such a long way from fifteen-year-old Marit, who was terrific because she liked all the things he liked—riding and shooting and hiking and bicycling. He thought about the way she had looked the last time they went bicycling before he went away. She had on a yellow sweater and a plaid skirt. Her pale blond hair was whipped by the wind, and her blue eyes were alight with gaiety.

"Aren't you tired, Marit?" he had asked curiously. It had been a very long ride, and after all, girls were supposed to be the weaker sex.

Marit laughed. "Have you ever known me to be tired, Cojo?"

He thought about it. "Once," he produced triumphantly. "After I had been teaching you judo."

"I wasn't just tired, I was black and blue for a week. Are you going to use judo on the Japs, Cojo?"

"They'd probably be quite a lot better at it than I am. I'll use a gun."

Here he was in Japan and he'd had no chance to use a gun or judo, either. The war was over. Of course it was still dangerous to walk the streets alone at night, or so they were told. Japs might knife you in the back. Cojo had promptly bought a set of brass knuckles, and started walking the streets alone at night, but nothing happened. It was a dull life.

holy night . . .

And now it was Christmas Eve. Cojo got to his feet and started for the door. He suddenly remembered the USO troop of "Kiss And Tell" that was quartered down the street. Probably they'd be pretty lonely tonight, too.

Most of them were out by the time he got there. But one of the girls was just starting down the steps.

"Where you goin', honey?" Cojo asked in his soft Tennessee drawl.

"Hi, Cojo. I'm going to church. There's a little Episcopal Church over here that has a Christmas Eve service and I thought it would be sorta nice to go."

"That's for me," Cojo said, and swung into step beside her. This was the thing he had been subconsciously looking for—something that would be like home. The church was small and crowded and they were a little late. A hymn was already being played by the creaky, old organ, as they knelt in a swift, silent prayer. Somehow, during the short service, in the quiet music and the white flowers on the altar, Cojo found that his loneliness had vanished. Tomorrow was Christmas, but maybe by next Christmas he'd be home. And in the meantime he would be thinking of them and they of him.

Of course, they were thinking of him back in Hollywood. When his mother, Mary Wordeman, woke on Christmas morning, her first thought was of Cojo so far away. She cried for a moment and hoped he'd gotten the packages they'd sent. The food, and the drawing materials he'd wanted so much. Marit Cojo in her home several miles from the Wordeman's house, was missing Cojo so much it hurt. But she lost some of her depression when the time came to open presents. There under the tree was a flat square box labeled hugely "From Cojo." Marit stopped breathing for a moment. Then she rushed over and opened the package, and stared in delight at a shimmering string of pearls. The card said, "I sent one like this to

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Joanne too. Hope they're okay. Cojo."

Joanne is Cojo's sister. She's the same age as Marit, and likes the same sports. When she came to visit Hollywood (she doesn't live with Mrs. Wordeman), the three of them were inseparable. They can scarcely wait till they all get together again. Marit has been taking jumping lessons at the riding school, so she'll be ahead of the others on that. But Cojo will be a better shot. He practices all the while in Yokohama.

He finds plenty of ways to keep himself busy over there. For one thing, he's in charge of getting all the movies for the Officers' Club. He goes down in a truck and picks up the film, and when it's shown he acts as projectionist. "Kiss and Tell," by the way, has been shown in Tokyo, and all the Jap kids refer to Cojo as "the soldier who knows Shirley Temple."

purloined pontoons . . .

He loves to build things. He and one of his buddies built a boat. It was a little complicated, getting the parts for it. Cojo has the use of a jeep occasionally, and they drove along the Tokyo waterfront, looking for abandoned boats. When they found one, they would remove any useable parts and add them to their collection. They bought a motor cheap, and hopped it up within an inch of its life. But that left them broke and they still had no pontoons. One day, Cojo saw a Jap driving along the street with an old cart. In the cart was a brand new set of pontoons. He stopped his jeep and went over to the driver, looking very official.

"Who do those belong to?" he demanded. "The Japanese navy, please." The little man bowed and smiled in the usual oily manner.

"Well, now they belong to the U. S. Army. Confiscated." Cojo knew he was taking a chance, but pontoons were tough to get. He removed them to his jeep, while the Jap shrugged. What did it matter? There wasn't any Japanese navy any more, anyway. A couple of days later, Cojo and his friend launched their boat on the grey, chilly waters of Tokyo Bay. The small craft vibrated madly, but she skimmed the surface faster than they had believed possible.

"Hey, get us! We're pretty good boat builders," Cojo said complacently.

"We're terrific," his buddy agreed. "This baby'll be airborne in another minute."

There was a sudden, ominous rending sound. The boat stopped so quickly that they both fell flat on the deck. Water swirled merrily in through a large hole.

"We've hit something," Cojo deduced.

"Oh, you figured that out already?" The friend was bitter. "What do we do now?"

"Swim, I guess." It wasn't so far to shore. Cojo looked regretfully at his heavy boots. He'd have to lose those, and they were his best pair. His friend was saying something. It sounded profane. "What did you say, bud?" Cojo asked.

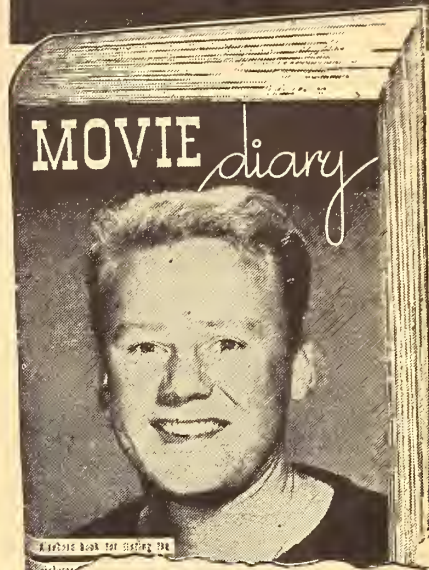
"I said I couldn't swim. I said I'd probably drown here in this damned Jap bay."

Cojo did a hasty double take. He swims so well himself it hadn't occurred to him that other people might not be so expert. "Guess we'd better yell for help," he said.

They yelled for five minutes, and the boat continued to fill with water, and they had to bail like mad. Finally a patrol boat came along and pulled them on board, where they were lectured severely. They were too busy shivering to listen, but neither of them even got the sniffles.

It's the Eighth Army to which Cojo is attached in Japan, and for some reason he couldn't get any Eighth Army insignia over there. He wrote his mother about it, plaintively. Thought maybe she could find some around Hollywood, where you

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can find almost anything. The night she got the letter, Mrs. Wordeman was going to a party in honor of General Eichelberger, who was, as it happened, the head of the Eighth Army in Japan. Mary Wordeman went up to the General determinedly. She's a very attractive woman, with quantities of Southern charm. She turned it all on now.

"General," she said, in her pretty drawl, "I wonder if you could tell me where I could get some Eighth Army insignia for my son?"

The General smiled genially. "What's his name? Is he in the Army?"

"His name's Jerome Courtland, but we call him Cojo," Mary confided. "He's in your Army in Yokohama."

"He is, eh?" The General took a card from his pocket. On it he wrote, "With fondest regards for Cojo," and signed it with a quick flourish. "There," he said, extending it to Mary. "Send him that, and tell him to take it to my headquarters. They'll give him all the insignia he wants."

Mary sent the card to Cojo who wrote back, thanking her politely. "That was very nice of you and the General," he concluded, "but I can't quite picture myself strolling into the headquarters of the whole Eighth Army to ask for a spare shoulder patch!"

Cojo, like every other soldier stuck in the Army of Occupation, wants to get home. Home to Marit and Joanne, and to swimming and riding and all the sports he loves. Home to his mother and stepfather and Kurt. Home to pictures—if they still want him. He isn't at all sure they will, when they see how grownup he is these days.

"If they don't, I'll find something else," he says. "I don't care, as long as it's a job, and I'm home."

We care, Cojo. We want you back in pictures, where you belong, and we have our fingers crossed that it will be sooner than you think.

A CAN OF BEANS AND YOU

(Continued from page 53)

under the bright glare of a street lamp. Then, when they came to the open space where the park path curved inward from the street, Dane turned quickly and scooped Red into his arms. He held her close and kissed her tenderly. As though carrying her across the threshold of a new life, he stepped into the shadows lining the graveled pathway.

"Welcome home, Red."

When Dane Clark first met Margot back in 1941, there was an explosion. It was as though two firecrackers had been tossed casually upon the same lighted match. Dane was rehearsing a radio play, one of those that came with maddening infrequency in those days, just often enough to keep away the worst pangs of hunger. He was an actor without enough work, and there was a gnawing, restless feeling within him, a feeling of frustration. The boy was on fire with ambition, and things weren't coming out the way he'd planned. He was burning, hopping mad from breakfast to midnight.

It didn't help matters any when this strange redhead came into the radio studio, her eyes upon him critically, seeming to sparkle derisively when he became nervous and stumbled over a line. When time was called from rehearsal to rest, he went and sat beside her, his jaw thrust out belligerently.

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"You really want to know?"



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"Yeah, yeah. You ate it up, had me throwing lines around like they were butterballs. So let's have it."

She stood up, small, pert, with laughter dancing in her eyes. "Mister, you asked for it. In your own words—you stink."

That did it! Something about that look in her eyes, the challenge in her voice, the loneliness in his own heart. It was as easy as that. Dane was in love—and flat broke.

The whole thing was hopeless, and the hopelessness only served to fan his stubborn love. The girl's parents were wealthy. Like Dane, Margot had a college education, but, unlike him, she'd studied music, she'd traveled. From a worldly point of view, he just wasn't in her league.

She knew when Dane was pulling in his belt an extra notch, and she wasn't fooled when he took her to dinner and sat there himself with just a cup of coffee.

She'd notice the faint smear of the chocolate bar on his lips. "Take this and finish it for me, Dane. I really can't eat another bite."

He hesitated, looking hungrily at the white meat of the chicken. "Well," he said dubiously, "seems a shame to waste it. Maybe—"

love on the dole . . .

They started off married life in the one-room-hole-in-the-wall in Brooklyn where Red gallantly plunged into the task of making a home while Dane haunted the streets, trying to pick up radio jobs. She began to believe in the dream of success even more firmly than Dane himself. He came dragging home one afternoon, tossing his coat on the daybed.

"No luck, Red. Couldn't even get a nibble."

She looked at the clock. "It's still three hours before the day is over. Go uptown and try some more."

"But, Red!"

"Go on, honey, get along."

He snapped back his shoulders, picked up his coat and stormed out of the room. He landed a part. That night they blew themselves to a sixty-cent dinner.

That was a start, and the figures in the bank book began to creep slowly away from the twenties and thirties into the three hundreds and four hundreds. Dane waited until they hit five hundred dollars, then he disappeared downtown. When he came back he took hold of Margot's hands.

"Let's see your fingers."

Ten beautiful white, tapering fingers, one of them marred by a tarnished two dollar wedding ring. Tentatively, he picked up the ringed finger while he fumbled in his pocket. Margot pursed her lips in amazement when he slipped a breathtaking diamond down to nestle beside the plain wedding band.

"I've been meaning to get that engagement ring a long time, Red. Like it?"

"Like it? It's wonderful! Oh, Dane, it's marvellous." Then she turned and cried a little on his shoulder.

But that night when she went to hunt for the bank book, she couldn't find it. Dane had hidden it securely. He didn't want to be around when Margot found out the heart-warming balance had evaporated down to twelve dollars.

That was New York. And during those first dismal months in Hollywood, New York looked good. But Margot became ill. There were splitting headaches; she lost weight she could ill afford to lose; and even in the brilliant sunshine of California, her cheeks paled. There was plenty for Dane to worry about beside the slow progress he was making out at the studios. There were no melancholy scenes, for Margot would never permit that.

She read the radio shows he wrote to augment their income, and she kept him at it a lot of times when he felt like kick-



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ing the typewriter. He's no slouch at this writing business. There are thirty radio shows to his credit. But there wouldn't have been thirteen if Margot hadn't kept egging him on.

Then Dane crashed the gate at Warner Brothers, crashed right into "Action in the North Atlantic," scored a haymaker in "Destination Tokyo," and had the crowd on its feet in "Hollywood Canteen."

life's little stings...

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"I've got a place. Grab your coat!"

The car went shooting over hills and down into dales. Every minute took them further from Hollywood. At last, Dane turned into a seedy path, chugged through a line of eucalyptus trees, and opened the door grandly for Margot.

"We're home, honey."

Margot leaned weakly against the door, trying to recover from the sight that met her wide-opened eyes. Someone had built a two-room house in two hours and then thrown a "For Rent" sign down by the roadside. The floors sagged when you walked on them, and there was clear daylight showing at the top and bottom of each door—both of them. Just to add a "homey" touch, the builder had cached a loaded beehive right smack against the wall of the house. There was a pleasant buzz about the place—inside and out.

Next time they moved for keeps. They bought a couple of acres out in the Pacific Palisades, and in the middle of the land was a forty-year-old stone house.

Margot loves the place, loves to roam about the rolling hills, loves the peace and quiet of the evenings when she plays the piano while Dane sits in a big chair, a book unopened on his lap.

One of the few separations of their married life came just before Dane started to work on his latest picture at Warners—"A Very Rich Man," with Sidney Greenstreet, Don McGuire and Martha Vickers. He was scheduled for a personal appearance stint back in New York. Never for a moment did he forget he must bring back some little gift for Margot. And, as usual, he let it go until the last minute.

He went dashing into Saks', staring around uncertainly at the merchandise displayed in the long, gleaming showcases. No dresses—she was too good at making her own. He'd just bought her a sweater the previous month—couldn't overdo the sweater angle. He turned around and saw the salesgirls whispering one to the other; saw elevator doors opening and a gradually increasing crowd of people coming a bit closer to his elbows.

there's a limit...

He began to perspire a little, and his mind went blank. Stabbing a desperate finger at a showcase of handbags, he pointed to the smallest in the lot and blurted out, "I'll take that one."

"Certainly, Mr. Clark. And what nice taste you have!" The three dozen salesgirls all nodded in agreement. Unconsciously, Dane nodded with them, swelling with the wisdom of his choice. He fingered the lone twenty dollar bill in his wallet. "How much is it, please?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars."

He didn't faint, and he managed to gulp back the gasp that came to his lips, but with thirty-six pairs of eyes watching the millionaire from Hollywood, what could he do? He blinked and said weakly, "Send it up to my hotel." Then he dove outside for a breath of fresh air.

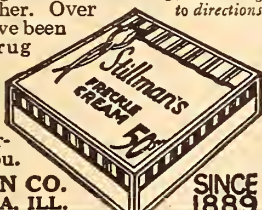
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He needed more fresh air when Margot, after exclaiming in delight over the beauty of the bag, found out the cost.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! SEND IT BACK!"

"But, Red—"

"Tell them it's the wrong color. Tell them the house burned down and we're leaving for China. Tell them anything—only SEND IT BACK."

deep hurt...

It was winter in California, but there was lots of sunshine, and the days were warm, although at night a deep chill came in the air when cool breezes swept in from the ocean. The day before Christmas the contractor's men working on the house remodelling pulled out all the doors and windows, and they didn't get any of them back by quitting time. Margot didn't care too much, for they planned to eat dinner in town.

She noticed the way the car came up the hill slower than usual. She saw the way Dane walked with his head downcast, his hands deep within his pockets. And his arms were too tight about her while he held her close in his "hello" kiss.

Margot walked with him to the pile of lumber before the house. "What is it, Dane?" she asked quietly.

He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket and held it out to her.

A well-known columnist had written a blistering attack on Dane, torn him to pieces. The gist of the article was "Who does this guy Clark think he is?"

It hurt. It hurt worse than Dane likes to admit even now. At that moment, with the fierce impact of those words jabbing into him like sharp spears, he was ready to call it quits.

Margot pulled his hand between her own. It was pitch dark, and the breeze was strong from the ocean, but with his arm tight about her, Margot didn't mind. Finally she lifted her head to Dane's.

"Let's look at this," she said evenly. "Have you done any of the things the columnist accuses you of doing?"

"No. Of course not."

"Then forget it."

journey's end...

For another hour they talked, and that night they decided that while they would never change inwardly, they would change their attitude toward other people. It would no longer be Dane Clark against the world but Dane Clark with the world.

There's no counting the hours when two people in love sit alone in the darkness and great decisions are being made. But characteristically, Dane suddenly stood up, kissed Margot soundly, then sang out in true masculine style, "Let's eat!"

Into the house with no windows, no doors, and a can of beans sitting forlornly on the shelf above the stove.

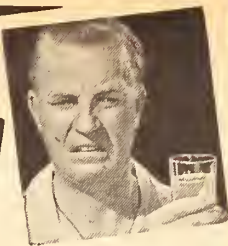
A can of beans on Christmas Eve.

But Dane Clark was never happier than at that moment when he was pushing an opener into the can of beans. He had success in his work. He had a home of his own. And he had a woman who was a part of his innermost self—Margot. What more could a man want?

JULY ISSUE

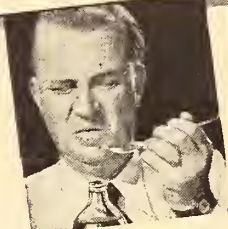
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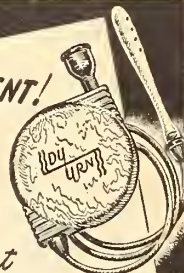
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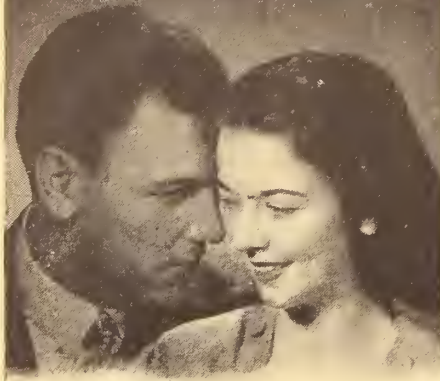
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INTIME AND ON THE BEAM

(Continued from page 49)

inquired.

"Certainly, madam." Kurt made his voice sound just right for a perfume counter. "We have it in all five colors."

"Colors!" The voice sounded startled. "I didn't know perfume came in colors."

"Oh, yes, madam. It's the very latest thing, and we're the only store that has it. Black, emerald, pink, blue and natural. Which would you like?"

"Well—uh—I guess I'd better take the natural." The voice was baffled now.

"Madam," said Kurt firmly, "if you will permit me to say so, you sound to me like a type who could be daring. I advise you to try the black."

"Do you really think so?" A pleased note crept in. "All right, then. One bottle of the black."

"If you'll just give me your name and address, I'll see that it's sent right out."

A moment later, Kurt was burrowing happily in the pillow again, while a sedate matron began what promised to be a long wait for a bottle of black cologne.

mata hari duet . . .

Oh, he's a pixie type, that Kreuger! He loves to play jokes, and he gets wildly enthusiastic about things, and he has more fun out of life than any six people you could mention. Even when he isn't working, he's the busiest guy in all Hollywood, although he couldn't for the life of him tell you what he does. He starts out with a leisurely breakfast in the morning, and then he reads all the newspapers. Later, he goes for his singing lesson. Kurt has no intention of becoming an opera star, much less another Frank Sinatra, but he has a good voice and he thinks he should learn the right things to do with it. He comes home in time for a swim before lunch. In the afternoon, of course, he has a wild tussle on the outside porch upstairs with his two police dogs. He's had one four years, and the other, which he refers to as "the little one" (it's the size of a horse!) for a year-and-a-half.

They are, of course, a little awesome to visitors who aren't used to them. One Sunday afternoon, Kurt was sitting out by the swimming pool minding his own business, absorbed in a book, when he became aware that he was being watched. He raised his eyes and found that beyond the low hedge at the side of the pool were a couple of teen-agers. Obviously fans, and obviously drooling at the sight of the handsome Mr. Kreuger in swimming shorts and suntan. Kurt didn't have the least idea how they'd gotten there, or what to do about them. He decided in favor of ignoring the whole thing, and went on reading his book. He was alone and couldn't properly invite them in. For two solid hours he read, swam in the pool, listened to the radio and had his usual Sunday afternoon nap. For two solid hours the girls stood there like wide-eyed statues. Came five o'clock and Kurt let the dogs out for their afternoon run. The two mammoth creatures bounded out, and the girls took one look, let out a yell you could hear clear to the Brown Derby, and started home at a fast clip. The next day Kurt got a plaintive note.

"We didn't mind when you didn't talk to us, or even look at us," it said. "But when you set your dogs on us, it was too much!" There was, however, a postscript. "We'll forgive you if you'll let us come again next Sunday."

Kurt thought it was rather funny, and very sweet. He has a philosophical sense of humor which is a big help to him in

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Hollywood, where it's always the unexpected that happens. It has carried him through some tough spots. There was, for instance, the first time he came to Hollywood. He had done some summer stock, and he had every intention of getting into pictures. So he started looking around for a house. At last he located the ideal place—it's the same one he has now, only without the swimming pool, which is a recent acquisition. He paid a reasonable price for it, but it was still a lot of money for a young man without a job. And somehow, no one in pictures seemed impressed by Kurt's offer to work for them. After a few months of getting absolutely nowhere, he decided to leave Hollywood.

"I told you so," said one of the omnipresent I-told-you-so friends. "You should never have bought that house."

"Buying that house was the best thing I've ever done. I most definitely will come back to Hollywood later on, and I want to be sure of having a place to live."

The friend laughed. "When are you coming back?"

"I don't know when. But I'll be back. I feel it here inside me."

He was right, of course. He did come back. By then, he'd had Broadway experience, and he knew more about the way to approach Hollywood. He began with small parts, but they have been getting bigger all the while. "Hotel Berlin," "Paris Underground," "The Spider," and now "The Dark Corner." He free lanced till last June. Then his agent phoned.

"Fox wants to sign you to a contract."

Kurt's cautious Swiss business sense asserted itself. "But they do not pay as much when you have the contract as when you free lance. Is that not so?"

"They're going to pay you as much," said his agent grimly, "and don't ask me why. You're the luckiest so-and-so I ever met."

Last month, the friend who had told him he was a fool to buy the house, came around. He was hunting desperately for a place to live.

"Listen, Kurt, I've been thrown out of more hotels in the last month than you ever heard of. And there isn't a house in Hollywood for rent. I'll give you three times what you paid for your place if you'll sell it to me."

Kurt grinned. He coined a phrase. He said "He laughs best who laughs last," and kept the house.

crystal gazing . . .

It's just as well that he can be philosophical about misfortunes. Sometimes they gang up on him. Take that day last February. It all started with the morning mail. Kurt opened one letter and found in it a horoscope for his birth date, July twenty-third. He remembered that someone at a dinner party had mentioned horoscopes and he had said he thought it would be fun to have his. So here it was, all new and shiny. Casually Kurt looked up the prediction for that day.

"Be careful," it said. "Misfortune awaits you."

"That," Kurt told the horoscope severely, "is no way to start. You are not getting in good with me, and besides, you are quite wrong. This is going to be a very good day." He tossed the horoscope in the wastebasket.

Came five o'clock, he had a cocktail date at the home of some friends. They gave particularly elaborate cocktail parties, and it was something to look forward to. Later, he was to have dinner with pretty Cathy Downs, who was his adored of the moment.

Kurt arrived at the cocktail date looking tall, blond and terrific in a green tweed jacket, grey flannels and his usual wonderful suntan. He noted with approval the presence of several beautiful girls, and

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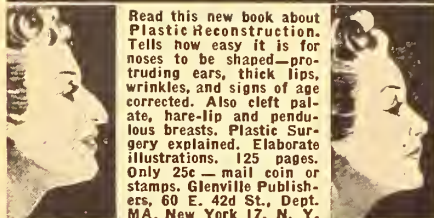
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with even more approval the fact that the hostess was serving canapes which were gastronomic delights. There was caviar with onion on dark bread. There was wonderful smoked salmon with pumpernickel. There were—and here Kurt's mouth began to water—shrimps with a special sauce which were a specialty of the house. Kurt had a couple of Martinis, accompanied by these various delicacies. He talked to the pretty girls. He was having a fine time, and thought fleetingly about what silly things horoscopes were. A young starlet came over to him, and smiled fetchingly. She was carrying a dish of shrimps.

"More of these, Kurt? Here, I'll fix one for you."

"Oh, yes, please. They are delightful."

shrimps à la ptomaine . . .

He opened his mouth wide, and the starlet obligingly popped a shrimp into it. She fluttered her lashes at him, and he told her how charming she was. This routine went on for some time, during which Kurt consumed innumerable shrimps. Then he began to have a slightly uneasy feeling in his stomach. He said polite, if hasty, good-byes, and went out to his car. All the way home he felt worse and worse. He staggered into his house at last and took a look at himself in the mirror. His face was green instead of tan. His lips were puffed up to twice their usual size, and his eyes were almost shut. He called up his doctor, and informed him that he was dying, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

"You're probably allergic to shrimp in anything but small quantities," the doctor said. "Lots of people are."

"But what happens now? A beautiful young lady is coming to dinner. I am to take her to a large party. What shall I do?"

The doctor told him what to do. It was all very complicated, but Kurt did it. Cathy arrived for dinner and had to eat it alone. Then she played records for two hours—also alone. By the end of that time, Kurt looked almost normal and felt fine. They went to the party. It was a good party. When the party was over, he drove Cathy home, and then started for his own place. He was driving his Buick convertible happily along the Boulevard when a car popped out from a side street. It disregarded the Stop sign completely, and whizzed slam into Kurt's convertible. Trying to escape this juggernaut, he whirled the steering wheel desperately to the right. His car smashed through a road sign and hit a telegraph pole which cracked, and hung, swaying ominously above the roof. Kurt took a deep breath. He put his hand to his head and felt blood there, but found that the cut wasn't deep. He climbed out of the wrecked car, and said a quick, sincere prayer of thanks to God that it was no worse, and he was still alive.

Meanwhile, the people from the other car swarmed over the road. The driver was very loud and very profane. He made nasty remarks about playboys in dinner jackets at four a.m., disregarding the fact that it was he who had run into Kurt. A couple of cops came along and looked over the situation. They listened to the other man's remarks and were not impressed.

"Looks as if this guy in the convertible was going along minding his own business when you ducked out of the side street and hit him," one of them said. "But you'll both have to come to the station with us."

The other driver went into a long and inaccurate description of Kurt's ancestry. Kurt kept his mouth shut, which was quite a feat under the circumstances. They all went to the police station, and both drivers were put through the routine sobriety tests. They had to say "Around the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran." They had to say it fast. Kurt

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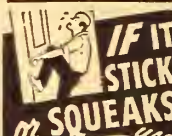
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said it so fast it made them dizzy. Then they had to walk a straight line. Kurt laughed so much he couldn't do it, but he passed all the other tests, and was declared cold sober, dinner jacket and all. The police surgeon took a few stitches in the cut, and Kurt called a taxi and went home. As soon as he got in the house, he went over to the wastebasket and got out the horoscope. He put it on his bureau in a silver frame, and bowed three times. Then he went to bed.

Though Kurt is cheerful almost always, he almost lost his sense of humor over the servant problem. He wanted a combination cook-housekeeper, to live in. But there were difficulties. His place was hard to get to, way up the mountain. Or they'd be afraid to stay there alone evenings. Or they didn't like the dogs. Finally Kurt decided to put an ad in the paper. He left it to the girl in charge of the classified ad section to decide what to say.

"Just make it sound alluring," he urged.

The ad appeared. It said, "Bachelor picture star needs housekeeper. Pleasant surroundings."

the perfect job . . .

The phone began to ring the minute the paper hit the streets. It became a perennial alarm clock. Everybody wanted that job. Kurt weeded out as many as he could over the phone. Then he started to interview the rest. They turned up in silver foxes and perfume. They waved false eyelashes at him hopefully, while they explained that they couldn't maybe cook very much but they were wonderful at mixing cocktails. One prospect, an efficient type, had Kurt almost sold, until she began to talk about what a wonderful time they would have giving parties, and she was sure her friends and his would get along fine. Kurt had to tell her that he'd had in mind a more formal, less cozy arrangement and she left in a huff. He finally did get an ideal housekeeper—a motherly soul, who calls him "Mr. Krueger, honey," and retires to her bedroom to weep for hours if he doesn't eat enough of her delicacies.

Kurt has not always been happy about his roles in pictures. He is, for instance, far from boastful about "The Spider." He plays a murderer in it, but that isn't what bothers him. It's the lack of motivation for the crimes he commits.

"All the way through this picture, I kill people," he says mournfully, "and why? Nobody knows. So I must be a homicidal maniac, and that I do not like."

His new picture, "The Dark Corner," is much more glamorous and exciting. Clifton Webb is in it, and Mark Stevens and Lucille Ball. Kurt plays a villain, but a romantic villain in handsomely tailored evening clothes, who has a fine time making expert love to the heroine for her money. It's a very de luxe picture, with orchestras playing soft music and sets that appeal to Kurt's love of beauty, and he's justly proud of it.

He is an odd combination of pride and humbleness, this Swiss ski instructor who has conquered Hollywood. On his last trip to New York, he played gin rummy on the train with a well-known Hungarian writer. The writer called him a few days after they got to New York.

"Kurt, how would you like to be in a Broadway play again?"

"I think I would like it very much," Kurt said seriously, "if I could do it."

"Come down to the Theater Guild, then. They'd like you for the part of the priest in the Ethel Barrymore play, 'Embezzled Heaven.'"

Kurt was dazed. Play on Broadway with Ethel Barrymore! But was he good enough for the Theater Guild, and could he play a priest? Suddenly that humility that overtakes him now and then came to

*Waltz into
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KILLS

Athlete's Foot organisms
ON CONTACT

the fore in a rush.

"That is very nice of you, but I couldn't possibly do it," he said hurriedly. "My studio commitments are such that I couldn't leave Hollywood for any length of time."

Afterward he was angry with himself. He told himself sternly that he was a good actor, and had no business getting fits of self-doubt that might interfere with his career, but by then it was too late.

Kurt has a vivid imagination and responds very quickly to any situation which holds a hint of drama. Like the night at Mocambo when he was sitting happily with a good looking singer named Marina Koshetz. A blonde walked by and smiled at Kurt. He's a little near-sighted, so he thought it was someone he knew and smiled back. That did it. The girl came right over and, making with the big, blue eyes, said "Mr. Kreuger, you don't know me." Mr. Kreuger belatedly agreed with her. She nodded to a table a little way off, and said "Do you think that man over there is handsome, Mr. Kreuger?"

Kurt peered at the man. He was a little embarrassed, and said politely, "Why yes, very handsome."

turn on the tears . . .

"I don't," the blonde remarked. "But I think you're handsome, Mr. Kreuger. And I made a bet with that man that I could get you to dance with me. I bet him fifty dollars." The big, blue eyes suddenly filled with tears, and the voice grew husky as she added in a whisper, "I can't afford to lose fifty dollars, Mr. Kreuger."

Kurt, who dramatizes everything, immediately saw in the blonde the innocent victim of a Hollywood wolf who would probably offer to settle for the poor girl's virtue instead of the fifty bucks. Sir Galahad Kreuger to the rescue! He said, "I will dance with you. But a few steps only, since I cannot leave my charming companion sitting here alone for long—

"Marina, will you forgive me?"

"Certainly," said Marina sweetly, if with a slightly cynical lift of her eyebrows. "Fifty dollars is a lot of money."

The blonde danced well, but cheek to cheek. After five steps, Kurt said "There, that is all. You have won your bet." He attempted to let go. He had become conscious by now that the girlish innocence had a strong reek of bourbon. But the blonde held on. The blue eyes, seen at close range, had a slightly glazed look. "I'm not going to let you go," she announced loudly. "I think you're too handsome to let go."

Kurt began to get panicky. People were staring. Over the blonde's plump shoulder he could see Marina, and her eyebrows were now definitely raised. She was enjoying herself hugely.

clinging vine . . .

"Let go!" he said firmly, but the blonde continued to hold him with a grip of iron. Blast the woman! How was he to get loose? He had visions of himself with this albatross hung round his neck forever. Suddenly he remembered the very open-toed sandals she was wearing. Deliberately, and hard, he stepped on her toe. The blonde stepped back with a howl of anguish. Kurt bowed gracefully from the waist and returned to his table.

"Never, never will I get into such a predicament again," he informed the amused Marina. "From now on I shall stay out of all dramatic situations."

He won't, of course. He'll go right on living life to its fullest, because that's the way he likes it, and he's quite willing to take the good and bad together. He won't miss a thing and that's one reason why he'll get places. That zest for life is part of the Kreuger personality, and it's doing fine at the box office. So why change?

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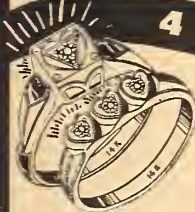
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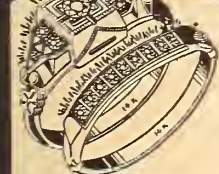
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WATCH BARBARA HALE!

(Continued from page 41)

my own intuition, I began to case this girl's career. I went over to RKO and had them run off a few of her pictures for me. I saw "West of the Pecos," "First Man Into Tokyo" and "Lady Luck." And I said to myself, Hedda, here we go again.

Bill Dozier, assistant head of production at RKO, told me he was so excited about both Barbara and Bill that he was co-starring them in "A Likely Story" and having the script tailored to suit them.

"They're working out on the valley ranch today," he said. "Why don't you run out and watch Barbara work?"

I never need a push when I'm on anyone's trail, so I hopped in my car and made the long drive out to the valley where RKO has its ranch. Most studios have these ranches which relieve their cramped Hollywood quarters by serving as a sort of back lot, filled with buildings, city streets and village dirt roads.

The cameras were grinding at the end of the street, and I spied Barbara, in a checked suit and hat, looking perfectly beautiful, and what's more, cool. I sat down on a curbstone and watched her work. It was a simple scene; she was to run out of a bank door, hail a taxi and climb in. They shot it eight times. Every time Barbara was perfect, every time something or somebody else went wrong. The take finally completed, she spotted Hopper, who by this time was melting and running down the gutter.

"Hi," she called and ran—ran, mind you—across the street.

I mopped my brow with my handkerchief. "Aren't you hot?"

"Nope," she said, and smiled with that wonderful row of ivories—no caps.

"Aren't you tired?"

"Nope."

"Well, if I can possibly live another hour, I'd like to talk to you."

We walked to her dressing room, a small packing case on the edge of the potato patch. She slipped on a pair of faded blue jeans and a raucous plaid shirt.

"Been thinking about these clothes all day," she said.

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I SAW IT HAPPEN



In Walla Walla, Washington, my brother, Staff Sgt. Bernie Radebaugh, was repairing his Flying Fortress when he heard a soldier in back of him say, "Hey, sarge, want a coke?" When Bernie turned

around, a corporal was standing there. Finally Bernie stammered, "Aren't you Alan Ladd?" To his amazement the corporal answered, "Yes, I am." They had cokes and cigarettes together, and later, my brother met Sue Carol Ladd. Bernie wrote home and told me all about it. I'm writing this for my brother because he was shot down over Germany in 1944. I don't suppose Mr. Ladd remembers that incident, but if he does, I'm sure he'd like to know how much it meant to my brother.

Jean Radebaugh
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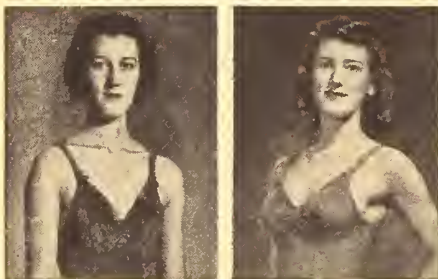
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"Don't you like to dress up?"

"Oh, I love to. But I like to wear beat-up clothes too." She grinned.

I was all set to talk, when Bill Williams pounded on the door.

"Hey, Barby—the Academy Award shindig is on tonight! Aren't we going?"

"Good night!" gasped the little woman. "I forgot all about it!"

Then she remembered that she had nothing to wear, and Bill punctuated her memory by howling that he didn't have a tux. They had two hours to buy clothes and get ready. I offered to get myself out of there and chat with Barbara the next morning over breakfast.

Barbara chose for our breakfast spot an unpretentious cafe. Over a cracked cup of coffee, she beamed at me from under a lilting hat and a stunning suit. I pointed to the lid.

"Hats?" I said.

"Well, yes. I like the look of them, but I definitely don't like the feel of them. They make me nervous."

"Ex-tomboy?" I offered.

tree tops . . .

"Yes, but a mixed up kind. I used to climb into the highest tree, or jump over garage roofs—but you see, I always took my doll with me."

That was back in Rockford, Illinois, where Barbara grew up. She apologizes for a normal childhood, wishes she could spout a Cinderella tale, but there isn't anything exciting. Just Mom and Dad and her sister Juanita and the small brown house and the Rockford kids. But her childhood brought out to me the sensitivity and the vigor and the humor within her that today make Barbara an actress destined for the top.

There was the fight with a small girl named Elizabeth who shoved Miss Hale into a briar bush. Barbara came out with fists flying and beat the living tar out of Lizzie. There were the closet sojourns. Whenever Barbara was hurt inside, she hid in a closet, or any handy attic or basement and wept quietly to herself. On her third day of school, she was reprimanded by the teacher for being late. She immediately disappeared, and the resulting neighborhood posse found her that night, in a nearby attic, crying. Her first and last whipping occurred when she threw a tantrum after her dad refused to allow her to accompany him downtown. Pop unearthed a fat razor strap and strong-armed his daughter. Winded, he looked for his wife, finally found her in the bedroom closet, her face wet with tears.

With a mind of her own, Barbara was brought up to take care of herself. The first time a boy tried to kiss her, she whacked him in the posterior with one of her muddy boots. She shot a little ahead of her own parents sometimes. Like the forbidden hill episode. Having acquired a shiny pair of roller skates for Christmas, Barbara cast bright brown eyes at the steep hill outside the Hale curbing. She was handed a flat refusal, and the day she stood poised for the takeoff and heard her mother screaming, "Stop!", Barbara merely went her way, but in a stooping position, gathering switches as she went.

"I handed them to Mom when I got back up the hill," says Barbara, "so of course, she never spanked me."

As much as she hated Sunday clothes, she rebelled furiously at any item that wasn't pretty, at least at the start.

"That mud brown sweater," says Barbara wrinkling her nose in acute distaste, "was unfortunately the color that doesn't show soil. Mom believed in getting things big enough for me, and at the age of two, when the thing came into my life, it was big enough to serve as a coat. I wore it until I was thirteen, and it ruined hun-



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dreds of days out of my life. I think it's time people knew about it."

Despite the sweater, Barbara attracted men at an early age. From the time she was six until ten, a nameless small gentleman followed her around, stood leaning for hours against a tree on the Hale lawn. Mrs. Hale felt sorry for him.

"Let's ask him in, dear," she'd say. "He'll get pneumonia standing out there."

Barbara shrugged her shoulders. "Mister X," as the family called him, was eventually invited inside. He seated himself stiffly in a straight chair and stared at Barbara, who coldly stared back. Mrs. Hale kept up a running fire of conversation, but found to her amazement that the boy wouldn't open his trap, and neither would Barbara. An hour later, Mrs. Hale pushed him gently out the front door and went, exhausted, to bed.

When Barbara was eleven, a new character appeared on the scene. He telephoned her hundreds of times but never gave his name. At the slightest hint of a holiday, he rang the doorbell, left a two-bit gift on the porch and ran hellbent for leather before anyone could catch a glimpse of him.

School brought Barbara an inferiority complex. It was mostly her hair, naturally curly, which stuck out in Medusa-like swatches. Barbara considered herself an ugly pug, and found that art offered the only shell into which she could crawl. She grabbed at it gratefully, and as years went on, developed a fine talent. There was a teacher, Vera Smith, who taught art to the senior year of the town's high school. She noticed Barbara's talent, and she also noticed the way the girl hung back. Miss Smith was a psychologist as well as a good woman. One day she held up one of Barbara's sketches.

"I want the class to notice this," she said. "If any one of you had the skill or the feeling, one or the other, that Barbara Hale has put into this work, I would have nothing further to teach you." Barbara left class that day with a small swagger in her walk.

It was a good thing, too, because it prepared her for art school in Chicago, where she necessarily had to live alone.

dots and dashes . . .

She started out at the YWCA, where the dishwater routine was broken for Barbara only by a boy from Rockford who lived at the YM four blocks away. They rigged up a Morse code by means of pulling the chain on a lamp in their respective windows. This system, slightly slow, served to arrange dinner dates, or signal that there was a fire in the neighborhood. Barbara and Ralph shared a deep passion for fires, big or little, and the faraway sound of a siren brought them both to their lamps, signalling frantically as to the meeting place to chase and view the blaze.

But it was lonely, with only an occasional weekend trip to Rockford, when there was enough money. Then, one day, into the classroom, at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, walked Susie. Barbara, in her sad lavender sweater and purple skirt, her hair still sticking out like the working end of a mop, looked up and gasped. Susie Simons was pretty, well-groomed, dressed in excellent taste, and was a most self-assured young lady.

"That girl," Barbara said half aloud, "is going to be my friend."

Susie never had a chance. Barbara attacked swiftly.

"Let's have lunch," she said.

"All right," Susie smiled.

A fast friendship developed and in a few months they were sharing an apartment together.

The apartment was on a street where the neighborhood kids played baseball

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until darkness brought blessed silence. It was a one-room job with a hot plate and a basin clamped to the wall masquerading as a kitchen. A vent led into the apartment upstairs, whose tenant chain-smoked Turkish tobacco and all but asphyxiated the two girls. The walls were bare of plaster, the one window led out to the street on the ground floor—a setup for a long succession of peeping Toms. A dilapidated daybed opened into two halves, one hard as granite, the other mushy as vegetable compound. Even the fluttering clothes line stretched across the room did not deter a character named Hoolihan, who often walked through their apartment to get to his own, and who occasionally raided their ice box or requested that they change their radio program.

coax me . . .

Those days were fun for Barbara. When funds dribbled to a low, the two girls sat on the tiny balcony, ostensibly to acquire a tan, but actually to wait for dinner invitations from the boys in the fraternity house across the street. They often sat out until twilight came, freezing slightly, but hanging on doggedly. They squirmed while the boys they knew talked up to them from the street level.

"Are you hungry?" would eventually happen, and Susie and Barbara got off the balcony and dressed for dinner before the boys had time to decide on a tie.

Funds ran so low, in fact, that Barbara took up modelling during the summer. The work was so pleasant that, came the fall term, she decided to model during the day and attend art school at night. Clerking in the college shop of Marshall Field's department store added a bit more money, and Barbara figured she was all set.

But something was going on behind her back. Corrinne and Al Seaman, owners of the model's bureau for which Barbara worked, had sent her photograph to an RKO executive.

During the year of art school and living with the tasteful Susie, and her work as a model, Barbara had suddenly found what to do with her hair, with the heavy eyebrows that clouded her face, with lipstick. The RKO executive looked at the photograph and whistled. Two weeks later, a knock came on Barbara's door. She opened it to find a strange man standing there.

"I'm a talent scout from RKO studios," he said. "If you're Barbara Hale, I'd like to offer you a contract."

Life for Barbara went into a whirl. There were phone calls to Mom and Dad, long talks with Susie, one long sleepless night, and her mind was made up.

"I'll be back in six months," she told her mother, and meant it. But within two weeks of her arrival she was working in front of the cameras in "Gildersleeve's Bad Day." That was her tryout. From that she progressed to a fat part in "Higher and Higher" with Frank Sinatra.

At this point, you'd think Barbara Hale would be bubbling. She was, on the outside. But Miss Hale was not pleased with herself. She was miserably homesick. Living at the Studio Club, she was surrounded by hopeful movie starlets who talked her language, but she missed Mom and Dad and Susie and Juanita and the two kids.

Then she met Bill Williams. She was feeling low, but she gave him a bright smile. Bill saw behind the smile.

"How about a cup of coffee?" he said. She found herself spilling out to him all the mixed up emotions pent up inside her for so long. Bill was kind and understanding, and Barbara suddenly saw his shoulder as the wailing wall for all her fears. Bill was fun, too. He'd drive up to the Studio Club in that old jalopy of his, and they'd set off for a movie. Barbara would invariably dress to her teeth. Also

like clockwork, Bill's jalopy would decide to play dead, and if Barbara thought she wouldn't be asked to push, she was sadly mistaken.

Barbara wrote home. "I've found a buddy, mom. I know I'm not in love because I wouldn't marry him on a bet."

That changed, too. Bill kept on suggesting coffee at the right times, and he kept on being fun. Finally, he gave her a ring given him by his mother when he was a baby. He had it enlarged for Barbara and she wears it on her right hand.

"Are you going to marry Bill?" I asked.

"Probably some day," she said. "But I won't say anything definite." But you have to be all of two years old to see that these kids are in love and happy with each other.

Tackling Barbara's studio friends, I found out that, along with all her other God-given gifts, she doesn't have to worry about putting on weight. She has a love for animals and children that adds up to almost a complex. Walking with her, friends turn to say something, discover Barbara isn't there, find her a block back chucking a baby under the chin. She asks friends to stop their cars so that she can get out and pat a stray dog. Referring to her niece and nephew, she says "my kids." She has bought a house in the Valley, and currently rattling around in it are three beds, a kitchen table and four chairs. She plans a French Provincial house, if there is ever time to do anything about it, and will start at midnight to whip up a lampshade that she's thought up during a rehearsal.

I talked to Hank Potter, director of "Mr. Lucky," who is currently at the helm of "A Likely Story."

"Barbara is going to be a big name in this town," he told me. "What I really can't get over, Hedda, is the way the girl does love scenes. She's had practically no film experience, not even with a short kiss, yet she has been doing every love scene beautifully, always on the first take."

I smiled, naturally. "Don't you think, Hank," I said, "that the fact that she's doing the love scenes with Bill might have something to do with it?"

He laughed and admitted my point. "But damn it, Hedda, this kid is good. Extraordinarily good."

"I'm not arguing with you, Hank," I said.

And I'm not. I wouldn't argue with anybody about Barbara Hale. She's all everybody says she is.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a Wave, and while on leave, my four aunts took me to the Walton Roof in Philadelphia. During the floor show, the m.c. announced over the microphone why I was there, and concluded, "When

the show is over, you're going to have a dance with Gene Kelly." Mr. Kelly, also in a Navy uniform, must have been even more surprised than I, for he was a dinner guest, too. At the end of the show I claimed my dance. Gene was a more wonderful ballroom dancer than I could have imagined. Afterwards, he escorted me back to my table, chatted with my aunts, and parted with the friendliest of good wishes—a real shipmate!

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