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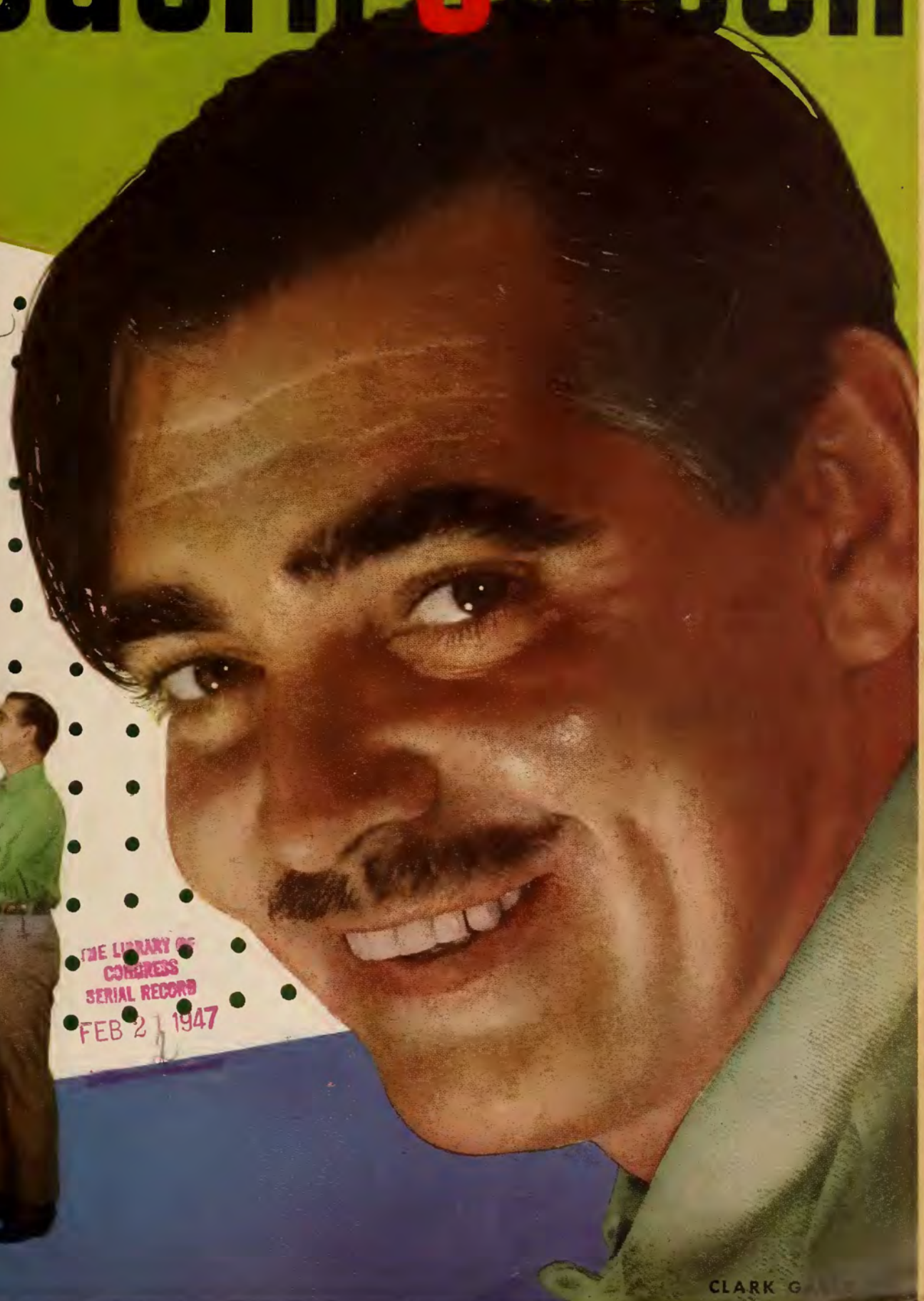
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modern screen

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"You're right

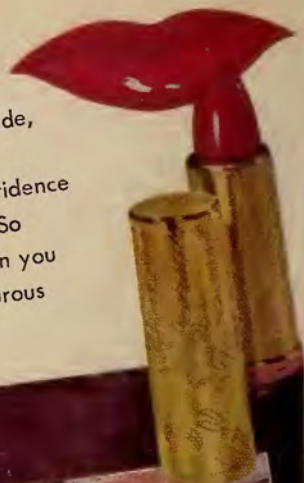
Red Majesty

is the New Queen of the Reds!"

— says MRS. CORNEL WILDE ...

radiant wife of the screen star.

"BECAUSE," enthuses lovely Mrs. Wilde, "there is something really wonderful about Red Majesty! It gives you confidence that your lips are looking their best. So I think you were perfectly right when you named it the queen of your glamorous family of Tangee lipstick shades."



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of
Tangee and creator of
Tangee Red Majesty Lip-
stick and Petal-Finish
Cake Make-Up.

Five Famous Glamorous Shades
by TANGEE

-  GAY-RED
-  RED-RED
-  MEDIUM-RED
-  THEATRICAL RED
-  NATURAL

Red Majesty NEW HIT SHADE BY *Tangee*

About Rosalie...who started from scratch...



NOW ROSALIE HAD...



MAGNETIC EYES...



A SENSATIONAL SMILE...



AND LOVELY LEGS!



BUT IN SPITE OF ALL THIS, ROSALIE WASN'T DOING SO COSILY, AND HERE'S WHY...



HER HANDS WERE SO DRIED OUT AND ROUGH THAT THEY SCRATCHED LIKE A PUSSY CAT!



RESULT? HER BEAUX FELT DISAPPOINTED AND LET DOWN — AND SO DID SHE!



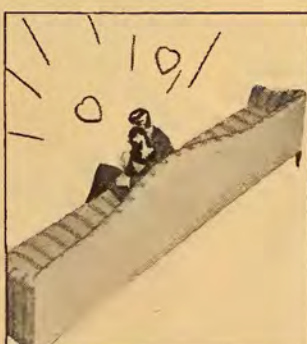
THEN ONE DAY SALLY LEE TOLD ROSALIE ABOUT AN ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT HAND LOTION! THE **BEFOREHAND** LOTION... **TRUSHAY**!



SO ROSALIE SMOOTHED CREAMY, FRAGRANT TRUSHAY ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE TACKLED DISHES...BECAUSE **TRUSHAY** GUARDS HANDS EVEN IN HOT, SOAPY WATER!



AND SHE ALSO PUT TRUSHAY ON HER HANDS BEFORE SHE LAUNDERED HER PRETTY-PRETTIES! AND TRUSHAY'S SPECIAL "OIL-RICHNESS" HELPED PREVENT DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.



WELL, ROSALIE IS DOING QUITE COSILY NOW...FOR TRUSHAY IS KEEPING HER HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH...THEY'RE NOT SCRATCHY ANY MORE.

TRUSHAY



The "Beforehand"
Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



P. S. Trushay's grand for softening hands at any time! Wonderful, too, for rough, dry elbows and heels . . . as a powder base . . . before and after exposure to weather. Trushay contains no alcohol, is not sticky. Begin today to use Trushay.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month

The greatest
star of the
screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".



To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.



BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragic-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.



LINA

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Leo



modern screen

The friendly magazine

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DESIGNED BY LESTER BEALL

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*Mickey's
back!
And you'll
howl!*

"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

M-G-M's
NEW
and DANDY
ANDY HARDY
HIT!

with
**MICKEY
ROONEY**
LEWIS
STONE

SARA LINA FAY BONITA DOROTHY
HADEN · ROMAY · HOLDEN · GRANVILLE · FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE
Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK • Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-
GOLDWYN-
MAYER
PICTURE



Richard and Greer Garson Ney were among Jimmy Stewart's well-wishers at Frank Capra's *It's A Wonderful Life* party. Greer heads for England soon—her first trip home since *Goodbye Mr. Chips*.



Brenda Marshall won't worry about husband William Holden's balanced diet any longer. Bill, whose first post-war film will be *Dear Ruth*, is going into the vitamin-manufacturing business.



Lionel Barrymore—one of the Capra regulars (he's in *Wonderful Life*, too)—boasted to Lucille Ball that he's now an honorary member of the Mark Twain Society! He knew Twain as a boy.



Maybe it's a kiss Roz Russell is going to plant on Frank Capra—or is he just whispering a few director's tricks? For Roz and Bing Crosby plan to produce a slap-stick comedy—starring themselves!



It wouldn't be a party without a cut-up or two—so the otherwise dignified Edward G. Robinson and Frank Morgan oblige. Robinson's extensive art collection, incidentally, is now valued at \$1,000,000.



Clark Gable, an old Capra graduate (*It Happened One Night*, remember?) squired lovely Anita Colby. It's Virginia Grey, however, whose name is seriously linked with Clark's—at this moment, anyway!



One of the nicest surprises for guest of honor Jimmy Stewart was meeting up with old friend and co-star Margaret Sullavan. Maggie, who's Mrs. Leland Haywood, now has three daughters!



Bob Stock danced with Yvonne de Carlo all night at the *Wonderful Life* party; then went home to bed with a bad case of bronchitis. But he's all right now, after recuperating at Palm Springs.



Fred and Mrs. MacMurray approve the filet mignon. Fred, who's one of the smartest businessmen in Hollywood, will follow the trend with his independent producing company, after *The Egg and I*.

louella parsons'

Good news
and party postscripts

■ THE PASSING of W. C. Fields on Christmas Day saddened many hearts. I almost believed that I would get a telegram saying, "It's not true, Louella. Don't believe it." So many times in the past, when I would say that he was sick and ailing, I would hear from him, saying, "Now don't kill me off yet." Bill Fields joked about everything. He joked with his nurses and doctors almost to the moment of his death. He even joked about his large red nose, which was really his stock in trade. He used to say it was caused by "spiritus fermenti," and his jokes in radio and vaudeville became famous. I have known Fields for about twenty-five years, first when he was with the Ziegfeld Follies, where he won great fame as a juggler. He was 67 years old, and his real name, was Claude William Dunkenfield. He disliked the name Claude, but a few of his friends called him Uncle Claude. He didn't like the name William, either. So he was always known as W. C. Fields. There's never been anyone quite like W. C., and he'll be missed by all his friends who loved his company.

* * *

It's nothing new for the public to be bewildered about Hollywood romances. In my time, I have been a little giddy on the subject myself.

But this month, I swear, it's the sweethearts who know from nothing about their own heart affairs. S'help me, I've never known so many scrambled romances—or romancers.

Evie Wynn, for instance, picked out Van Johnson's first home for him and then set about getting it furnished in her own favorite colors. But the day Evie announced she was divorcing Keenan (prelude to marrying Van) she was spotted in an interior decorator's shop picking out drapes—not for Van's place—but for Keenan's new apartment!

"Well," as one philosopher mused, "they were all friends when Evie was married to Keenan, so there's no particular

louella parsons'

Good news and party postscripts

The Biltmore Bowl banquet for newspaper editors brought out Ann Todd and husband Nigel Tonge. Ann's a hit with N. Y. newsmen, too!



reason why they shouldn't remain buddies when she marries Van!"

But that isn't all, kids—that's just the beginning.

Perhaps the MOST undecided lady of the year is pretty little Nancy Guild who met millionaire Edward Lasker one week, fell madly in love with him, set their wedding day for a week hence, and then called the whole thing off the day before the marriage!

Nancy says her parents begged her to wait and think it over, and apparently that was what she was doing when she left young Lasker with a \$20,000 diamond ring cooling in his pocket.

I must say Lasker is game. He told me he thought Nancy might change her mind again and they would be married next year if not before. Meanwhile, a fur coat and a Cadillac he'd picked out for her wedding gifts—along with the costly sparkler—have all been taken back to where they came from, making young Edward richer—but not happier.

And then there's the Lana Turner-Tyrone Power romantic fireworks. Is it love? Well, Lana is quoted as having said Ty is "the only man I have ever loved"—which, from Lana, is an extravagant statement you'll admit. The day this interesting "quote" reached print, Ty was dining with his ex, Annabella, in New York. When Lana's remark was relayed to him, Ty had no comment to make, although there's no chance of his making up with Annabella. She's said to have her next picked out—a rich radio biggie. See what I mean? They all get more and more involved as we roll along.

Take Linda Darnell. She says, "I will divorce Pev Marley as soon as I finish 'Forever Amber.'" But here is what she does: The only gent she dines with is PEV MARLEY!

But the topper of them all came in a newspaper headline heralding the (Continued on page 10)



Courting Gloria De Hoven—just like the old days—is husband John Payne, here at the Stork Club. John blames their separation on "a case of nerves caused by the excitement of their new home."



Completely recovered from his accident in Japan last year, Jerome Courtland appeared with Walter Pidgeon on a Lux Radio Show. Walter and Greer Gorson have vowed not to co-star again.

"Stop apologizing for sex, George Apley...you didn't invent it!"



He's the immovable object!
She's the irresistible force!
It's the incomparably entertaining movie!

**RONALD
COLMAN**

The
**LATE
GEORGE
APLEY**

"But it's better late
than never!"

and introducing
PEGGY CUMMINS



20th
CENTURY-FOX
TRIUMPH!

FROM THE
PULITZER
PRIZE
NOVEL



Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

with
VANESSA BROWN · RICHARD HAYDN · CHARLES RUSSELL · RICHARD NEY
PERCY WARAM · MILDRED NATWICK · EDNA BEST · NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne · From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman

Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand



WINNER OF THE 1945 ACADEMY AWARD

JOAN C JOHN G

THE NEW WARNER
- ONE OF THE GREATEST

"Humo

WITH
OSCAR LEVANT · J. CARROL NAISH · JEAN N
DIRECTED BY

FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

RAWFORD ARFIELD

ACHIEVEMENT
OF THEM ALL!



resque

PRODUCED BY
EGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story
by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman

Jack Benny couldn't resist Irene Dunne's lighter tresses on a broadcast. Irene's new color is a little like the redheaded hoir-do she wears for her technicolor role in *Life With Father*.



Both Robert Montgomery and Charles Boyer are very much interested in politics, but they're usually too busy with screen assignments to participate much. Bob's producing a Broadway show, *The Big Two*.



Grocie Allen points with pride as our own Louella Parsons admires the Christmas tie Grocie bought George. Louella also had to hear all about son Ronnie—and look at pictures, too!

(Continued from page 6) finish of the tangled Artie Shaw-Kathleen Winsor romance. Artie, and the authoress of "Forever Amber," you remember, eloped to Mexico, obtained secret divorces and were married before they were legally shed of their former mates in Los Angeles.

So out comes the headline: "BOB HERWIG DIVORCES ARTIE SHAW'S WIFE!" And I claim that's a statement that would baffle the unbaffable Mr. Anthony! How untangled can you get?

* * *

There was something very heart-warming in the dinner given by Frank Capra, George Stevenson, Sam Briskin and William Wyler to launch their hit, "It's A Wonderful Life," and bring Jimmy Stewart back to his fans and friends.

I say "heart-warming" because the famous hosts had invited all the actors who had EVER appeared in any of their pictures to be present along with the top-notchers of today, and so the whole charming affair at the Ambassador Hotel was a sentimental reunion of old and new stars and old and new friends.

At one table, I saw Viola Dana (she was the darling of her day), Shirley Mason (who was the June Allyson of her time) and still-lovely Claire Windsor who was once called the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Just a few tables away, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who hit the heights together in Capra's "It Happened One Night," had their heads together talking about old times. Sitting next to Clark was Greer Garson. This was really "get together" night! There were many tales of how cool Greer and Clark had been to one another when they were making "Adventure."

Loretta Young stopped to tell me that her husband was in New York, so she came with Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier. Another real beauty sitting at the same table with Joan and Loretta was Anita Stewart, glamorous star of the silent days, who had a career equalled by few stars even to this day. She was Louis B. Mayer's first movie star, and he says a great deal (Continued on page 12)

**louella
parsons'**
Good news
and party postscripts

"What this Country needs is more Farmers' DAUGHTERS!"

Here's the year's biggest laugh
...about a country maid
who lays down the law
to a Congressman!

RKO
PRESENTS

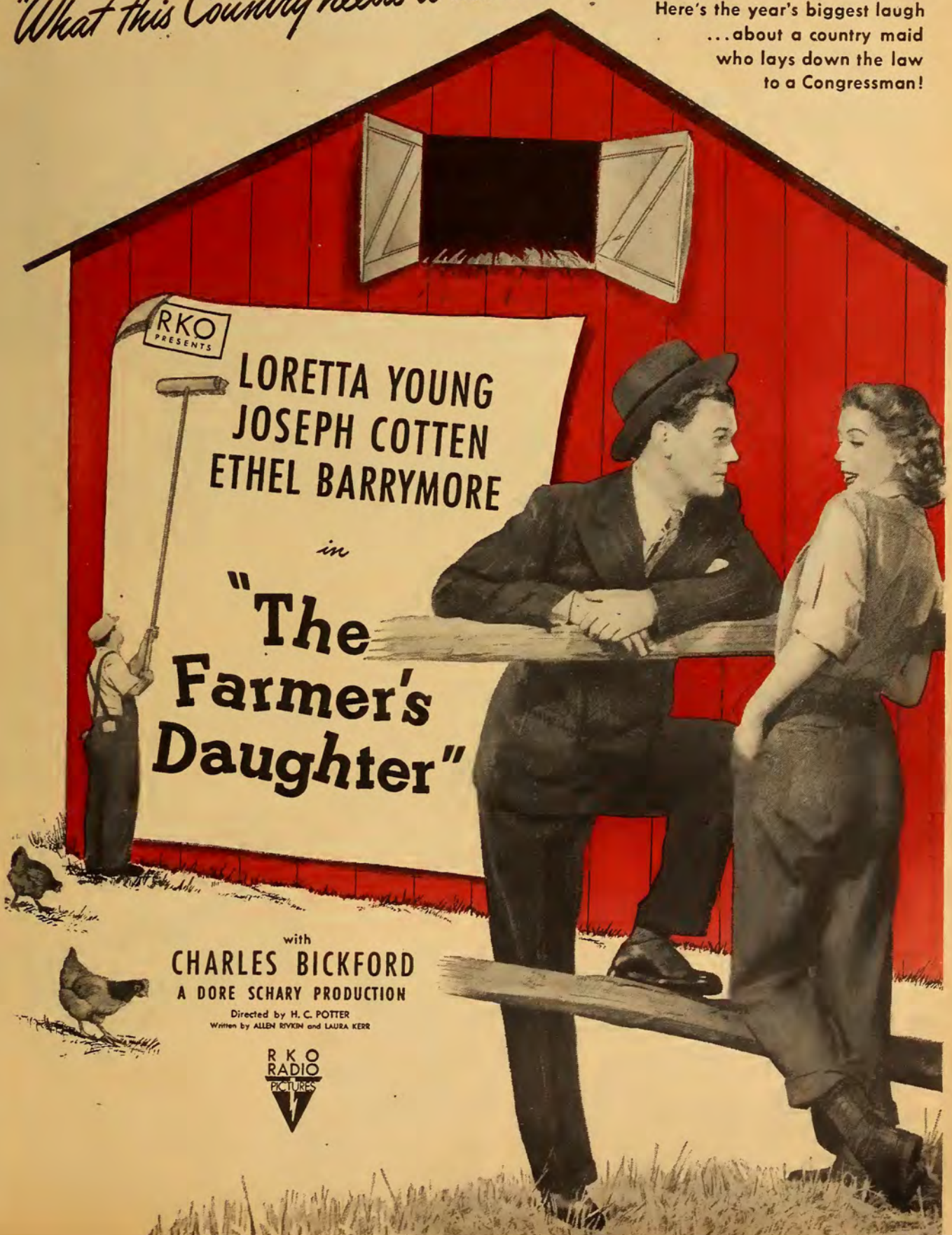
LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN
ETHEL BARRYMORE

in

**"The
Farmer's
Daughter"**

with
CHARLES BICKFORD
A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by H. C. POTTER
Written by ALLEN RYKIN and LAURA KERR



louella parsons'

Good news and party postscripts



Felix Jackson dates Hollywood's latest redhead: it's wife Deanna Durbin! Like Irene Dunne (see p. 10), Deanna changed color for *Central Park*, now likes it that way.



After all, reasons Trigger, why shouldn't every horse have his day? At the opening of the Hitching Post Theater, Trigger allowed Roy Rogers—assisted by Dale Evans—to leave his footprint, too! Trigger's gone Hollywood, with a peroxide blonde mane!

of his success was built on Anita's beauty and popularity. I also noticed Irene Dunne, and with her was her husband, Dr. Griffin, who has been ill, and consequently makes few appearances.

I was fortunate enough to sit at Frank Capra's table with Jimmy Stewart right beside me. Jimmy was with Margaret Sullivan, who never seems to age and still has that little girl look. At one time, Jimmy was deeply in love with Maggie—but that was years ago. Now they are just old friends. When her husband, Leland Hayward, was unable to make the party because of illness, Jimmy, of course, wanted his good friend, Margaret, to share his big night with him.

And believe me, it was a big night for him. Sitting so close to him I could see that he was trembling and shaking like a newcomer who had never before appeared on the screen. He was as nervous as a kid during the dinner and before we saw the movie. Jimmy said, "This one means everything, Louella. I've been away a long time and I'm afraid they've forgotten me."

Well, he didn't feel that way AFTER the showing! What a wonderful movie it is, living right up to the full meaning of its title, "It's A Wonderful Life." Everyone was dashing

around congratulating every one else, and one of the first hands I grabbed belonged to Lionel Barrymore, who plays an old meanie in the picture. He didn't seem like an old meanie to me when he bent down and kissed me on the cheek. Over the top of his head, I glimpsed Rosalind Russell, wearing a spangled lace shawl over her head, and looking like a dream boat.

As I left, I stopped to speak to Jack Holt, who is so good looking I didn't mind in the least when he reminded me that we had first met 20 years ago. And then there were dark, exotic Estelle Taylor, quite as alluring as when she was Mrs. Jack Dempsey; Sally Eilers, pert and blonde, bringing back memories of "Bad Girl," Tom Moore, Lee Tracy and dozens of other former great names, all come to do honor to their director friends, Capra, Briskin, Stevenson and Wyler.

But the Hollywood scene is not all romance and frivolity these days—not by a long shot. Back of the scenes is the most stirring race for Academy Award honors I've witnessed in over 20 years of covering this town.

Believe me, the rivalry is bitter and real. Good friends among producers, directors and stars, who have a chance for the coveted honors, are suddenly chilling toward one an-

other. The suspense is getting them down!

The heat is on—and while a great many people think this might be a bad thing, I think it is perfectly wonderful. With such spirited competition, you, the paying public, are bound to win. With every producer, star and director in the business wanting to get there "Fustest with the Bestest," you fans can't lose.

Next month, all the shouting will be over and the race forgotten for another year, but I hope this feeling of trying to make the best picture and turn in the best performances carries over among all our top people. It's good for the business and it's good for us fans.

When you read this you still won't know who won because the Awards are not until March but remember this: If the winning picture and the winning performers are not the ones you would have selected, it's because here is Hollywood voting for its own—and it's not an outside popularity contest.

* * *

The very youngest guest of honor ever to inspire a Hollywood party is Miss Candace Patricia Bergen, known to her pals as "Candy."

Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, Mr. Bergen (Continued on page 121)

It's The All-Time
Laugh Hit
Streamlined for Now!

5
YEARS ON
BROADWAY!

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

32
MERRY
MONTHS ON
THE AIR!

NOW
ON THE
SCREEN!



Bing Crosby Producers Inc.
presents ANNE NICHOLS'
"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV
and
introducing JOANNE DRU*

and RICHARD NORRIS

Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists

*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

by **Florabel Muir**

Ah, you may call it madness, but Lana calls it love—and here's our scoop-of-the-month on the Mexico City romance of Ty Power and the torchy Miss Turner

You may call it **m**adness...

■ Every once in a while a girl comes along in Hollywood who makes all the imaginings of the poets about love come true. And, of course, everybody loves her because it's so easy to love her and so hard not to.

Hollywood remembers girls like that. Neither Hollywood, nor the world, can forget Barbara Lamarr, Jean Harlow, Clara Bow. They were "all or nothing" girls. Just now we have another lush little beauty who reminds you of the girl in Marlene Dietrich's song: "Falling in love again, never wanted to, what am I to do? Can't help it."

Naturally, you know that I'm writing of Lana Turner. No halfway girl is Lana in the matter of falling in love. Her romantic exploits have been so spectacular that when she set Hollywood by the ears just as everyone was settling down to the post-New Year's doldrums, the effect was an emotional atomic bomb.

In complete defiance of studio discipline, the rule against flying while making a picture, and the elementary business of getting to the set on a working day, blonde Lana hopped a plane and flew down to Mexico City. Lana wanted to see Tyrone Power. Ty's down there starring in *Captain from Castile* for Twentieth Century-Fox. She was hungry for the touch of his hand, for the melting glances of love from those limpid dark eyes of his.

Lana had a picture of her own to worry about. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is tossing \$3,000,000 into its *Green Dolphin Street*, and already it's being whispered on the lot that this is to be the company's big entry in the 1948 Academy Award Sweepstakes. The film is three weeks away from being finished at this writing. All Lana had to do was wait until the first of February to fly to romantic Acapulco and have her delectable fill of the tender passion.

Did she stop to reason why? Did she pause to think of her benign boss, Louis B. Mayer, who finds it good policy to indulge his stars but must also worry about budgets just like any other producer? Not little Lana!

It never occurred to her that if anything happened to the plane she rode in, Metro would have to write off a \$3,000,000 investment and start all over again. The only thing she knew

"He's the only man I've ever loved," Lana told reporters, before joining Tyrone in Mexico.



Lana bought \$5,000 worth of new duds for her trip; held up *Green Dolphin Street* for a week!

for sure was that Ty Power would be dancing at Ciro's in Mexico City's Hotel Reforma on New Year's Eve and she had to be there dancing with him.

"Nobody will even know I've gone," I can imagine Lana telling herself.

But when the crew assembled to start shooting on the morning after New Year's, a telephone call came for Director Victor Saville.

"Hello, Victor, this is Lana," the voice said across the wire.

"You're not ill, I hope, darling," said the solicitous Saville.

"No, but I'm in Mexico City and I can't get back. The planes are all grounded."

In about two shakes the whole Metro plant was in an uproar. Saville rearranged his schedule and everyone prayed that the star would make it back safely.

It wasn't until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that a demure little Lana walked on her set ready to face the camera—and the music. There wasn't a soul in sight. She was all alone. It was very, very disconcerting, Lana told me afterward. She stood there wondering what to do when all of a sudden Victor Saville and George Folsey, the cameraman, strolled out from behind some scenery. They were dolled up in serapes and sombreros, strumming guitars, and crooning "Cielito Lindo," that haunting love song of Old Mexico. All the cast and crew, joined in the chorus, Van Heflin crashing out with a gusty baritone.

I think everyone will agree that it was all very sweet, and if it proves anything at all, it's that all the world still loves a lover—which is very much to the good, if you ask me.

This time love moved upon Lana like an army advancing on a beautiful beleaguered city and took her by storm. It all happened—and this is going to surprise you—at a gala party given by Gene Tierney. It isn't so long ago that Gene was being talked about as the new girl in Ty's life. That was just when people were getting over the shock of Ty's separation from Annabella—another "perfect marriage" gone on the rocks.

Lana and Ty had known each other casually for years, but they have both told friends that neither was really aware of the other until that night of Gene's party. They danced together. The music was soft, seductive, and they were young; he the dashing hero home from the war, she the soft, the yielding, the voluptuous, earmarked for love even while she was a pretty lass attending Hollywood high school.

Lana knows love's storms and tempests. She had just weathered one, a thrilling encounter of hearts with the fabulous romancer Howard Hughes, a man who might have been a d'Artagnan in another age. One day I purposely put Lana to the test. We meet often in Westmore's and trade gossip. I own to great admiration and some awe of Howard Hughes, whom I've known for nearly twenty years, but I said to Lana: "He's not good enough for you." "Oh, Florabel, you're wrong, so wrong," she protested vigorously. "Howard is a wonderful man!"

Wonderful, yes, (Continued on page 81)

Are you in the know?



If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ Wait for a taller date
- ☐ Come down to earth
- ☐ Play stooper-woman

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the

loose. If you like him, come down to earth; avoid towering hats; swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with those flat pressed ends of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. And you get extra protection with that exclusive Kotex safety center.



Which gal can wear bangs best?

- ☐ Babs
- ☐ Sue
- ☐ Pam

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a deodorant inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!



Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

- ☐ Steaming in a Turkish bath
- ☐ Dusk-to-down jitterbugging
- ☐ Wearing a girdle

Now there's the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting softness . . . made to stay soft while you wear it. And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.



More women choose KOTEX
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A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

m

ovie reviews

by
virginia
wilson

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

■ Most of us say at one time or another, "I wish I had never been born!" Here's a case where a man has a chance to see what would have happened to the people his life has touched if he, himself, had never existed.

The man is George Bailey (played by James Stewart in a performance that surpasses everything he did before the war). George lives in a small town, and would tell you, meaning it, that he has never amounted to much. But let's not take his word for that; let's see for ourselves. . .

When George is twelve years old, he saves his kid brother from drowning, and gets a deaf ear as a result. Later, when he's working at Gower's drug store after school, George keeps Gower (H. B. Warner) from a prescription error that would have killed a child. But no one else knows about that, and George has forgotten it himself.

He has always wanted to travel, and has saved money from the time he was a child for a trip around the world on a freighter. Shanghai, Capri, Calcutta—these are magic words to George. He can't go to college because he must help his father in the little building and loan company Mr. Bailey owns, and anyway he figures it's more important for his brother, Harry, to get an education. At last, though, George has saved enough money for his long awaited trip, and even his suitcases are packed.

But Fate says "No." George's father dies, and to save the loan company from grasping, evil old man Potter (Lionel Barrymore), George has to take it over himself. He gives up the trip, settles down and marries March Hatch (Donna Reed) and they go to live in a draughty, desolate old house that they get for practically nothing a month. Mary, by sheer magic, makes it a happy home. Then comes a catastrophe precipitated by old man Potter, which makes George see suicide as the only solution. That's when a meek little angel named Clarence (Henry Travers) appears on earth to show George what would have happened if he had never been born. . . . RKO

(Continued on page 18)



Uncle Billy (Thomas Mitchell) is a good listener as George (James Stewart) dreams about traveling.



But he must save his father's business from greedy Mr. Potter (Lionel Barrymore)—so he stays home.



George marries his childhood sweetheart, Mary (Donna Reed), and plans an exciting life ahead.



But life gets grim. George has an eerie experience before he realizes it's a wonderful (family) life!

JOHNNY'S DANGEROUS...
but that's how
women like him!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Dick POWELL · Evelyn KEYES

in

Johnny O'clock

with

Lee J. COBB · Ellen DREW · Nina FOCH

S. THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN KELLOGG

Screenplay by Robert Rossen

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN · Produced by EDWARD G. NEALIS · Associate Producer MILTON HOLMES



A Hair "Make-Up"

Created for
Your *Color Type!



Created for BLONDES

Three of Marchand's twelve Rinse shades are created for you! The Blonde shade highlights your natural hair color. Light Golden Blonde adds a touch of copper, while Titian Blonde gives a deeper tone.

Highlights for Every Color Type... brown-ette, brunette and redhead, as well as blonde! Choose the Marchand rinse shade you want... dissolve it in warm water, after your shampoo... then, brush or pour it through your hair. In a jiffy, dulling soap film vanishes! Your hair is softer and easier to manage, lovelier than ever.

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Absolutely Harmless... Marchand's Rinse is not a bleach, not a permanent dye. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and washes out easily the next time you shampoo your hair.

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HAIR RINSE

6 RINSES—25c • 2 RINSES—10c

Plus Tax

By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



Dead Reckoning: Rip Murdock (H. Bogart) warns Mortinelli (Morris Carnovsky) and Coral (L. Scott) he'll stop at nothing to find his friend's murderer.

DEAD RECKONING

Dead Reckoning packs as much suspense as a loaded gun. Humphrey Bogart is terrific, as usual, in one of his casually tough characterizations. Elizabeth Scott makes a sultry foil for him, and William Prince handles a smaller part with smooth precision.

Rip Murdock (Humphrey Bogart) and Johnny Carver (William Prince) were paratroopers together, and now they're back in the States to receive the Congressional Medal. Only Johnny doesn't want a medal, or anything else that involves publicity, so he disappears. Rip has a worried feeling that the kid is in danger, and he goes after him.

This pursuit lands Rip in Gulf City, Louisiana, and a peck of trouble. He soon finds the reason for Johnny's not wanting publicity. Carver is not his right name, and he was arrested for murder before he escaped and enlisted in the Army. The murdered man is a millionaire named Chandler, who had married a night club singer. Chandler had hired Johnny, who was a professor of English, to teach his wife, Coral (Elizabeth Scott) how to speak properly. But Coral taught Johnny about love, and that wasn't in the contract. So there was a fight, and Chandler was shot.

Rip, searching Gulf City for Johnny, wonders why the kid came back here now. He doesn't wonder any more, after he meets Coral. Any man would come back from anywhere for Coral. But apparently there were people who didn't want Johnny around. His body is found in a wrecked car, and Rip grimly decides to stay in Gulf City until he finds out who's responsible, and "takes care" of them.

He is soon so entangled that he couldn't get out if he wanted to, what with finding a corpse in his other twin bed, getting beaten up in a gambling club, and being exposed to Coral's high-octane sex appeal. Nobody but Rip could juggle all those ingredients and come up with a murderer.—Col.

EASY COME, EASY GO

Let me introduce you to Martin L. Donovan (Barry Fitzgerald), known to his Third Avenue neighborhood as Himself. Himself is a shiftless old rascal, the

owner of a broken-down boarding house which his daughter, Connie (Diana Lynn), runs as best she can. She operates under difficulties, since Himself usually manages to collect the rent money before she can get at it, and loses it on the horses. This leaves Connie to cope with the tradesmen who come around with long overdue bills.

The boarders, an eccentric lot, all love Connie. They even have a sneaking fondness for Himself who, after all, has an enchanting store of charm and optimism to call on when he gets in a tough spot. Also he can give you the past performance of any horse you name—which makes it strange that he practically never wins a bet. Frequently, when Connie gets discouraged, Himself paints glowing pictures of all the money they'll have when his brother, Tim, shows up one fine day. Tim, it seems, is a deep sea diver, and he'll have a great store of pearls and gold from the ocean depths, and they'll all be rich, with cars and servants and fine clothes.

"That'll be lovely," Connie says, "but in the meantime how about getting to work on that sign you promised to paint for the Twilight Bar And Grill?"

A young patrolman named Whipple (Dick Foran) is in love with Connie, but Himself has no intention of letting her leave him and the boarders just to get married. Craftily, he tells Whipple that she loves another, and when he's forced to name him, picks on Kevin O'Connor (Sonny Tufts), an old beau of Connie's, now safely away with the Seabees. But Kevin shows up, a wounded hero, with money saved to buy Connie an engagement ring. Himself inveigles Kevin into betting on a horse or two and, before you can say "Daily Racing Form," the two of them have been hauled off to court for frequenting a bookmaker. I'm not even going to try to tell you the rest—you'll have too much fun seeing it.

Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Frank Faylen and Rhys Williams are a few you'll meet in this saga of Third Avenue.—Par.

A SWELL GUY

A war correspondent named Jim Duncan (Sonny Tufts), who has a spectacular reputation for bravery under fire, is the "swell guy" of the title. You hear it everywhere in the town of Carmelita—

Reckless, Ravishing Amalie! Over a Million Readers Have Rocketed Her Story to Fame!

THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

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for just a**

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Sensational New
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*She Had to Decide Between a Loveless
Marriage and a Lawless Love!*

AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love him.

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

"This Side of Innocence," by Taylor Caldwell, is a brilliant, swiftly-moving, and intensely alive story that will stand with the great dramatic novels of the decade. Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: "A masterful piece of story-telling . . . 500 pages so solidly satisfying, so pulsing with life, that one resents their coming to an end." It's at the height of its popularity; everyone's talking about it; it's soon to be a \$2,000,000 movie; and yet you may have it now for just a 3-cent stamp when you accept this membership offer of the Dollar Book Club!



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- **The Foxes of Harrow**, by Frank Yerby. The 1,000,000-copy best-seller of the man who parlayed a jewel and a gambler's ruthless cunning into power and a Creole plantation dynasty.
- **The Strange Woman**, by Ben Ames Williams. The unforgettable story of a "Maine Cleopatra," by the author of *Leave Her to Heaven*—soon to be seen as a spectacular \$2,000,000 movie starring Hedy Lamarr.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. *The Bulletin* describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more additional titles (in the original publisher's editions) selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. If, after reading *The Bulletin*, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees at any time.

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"That Jim Duncan is a swell guy!" Only one person in the whole town knows that Jim is actually a complete heel. That person is his mother (Mary Nash).

She is sure there is going to be trouble as soon as Jim shows up to live with her, and his brother and his family. He says he's tired of bouncing around the world—wants to stay in Carmelita and write a novel. The truth is, he's broke, and no one in the newspaper business wants any part of him. He drinks too much, he's unreliable, and he's bad news for any woman who comes in contact with him.

Marian Tyler (Ann Blythe) is too young to know that much about men. But she's old enough, Jim figures, to know what she's doing, and if she isn't, that's her headache, not his. So when she falls in love with him, he treats her the way he always treats women—"Let's live" for tonight, baby, and the hell with tomorrow."

There's another woman to whom Jim is dangerous, too, in a different way. She is Ann (Ruth Warrick), the wife of his brother, Martin (William Gargan). To Ann, Jim represents glamor and sophistication and excitement—all the things she has missed in the little town of Carmelita. He makes her suddenly tired of Martin and her little boy and washing clothes and cooking meals.

Jim soon organizes a floating crap game that is more profitable than it is honest. And gradually rumors get around the town that maybe Jim isn't such a swell guy after all. That he is, in fact, no good. Which isn't true, either, only it takes death to prove it.

Ann Blythe is exceptionally fine as the reckless girl who finds out too late that she doesn't know as much as she thinks. And you'll be surprised at the way Sonny Tufts handles the lead role.—Univ.

BOOMERANG

Dana Andrews represents the forces of law and order with as much authority as a Police Positive .38. He plays Henry Harvey, a young District Attorney who is on the side of the Reform administration in a city where the radio and press are with the opposition. His position is difficult at best. After the murder of Father Lambert, a well-loved Catholic priest, it becomes really tough.

There aren't any clues in the murder, although it was done on a street and half a dozen witnesses saw the murderer. It was at night, and about all they agree on is that he wore a dark overcoat and grey hat—a description which applies to most of the men in the city. The police superintendent (Lee J. Cobb) comes to see Harvey and says they haven't been able to discover any possible motive. Their only guess is that, since Father Lambert was a man with a strong sense of duty, he may have been a threat to some criminal, through something he discovered.

Meanwhile the opposition papers, led by a clever and unscrupulous reporter, Woods (Sam Levene), are banging away at the old theme. "A murderer is among us and the police have done nothing." The police have done something, however. They have had a composite picture made from the descriptions of the various witnesses. It has been circulated around, and has resulted in the picking up of about twenty suspects. Most of them have alibis, but there is one who doesn't. His name is Waldon (Arthur Kennedy). At first he denies that he ever heard of Father Lambert. But the good Father's housekeeper identifies him as a man who came there just a few days before the murder—a man she heard quarreling with Father Lambert, and threatening him.

Several of the witnesses say that Waldon is the man they saw at the scene of the crime. The police are pleased with the solution. Only Harvey has a strange little suspicion that it's too pat to be true; that the real killer is laughing at them.—20th-Fox

THAT WAY WITH WOMEN

Sidney Greenstreet, the fat man who used to convey more menace per pound than anyone on the screen, is no longer a villain. In *That Way With Women* he plays a retired business man with a heart of gold. Also, he's on a diet. I feel a distinct sense of loss about the whole thing.

The picture, however, is entertaining, with Dane Clark and Martha Vickers taking care of the love interest. It tells the troubles of James Alden (Sidney Greenstreet) who was a happy man when he was working eighteen hours a day as head of the Alden Motor Company. Now



Boomerang: Reporter Woods (Sam Levene) heckles district attorney (D. Andrews), who's trying to prevent on innocent man from being convicted.

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That Way With Women: Two-fisted Dane Clark falls for his boss' daughter (M. Vickers).

he's retired, and the doctor won't let him eat anything but toast, or drink anything stronger than hot water with a slice of lemon, and he feels terrible all the while. Life wouldn't be worth living if it wasn't for his gardener, Herman (Alan Hale). Herman is a lousy gardener but he's a great chef, and, occasionally, Alden steals over to his place for a good meal.

What the old boy needs, though, is a business interest, so he secretly buys a partnership in a gas station. The other partner is an ex-GI, Greg Wilson (Dane Clark). Greg has no use for millionaires, but he doesn't know who Alden really is, since he's using the name of his gardener, Herman. Greg has met Alden's pretty daughter, Marcia (Martha Vickers), at a garden party, and doesn't think much of her, either—he keeps telling himself. Maybe the fact that she ignored him in favor of an out-of-town operator named Andrews (Craig Stevens) has something to do with it. Anyway, he takes her to a ball game and dinner one night, just to prove how little he likes her. They quarrel violently, but have to admit their attraction for each other.

The gas station is flourishing—so much so that a gang of crooks tries to shake down its owners for "protection." Neither Alden nor Greg is the type to pay off a racket like that, but when they don't, they find themselves in plenty of trouble—War.

THIS HAPPY BREED

Some of the finest acting of the current cinema is to be found in this Noel Coward Technicolor production. It's a cavalcade of twenty years in the life of a British family, stretching from the end of World War I to World War II. It is full of quiet humor and, if it is somewhat over-sentimentalized, the acting of Robert Newton, Celia Johnson and Johnny Mills keeps you from realizing it.

Frank Gibbons (Robert Newton) spent four years in the infantry, and is a happy man when he is demobilized in 1918. He and his family move into number 17 Sycamore Road and, although the house is small and a bit damp, at least they're together again, he and Ethel (Celia Johnson), and their children. Ethel's mother (Amy Vaness) comes to live with them and so does Frank's sister, Sylvia (Alison Liggett). They are an unfortunate combination, since the old lady's acid tongue keeps Sylvia in tears or temper most of the time.

Fortunately, Frank is too easy-going to let these disturbances bother him. He likes to drop into the pub of an evening with his friend Bob (Stanley Holloway), who lives next door. Sometimes they have a drink or so too many, and Ethel scolds when they come home. But on the whole Frank is a good husband

and an equally good father.

As the children grow up, life gets more complicated. Young Reg (John Blythe) goes all out radical in his ideas during the General Strike of 1926, infuriating his conservative father. "When you're older, my lad," Frank tells him, "you'll find that most of the injustice in the world comes from human nature, not from government."

Queenie (Kay Walsh), their pretty daughter, goes off to work as a manicurist. Instead of marrying the sailor who is in love with her (John Mills), she runs away with a married man. But by the time World War II comes along, the Gibbons family has proved that it, like most middle class families, is sound and strong at the core.—Univ.

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING

Spring or not, things are tough in the Morely family. Here is Mary Morely (Paulette Goddard) arriving in New York after three years overseas with the WAC. And here is her husband, Peter (Fred MacMurray), greeting her not with kisses and a corsage but with divorce papers for her to sign.

The cause of the debacle is a red-haired dream puss named Gloria (Arleen Whelan). Gloria combines a Botticelli face with a very practical mind. She wants to legalize her romance with Peter, and she wants to do it now. She is furious when he calls her that evening and admits Mary hasn't yet signed the papers. "If I take her out to dinner, maybe I can talk her into it," he suggests, and Gloria agrees, with considerable reluctance.

While Peter is telephoning, Mary encounters a young man with a million dollars and a sense of humor. Jack Lindsey (Macdonald Carey) is the name, and he's a client of Peter's. He surveys Mary, and the situation, and likes the looks of both. He has a feeling they hold possibilities for him. He shows up with Gloria at the Sky Club, where Peter takes Mary for dinner, thereby neatly breaking up the party.

Mary is definitely unhappy. She loves Peter and doesn't want to hand him over to another woman, even as decorative a one as Gloria. Also, Mary's job in the WAC is to conduct a bureau of marital relations. If her own marriage breaks up, so will others she has managed to keep going. She is amused by Jack and flattered by his attentions, but she wants Pete and no one else. She has to leave for Chicago on WAC business the next day, and Peter and Jack follow her. Jack is busy handing out advice. "Turn into the kind of a guy she hates," he tells Peter. "Smoke big, black cigars. Develop a hyena laugh. Tell stories about traveling salesmen." All of which leads to hilarious slapstick, if not to Reno—Par.



This Happy Breed: Kay Walsh loves a married man; worries her mother (Celia Johnson).

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 33, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



PURSUED

In New Mexico, back in 1900, a deserted ranch-house is the scene of a strange reunion which intermingles love and death, the past and the present. The reunion of Jeb Rand (Robert Mitchum) and his wife, Thor (Teresa Wright).

The events that lead up to this scene begin over twenty years before, on a night of violence and bloodshed in this same ranch-house. Jeb was only three then, but he still remembers the tramp of heavy boots, the flashes of gunfire, and the sight and sound of death.

After that night, little Jeb is adopted by a neighbor, Mrs. Callum (Judith Anderson), and raised with her son, Adam (John Rodney) and daughter, Thor. Adam and Jeb never get along together. When Jeb is twelve, someone shoots at him one day and he accuses Adam. Mrs. Callum knows better. She knows it was her brother-in-law, Grant Callum (Dean Jagger), and that the dead fingers of the past are still reaching out for the boy.

When Jeb is twenty, he enlists to fight in the Spanish-American War. He and Adam had tossed to see which should go, and Jeb lost. But he won Thor, who tells him she loves him and will marry him when he gets back. That is enough for Jeb, who makes a good soldier and becomes a much-decorated hero—only to return and find that Adam refuses to let him come back to the ranch. The old enmity between them flares up, and in the gunfight which follows, Adam is killed.

After that, Thor will have nothing to do with Jeb. The death of her brother stands between them. Later, Jeb kills another man—unintentionally—who has been courting Thor. She decides quite coldly and unemotionally that she will marry Jeb, for just one reason—so she can shoot him on their wedding night. But she loves him too much to do it, and now they are here in this deserted cabin, waiting for death, with only one chance in a thousand of getting away.—War.

LADY IN THE LAKE

You've seen Dick Powell and Humphrey Bogart as Phil Marlowe, the Raymond Chandler detective. Now Bob Montgomery has taken over, and with a completely new angle, which will fascinate you.

It's a matter of photography. After the first five minutes, you don't see Marlowe on the screen at all, except when he looks into a mirror. He's just a voice, and you see the action through his eyes. As a result of this technique, it seems as if everything were happening to you.

Marlowe gets involved in this case because he writes a mystery story. He sells it to Adrienne Fromsett (Audrey Totter), editor of a string of pulp magazines.



Lady In The Lake: Detective Marlowe (R. Montgomery) quizzes Leon Ames, Audrey Totter.



The Secret Heart: Penny (June Allyson) can't understand how Brandon (Marshall Thompson) and her stepmother (Cloudette Colbert) can smile—not when her own heart is almost broken . . .

Adrienne is an attractive young woman who has calmly decided to marry her boss, Derrace Kingsby (Leon Ames). He has a wife named Crystal, but she has disappeared, three weeks before. Adrienne wants Marlowe to find her so Kingsby can start divorce proceedings.

The last he heard from Crystal was a telegram from Mexico, saying she was with Chris Lavery. Chris (Dick Simmons) is a glorified gigolo, and just the kind of guy Crystal would go for. She is lush, blonde and beautiful, but not bright. Marlowe looks up Chris and gets a fast right to the jaw for his pains. It's bad luck that a couple of days later he finds Chris murdered, and the cops find him.

They aren't enthusiastic over Marlowe's story of a woman who wandered in with a gun she said she found on the stairs. Neither are they interested in his theory that Chris' murder ties in with a blonde who has been found drowned in the lake near Derrace Kingsby's cabin. But the murderer is interested—too much so for Marlowe to escape alive, unless he guesses awfully fast!—M-G-M.

THE SECRET HEART

For the first time, June Allyson has a really difficult role to play and she handles it beautifully. She is Penny Adams, a seventeen-year-old whose life has been thrown off balance by the suicide of her adored father when she was five. Penny doesn't know it was suicide, or that her father had stolen money. She only knows that he is still more important to her than anything in the world. It isn't a normal attitude, and Lee (Cloudette Colbert), Penny's step-mother, finally takes her to a psychiatrist (Lionel Barrymore).

He says the only way Penny will get over her fixation is to bring it out in the open. He advises re-opening the old farm in Rhode Island which Lee and Penny and her brother, Chase (Robert Sterling) left after Larry Adams' tragic death. Lee is afraid of what will happen. And she's afraid of meeting again their next door neighbor at the farm, Chris Matthews (Walter Pidgeon). She and Chris were in love before Larry died, although they never admitted it. Afterwards, Lee took the children away to New York and told Chris she could never see him again. She went to work and has been paying off Larry's obligations. Now she will have to see Chris, and she's frightened.

She needn't have been afraid for herself. From the moment they get together, she and Chris know that everything is perfect. They are as much in love as ever, and now there is nothing to keep them apart. Nothing but Penny. She has, incredibly, transferred her fixation about her father to Chris. She is, in her childish but terribly serious way, in love with him. It isn't a pretty situation.

Marshall Thompson, Patricia Medina and Elizabeth Patterson are among the excellent cast.—M-G-M.

NORA PRENTISS

It's no sort of life for a girl like Nora Prentiss (Ann Sheridan)—all this sneaking around corners, spending surreptitious, stolen weekends in the country, because the man she loves is married to someone else. His name is Richard Talbott (Kent Smith) and he is a doctor. He has a wife and two children, and before Nora came along his days—and nights—were respectable, routine and dull.

Nora is a night club singer, a girl who has been around, but not too much. She's still eager, and a little naive about love, in spite of her surface cynicism. She doesn't mean to get involved with Dr. Talbott, but it happens before she realizes it. Then she doesn't care. Nothing matters except their being together.

Talbott knows he can't go on this way. His wife is suspicious, his practice is falling off, he himself is miserable over the situation. Yet he loves Nora too much to give her up. Eventually, she gets an offer to sing in a New York night club, and he persuades her to accept. Perhaps a separation will solve their problem. But on the night before she leaves, two things happen. One is that he suddenly realizes he can't stand to let her go without him. The other is that a patient dies in his office, and it is a man whose general appearance tallies with his own.

So the next day the papers carry a story that Dr. Richard Talbott has been killed in an auto accident. Actually, of course, it is the body of the other man which is found in the car. And Talbott is on his way to New York with Nora. She knows nothing about what has happened, because Talbott told her his wife had agreed to a divorce. "Everything is going to be all right, now, darling," he said. "We'll be together always." He couldn't have been more wrong.—War.

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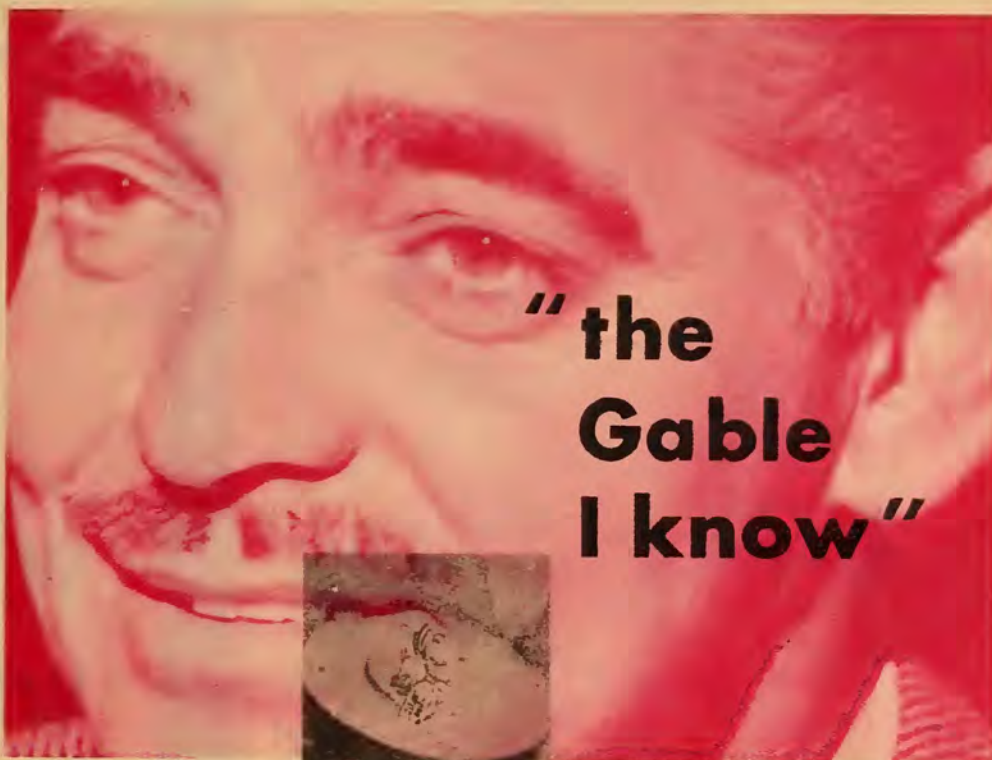
by Dorothy
Kilgallen



■ Some seasons ago, when I was just a baby in the cradle of columning, I learned that any news about Hollywood fascinates the bug-eyed readers of the syndicated item-hunters, but that often the most enchanting stories are ones you can't print—can't print with names, I mean. Utterly irresistible are the tales that drift to a writer's ear from behind the scenes, behind the screens and behind the hands of ladies sipping cocktails. And since nothing gives a columnist a headache faster than gossip locked up in the *medulla oblongata*, I was forced to devise a method of imparting these stories without embarrassing anyone, particularly the nervous legal gentleman who watches my copy for libel.

My method is very simple and I am about to demonstrate it here. I tell the stories, but I change the names. The facts are true, but the monickers are fictional. In that way I get the whole thing off my mind and you go out of yours trying to figure (Continued on page 88)





"the Gable I know"



by Hedda Hopper

BOBBY SOCKS BRIGADE OR SILK STOCK-
ING SET, GABLE'S GOT THE HEART OF
HOLLYWOOD WRAPPED UP IN HIS POCKET

■ Whenever I get the Horrible Hollywood Blues I take a look at a telegram I have framed right over my desk. It reads, "Thank you, darling. You were right. My love. Clark."

No matter what my trouble may be, one long look at that yellow message and I'm okay. "At least," I tell myself, "there's *one* regular guy in Hollywood who never changes!" I'm talking about Clark Gable.

Clark sent that telegram when it was pretty important to me.

I had said in my column that he was enlisting in the U. S. Air Corps and I had said it first—what day, when and where. My scoop hit Manhattan streets late one Saturday night. At two o'clock the next morning I got a long distance telephone call in Hollywood. It was the editor of my New York paper.

"The Associated Press denies your story on Clark Gable's enlistment, Miss Hopper," he said. "So does M-G-M. Where did you get your information?"

"I can't reveal the source," I told him, "but it's on the level."

Well, they cut the big news out of the later editions and I didn't blame them. I was on the spot. The only one who could make an honest woman (Continued on page 84)

by billy rose



who wants to be a genius?

■ I had lunch the other day with the head of a Hollywood studio. Out where they grow the gold cocoanuts, when you mention his name half the population faces Mecca and hits its head on the ground. There's an old gag about this executive. He was fishing in a boat with a couple of yes-men. Suddenly he reeled in his line, looked around and said, "Can anybody see us from shore? I've always wanted to try walking on water."

When we got down to the coffee and cigars, he blew a cloud of expensive smoke in my face and said, "How would you like to come out and make a movie?"

"No, thanks," I said, blowing a cloud of cheap smoke back at him. "I'm flattered, but I'd rather stick around New York. I don't want to get any nuttier than I am already!"

I could see he didn't dig me, so I continued, "I'm afraid that after six months of Hollywood I'd get to believe my own press releases. You use the word 'genius' out there as we use the word 'mister' around here. A chunk of celluloid, barely good enough to cut up for banjo picks, is advertised as the greatest thing since kissing.

You press a button and last year's Pulitzer Prize winner comes running. You walk into a restaurant and people neglect a real meal to try to smile a hello out of you. Eighty-five million customers want to meet Hedy Lamarr—Hedy Lamarr wants to meet you. After a while you go nuts. You're only human, and you get to believe the applesauce is gold."

"My boy," he beamed, "you've got us wrong. The big people in pictures don't kid themselves."

"Of course not," I agreed. "You hire experts to do it for you. If a man doesn't tell you what you want to hear, you hit him over the head with his own option. Oscar Levant once told a producer he didn't like a certain picture. The big shot raged, 'Who the hell are you not to like it?' I like Oscar's answer, 'Who the hell do you have to be not to like it?'"

The Great Man shook his head. "You're talking about the Hollywood of twenty years ago," he said. "We're not like that any more. There's real dough riding on pictures these days. We can no longer afford yes-men."

"Maybe you can't afford them," I said, "but they

still get those envelopes on Saturday. Last year when I was there, I sat in on the screening of a new picture. For my dough it was just another picture. When the lights went up in the projection room, the producer asked me what I thought. To be polite, I said it was a good movie. He turned on me like an angry cat and snarled, 'Only good, eh? Another New York wise guy!'"

The studio chief smiled tolerantly. "Well, perhaps we do kid ourselves a little," he said. "Maybe we do believe our own press releases. But what's the harm? No one ever died from it."

"Did you ever hear of Ivar Kreuger?" I asked him. "You mean the match king?"

"The same. Kreuger was even richer than you are. Every time a cigarette was lit or somebody got a hotfoot, Ivar got his cut. He was making more in a week than Gable does in a year. One day a newspaper Sunday supplement printed a piece calling him the Mystery Man of Europe. It hinted several kings didn't shave unless this match manufacturer gave them the all-clear to go

ahead. It had some mumbo-jumbo about his controlling an empire so big that even Rand couldn't handle it without McNally. Without checking, other editors ran similar pieces. Kreuger read this malarkey and began to believe it. He posted guards around his estate and hired six half-backs to protect him—from nothing. Financiers, who should have known better, swallowed this Mystery Man hokum and lent him money. He bought mines, railroads, ship lines, forests. He pyramided corporations till he made Insull look like a pushcart peddler. Sure enough, it wasn't long before kings *were* checking with him before shaving. Then one day a worried auditor shoved a balance sheet under his nose. Kreuger looked it over, went up to his bedroom and put a bullet through his head."

"Interesting story," said the technicolor tycoon, "but what's it got to do with you?"

"Well, it goes to show," I said, "what can happen when you believe your own press releases. And I need a hole in the head like I need a hole in the head."



illustrated
by virgil
partch

MARK STEVENS LIFE STORY

HE WAS A REBEL RIGHT FROM THE START.
WITH A TALENT FOR TROUBLE AND A TERRIFIC TEMPER, BUT A SOUL THAT
BRUISED EASY—AND HEALED SLOW • (PART I)

■ Sonny Stevens faced the principal squarely, his brown eyes smoldering under his ginger mop of curls. A red spot where the teacher had slapped him mottled his freckled cheek. He hid his palms, still stinging from the ruler whacks, in his pockets. He was in second grade and he was in disgrace.

The teacher had caught him staring idly out the window behind his book. When she asked him what she'd been talking about, he had said, "I don't know."

"You mean you haven't been listening—again?"

"No I haven't."

"Put out your hands!"

The ruler bit as hard as she could make it. Then she slapped his resentful face and marched him in to the principal. It wasn't the first time. In fact, it was an annoyingly regular occurrence with young Mark Stevens. "Sonny," as they called him then, was plainly a problem child.

The principal had the familiar, infuriating evidence. His neck reddened. He was mad at the defiant little guy, a fourth his size, challenging him coolly again with his steady, dark eyes.

"Inattention again—hey?" he growled. "What do you do behind your book, if you don't listen?"

"I don't know," said Sonny. "Dream, I guess."

The principal grabbed his strap and pounced. He strapped the taut, unflinching body in a rage. "Now," he panted, "maybe you'll know that you're here to listen and learn—not to dream. Maybe *this* will wake you up!" He sunk his trembling nails in Mark's neck and pushed him tumbling down the stairs. At the bottom, Sonny Stevens pulled himself to his feet, his rage dulling (*Continued on page 105*)

The back injury which Mark Stevens suffered years ago still acts up when he's over-worked. After *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, Mark went East for radio appearances and a Maya Clinic check-up.





Bath Mark and Annelle were born on the 13th; the 13th was their wedding date, and he signed his first film contract on the 13th. Even Mark, Jr. was scheduled for Sept. 13, but the stark was tardy.



Mark's gift to his wife, on her 21st birthday, was a cluster ring with 21 diamonds. That swank station wagon, complete with portable nursery equipment, was another present for Annelle, but Mark's been using it.

Portrait of an American



■ Gary Cooper has starred in four pictures of mine—and each time I've had trouble. Not with Gary—but with people who think he isn't acting.

I usually keep an assistant director beside me when I shoot, to check and double-check on everything. Screen realism and authenticity are old hobbies of mine. And every time I make a Gary Cooper picture, that kibitzing director will grab my sleeve after the first scene.

"Say," he'll whisper indignantly, "you aren't going to let this guy Cooper get away with *that*, are you?"

"With what?" I ask, but I know what's coming.

"Why—" he sputters, "he's not even trying! That scene was an emotional one and it fell flat. He didn't get anything out of it! He's just lazy, that Cooper, he—"

"Wait until you see it on the screen," I suggest. "And, meanwhile, let Gary take care of his own acting. Believe me, he knows how!"

When I say that I mean it. And the first rushes always prove it. What Gary did is always right. He has the best sense of timing and technique for a movie camera of any star I know. That's why I'd like to explode an idea that's persisted all through Coop's great Hollywood career: that he's (Continued on page 64)



Gary and Rocky Cooper are looking forward to an African hunting trip later in the year. But before they're off on a safari, Gary will run for president—in *State of the Union*, with Claudette Colbert as his first-lady-to-be.

Sam Wood (left), who directed Gary in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and De Mille share a mutual admiration for "Hollywood's loziest actor." They're on the *Unconquered* set.



Audrey Korn gets o cold shoulder from Coop, "The Unconquered." Gary's strong, silent technique even delights the ladies of Sweden, who voted him No. 3 in o notional poll.



by cecil b. de mille

TIGHT-LIPPED AS A NEW
 ENGLANDER, EASY-GOING AS A TEXAN,
 AND GALLANT AS A SOUTHERN
 GENTLEMAN—THAT'S GARY COOPER, THE
 LONG AND LANKY YANKEE.



PUPPY LOVE DOESN'T LAST—THEY SAY. BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT BY THE COMOS, WHO MET AT 13 AND MARRIED AT 21.

■ There wasn't any moon, and it wasn't a particularly romantic night. Hot and mosquito-y, and you know how July nights are. Roselle looked over the lads at the wienie roast and found them all sort of wilted and unappetizing. Except one. There was this one guy with warm eyes and a shy smile and the crispest, whitest shirt in the world.

"Who is that?" Roselle asked her chum.

"His name is Pierine," the chum whispered back. "Why?"

"He has a cute nose," Roselle said. A dozen times during the evening she glanced over at him, and each time he was looking at her. After a while he came over and stood near her, and before they went home, he said, "I'm Pierine Como," and she said, "I'm Roselle Belline."

"I know," he told her. "I asked." That was all.

Just a couple of sentences. But there was something magic between them. Something beautiful and not quite real. Maybe you don't fall in love when you are thirteen—but you can't prove it by Mr. and Mrs. Perry Como.

They didn't see each other again for a long while. She was at Trinity High, and he was at Canonsburg, a few miles away, and the schools only got together for dances and things once in a blue moon. But months and months later there was a joint dance, and Pierine and Roselle met for the second time. And after that they didn't lose each other again.

They were too young for real dates, but whenever the gang got together for skating and sleigh-riding, for hayrides and picnics, he would manage to stay pretty close to Roselle. When he was old enough to drive a Model-T (one of those racy jobs with (Continued on page 112)

By JEAN KINKEAD

To each his Own



It's the Ferdinand in Perry that makes him prefer stoying home sniffing posies to going out. When Roselle does coox him to go doncing, he just "shifts" on 'the donce floor. "Shifting" is boloncing on one foot and then the other!



Of course Ronnie's o little young for the Novy just yet, but Perry's resolved that his son will hove on othletic life, unlike Perry's quiet boyhood. Both Comos ore noturol othletes.

can stars stay married?

"it's tough,"

says Clifford R. Adams

Director, Woman's Home Companion
Marriage Clinic

"it's easy,"

says Betty Grable

Wife of Harry James and star
of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"

These are the dangers:

1. Short courtship and hasty marriage, primarily based on physical infatuation with little regard for differences in interests, temperament and personality.

2. Few common goals: evidenced by childless homes, separate activities, including careers, and few mutual interests.

3. Spouses who were quite satisfactory in pre-Hollywood days now seem burdensome misfits in this new rarefied and exotic atmosphere.

4. Hectic work schedules and strenuous personal appearance tours, all interfering with companionship and talking things over.

5. Columnists' rumors, belief another mate will further a career, desire for publicity, encourage break-ups.

6. Financially independent wives, knowing that remarriage is easy, wanting careers of their own and jealous of their husbands, become quickly dissatisfied.

7. Constant temptations, with their aftermath of triangles and infidelity, create strains that destroy mutual trust and affection essential in marriage.

8. The threat of age and the vain hope that a youthful mate will miraculously restore vitality, spur many to divorce.

By Ida Zeitlin

■ First we went to Clifford R. Adams, who runs the Marriage Clinic for the Woman's Home Companion and knows everything anyone can know about marriage.

"Do Hollywood marriages fracture easier than most?"

"The incidence of divorce," he said in his psychological way, "is greater—" Translated, that means yes.

We said, "Give us eight good reasons," then took the list to one of our favorite Hollywood wives. For that we also had eight good reasons. Nos. 1 to 6, we like to look at her. No. 7, you can count on her for honesty and good sense. No. 8, she's been married to Harry James for three and a half years, and it's a fine marriage.

We found Grable on the set of *Mother Wore Tights*. At the moment she was wearing a full-length 1907 model, complete with hat and parasol, but tights couldn't have done more for her nor she for them. We settled down to wait, and

didn't give a damn how long. It wasn't long enough. When the scene was finished, she came over and we handed her the list.

"What's this?"

"Shoals," we explained. "Or, if you prefer, pitfalls. The eight best reasons why Hollywood marriages fail. As charted by an expert. We'd like to know how you and Harry steered clear of them."

She gave another look, and a smile curved the corners of her mouth. Eve must have smiled like that in the Garden of Eden, when she first discovered the simplicity of the male.

"I could— No, never mind. It's an elegant list . . ."

"Then what's funny about it?"

"I'll tell you later. Maybe. C'mon, let's tackle No. 1—"

1. BRIEF COURTSHIP AND HASTY MARRIAGE.
THEY DON'T GIVE THEMSELVES A CHANCE TO
KNOW EACH OTHER—

"Hmmm," Betty said, like the quartet on Jack Benny's show. "Well, our courtship wasn't long . . ."

But you can't always measure time (Continued on page 110)







Bogey's not the least bit shy about telling Louren off if he doesn't like her makeup or clothes. Because she thinks he's a good "supervisor," L. usually agrees. See the famous "whistle" brochelet from Bogey that Louren wears?

Louren did the packing for both of them on their San Francisco jaunt, and Bogey was no help. He brought over armfuls of clothes, dumped them —unfolding!— into a suitcase.



The monogor of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel gave the Bogorts golden keys to their suite, but what impressed Humphrey most of all was the phone. At home they have none, and Bogey's threatening to train carrier pigeons!

**TRAVELING'S FUN, BUT FOR
LAUREN AND HUMPHREY, THERE'S
NO PLACE LIKE THE
PEACE AND QUIET OF THEIR
OWN LITTLE MADHOUSE . . .**

By Jack Wade



She's no Tugboat Annie, but Louren pleases Bogart right down to the ground by doing all the cooking on their boat. Her own idea of a good time is pictured below: a book, a box of chocolates, and Bogey around.



Both Bogarts are in *Dark Passage*. Bogey took time off from reading the novel to listen to radio reports about the cool strike, in which he was deeply interested. He's extremely current-events conscious.

that's life with the

Bogarts

■ Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, having spent a pleasant two hours and several hundred dollars in a Sunset Strip antique shop, stepped out of the warm, brightly lighted showroom to discover, with only mild dismay, that it was raining cats and dogs. She turned up the collar of her coat, said a mental goodbye to one of her favorite hats, and started across the street.

At the same moment, a uniformed chauffeur, carrying an enormous umbrella, stepped out smartly from the opposite curb. They met in the middle of the intersection.

"Allow me, milady," said Frederic Nathaniel Clark in his clipped British accent. Holding the umbrella so that the water dripping down from its edge struck just the back of her hat and ran down her neck, he escorted Mrs. Bogart regally to her car, before the amused eyes of a dozen motorists.

Fred had come through again.

When they had reached the relatively small, French Provincial house, and Fred had gone to put the car away, she stood for a moment in the hall listening to the silence. The few things she had bought that afternoon were for the living room, and for a moment she deliberately denied herself the pleasure of walking into it and visualizing the new pieces in place. Then she heard sounds at the service entrance, of Fred coming in and of Harvey, the Boxer (named after a certain play for reasons of the Bogarts' own), greeting him; and the spell was (Continued on page 102)

HELLO.

GORGEOUS!



It's no pose, this desire to be Mrs. Phil Harris first and a movie star in between. Rumor was that the studio got mad when she turned down *The Razor's Edge*, but Zanuck says Alice is always welcome.

LIFE WITH PHIL IS AS
GIDDY AS THEIR RADIO SHOW, BUT ALICE
FAYE WOULDN'T CHANGE THE
SCRIPT FOR ANYTHING

By Carl Schroeder

■ The big man picked the little woman up in his arms and carried her across the threshold. Once inside the hotel room, he put her down by the window that looked out over the San Francisco harbor.

Alice Faye said, "Why Phil, how nice—just like another honeymoon!"

Phil looked down, across the golden blonde head snuggled on his shoulder, at the tip of his wife's snub nose. Then he said, expressively, "Yeah."

"Why Phil, what's the matter?"

The blonde head left the broad shoulder. Alice looked up into the weatherbeaten, laugh-lined face of the guy she married. "Come on, Phil," she persisted. "This was going to be so wonderful—what's happened?"

"What's happened?" Phil retorted. "That's what I want to know. Maybe we should have our heads examined. Yesterday we are home. Today we are in a hotel room in San Francisco. I don't like it."

"You don't like San Francisco?"

"Naw, Baby—not that. San Francisco's fine . . . for everybody but us. We got a swell home in the valley and we got no business up here. What are we trying to prove, anyway?"

"Phil—"

"Yeah, Alice."

"I wonder what the kids are doing now."

"Me too."

"Phil—"

"Yeah, Alice."

"Phil, would you mind awfully if we checked out right now and caught the next train home?"

And that is how it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Phil Harris never got around to the second honeymoon. The first was good enough for them.

Alice Faye and Phil Harris were married twice. The first time was in Ensenada, Mexico, on May 12, 1941. The way Phil told it on their radio program, he had driven (Continued on page 122)



No matter how much Greer Garson primps him, Gogo's canine vanity will never be the same. He was rejected as a war dog, and hasn't been able to hold his muzzle up since.



"Don't believe everything Gogo says," protests Richard Ney. "He does *not* always win." Greer's a tiddlywink fan from 'way back, plays between scenes of new pic, *A Woman Of My Own*.

A CHANCE MEETING,
A HASTY INTRODUCTION, AND
WHOOSH! SUDDENLY
GREER GARSON'S BRIEFEST
ENCOUNTERS
TURN INTO UNFORGETTABLE
MOMENTS

By Howard Sharpe

Brief ENCOUNTER

■ Greer Garson harbors the quaint and charming belief that her road to glory is paved with other people's generosity. This story is dedicated to all those dear friends, sung and unsung, who have given her a helping hand when she needed it most.

When Greer was eight she won, to her great surprise, third prize in her class for scholarship. "If I can do that without even trying," Greer said to her mother, "maybe I can win first prize next year if I really try." And she did. She kept on winning prizes, in fact, until it became apparent she was really rather a bright child and that, given enough opportunity and help, she might be able to win a scholarship to pay her way through school—perhaps even the University.

In school, Greer made the hockey team, the tennis and swimming teams, and the fencing club and then her doctor discovered that she had a heart murmur and would not permit her to do any violent exercise. While the other girls played games she had time for (Continued on page 95)



Burt Lancaster taught Christine Miller (with him in *I Walk Alone*) the trick to a movie "knock-out." (You sock the other guy's hand; on film, it looks like a right to the jaw.) When she tried it, his hand was too close to his face and he nearly went down for the count.



Christine lives in a house full of Bergmans-in-training. When they learned she was Burt's new leading lady, they gave her no peace until she promised to invite him over some Sunday afternoon. Their kibitzing confused Burt, spoiled his gin rummy game.

Cards were ruled out, so Christine led Burt to the back yard for a fast badminton workout. Her penalty as loser was to draw his caricature on flagstone patio.

WHERE BURT LANCASTER GREW UP, A POLICE-
MAN WAS A COP, SCHOOL WAS SOMETHING YOU
IGNORED, AND THE LAW WAS YOUR OWN TWO HANDS.

By Hank Jeffries

He's a Killer!

Burt scored such a solid hit in *The Killers*, that producer Mark Hellinger has him penciled in for the lead in his next film, *Brute Force*. But love had first call when Burt married his home-town (New York) sweetheart, Norma Anderson, at Yuma, Ariz., on Dec. 30.



■ Burt Lancaster came out of the projection room where he had just been shown the rushes of his latest Hal Wallis picture, *Desert Fury*, and barely avoided knocking down the Famous Columnist who was standing outside. "Darling," she said, "how lucky! I'm doing a profile on you next Sunday and I wanted to ask you how you want me to handle your marriage."

He gaped at her in astonishment. "How did you find out about that?"

"Why—I thought everybody knew about it."

"I'll be darned," he said. "Well, okay—but just don't mention her name for a while. D'you mind? She's a New York girl, and she's working as a secretary, and it might embarrass her with her employers. Time enough for that in a couple of months, when we're married."

"You're going to remarry her?"

The tall young man and the Famous Columnist stared at each other in silence for a long minute. Then light broke over the Columnist's face. "Good heavens," she said, "I was talking about your ex-wife. I didn't know—but you've given it away, haven't you?"

(Continued on page 82)



Little mother

BETTY HUTTON WAKES UP SUDDENLY AND
SMILES INSIDE. THERE'S A BABY IN THE NEXT
ROOM, AND WHEN SHE YAWNS, IT'S A SMALL MIRACLE.





Papa Ted Briskin prepared for twins. (Note twin pair of booties over bed.) He heaved a big sigh, though, when "they" turned out to be Lindsay Dione, shown at 10 days. Betty (of *Perils of Pauline*) was so lonesome for Ted, she came home in one week.

■ The baby was already a week late, so Betty asked Cassie to whip up a banana cream pie. "Sure as shootin'," said Betty, "if we have banana cream pie, the baby'll come before I get a chance to eat it."

Dinner was set for six. At five-thirty the pains started.

Two minutes later Betty's doctor was saying to get her down to the hospital. Two minutes after that Ted had her in the car. They didn't even stop for the bags, which had been carefully packed and ready for three weeks.

As they drove off, Betty turned a transfigured face on Ted. "What did I tell you?" she crowed. "Banana cream pie—"

At first the baby was expected around midnight, and there was quite a reception committee. Ted's sister and brother-in-law, Rose and Fred, had come right down after dinner. They were followed by Frances and Van Heflin, who'd heard the news when they dropped in at the house. At 11 or so, Sue and Alan Ladd arrived. By that time Baby Briskin had decided to stand them up.

"Not till morning," said the doctor.

Rose had brought sandwiches for Ted, but he (Continued on page 126)



Strictly for laughs



Liza May Minnelli only cries when she's got a good reason—like being christened. "I knew she'd be sprinkled with a few drops of water," says Judy, "but she looked more like a baby duck taking her first bath."



Judy's stand-out performance in "Drive In," on the "Suspense" radio show (she's rehearsing here) sparked her ambition to be a dramatic actress. So she'll try a Broadway play shortly.

■ Judy Garland had reached the boiling point. She felt a small flame growing along the roots of her hair as she sat alone in a dingy office, waiting.

She looked at the clock. She'd been waiting for thirty minutes, with other appointments stretching out ahead of her like arrivals and departures on a bus schedule. Judy began to pace the floor and to think that it was perfectly all right to have practically grown up on one studio lot, but if you are the girl everybody has known since she was knee high to a contract, people are going to start taking unfair advantage.

The clock said that Judy had been pacing the floor

for almost forty-five minutes, and Judy thought that any second it would start laughing right out loud.

The door opened. A brisk, attractive, blonde lady in her middle twenties skidded in, somewhat out of breath.

"I'm Kay Thompson," she announced.

Judy froze.

"I know," she retorted. "I'm the Statue of Liberty. They set me up in here eight years ago."

"Look," Kay declared, evenly, "I'm completely, absolutely, thoroughly sorry. Something went wrong with a number down on the (Continued on page 119)



The Minnellis are happy about Judy's new contract with M-G-M, which spikes reports that she would say goodbye to her studio. She'll be Gene Kelly's girl again in *The Pirate*.



Judy talks things over with Kay Thompson and her husband, Bill Spier, producer of "Suspense." Kay is Judy's singing coach and "my best critic and severest friend." Liza bawls at Judy's voice; gurgles at Kay's.

THE BORESOME FOUR.
SOME—THAT'S WHAT JUDY GARLAND
CALLS THE MINNELLIS AND
THE SPIERS. BUT WHEN A LAUGHING
JAG HITS 'EM, WHO
WANTS TO GO HOME?
By George Benjamin



modern screen

Goes skiing

■ Turhan Bey is one of those hardy people who has tried everything rugged and athletic. He began skiing for the first time at the age of twelve. That was in Austria, in Sennering to be exact, and his companion was a man named Telalkahrt, a champion Scandinavian skier. Turhan was fond of the sport from the beginning. In his extreme childhood he was often ill and therefore barred from sports, and it had been his constant dream to ski. Since that time, he has projected himself down hills in Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Turkey and the United States.

Turhan feels that skiing in America is still in its adolescence, that only in Europe, which offers such slopes as the Tyrol and the Bavarian mountains, is the sport practised in its advanced stage. Yet he believes that it will one day soon be one of the most popular sports in America, both in New England and the West. In general, skiing is easier in America. It is not as cold, and it is much safer. Europeans must avoid high altitudes in sunny climates. If the sun is too warm, the snow melts, begins to move, and envelopes the skier. This is known as an avalanche and means no more pork chops or breathing for anyone in the vicinity.

Turhan, with love of the sport firmly lodged within him, has known fear on skis only once. This was (Continued on page 117)

Just back from Guam, Turhan Bey whisked Yvonne de Corlo to Snow Volley, 3 hours' drive from L.A.



Turhan gets set for diagonal run. Despite six feet of snow, sun was hot.



Antoinette Cloy, 4, trod pointers with Turhan, the expert; then beat him in a down-hill run!



After a dozen spills, Yvonne (in *Song of Scheherazade*) was ready for lunch.

It's a Heavenly Age!

Joan is nuts about sister Mary's six-months-old baby, Richard—"Rusty" to the family. Could be because she's his god-mother! It's the first grand-child for proud Papa Brodell.



Mrs. Brodell's too scared to hold Rusty—it's so long since she held Joan on her knee. Mike, Joan's wire-haired terrier who went blind, has passed on, and Yankee now rules the house.



Mary and Joan visit at each other's homes often, amuse their parents with the sister act they did in vaudeville. Joan's just bought a Chrysler town car—and shocked everyone by driving it all the way back from Chicago.

JOAN LESLIE'S OLD

ENOUGH TO VOTE, GAME ENOUGH

TO FIGHT, AND

BUSTIN' TO SPREAD HER

WINGS—AND FLY!

By Arthur L. Charles





Joan Leslie is thrilled with the Oleg Cassini-designed clothes she'll wear in her first Eagle-Lion film, *Repeat Performance*.

■ The bell of a particular house on Rose Street in Toluca Lake, California, rang with a very commanding tone.

Doorbells, Joan Leslie mused, can ring a number of ways. Respectfully, indicating a messenger with a special delivery letter. Ambitiously, suggesting a hopeful salesman. Timidly, as on the arrival of the little girl next door who would please like to borrow a cup of sugar.

Joan stole a quick look at herself in the mirror on her dressing table. The face was as good as it ever would be—but the hair! She tucked away a straggling strand and rushed to the front door, expectantly.

Hmmm—what a handsome man! Lean and tall,

with sandy hair and a twinkle in his eyes as though he were ready to share a brand new joke without first saying, "Stop me if you've heard this one." That's exactly what he was going to do.

"Miss Leslie?"

"Yes?"

"I have something here for you."

That little flicker of anticipation disappeared from Joan's mind.

"Just a second," she pleaded, almost closing the door. "I think I left something burning on the stove."

Then Miss Leslie turned and fled—not to the kitchen, but to the telephone. She dialed briskly and quickly reached her party. (*Continued on page 98*)



♥ QUEEN FOR A DAY

SHE WAS QUEEN
OF THE NEWSPAPER GUILD'S BALL
—AND HER IDEA OF A
PERFECT KING
WAS LON McCALLISTER
By Christopher Kane

1. Poor Atlas, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, frowns down on Lon McCallister and Mary Snee. An autograph hunter (left) snogged Lon near Rockefeller Center's International Building, wouldn't let go!



2. Romance on ice: Mory, who'd just been elected Queen of the Newspaper Guild's Ball, felt it was only *queenly* to say "Yes" when Lon suggested they go ice skating at the Rockefeller rink.



3. "This isn't ice, it's banana skins," muttered Mory, who looked anything but dignified on skates. Lon staggered to her rescue, but ended up, Mary swears, doing more holding than helping!

6. "Gee!" murmured Lon as they toured the News Bldg., "was I *that* far from home?" Mary had the News meteorologist point out Lon's former Army bases.

4. "Let's see," debated Mary after they'd given up skating and gone to lunch at El Barracho's Kiss Room, "should I take the chocolate . . .?" Lon was more interested in warming up his frozen fingers.



Well, it's *called* the Kiss Room, isn't it? And what with the inspiration of the ceiling and walls, which are decorated with famous actresses' lip prints, what could they do but be decorative too?



7. Lester Toloff, News photog, posed Mary with great care—aren't they fellow workers? Mary's in the Addressograph Dept., giggled when Lon asked her to "addressograph" him a letter.

■ First of all, there was this girl named Mary Snee. She'd just been voted Miss Page One, and she was going to be crowned Queen of the Newspaper Guild's Page One Ball at New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria, and John Fredericks gave her a hat and somebody else gave her a big cosmetic kit and 20th Century-Fox promised her a screen test, and she was very happy.

Then they said to her, "Mary, what would you like more than anything else?" Just like the genie, in Aladdin. Go on, kid, name it
(Continued on the following page)

Queen for a day

All the champagne you can drink? Nah, you're only eighteen years old. A trip to the moon on the next space ship?

And Mary blinked her big blue eyes. "A day with Lon McCallister?" she whispered.

So somebody called up MODERN SCREEN, and asked Al and Henry to play Santa Claus, and Al and Henry called up Lon, who was in New York, and said, "Look, we've got this beautiful little girl over here—" and there was a click on the other end of the phone.

McCallister had hung up, and was pulling on his coat. His alter ego, Ray Sperry, whose leg almost got broken in the rush, stared. "Where are you going?"

"Got a date with a beautiful little girl," Lon said.

Ray stood up. "Fine." Then he put on his overcoat. He liked beautiful girls, too.

That was how it all started. Lon and Mary met, grinned at each *(Continued on page 96)*



8. Waiting for your ship to come in, especially if it's that Statue of Liberty boat, is cold business. But it really isn't bad with plenty of hot coffee and someone to wait with you.



10. Dancing in a dream . . . to the wheeze of a push-box on the boat. Mary snagged her nylons, so Lon just *had* to start in humming, "I'm dancing with a doll with a hole in her stocking."

9. Hot dogs for a queen? Sure thing! Didn't Mrs. Roosevelt serve them up for the Queen of England? Besides, Lon simply can't pass a wiener without drooling. Neither can Mary. So pass the mustard . . .





11. Lan knew better than to wear a hat; Mary held tight to hers and let the breeze rip. "She's carrying one big tarch," remarked Lan . . . meaning the statue.



12. Liberty at last! They didn't stay long with only an empty thermos battle to keep them warm. Lan, who's now in *The Red House*, was wishing he had any calar house right then—with a fireplace, maybe, to warm his taes.



13. The Waldorf's Wedgwood Room is the perfect end to a delightful day. By then, Lan and Mary had swapped so much talk they felt like old friends.



14. No, Lan didn't swipe that piece of pastry at the El Barracha. He got it right there in the Wedgwood Room. Jean Sablon, Mary's pet singer, teased Lan about *Bob, Son of Battle*, claiming that the dog in the picture would steal the scenes!

FROM OUR LONDON COR-

RESPONDENT—AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF

BONNY DEBORAH KERR, WHOM

METRO HOPES TO CO-STAR WITH

GABLE IN *THE HUCKSTERS*.



Deborah loves dancing, concerts and shopping, but would rather tramp in the woods with her dog. She hates dressing up, loves tweeds and is wild about her role in *The Adventuress*.

She and her husband, Tony Bartley, rent an apt. in town, but do their *real* living at their cottage in Sussex. Here, they grow vegetables and roses, play tennis like mad and never discuss "the cinema!"



Bach and Beethoven top her list of pet composers, but seat her at a piano and probably boogie-woogie will swing out! Good art and books are next in order of preference.

Gable's got her!

■ She's the talk of the town—England, that is. Falling heir to a pocketful of clothing coupons or a shiny new Cadillac wouldn't have generated as much envy among Deborah Kerr's actress friends as has the exciting news that Metro's called her to Hollywood to test for *The Hucksters*—opposite Clark Gable, no less! There's no guarantee, of course, that she'll finally get the role, but for that matter—who can predict tomorrow morning's headlines . . . ?

The first impression you get of Deborah is of an eager face with enormous, candid, blue-green eyes, which look at the world as if they found it very new, rather big, but pretty nice. After that you notice her shining, heavy, dark-red hair, and the way she wears it, back from the temples, smooth and glossy as a horse-chestnut.

Deborah is tall for a film star—5 feet, 7 inches—slimly built, moves beautifully, and knows how to carry clothes. She also knows how to choose them. She is shy of meeting strangers, but has the art to hide it. Partly from breeding, and partly from sheer kindness of heart, she cannot bear to hurt people. She is really interested in other people's interests, and when you talk to her, she has a trick of listening in an eager way, lips just a little parted, like a child who is hearing a particularly good fairy story. When she talks about the things she loves, like music and horses and her handsome aviator husband, her voice gets quick and excited. Her voice gets very quick and excited when she talks about her first trip to America (Continued on page 92)



ED SULLIVAN'S RADIO AWARD TO

Bing Crosby



One of Bing's biggest thrills was knowing the late Damon Runyan, famous newspaper writer. With another Irishman, Marton Downey, they loved to sit in Stork Club, swap tall yarns.



Bing's first success came as one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys (Bing, Harry Borris, Al Rinker, above). Among his recent honors was N. Y. Paramount Theater's selection as its all-time star.

I was as long ago as 1925 that Bing Crosby stepped nervously on the stage of the Clemmer Theater in Spokane, Washington, cleared his parched throat and signalled with a frozen smile to the house organist to finger the introduction to "Red Hot Henry Brown." The 21-year-old Gonzaga University kid has been singing ever since, although the Clemmer Theater audience, that day, had no crystal ball to reveal that here was a hometown boy who, through the enlarged focus of radios, phonograph records and movie screens, was destined to become internationally famous.

Bing tells me that his father passed along the singing talent which has made the son of a Crosby and a Harrigan world famous. "Pop was never a professional," says Bing, "but in all of the amateur musical productions in Spokane, Pappy contributed a robust tenor to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—*Pinafore* and things like that. From my mother, who was a Harrigan, I think I got an Irish heritage that gave me a feeling for the profession."

I asked Crosby to re-shuffle the 22 years of his professional life and figure out some of the things that had given him his greatest thrills. "Naturally, I'd have to start off with *Going My Way*," smiled Bing, puffing at his pipe, "and 'Too-ra-loo-ra' and Barry Fitzgerald and Leo McCarey, (Continued on page 125)

Wednesday is Bing's day

Listen to Bing Crosby on Philco Radio Time,
his one and only radio program.
Every Wednesday at 10 P. M. in the East,
9 P. M. everywhere else, ABC Network
and many additional stations.



Bing Crosby, star of Philco Radio Time,

enjoying the sensational Philco 1201

The amazing new way to play records, invented by Philco. You just slide a record
in and it plays automatically . . . no lid to lift, no tone arm to set, no bother with
controls or needles. An overnight sensation . . . the largest selling radio-phonograph in
the world. Available now at your Philco dealer.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

(Continued from page 34)

slow and awkward—just a great big, naturally good looking hunk of man who doesn't know beans about acting and doesn't have to. I've heard people who ought to know better tag Gary that way. They couldn't be farther off the track.

I've directed a great many stars in my thirty-five years in Hollywood. Gary Cooper knows the art of acting as well as any of them. He's casual and smooth as silk, he acts from deep inside, he never overacts and he always knows exactly what he's doing and why. As for being lazy—let me tell you a story:

The first picture in which I ever directed "Mister Cupper," as I call Gary, was *The Plainsman*. He played Wild Bill Hickok and Wild Bill could draw and shoot a six-shooter faster than any American who ever roamed the West. The star who played him had to do what Wild Bill did once, outdraw and out-shoot three gunmen at once who were out to "get" him.

two-gun gary . . .

One day, when we met for rehearsals, I handed Gary two old-fashioned, single-action Colt 45's and a brace of holsters.

"Here," I said. "Maybe you'd like to play around with these for a while."

Gary turned the shooting irons over slowly in his big hands and his steely blue eyes glistened. He loves guns. He buckled on the holster belt and started slipping the six-guns in and out right there.

"Wait a minute," I told him. "You can't wear these the way they do today—with the gun butt back. Wild Bill always wore his backwards, with the butt foremost. That makes it tougher to draw and slip back. You have to cross your arms."

Coop's eyes narrowed. "Yeah," he said, "Thanks."

That's all he said and that's all I said about the guns during the next six weeks until we came to the shooting scene, and I was hoping and praying Gary could do it right. If he did, he was Wild Bill Hickok to a terrifying T. If he couldn't, he was just another actor, because Wild Bill's dexterity was his trademark. I don't mind admitting I didn't see how Gary could match his fabulous gunplay for the accurate eye of a camera.

When we shot the scene, Gary's guns were out and blazing in three directions before his attackers had theirs out of the holsters. I yelled "Cut" happily. But even then I didn't know what a miracle of action I'd witnessed. I thought maybe my old eyes were just a little slow. So when the film was developed I took it over to the cutting room. I wanted to see how Gary had done it.

We took the film clips, one by one, and put them under a magnifying glass. Now, a movie camera is a very fast thing indeed—quick enough to catch every split second of action. But even under that careful scrutiny, there was almost no camera record of Gary Cooper's lightning draw. In one frame the guns were in Gary's holster—the next they were out and blazing. The cutter shook his head. "Gary almost beat the camera."

It wasn't until weeks later that I dragged the secret out of Gary. He'd practiced every day of those six weeks during every spare minute at home until he could whip those 45's in and out like lightning.

Cooper is one of the fastest action men I ever met. He can rein a horse to miss disaster in a rough riding scene quicker than any western star I know since Tom Mix. He never has to stop and think to

act right. He does it by instinct.

When I have a story that shouts "Gary Cooper" to me, I start building it around Gary, shaping it to the clean, manly American personality I think he gives the screen more than anyone in Hollywood. I want to be sure I have what is perfect for Gary Cooper before I call him in to see me. And I want to be sure I have a yarn to spin that will get Gary excited.

I remember when I wanted Gary to star in *Northwest Mounted Police*, I was in sort of a spot. Gary owns a conviction—and a valid one usually—that if he's to be the romantic hero of a movie then he ought to get the girl. Well, in the first picture he made for me, *The Plainsman*, he hadn't got her, because Gary got killed in that. Now again my story didn't have a beautiful prize for Coop in the end.

"Gary," I told him as soon as he'd tossed his hat on my desk and sprawled on the sofa, "you don't get the girl in this one, you know."

Gary straightened up indignantly, as if he'd been slapped.

"Why not?"

"Because," I said, "she likes another fellow better."

He asked, "Why should she?" He wasn't conceited. But he was intrigued.

I had him interested and a little sore, I could see, so I changed the subject. "Yep," I nodded, "the other guy gets the girl—but you get the last line—and it's a hum-dinger!"

"What is it?" He was sitting on the edge of his seat now. I didn't answer that for a while. I launched instead into my story and began with the final scene: "A Northwest Mountie sergeant is riding along with the girl. Back of them you're riding with the bad man you've been after all during the picture. A mountie always gets his man, you know. He's the prize of the picture. Well, the sarge turns to the girl and says, 'Come on, Sweetheart.' Then they ride away and leave you."

Gary had wounded indignation all over his face. I could see him about to grab his hat and walk out of my office.

"Wait a minute," I said. "You're jilted. You sit there stunned. Then you look over your shoulder and see this brutal character you've captured sitting there trussed up on the horse. Gary—think what your face looks like, what your voice sounds like when you yank the rope and growl at the ugly mugg, 'Come on, sweetheart!'"

"I'll play it," Gary said, grinning broadly.

I think folks look upon Gary as the American of our story books, the perfect frontiersman, the walking ideal of every American kid's dreams when he reads about Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. I've always thought Gary's power is in his steel blue eyes. Whenever I shoot him in a Technicolor picture I always spot blue somewhere on his costume to bring out the piercing color of his eyes. Gary comes through best, too, when he's pitted against an adversary. I always play for that, too, by opposing him with a strong he-man actor. Some of the best conflict scenes I have ever filmed were made in *Unconquered*, with Gary versus Howard Da Silva and big Mike Mazurki. In a scene in the picture several persons step in to keep Gary and the giant-like Mike from flying at each other's throats. Gary, observing Mike's frantic efforts to get at him, said, "Okay, you men hold Mike now. One guy's enough to hold me."

On the screen, I prefer Gary in rawhide

knots and buckskin fringe with a six-shooter at his side or a long rifle across his knee, but I didn't hesitate a minute to cast him as Doctor Wassell, a hillbilly American country doctor from Arkansas who found himself in a situation remote from his native hills but acted exactly as American heroes have always acted.

The only time Gary is a bad actor is when he is called on to say or do something that doesn't ring true to him inside. If it isn't satisfactory to Gary's acting conscience, he's stiff, awkward, and unreal.

When we were making *Dr. Wassell*, we came to the climactic scene where Commander Wassell receives the Navy Cross for his heroism. Gary was self-conscious. We were shooting the scene during the war. Lots of men about then were winning the Navy Cross in real life. For him to be photographed receiving that honor when other Americans were losing their lives seemed all wrong to him and made the scene distasteful to do. He couldn't look like a hero receiving that medal because he—Gary Cooper—hadn't really won it.

I told him this wasn't Gary Cooper getting the medal. It was Corydon Wassell, an American hero, who deserved it.

After all his years as a star, Gary still shrinks from praise which, I can assure you, is rare in Hollywood actors. So I never tell him how good he is. Maybe if he reads this he'll know.

My little granddaughter, Cecilia, aged 10, came on the set of *Unconquered* to watch Grandfather make movies one day and told Gary what she thought.

"You know, Mister Cooper," said Cecilia, "you're Grandfather's pet. He uses you in all his pictures. But," she added, "you're really very nice looking and you act very well."

That's about as strong a compliment as Gary can take face to face and even that made him blush. But truth comes from the mouths of babes, and what Cecilia said is true. Gary Cooper is a pet of mine. I've always admired him and I still do—as a man and as an actor.

What Gary thinks of me I'm sure I'll never hear expressed in words. Gary doesn't wear his thoughts or his feelings on his sleeve. But he's never said he didn't like me—which is almost equal to a burst of emotion—from Gary Cooper!

Frances Ramsden . . .

soon to be seen as leading lady in Preston Sturges' "Sin of Harold Diddlebock"—one of 1947's most important movie events, because it returns Harold Lloyd to the screen.

Frances poses for MODERN SCREEN in a two-piece turquoise butcher rayon, with the new longer blouse; little collar and big patch pockets in smooth cocoa. The dress is by Mojestic. Also yellow or pink with navy pockets; block, navy or brown with white; beige with brown. Sizes 10 to 18. \$12.95.

And now look at Frances' shoulder. Remember last month when we predicted that epoulets were going to be worn all over the place? Well, they are! This one by Jordan is gold-finished with a sprinkling of rhinestones. Price, \$1. To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 75.

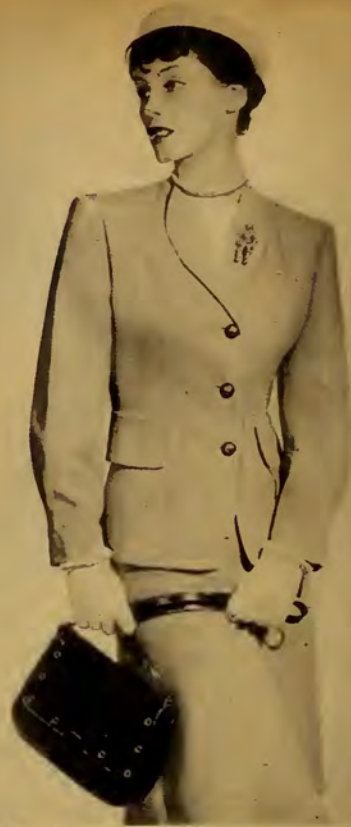
Modern Screen
fashions



one
of
these
suits is
for

you

by
Constance
Bartel,
Fashion
Editor



2

2 For you who like classic tailoring . . . curved revers, big pockets. Grey or tan wool tweed. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli

\$35



1



3

3 The very new long jacket suit cut to flare out in back. Rayon gabardine in yellow, blue, aqua, pink. Sizes 12 to 20. By Lombardy

\$15

1 Slim and simple, with a scroll of beading and a curving jacket. Pacific wool in navy, brown or grey. Sizes 10 to 18. By Gladdy Colleen

\$25

To find out where to buy these suits, see list
of stores on pages 75-76



4 The swank of pure simplicity. All wool in lime, aqua, black, navy, red, peacock blue or white wine. Sizes 10 to 20. By Joselli

\$35



5 Up and coming fresh young junior suit. All wool brown tweed jacket with brown skirt, or black tweed with black. 7-15. By Judy 'n Jill

\$30

6 Beautifully cut, beautifully simple grey wool flannel—a fabric that takes to all your accessories. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli

\$35



6

one of these suits is for *You*



7



8

8 Cardigan suit with one-button closing and slanting pocket flaps. Rayon gabardine in ice cream colors. 10-18. By Gladys Colleen **\$25**



11

11 If you crave color—a blazing orange jacket with dark blue skirt. Aqua with blue, gold with grey. Wool and cotton. 10-18. By Sacony **\$23**

7 Slick long jacket suit, with a yoked high-collared neckline, shining buttons. Blue, aqua, or winter white wool. Sizes 12-20. By Suzy Perette **\$24**



9 Button interest on a cordigon jocket suit. All wool shetland in grey, pink, green, oquo, blue, coral, gold. Sizes 10 to 18. By Joselli **\$30**



10 Look closely to see the soft shadow ploid on this weskit-front suit. All wool, in red, oquo, black, others. 10-18. By Donnybrook **\$30**



12 News-making long jocket again—with pocket flaps accenting the hips. Dexter wool, in blue, beige, oquo, ton. 12-20. By Lombordy **\$23**



13 Dorling junior suit with jouty shoulder flaps. Ton and brown, or green and white striped wool. Sizes 9 to 15. By Joselli **\$35**

To find out where to buy these suits, turn to list of stores on pages 75-76

what
a
cute

Print!



Crisp beige and white rayon, with a scattering of tiny black squares. Notice the demure little tie at the throat, the waist-curving block potent belt, the three-quarter cuffed sleeves. Sizes 9-15. **\$12.95**
By Jonathon Logan.



Bright little dress in tucksio and blue stripes—sprinkled with love-letter bowknots. The tie at the neckline can be crossed, as shown, or tied in a whopping big bow. Printed rayon. Sizes 9-15. **\$14.95**
By Donna Hole.

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR

WHEN YOU CRAVE A GAY

PRINT JUST TO HURRY

SPRING ALONG A LITTLE



I'm dreaming of a Flexnit figure...

Wake up, your dream of wonderful new figure flattery has come true. For Flexnit molds your body magically like a second skin.

Flexnit belittles the bulges, enhances that slim, lovely look.

No restraint . . . you're free as a bird. Yes,

Flexnit proves that youth is not an age, but a figure. Ask for Flexnit youth girdles at leading stores . . . made for youth, made for you. FLEXNIT, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16

FLEXNIT
for a youthful figure



Deep cuffed sleeves and a blue leather belt. By June Bently in Dan River's Cordspun. 9-15. **\$10.95**

It's not a minute too soon to Pick Cottons

■ Think it's too early to buy cottons? Unh, uh. It isn't. Not if you want the pick of the prettiest, like these. The cotton crop is coming up earlier and earlier these days—and somehow the nicest are the ones which bloom while the snow still flies. So snatch them now, flaunt them later. Naturally, if you live in the sunny south, enough said.

On this page, early bird's choice—all crisp, all fresh, all singing blue and white. And when we say it's a *Dan River fabric*—you know these dresses wash and wear as only *good cotton* can.



Two-piece dress with red belt, shiny studs. By Joan Miller in Dan River's Cordspun. 9-15. **\$14.95**



Off-shoulder picture dress with drawstring neck. By June Bently in Dan River's Starspun. Sizes 9-15. **\$10.95**

To find out where to buy these cottons, please turn to page 76.

Young America loves Hot Music...

Cokes...

and the New

CUTEX

*Wears...
but forever*

*"such
dream gleam"*

**"A BREEZE
TO APPLY"**



Brilliant New CUTEX really rates with Young America!

College girls, career girls, high-schoolers wear it . . . love it . . . swear by its long-wearing qualities! A special ingredient, used only in the NEW CUTEX is what makes it so enduringly alluring. Test it yourself and see! Put NEW CUTEX on your one hand . . .

any brand on the other. See how NEW CUTEX laughs at peeling . . . defies chipping. See if you don't love its greater luster, too!

P.S. Ask for "Deep Velvet"—the NEW after-dark shade Young America is clamoring for!

WHY, THEY'RE ALL WEARING THE

Same dress.



PRINT VERSION
Shontung with a sheen—
scattered with tiny
cotton bolls. In luggage or
green. Sizes 9 to 17.
\$15



POLKA VERSION
75 denier (that means super-
fine) crepe. Grey with
chartreuse dots, navy with white,
oquo or gold with luggage.
Sizes 9 to 17.
\$15



PLAIN VERSION
Solid! Solid color rayon
crepe in powder blue, oquo,
grey, toast, gold, orange.
Sizes 9 to 17.
\$15

*Just to prove
you can't have too much
of a good thing:—
one body-beautiful dress
in three different
spring fabrics.*

Like plain?—printed?—polka?

Take your choice!

Dress by Donna Hale.

To find out where to buy these fashions, turn to page 76.

BUYING GUIDE

Turquoise dress worn by Frances Ramsden (page 65)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Epaulette worn by Frances Ramsden (page 65)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner Co.
Easton, Pa.—Orr Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker Co.
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche

"ONE OF THESE SUITS IS FOR YOU" (pages 66-69)

Suit No. 1

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 2

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Suit No. 3

New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge &
Clothier Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 4

Boston, Mass.—Chandler's
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery

Suit No. 5

Boston, Mass.—Jay's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Suit No. 6

Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blauner's

Suit No. 7

New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

Suit No. 8

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

BESTFORM



BY THE MAKERS OF STARDUST FASHION-WEAR

***YOUR CHANCE FOR FAME...** Pictured is lovely Joan Smith, winner of the last Stardust Beauty Contest, now a Walter Thornton Pin Up Girl. Enter our 1947 Contest now. YOU may be the lucky winner of \$500 first prize or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 31, 1947. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at a beauty shop?)



"No one could tell our permanents apart—can you?" asks the Toni twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago... "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder my sister says after this we'll be Toni Twins!"

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely

TONI home permanent for your date tonight!

This twin test shows you how beautiful a Toni Home Permanent really is—so soft, so smooth, so natural looking. No trick to give yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. And it's so comfortable. You have a lovely permanent in just 2 to 3 pleasant hours at home—no sitting under a hot dryer. And your Toni lasts as long as a \$15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading cosmetic, drug and notion counters. Kathleene, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?

Listen to "Give and Take" C. B. S. Network
Every Saturday 2 P. M., E. S. T.

Toni

HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



Suit No. 9

Chicago, Ill.—The Hub
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel's
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann Sons & Co.

Suit No. 10

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—N. Snellenburg Co.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Suit No. 11

Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.

Suit No. 12

Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.

Suit No. 13

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York, N. Y.—James McCreery

"WHAT A CUTE PRINT!"

Bowknot print
(page 70)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Russek's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Beige and white print
(page 70)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy

"IT'S NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON TO PICK COTTONS"

Wide-striped dress, and off-shoulder dress
(page 72)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Narrow-striped dress
(page 72)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

"WHY, THEY'RE ALL WEARING THE SAME DRESS!"

Polka, print and plain version
(page 74)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
New York, N. Y.—Russek's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

If a store in your city is not listed
write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Hello! . . . and we might as well confess immediately that we're going to talk about the very same subject we sounded off on last month. You remember (we hope!): how you can dress *bee-yutifully*, on just a handful of dollars.

In fact, you might say we're going to *harp* on the subject—because if there's anything we're convinced you want to do, it's look like a million—no matter how midget your budget.

Okay. So in this issue, we've rounded up thirteen—count 'em!—thirteen suits. Each one is the last word in pure fashion. And there's so much variety, that you're bound to find the one suit that was absolutely born for you. For example, if you're a girl who likes to wear the latest—soonest—there are several of those swanky new long jacket suits—which you tall girls can carry off with quite an air.

Or if you like the simplest of tailoring, take your pick of our chosen classics. If femininity is for you—there are some soft dressmaker suits. And, of course, we've included junior suits for you teeners. And no! you don't have to break the bank to buy your favorite among our super suits. Not one of them costs more than \$35—and they range from that figure—downward!

As for hats to wear with your suit—the stores are bursting with all kinds of spring - must - be - coming bonnets. But there is one special type of chapeau we'd like to point out to you—because we think it's going to be the success hat of the season. We mean the cute little knitted or crocheted number—that you yank down close over your head and angle any way you choose. We show five of them—numbers 1, 4 and 6 on pages 66 and 67, and numbers 10 and 11 on pages 68 and 69. If you don't lose your head to these hats—we'll eat ours!

Plus scarves and fresh cotton gloves—you've got a costume that will get you many a second glance on the Avenue.

Especially if you top it off with one of our favorite epaulettes on the shoulder—remember, we're placing our money on that one as the jewelry scoop of the spring.

Here's to your stopping the show in your slick suit and fixings . . .

Connie Bartel



budding into fashion

69¢

Stardust
Knit Undies
MADE OF
Spun-to-Rayon

BY THE MAKERS OF STAROUST FASHION-WEAR



★ YOUR CHANCE FOR FAME... Pictured is lovely Joan Smith, winner of the last Stardust Beauty Contest, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl. Enter our 1947 Contest now, YOU may be the lucky winner of \$500 first prize or 27 other awards! Just send recent non-returnable photo, with height, weight, bust, waist and hip measurements before May 31, 1947. Decisions of famous beauty judges are final. Mail entry to P. O. Box 65, Station F, N. Y.

Send for this big...

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100 pages of gorgeous misses' and women's styles—suits, coats, dresses, blouses, socks, lingerie, etc. Also men's-wear, shoes, luggage, gifts, house-wares, etc. Low in price, high in quality—**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

Send one dime (no stamps) to cover mailing & handling charges

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Please send catalog. I enclose a dime.

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Keep your Beauty up!



BIAS-CUP
BRA

There's new beauty in Bias-Cup, the bra whose patented feature holds your breasts gently but firmly in place... prevents shoulder straps from slipping. In individualized cup depths at better stores.

Write for NEW Beauty Hint Booklet

Made by **MODEL** BRASSIERES
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It's the Fit in the Cup that Counts.



Maureen (Sinbad the Sailor)
O'Hara uses lipstick artfully.



A flurry of face powder enhances
Maureen's smooth, flawless skin.

by Carol Carter,
Beauty Editor

HERE'S A PRETTY COMPLEXION!

■ "Freckles!" the O'Hara repeated indignantly. "Why, there's nothing wrong with them. My mother always called them 'beauty marks.'" Maureen seemed right proud of the light scattering of golden ginger snaps that adorned her pretty nose. I know her attitude makes me happier about my own freckles and I'm sure that many of you readers who write so woefully about your freckles will appreciate Maureen O'Hara's common-sense thinking.

I had cornered Maureen at a Hampshire House cocktail party in her honor and was busily pelting her with questions on how-to-be-a-stunner. And Maureen's good looks were assurance enough that I had come to an authority on the subject. Why, the gal is stunning, terrific, colorful . . . here I'm running out of adjectives, but all of you have seen her in Technicolor, so you appreciate my predicament.

Besides being such a vivid Venus, Maureen is also a lass with a definite personality and a keen mental apparatus. (Hate to disillusion you, but I have met some Hollywood beauties who were "but dumb." A very few, I quickly add.) The reason she champions freckles is because they look so good when they call attention to a peach-bloom complexion. Maureen stressed the importance of a healthy skin. She first said that, beginning in her early teens, every girl should know the fundamentals of make-up. As Maureen posed to illustrate her ideas for the camera man she added, "Using makeup the right way is only the sign of an intelligent, well-educated girl." She paused. "Why, it's the *civilized* thing to do!"

Maureen was adamant about the subject of a clean, healthy skin. Your Beauty Editor agrees thoroughly with her about the importance of a clear complexion. Cooperate, I say, with powder base, rouge, lipstick and mascara, by giving them the smoothest, *cleanest* background possible.

Now let's face it—the ideal "face cleansing" must not only remove every trace of makeup, dust, grime and perspiration but must leave the skin looking and feeling clean, not the least bit drawn or dry, not faintly sticky, but fresher and (Continued on page 91)

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



RICHARD HART is the young man who was given the lead opposite Greer Garson in "A Woman of My Own," in which to make his film bow. He was born in Providence, R. I., on April 14. He did summer stock work, and then the lead on Broadway in "Dark of the Moon." Is 6' tall, weighs 170 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is married to Louise Valery. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, where he is currently working in "Green Dolphin Street."



You loved **ANN TODD** in "Seventh Veil," and now she is in America for the femme lead in "The Paradine Case." She was born in England, 37 years ago. Has blue eyes and blonde hair and is married and has two children. She can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Cal. No fan club.



GLENN VERNON, most recently seen as Shorty in "Bamboo Blonde," was born in Fall River, Mass., on Oct. 27, 1924. His real name is Elmer George Vernon and he is 5' 9" tall, weighs 125 lbs., and has blue eyes and light brown hair. He's married. Write to him at RKO, Hollywood, California.



OLGA SAN JUAN is a "Latin from Manhattan," born in the big town on Mar. 16, 1927. She is unmarried, has hazel eyes and just dyed her dark tresses blonde for her latest picture, "Variety Girl." She's a petite 5'2" tall. Write to her at Paramount, and Ruth Crivello, 776 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, California, has her club.



MACDONALD CAREY has recently been released after three years service in the Marine Corps, and you'll be seeing him again in "Suddenly It's Spring." He was born in Siaux City, Iowa, on Mar. 15, 1913. He is 6' tall, and weighs 170 lbs. He has brown hair and eyes, is married to Betty Heckscher, and is crazy for fencing. Welcomes mail at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood. Was discovered while appearing opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark" on Broadway. No fan club.



Can you tell...
which is the expensive blouse

?

Both are charming...both were laundered with LINIT* Starch to keep them fresh, crisp, dainty. But one cost \$39.75...the other \$7.85. (Look below and see if your guess was right.)

The point is, whether your budget is orchids or oatmeal, anything starchable looks *its best* when you use LINIT. It gives the perfect finish to all fabrics. Easy directions on every package.

It's the blouse at the top that cost \$39.75



... ADDS THE

"finishing touch"

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. © C.P.R. CO., 1947

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For all eternity the cherished beauty of your hands can hold him close. Thrilling-soft, enchanting hands . . . pampered with NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* makes them feel smoother . . . lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic — because your skin *eagerly* takes in the special softening ingredient. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.



*faster
soothing
lanolin-
enriched*

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

INFORMATION DESK (Continued)

CATHY O'DONNELL

who debuts as Wilma in "Best Years of Our Lives," was born in Siluria, Alabama, on July 6. She is 5'4" tall, weighs 110 lbs., and has brown hair and brown eyes. She's still unstung by cupid. Can be reached at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Hollywood, and she hasn't a club yet.



DOROTHY PATRICK

who plays Mrs. Kern in "Till The Clouds Roll By," was born in Winnipeg, Canada, on June 3. She's 5'5", weighs 110 lbs., and has blonde hair and blue-green eyes. Used to be a model. No fan club, and she can be reached at M-G-M. Next pic: "The Mighty McGurk."



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Anna Lee Chiappetta, Pgh.: Here are the songs from "Till The Clouds Roll By": Ol' Man River, One More Dance, Why Was I Born?, All The Things You Are, A Fine Romance, Long Ago and Far Away, Yesterdays, Land Where the Good Songs Go, She Didn't Say Yes, They Didn't Believe Me, I Won't Dance, Look for The Silver Lining, Sunny, Who, Can't Help Loving That Man, Make Believe, Till The Clouds Roll By, How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?, The Sun Shines Brighter, Leave It To Jane, Cleopatterer, The Last Time I Saw Paris, and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (danced by Cyd Charisse and Gower Champion). Terry Recknagel: Billy Daniel is now a dance director at Paramount. But if you'd prefer to see him dancing again on the screen, then bombard the studio with letters telling them so. He has no fan club, but Pat Seminez, 6351 Cedar St., Huntington Park, Calif., has one for Janis Paige. Audrey Goldick, 1565 Theriot Avenue, Branx, N. Y., has Sid Caesar's, and Florence Ufolla, 315 Semple St., Pittsburgh, Pa., has Andrea King's.

SPECIAL OFFER

HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB (10c)—First offered Nov. '46. Brand new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for Frankie, Van, Allyson, Lawford, Wilde, Ladd, etc. Learn about the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Assn. Also how to write good fan letters. Please enclose 10c in coin with your order.

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)

—First offered July '46. A new, better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pix of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please enclose 10c in coin with your order.

There you are: the longer Info Desk that you've been requesting! Hope that you like it, and will continue to send in your questions and requests for charts with self-addressed, stamped envelopes, to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. Should you like to see *your* favorite newcomers on the list . . . let me know who they are, and I promise you very prompt action.

YOU MAY CALL IT MADNESS...

(Continued from page 15)

but oh, so elusive! The story went around that Lana had her trousseau prepared, her wedding plans all set, even the little church at Del Monte, California, chosen. Mrs. Keenan Wynn was to be matron of honor. But on the day people thought she would become Mrs. Howard Hughes, he was in Washington trying to obtain a permit for a radio station.

There was Lana, free and on the rebound. She'd been there before. If her heart was broken, or even injured, she never betrayed it by look or sign. Pausing never a moment in her round of gaieties, she was seen in the swank spots on the arm of Peter Lawford, being beamed by Robert Hutton and others, head high, chin up, merry, witty and vivacious.

None the worse for another bout with love. But eternally questing, yes.

Tyrone Power, too, was questing. He knew that freedom was just around the corner for him. The first few times that he and Lana met they were so secretive about it that no one suspected a torrid romance was bursting into flower overnight.

I knew there was more than a mere flirtation between Lana and Ty when my maid dropped the information one day that Tyrone's housekeeper, who had given her notice when he and Annabella split up, had decided to stay on. "You know," my maid remarked innocently, "she likes that pretty Miss Lana Turner and Miss Lana will be moving in as Mrs. Power soon."

rumors were flying . . .

Just a day or so after that, Ty and Annabella officially announced the rift that everybody in the know already was aware had come. It must have been very funny to Ty and Lana to read the speculations of professional gossips about him and Gene Tierney, the hot romance that was supposed to have started while they were co-starring in *The Razor's Edge*. True enough, Ty was going about a lot with Gene, swimming and playing tennis at her house, adding heaps of spice to the rumor. At that very time Gene was calling it a day with Oleg Cassini. And a sudden blooming of love between two stars of such explosive potency was hot news.

It was too pat. Ty denied and Gene denied, but he denied nothing about Lana because no one asked him. And all the while that was where his heart lay.

I must tell you of a strange thing Annabella once said to me. "I am a pink-seeing person," she said, "and my husband is a black-seeing one." Certainly he returned from his flying service with the Marines in the Pacific a changed young man.

It soon became evident that he was not seeing eye to eye with Annabella. She agreed to get a divorce and a financial settlement which is said to have been extremely generous on Ty's part.

Could it be that Ty entertains some thought of obtaining a Mexican divorce while he is in that country? Perhaps it is not too hazardous to suggest that there might be a honeymoon at Acapulco. "I wouldn't want to predict what he might do," Harry Brand, 20th-Fox's head of publicity and a close pal of Ty's, told me.

One thing is certain: Lana is wearing his huge, glittering diamond on her engagement finger, and the lovely diamond earrings that gleam in her little ears are his gift. I put the question to her directly: "Are you going to marry Ty?" She smiled, dreamily happy. "Please don't ask me that just now, Florabel," she pleaded, and there was a mist in her eyes.

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Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"



Empire State Bldg. New York

HE'S A KILLER

(Continued from page 47)

Solemnly, a moment later, Burt came up to a friend, turned, bent over, and ordered, "Kick me. Hard. . . ."

The area around 109th Street and Tenth Avenue 30 years ago was, and still is, one of the toughest districts in New York City.

Through the faded, but clean, glass curtains of her parlor in the three-family house at 209 E. 106th Street, Elizabeth Lancaster saw a familiar sight—her thirteen-year-old son Burt approaching along the sidewalk, propelled in his halting progress, at intervals, by the strong right arm of Patrolman John Flanagan. She had the door open by the time they reached it.

clash of wills . . .

Mother and son looked at each other with unwavering, hostile eyes: the one a martinet who ruled her family with the iron hand required in that neighborhood, a woman whose one hope was to keep her sons out of serious trouble and whose one fear was that she couldn't; the other a restless, too-intelligent, too-energetic boy who wanted excitement and escape.

"You can have him now, Mrs. Lancaster," said Flanagan in his rich brogue. "He's done about as much damage as a boy can do in one day."

"How much?"

"That Red Pepper Gang of his again. They swiped some stuff from old man Bradley's store, and when we chased 'em, they went up on the warehouse roof and threw bottles down at us. They got a little working over at the station house, and Burt got his share. No use you wearing yourself out on him."

"Thank you, Mr. Flanagan."

When he had gone and Mrs. Lancaster was alone inside the house with her son, she stared at him for a long moment. There was in her eyes despair and curiosity.

She turned away and left him alone. After a moment he went along the hall to his own room, closed the door, locked it, and undressed. Outside, the late afternoon light was fading fast. A sense of the dramatic stopped him from turning on the gas light above his bed—lest the cheerful crack of light be seen beneath his door and give the impression that he was indifferent to the general situation—but instead, he took a flashlight from a dresser drawer, and a library copy of Louis Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg."

He got into bed. Under the covers, the flashlight created a warm, friendly cave of light, and the characters of the book were there to keep him company. In a moment the day was forgotten, the squalid neighborhood, the small hatreds. This was his life, this world of books, and in it he could survive.

DeWitt Clinton High School, when Burt went to it, was located at 59th Street and Tenth Avenue, and was not exactly a model institution of higher learning. It was over-crowded and filthy.

The only thing about DeWitt Clinton High that Burt could see at all was his history teacher, slim and tawny, with a Bacall voice. He was a big boy for his age and he fell somewhat in love with her, even going to the trouble of turning his lessons in on time and making A's. It didn't occur to him until after he had finished the course that he'd used the wrong tactics—he might otherwise have been kept after school. . . .

But he discovered something else, almost as dangerous as love: he didn't have to work in order to get along. He could read or sleep through class all year, tak-

ing the inevitable row of F's on daily assignments, then cram for his finals and make an A, which would be enough to pass him. He was monumentally bored.

But there was one thing he could do. The school gym was open, and the fellows in the neighborhood had organized a basketball team. He was already nearing his full height of 6' 2", and he was fast and intelligent. By the time he had finished high school, New York University had told him that he could have a basketball scholarship there.

He spent two years at NYU, but not studying. He had run into a man named Charles Brent, an Australian, who had been a professional gymnast and, by the time Brent got through with him, the boy was an artist on the parallel bars. He was also, once and for all, through with school, and hit the road instead.

It was 1932, still summer and sticky hot when the Bragley Brothers Circus hit Petersburg, Virginia. Burt, with a classmate of his, named Nick Cravat, hitchhiked into the town just as the tents were going up. They found the manager.

"We're stick actors," Burt told him.

"How about a job?"

"You any good?"

"Watch us and see."

They did the act they had built to near-perfection in New York, but which had grown rusty during their month-long hike south in search of a job. In its difficult finale, Burt fell.

He got up and tried it again, and fell again.

He did the same thing a third time. When he picked himself up he was shaking, and the manager was roaring with laughter. "It's a swell comedy act," he said. "I don't see how you take those falls—I'd think they'd kill you. But okay. Three bucks a week and room and board."

comes marriage . . .

Three years later Lancaster and Cravat were getting \$50 a week. It was not what Burt considered being a success. But then, the year before, a bad year for circuses, he had pulled down less than that from the W. P. A. And it was enough, he thought, to get married on. He had met a little dancer in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and fallen desperately in love with her. They were married in March, 1935, and lived and worked together for a year.

Burt had always been amused when he read stories by Edna Ferber and others about the special 'family feeling' people in a circus had, one for the other. The clan-nishness, the warm affection, the I'll-stick-by-you, you-stick-by-me sort of thing. This was certainly not true of the Bragley outfit. He had never known so many mean, jealous, suspicious, cantankerous people gathered together in one outfit.

They were, however, united in their scorn of grift show people—carnival people—who in turn sneered at circus people and anyone connected with them.

Unfortunately, the gentleman who owned Bragley's also owned a grift show, which he insisted on bringing along to out-of-town engagements where they could appear as mutual attractions. This proved a mistake, at least on one hot summer evening in Leeds, Alabama.

The afternoon show was over and Burt was washing up in his trailer. He heard running footsteps and straightened up, dripping, as a grip opened the door.

"There's trouble," the grip panted. "One of those gimmick games next door clipped

a rube for 400 bucks this afternoon, and there're twenty guys with shotguns coming up the road."

Half an hour later the immediate crisis was over. Standing with the entire circus population behind him and the three bulls massed abreast at his side, the owner of the circus met the twenty townsmen as they marched up the road. When they halted he shouted, "If one of you takes another step, I'll send these bulls after you. Now blow!"

They blew. Turning, the owner said quietly, "We're getting out tonight. Make it as soon as you can. They'll be back."

In the trailer again, Burt began packing his tights and other paraphernalia. But he knew it was for the last time. The feeling of boredom and unrest that had beset him the last few months found culmination in the incident of the vigilantes.

Soon after, Burt and his wife separated. They realized their interests were worlds apart and that it would be better for each to go his own way. She continued with the show.

It was 1940 and the Lancaster and Cravat act had graduated to vaudeville and was getting \$400 a week, when it worked, because it was the best thing of its kind in the United States. "That's just it," Burt told Nick one night in the dressing room, after the show. "We've perfected a lost art. I always thought that if you're better than anyone else, you ought to be paid for being better. \$400 is tops for us, and it's not enough. I'm quitting."

For five weeks, in Chicago, he lived in a kind of private heaven, sleeping late, reading, going to every concert he could find. Then a check bounced, bringing him to reality, and he took stock of his situation. Well, he thought, I can drive a truck.

So he went to the garage at Marshall Field and asked for a Christmas rush sea-

MODERN SCREEN



Torrey de Leon

"That'll teach you not to make blind dates over the phone!"

son job. The personnel manager looked him up and down.

In five minutes Burt Lancaster was the new floorwalker in the ladies' lingerie section, and within the next six months sales jumped 50%. He was a curious floorwalker. He kidded the customers, sang as he worked, and often appeared for only three or four hours a day. But when he left, they even offered him a raise to stay. "I'd

go out of my mind if I did," Burt said. He wasn't sure that it hadn't already happened.

Burt worked at a dozen odd jobs until Uncle Sam sent him "greetings."

The Army did a good job of casting in his case. They put him into special services with the Fifth Army, made him a sergeant, and sent him to North Africa and Italy for twenty-six months. He thought the system in his outfit was stupid, and that the fault lay with some top brass, and he relayed this point of view to his colonel.

Whereupon he was no longer a sergeant, but a private; and in point of fact emerged from the Army as a technical corporal, still unreconstructed, still fighting mad. He could resume his last job with Columbia Concerts, if he liked, and had in fact already accepted when a producer, whom he met during his first week in the promotion department, said to him, "You've got a kisser that bears a faint resemblance to the Siegfried Line. I'd like to cast you as a top sergeant in *A Sound of Hunting*."

"I've never done any acting," Burt said. "All you have to do is yell at the top of your lungs. Can you do that?"

Burt gave a short demonstration that was heard in Queens and Brooklyn. The producer shut his eyes. "You will definitely do," he said, in what amounted to a whisper.

Hal Wallis, when he saw *A Sound of Hunting*, thought more than that. He caught the impression of rugged strength, the sensitive intelligence, the innate feeling for acting in the sergeant character, and forthwith signed him. He lent him to Mark Hellinger to play the lead in a little picture called *The Killers*, and you know what happened after that.

You made him a star.

But only Norma Anderson, who became Mrs. Lancaster on December 30th, can do anything about making Burt a happy man.

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SANITARY BELTS

THE GABLE I KNOW

(Continued from page 28)

out of me was Clark Gable.

That's when I got his telegram, "Thank you, darling. You were right. . . ." No reporter could ask for better backing-up. But I didn't have to ask Clark—that's the point. It was his own idea and maybe you think I don't love him for it!

The first time I fell for Gable all I saw was his back! I was sitting twelfth row center at a Broadway play called *Machinal*. Although I leaned in my seat and craned my neck like a hick I never did see his face. Just his back. But that was enough. It had strength and vigor and the comforting maleness that women adore.

"Who is that?" I whispered to my companion. He peered at his program. "Let's see—it says, 'Clark Gable.' Never heard of him."

"Neither have I," I sighed, "but you can wrap him up and send him over!"

Hollywood took care of that. Soon afterwards I was acting on a picture set right beside the glamor-back guy.

Clark played a laundry truck driver in that picture. Me, I was a sassy baggage, as usual. Neither of us was a star. In fact, we were both VUP's—very UNimportant people—then. But the star was a VIP—definitely! And did she know it! She didn't deign to speak to the rest of the cast.

Pretty soon Clark got disgusted. One day when Miss Temperament sashayed by without even a nod, he raised his black eyebrows and then gave them a puzzled knit. "Say," he asked me, "what's eating her, anyway?"

"A common Hollywood affliction," I cracked. "Big-head' we called it back in Altoona."

Clark whistled and shook his head. "If that ever happens to me," he said, "I hope somebody kicks me right out of town!"

Janet Gaynor told me a story once about Clark that's typical of another facet of his personality. It happened back in the days when he was an extra.

So was Janet. Janet came to work on the bus, but Clark was slightly grander. He owned an old broken-down, rickety flivver. One night Clark saw Janet trudging along after work, as he rattled his flivver out the gate. "Hop in," he smiled. "I'll take you home," offered Clark gallantly. "Where do you live?" Janet told him and they chugged away in that direction. Neither said much because they didn't really know each other. That's why Janet thought it was so funny when Clark pulled up at the curb, halfway home, said, "Well, see you later," and ambled off, leaving the jalopy parked there!

It wasn't until years later that Janet learned why her ride had ended so abruptly. She and Clark were both big stars by then. They met at a party and got to laughing about their hungry extra days. Janet remembered that puzzling ride and asked Clark right out why he'd ditched her half way home.

embarrassing moments . . .

"I always felt bad about that," Clark grinned. "I ran out of gas. I didn't have a dime to buy any more either. And I was just too embarrassed to admit it!"

No one could have been nicer to his co-workers than Clark. One day I was on the set of Jean Harlow's picture, *Red Headed Woman*. It was just another picture for Clark. He already was Mister Hollywood then, as he is now. Jean had made *Hell's Angels*, and proved a one-picture sensation. She was anxious to come through again and very nervous about it.

When I arrived, Jean was in tears.

She'd been blowing take after take in her nervousness. The director was at his wits end. After spoiling another take, Jean finally gave up and ran to her dressing room. Clark followed her, put his arm around her like a big brother and I heard him say:

"Listen, honey, that's just a little bit of film running through a camera. It doesn't amount to a hill of beans. They've got plenty more, so take your time and don't be nervous. Let's try it again," he grinned, "while we're all worked up, hot and bothered." Jean laughed and the ice was broken. He's as comforting as a doctor when he wants to be. On the other hand, if you're gone on him, Gable in the flesh can be very upsetting.

"please, mr. gable . . ."

I'm thinking of Judy Garland, who toted a teen-age torch for Clark that was a lulu. Clark was her god. That's why Judy got such a thrill when Roger Eden wrote that song for her to sing at an M-G-M exhibitor's convention in Hollywood. You remember—"Please, Mister Gable?"

I happened to be lunching on the M-G-M lot with Clark when he got the idea he'd like to meet Judy and hear that song in person. "Come on," he grinned. "Let's go over to Judy Garland's set and say hello."

Clark walked in, beamed his most charming smile and draped his arm down over the canvas chair that said "Judy Garland." Judy was in it and her eyes opened up as wide as saucers.

"Judy," Clark pleaded in his most persuasive voice, "will you sing my song for me?" Judy didn't answer; she couldn't. The crew gathered around sensing an occasion and Judy, little trouper that she was, climbed up on a table, a piano player twirled his stool and she went into "Please Mister Gable," singing right to Clark. She sang it as she never had before, because Judy Garland was singing to a very special audience.

When she was through, Clark stepped up, lifted her down and gave her a great big kiss. "Thanks, honey," he smiled. "That was a real thrill."

What kind of a thrill it was to Judy you can imagine. I saw her that evening and she was still trembling like a leaf.

I always admired the way he stuck up for Lew Ayres when all Hollywood was yelling for Lew's scalp. Most of his old friends turned their backs when Lew turned "Conshie." Lew's back now with added stature as a man and an actor. But there weren't many who cheered him in democracy-prating Hollywood then. One of the few who did was Clark Gable.

In the midst of the hub-bub, Clark went to see Lew, and said: "Remember, this is America, and you've got a right to your convictions. If I can do anything to back you up, let me know."

I don't know anyone in Hollywood who's ever been a good friend of Clark's who still isn't. And that includes both his first two wives. I know them both, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Gable. I've never heard them run Clark down in any department; I've never heard him say anything but the best about them. Jo Dillon taught Clark how to act and Rhea, a wealthy society woman, gave him polish and social poise. Clark was and still is grateful for both. In both cases he parted friends. Clark was particularly fond of Rhea's children and they adored him and still do. I've always thought it a downright shame that in three marriages Clark Gable never



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had any children of his own. He's a frustrated father if I ever saw one.

Even all during the war, when he was in Europe and busy with a dozen duties in a topsy-turvy world, Clark never forgot the birthdays of the Goff kids, children of his best Hollywood pal and fishing companion, "Tuffy" Goff, who comes at you over the radio as "Lum" of *Lum 'N' Abner*. For every birthday and Christmas, too, a present came winging across the Atlantic from London, or wherever Clark was.

Clark has always yearned and reached for the realities of life to compensate for his artificial existence as a movie star. That's the reason he just had to go to war—even though he was over-age.

When Clark enlisted, he wanted to sever all his Hollywood ties. The break in his life, occasioned by the tragic death of Carole Lombard, made him want to leave everything behind.

something for the future . . .

I recall pleading with him not to sell his ranch. "You'll regret it," I warned. "You'll need a place to come home to, a place to think about while you're away. Save that for the future."

Clark gave me a dusty look, as if to say, "What future?" And maybe that's the way he felt then in his sorrow. But I know he was mighty glad he had a home when he came back to Hollywood and he was glad to get back to Hollywood. Just as Hollywood was mighty glad to have him. The King was still King.

I know how much to heart Clark took his war duty and how hard he tried. If there's anything, for instance, that makes Clark die inside it's making a speech. But when they picked him to make the graduation speech at his Officers' School, he did it. And he came up with one of the best speeches ever made—so good it was circulated all through the Air Corps.

I know, too, how hard Clark worked—night and day with his writer pal, John Lee Mahin—to make his Air Force combat movie. It was easily the greatest disappointment in his life that another combat movie beat his to the punch and his labor of love ended up in a film vault.

Clark has always looked more lightly on his Hollywood career.

I remember in one picture, years ago, Clark played a scene where a bulldog chased him and nipped off the seat of his pants. It's pretty hard for a director to tell a bulldog just how far to go and this one went too far. He took some of Clark's skin, too, and they sent Clark to the hospital. I sent Clark a note, "What have you got, anyway? Even bulldogs can't resist you!"

Well, right after that, death, as it must to all dogs, came to this bowser. I'm sure it had nothing to do with the Gable diet, but Clark thought the joke was on him, and it was. He sent me a wire. "The ham was just too tough!"

He still grins at his own romantic screen illusion. He was making a scene in *Adventure* where he chased Greer Garson up a steep hill and caught her just at the top. They'd been having technical trouble with the takes and Clark did it three times. At the end of the third, he puffed like a porpoise and mopped his face. A prop man dragged up a chair. "Here," he said, "sit down, Clark."

"Let's face it," Clark grinned. "What I need is Lionel Barrymore's wheel chair!"

He may kid about himself, but he's a conscientious workman. I popped in on *Adventure* one day around quitting time. I got my usual "Hello, darling, how are you?" and a great big Gable hug. But I got the brush-off, too, after that—until Clark was through with his job.

It was almost five o'clock. The rest of

the cast were due to quit anyway in a few minutes. "Go on home, Clark," said the assistant director, glancing at his watch. "We can kill this set tomorrow."

"Let's kill it tonight," said Clark, "then we can all have a drink." I had to wait a spell to have my cocktail with him. But I've never minded waiting for Gable. Who would?

What Clark wants out of life is about the same as it was before he left Hollywood for the war. Only now is the time, he figures, to do it—before, as he grins, "I fall apart at the seams." He's got a hunting trip to Wyoming on the sheet, a fishing one, in Oregon. He's got a Sun Valley trip planned this winter, and another jaunt East to New York for the shows and some city life. He's been collecting dope on Central America and Alaska, too; object—big game shooting. He's started digging a swimming pool on his ranch. And now, too, he's definitely set to do Frederick Wakeman's *The Hucksters*.

He wants to catch up with himself and follow as much as he can the kind of life he and Carole Lombard had planned before, but by himself.

I don't think Clark will ever get married again until he finds a girl who can do for him what Carole Lombard did—be his pal.

I was ragging Clark just recently about a romance rumor, and I should have known better. But the Eastern papers were full of Clark and New York society woman. When he came back to Hollywood, I collared him. "Hey," I said, "What's all this about, anyway? Are you going to marry the gal?"

Clark shot me an annoyed "come-off-it-Hopper" look. "Now listen, Hedda," he said. "I'll ask you a question: Can you imagine So-and-so (and he named her) leading a pack horse?"

Clark Gable's happiest days were the short years of his marriage with Carole Lombard. She loved life and she'd want Clark to get all the fun that's coming to him out of his.

Clark can't look at a woman without a marriage rumor. I suppose in his Hollywood career, Clark has had his name linked with as many women as Errol Flynn. But there's a difference. In Clark's case, there has never been one drop of scandal.

In fact, the only scandal I know about my old friend Clark Gable is an item I doubt if even Clark himself knows. I'll just have to tell it on him before I let him off the hook, so he won't look too much like a saint.

scandalous gable! . . .

There was a little girl in Hollywood, the daughter of a producer, who trotted off to a movie matinee one Saturday afternoon. Her mother thought she was going to see a Walt Disney Silly Symphony—obviously harmless—and when she came home they asked her how she liked it.

"Fine," said the little girl. "Norma Shearer's so pretty!"

They didn't get it. What was Norma Shearer doing in a Disney movie? They questioned the child and found she'd seen the burning adult drama, *A Free Soul* with Shearer and Gable, instead.

But the kid had another question. "Mother," she asked, "is Norma Shearer sick?"

They said no—what made her think so? "She must be," insisted the tot. "Because in the picture she was lying down all the time!"

That set this producer and his wife to thinking—and talking—and that's when the Hays office was born. So I guess that makes Clark Gable the first real swoon king whether he knows it or not. For my money, he always will be.

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with the fragrance men love

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT

(Continued from page 27)

out whom I mean.

Bartholomew is a Hollywood producer and Winifred is his wife. They live in a charming house, they are happy, and, so far as Bartholomew knows theirs has always been a sterling kind of marriage. He looks at life through spectacles tinted American Beauty rose.

Yet there was a day not long ago when those spectacles came close to being ripped off with a rude jerk.

It all happened because Winifred decided to go to New York for a few weeks to see the shows and visit her friends and spend some of Bartholomew's easily-earned revenue on a few frocks.

Jeffrey was a Gotham glamor boy—toothy, broad-shouldered, rugged. (Winifred was to learn just how rugged.) He was a smooth talker, a slick dancer and a practically glassy operator, and Winifred succumbed to his charms one night during a slow rumba at El Morocco.

For a few days Winifred's existence was a distillation of gardenias and honeyed phone calls, lunches at little French places and cocktails at Jeff's place.

Then one evening—the night before she was to return to Hollywood—she said something Jeff didn't like and he boffed her just like Jimmy Cagney in the movies.

When she got up off the floor he hit her with everything in the room.

It was an old habit of his, flaring up—something he hadn't mentioned under the crimson stars at Morocco—and when she reeled out of his streamlined nest that night she was a battered chick.

Next day she crawled aboard the train for California, a little wiser and a lot sadder. She had a black eye showing, plus a dozen large Technicolor bruises that were hidden by her clothes. Her conscience had acute indigestion and, worse than all these put together, was the terrible question that kept running through her head like ticker tape: How was she going to explain the bruises to Bartholomew?

As she worried, her thoughts were interrupted suddenly by a violent crash—a noise, a jolt, then a spinning sensation and darkness. When she came to she learned that she had just figured in one of the most serious railroad accidents of the year.

Winifred's injuries that day put her name on all the casualty lists, but she didn't feel a thing. She was the happiest beauty in all the land, with the world's greatest alibi for a set of bruises.

But you can't print that!

When Edna first hit Hollywood as a minor leading lady, she had a fresh pink-cheeked prettiness and a lush figure and not much else. Her acting was elementary, her off-stage manner had sweetness but not much style, and she dressed in a strictly saddle-shoes and polo coat manner.

But early in her career she met Carl. He was one of those men who make a career of women and the things that make them glamorous. He knew more about clothes than an editor of Vogue, he was a gourmet and something of a wit. He was a perfectionist and he had more than a streak of Pygmalion in him.

When he saw Edna, he saw what she could be with the proper guidance and grooming, and he fell in love with her.

Edna's parents disapproved of the match from the very beginning. They were ordinary Americans of the class wherein males who understand perfume are viewed with suspicion.

When Edna announced that she intended to marry Carl just the same, her worried mother and father grew actually nasty. They placed every obstacle in the way of the union, even to the point of garnering some unpleasant publicity by their actions. And when Galatea became Mrs. Pygmalion despite all the battling, her parents stopped speaking to her.

But other people started speaking to her who hadn't bothered before—mostly producers who now wanted her for their films. Under Carl's expert handling she had become elegant, lovely, even a trifle mysterious and exotic. And before long she was a star.

Eventually her mother and father broke down and forgave her for marrying against their wishes, and she was a contented girl. The four were reconciled and her career was prospering.

But that was a couple of seasons ago.

Now Mother and Dad are mad at Edna again. This time they vow they'll never forgive her.

Because they've learned to like Carl a great deal. And Edna, who has grown tired of him and found a new charmer—a different type—is threatening to divorce him.

But you can't print that. Now, can you?

This one is a trifle complicated, so let's have the cast first.

Bridget is a young and pretty star—going places.

Arthur is a famous producer.

Evangeline is Arthur's most famous protegee—and favorite love.

Joseph is a pretty well-known director who, as our story opens, has just been jilted by the girl he thought was going to marry him.

Now while Joseph is having his troubles, a simultaneous action is taking place on the other side of town.

Bridget, who has been wooed with considerable ardor by Arthur for several moons, has just discovered that he is still romancing with Evangeline, despite earlier declarations that that part of his life was over. She delivers the grammatically shocking ultimatum: "It's either her or me!"—but Arthur refuses to be stampeded into a choice and says gallantly "I adore you both." Bridget, in a huff, packs and leaves.

Of course, you know, you amateur script writers, where this plot is going. Bridget, carrying her torch—and considerable alcoholic consolation—goes to a party and meets Joseph, who is carrying the same. Their twin sorrows weld them firmly, if incoherently.

A wag sizes up the situation and murmurs, "You two are so miserable you ought to be very happy being miserable together. Why don't you get married?"

And darned if they don't.

The next day, awakening with a large headache, Joseph moans, and groans, and turns to find an only slightly familiar face—someone he'd seen in a movie, no doubt—beside him. "Who are you?" he asks with as much graciousness as he can muster at the hour.

"Your wife," says she. "I think."

Well, the Hollywood columnists wrote up the wedding as very romantic—and so sudden! Why, they said coyly, even the very closest friends of the bride and groom were surprised.

Nobody mentioned how surprised the bride and groom were.

But, really. You can't print THAT!

High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!



TEST NEW NAPKIN—

**88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS**

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—*Free-Stride Modess*.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: *No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in *Free-Stride Modess* lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges!*

Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride Modess* has a triple safety shield to help keep you confident—to chase away accident fears. Modess' fine, sealed-in deodorant guards your daintiness, too! And no telltale outlines—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Free-Stride Modess—so luxury-comfortable, so luxury-safe—is on sale everywhere *now!* Get a package *today*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



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A magnificent vow to share and fulfill a lifetime's dream is this pledge of your lips. Can the diamond that unites two people and radiates their love be any less perfect? You can be sure of such perfection only by selecting a Bluebird Registered Diamond. Fine color, full brilliance . . . every Bluebird is guaranteed perfect.

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR



■ Whew! We've just been through our regular, semi-annual, shush-don't-nobody-breathe week here at MSFCA headquarters. That's the time our staff gets into a huddle over your last-minute entries in the Trophy Cup contest. They check and re-check everything that comes in from your club; then they award the last round of all-decisive points, and start adding up the final scores. Meanwhile, the phone keeps ringing—"Any results yet?"—the grape-vine from the front office wilts under the strain, and even the bravest of prexies have been known to crack!

Then Al Delacorte kicks open the door and Henry Malmgreen—who somehow always manages to get elected foreman—issues the momentous decisions! Except for the sound of dishes rattling and Bob Hope's quips you'd think it was an Academy Award dinner! And, seriously, that comparison isn't so far-fetched, because the awarding of the MODERN SCREEN Trophy Cups has undoubtedly become the most important event in the fan club world.

Now, without further delay, we'll give you the recipients of the Winter, 1947 awards. They are: League One (clubs with a membership of over 600)—the Gene Autry Friendship Club. League Two (201 to 599 members)—the Danny Kaye International Club. (This is their second consecutive cup!) League Three (under 200 members)—the James Stewart Club.

We're particularly proud of this season's crop of cup-snatchers because, while they all merited the award fairly, on the basis of points gained in our series of monthly contests, they each boast certain qualities that can't be measured in points: the close co-operation of their respective stars, the expert know-how of their super-efficient prexies, the active participation of the members in all club projects and, finally—and this is so important—there's a warm, friendly club spirit in all three!

"oldsters" versus teen-agers

There's been a lot of debate lately about who makes the best prexy—the "oldster" (over 21, anyway) or the teen-ager. So we think you'll be interested to know that Mrs. Dorothy Crouse, prexy of the Autry Club, and Dee Fling, Stewart Club pilot, are in the first classification, while Virginia Vickery, who has already steered her Kaye Club through two victories, is barely out of her teens. Our feeling is this: age doesn't count one bit. Intelligence a (Continued on page 115)



Danny Kaye can't believe it! For the second time in a row, the DK International Club, piloted by Virginia Vickery (above) wins MSFCA's Trophy Cup, in League 2. Gene Autry and James Stewart Clubs win similar awards in Leagues 1 and 3, respectively.

HERE'S A PRETTY COMPLEXION!

(Continued from page 78)

softer than before.

The new "Blush-Cleansing" does all of that! And here's how it works.

First, dip a face cloth into warm water and press it gently against face and neck—makeup and all. Next, without drying your face, apply Pond's Cold Cream from hair-line to collarbone, smoothing it on in little spirals. Tissue this off thoroughly. Then cold cream once more and tissue off again. Last of all, splash cold water onto your face and pat dry.

The whole process takes just four and a half minutes and is practically a facial in itself. Honestly, once you give yourself this "Blush-Cleansing" you'll want it to become a habit.

Incidentally, I want to say a word about what I consider the greatest twentieth-century invention (yes, I, too, have heard about the atom bomb). I'm speaking about the cleansing tissue. Try to imagine life without it. Pretty dreary.

I thought that with all this talk of "tissuing off," you might like a few very special words on the subject. The trick in this is to use a clean piece of tissue for each "wipe," to avoid all chance of tracking dirt back on again. Take two tissues, one in each hand, and work up and out from the center of your face, switching to a clean spot for each swing. There are a million and one uses for tissues, but we are concerned here with the important business of cleaning the face.

Yes, a thoroughly clean face is the one that is smoothest, most flawless. It's the face that teams best with makeup. Why, it is the face that has the best chance of looking as pretty as Maureen O'Hara's!

* * *

MS does it again and makes life more convenient! Because you and I are so interested in beauty, we moved the exclusive MODERN SCREEN how-to-be-a-charmer charts to this department. Here you have 'em. A really thorough collection of good looks information which I have carefully checked. Read the list, decide which charts or chart you want and drop me a note telling about it. With the note enclose the necessary coins and a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope. You'll find that you've taken the first step on the road to good looks. My address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SKIN CARE FOR THE TEENS (5c) Be good to your skin while young and it will never be a "problem." A healthful complexion routine to keep it fresh.

HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS (5c) The long and short of hair glamor. It's got everything—hair-grooming directions, latest hair styles, charts for facial types.

GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS (10c) by Jean Kinkead. First offered June '46. New teen-agers' beauty bible, revised and enlarged to give you the very latest advice on diet, grooming, makeup, hair care.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL (10c) First offered Sept. '46. Special for gals over 18—a thorough glamorizing course. Facials, hair styling, manicuring, makeup, etc., for the more sophisticated.

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT (10c) by Dr. E. P. Jordan, syndicated health columnist and assoc. editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn. First offered Aug. '46. Eat your way to a lovely figure! A recognized physician has prepared a scientific reducing routine you'll enjoy following.



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will devastate him
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You're specially dreamy in Jergens Rachel—such a creamy look on your skin. His lips want to touch.

But all 6 glamour-shades of new Jergens Powder are sparked with heart-catching color to brighten even a dull complexion.

Velvetized for clinging smoothness; helps hide tiny skin faults. Try Jergens fragrant new Powder today and you'll see you're prettier.

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\$1.00 SPECIAL... Boudoir box of Jergens new Powder plus Jergens velvetized Make-up Cake—boxed together—in shades that match gloriously on your skin. Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up.



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Rochel.....for Ivory Skin
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- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

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MY NERVES ARE STRUNG UP TIGHT
I BET I GET SOME MILES
NERVINE
BEFORE ANOTHER NIGHT.**



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GABLE'S GOT HER!

(Continued from page 60)

and the things she wants to see.

"Most of all," she says, "I want to see the real country. My husband has been about in America a great deal, and it fills me with envy and longing to hear him talk about all those wonderful places. I very much want to visit Kentucky, and see with my own eyes the lovely old houses and the beautiful horses. I want to look at mountains and canyons—and I am quite determined, if I can, to get to Mexico."

Deborah and her husband are planning to spend a week in New York before they cross to the Coast. "I want to do a lot of shows—Annie Get Your Gun, and my favorite actress, Betty Field, in *Dream Girl*, and lots of others—oh, and I want to see *Twenty One*, and all the night clubs I've read about and—well, just everything," she ended breathlessly.

She is going out to Hollywood without any fixed plans. "All I know is that I'm going to do one or two pictures for M-G-M, and after that I hope to make alternate pictures here and there. It's a good routine to keep, don't you think?"

There's only one thing Deborah is afraid of—that they'll take one look at her, say "English type," and rush her into some English country-house vehicle with butlers and tweeds. She doesn't want, in her first Hollywood picture, to be surrounded by a cast from Hollywood's British colony. "I'd like to be in a film that deals with American life, but in which, in some ingenious manner, I wouldn't have to be American."

Deborah hopes, too, that the picture will be modern, and that she'll be allowed to wear some nice clothes in it, and "be a woman." She is getting a little tired, she says, of appearing in peasant costume or uniform. In her first film, *Major Barbara*, she played a Salvation Army lass. In her second, *Love on the Dole*, she was a Lancashire mill-girl. Penn of Pennsylvania made her a Quaker, and *The Day Will Dawn*, a Norwegian peasant. *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* gave her three changes of costume, but two of them were "period," and the third was an A.T.S. uniform. In *Vacation from Marriage*, she appeared as a Wren, and in her latest picture, *The Black Narcissus*, she plays a nun. So, for a girl who made the headlines at her wedding in a gown of white elk-skin, the movies can hardly be said to have given her a clothes-break.

Deborah was married just a year ago at the fashionable St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Squadron Leader Anthony Charles Bartley, D.F.C. and Bar. The Squadron Leader is the son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley, and a Battle of Britain fighter pilot. He ought really to have met his wife years before, when she was working at Denham Studios on *The*

APRIL ISSUE

Shirley Temple's been married a whole year! So we couldn't resist celebrating her paper anniversary by putting her on the April cover of *MODERN SCREEN*. And she tells her own story of this ecstatic thing called marriage—on your newsstand March 11th.

Day Will Dawn, and he had a role in Leslie Howard's film, *The First of the Few*. In a way he did meet her. What happened was this: young Bartley had spent the morning stunting and looping and rolling in a Spitfire, and was having a quick one with the boys in the bar, when the *Day Will Dawn* unit broke for lunch, and a pretty girl in Norwegian peasant dress passed through. "That's a nice type; I like her," observed the Squadron Leader, lowering his Scotch. "That's Deborah Kerr," said Leslie Howard's publicity man, "not on our unit, but quite a coming young actress, so I'm told." "Good work, good work," said the Squadron Leader, and went on with his drink.

If you ask Deborah Kerr where she and her husband first met, she'll tell you that it was "frightfully casually, in Brussels." Nearly four years had passed since the one-sided encounter in the Denham bar. Deborah was appearing in an ENSA production of *Gaslight*, with Stewart Granger. Tony Bartley was engaged in dropping troops across the Rhine. One evening the Public Relations Officer attached to the 21st Army Group, a crisp little brunette who had been a school friend of Deborah's, persuaded her to come along to a "pub" where the War Correspondents used to meet. The P.R.O. was interested in one particular war correspondent, whom she subsequently married—Paul Holt, of the London Daily Express. Deborah wasn't interested in anyone in particular—until three Air Force boys from the neighboring squadron turned up.

gold-tiled bathroom, yet! . . .

"After that" she says, "we used to meet a lot. The Squadron had an amazing house in Brussels that belonged to a rich collaborator—he had marched out when the British came in. It was a typical German house, with a gold-tiled bathroom and every luxury you can think of. The boys used to throw all sorts of parties, and we had a wonderful time. The old collaborator had left a big collection of phonograph records behind. But the record Tony and I liked best was a French one, Jean Sablon's 'Je Tire Ma Reverence.' I don't think I shall ever be able to hear that again without feeling choky."

The Bartley-Kerr wedding was one of the first slap-up, full-dress affairs in London after six years of war, and it drew a big gallery. Aside from the bride's cinema fame and her elk-skin gown, the bridegroom's reputation and his father's title, the attractions included at least five Battle of Britain fighter aces. Although he is a civilian now, Tony Bartley is still a professional flyer. He works as a test pilot for Vickers, and the current trip with his wife to America is only in the nature of a leave.

All her life, Deborah Kerr has been surrounded by modestly comfortable and gracious things, and that's the way she hopes to go on living. The thought that she may be introduced to America as a Cinderella-girl, a rags-to-riches heroine, strikes her almost cold with horror. She feels it would be dishonest to herself, to her family, and to her audience. She was born and brought up in a solid, middle-class British home, and she went to a solid, middle-class British school. As a little girl she was protected and happy, and she isn't claiming any allowances.

At 15, she left school to become some sort of an actress; she learned elocution and ballet dancing; and at 18, just when war was beginning to hover over Europe, she set off to London to make a name for herself on the stage.

But it didn't work out that way. There are two versions of the way it did work out. According to one story, she was lunching sparsely one day in a tea-shop

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You can't see or feel
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and ordinary cleansing
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When your color is fading—your energy too low—due to this common blood condition, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to help build up faded red blood cells to healthy color and size—to help restore your usual vigor. Of course, continuing tiredness and pallor may be due to other condi-

tions—so consult your doctor regularly. But in this Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets to help build up your blood. Take them to start your energy shifting back into "high," to help restore your natural color! Take them so you can enjoy life again!

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Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.



Improved, Concentrated Formula
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TABLETS

with an old school-friend. According to Deborah, she was lunching very well at the Mayfair with a casual acquaintance. At any rate, the friend was looking for a job in pictures; Deborah was not. And at the next table sat Gabriel Pascal, busy casting for *Major Barbara*.

"Gabby," having found another friend who would introduce him to the girl-friend, rolled his black gypsy eyes on Deborah and said: "Who is zis sweet girl?" On learning the name, he asked: "Are you an actress?" and on learning yes, he said promptly, "You have a spiritual face. I make you my Jenny." So Deborah, all tremors and excitement, went down to the studio for tests, and Gabby, all Shaw-worship and Hungary, hailed her on the floor. "Take off your shoes" he said, "your shoes are terrible. Say me the Lord's Prayer." So Deborah said it. And that was the way she got into pictures.

Since *Major Barbara*, Deborah has made eight pictures, and taken time off for a stage appearance in a revival of Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, with Robert Donat and Edith Evans. If you ask her to choose her favorite film star, she will unhesitatingly pick on Betty Field, and then play canny, like a born Scotswoman. "I don't know yet," she says. "I want to meet all of them and see what they are like before I make any definite decision."

About her own work, though, Deborah is definite. She thinks the most interesting film she ever did is her last one, Michael Powell's Indian story, *Black Narcissus*. She didn't always think so. It worried her that she had to play a Sister Superior and underplay clear through the picture. But it is typical of Deborah Kerr that she soon got over that early trepidation, that she has made a job a job, and relished the very challenge that made it difficult.

England is reluctant to say goodbye to Deborah Kerr. She is one of the few film stars about whom you never hear a mean word, front or back of the screen. The public likes her because she seems a nice girl. The grips and prop men like her because she works just as hard as they do. Directors like her because she seems to know by instinct what they are driving at. Cameramen like her because her wide forehead and high Scottish cheekbones are a cinch to photograph. A good face, a good head and a good heart has our Deborah—and what introduction could be fairer than that?

MODERN SCREEN



"Will you stop a minute, Dear?
I want to give someone a lift."

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

(Continued from page 44)

extra study.

Then she developed insomnia. She came home for a holiday looking so groggy and drawn that her mother, in alarm, called in the doctor.

"I just can't sleep at all," Greer told him. "Finally I doze off about three in the morning and am just settled into a deep sleep when the warning bell sounds at seven."

"The answer to that is simple enough," the doctor said. "Begin your day later."

"That would be impossible," Mrs. Garson told him. "Miss Cross, the head mistress, would never hear of it."

The doctor smiled. "I will write a note for Greer to take to Miss Cross."

Miss Cross read the note without expression. She stared across her desk at the pale, earnest little girl for a long time. Finally, her stern face broke into a number of new wrinkles which must have indicated that she was smiling. "Child," she said, "you shall sleep as long as you like in the morning, and come to class when you are ready. We'll make up the difference some way."

And because of the kindness of Miss Cross and the extra tuition generously given her by her teachers in English, French and history, Greer was able to take top honors and win another scholarship. And after a few months the insomnia cured itself.

knight in armor . . .

Right through the University and her brief tussle with the world of commerce, Greer had a way of bringing guardian angels down to roost. Above all, her stage career was furthered by more knights in shining armor than you could shake a spear at. Greer had been chosen to play a middle-aged Jewish woman in *Street Scene*, a sort of martyred character who was a caricature of her type.

Greer, even with a black wig and an accent, just couldn't make the character look believable, being inexperienced in the art of character makeup.

One evening after dress rehearsal, Oswald Dale Roberts, a character actor in the play, stopped her.

"Your makeup is no good," he said. "Come along to my dressing room and I'll give you a bit of help."

That evening, and for many evenings after that, Mr. Roberts taught her little makeup tricks, giving of his time and his experience as generously as veteran actors and actresses are wont to do for earnest beginners.

After the opening night she stood backstage, listening to the comments of important theater people.

One of them said to Roberts, "Extraordinarily good performance that young lady gave—the sister, you know. But I suppose she won't go too far in the English theater. Not enough roles of that sort turn up. She's such a marked type."

. . . And there was Sylvia Thompson. . .

Greer was dining alone, between jobs, at the University Women's Club.

She had just finished her cutlet and was beginning on a sweet when a distinguished-looking young woman, very chic, came up to her table.

"I," said this woman, "am Sylvia Thompson. I've just written my first play. May I sit down?"

"Of course," said Greer. "I've read and enjoyed some of your books immensely. . ."

"I've been watching you for the past

JUNE VINCENT

talks about *Love*



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hour. They tell me you are an actress." "Yes."

"Frankly, I think you'd be perfect for the lead in my play. We've been looking for weeks for someone. It's all ready to go, aside from that. A young actor named Lawrence Olivier is going to direct."

"Would you care to read for the part? Unless, of course, you're engaged for the next few months."

Young Miss Garson looked solemnly at her finger nails. "If the role is right for me," she said, after the proper length of time, "I might manage to get free of my engagements for three months or so."

Golden Arrow was not a strong play, but the lead was a good solo part for any actress. Larry Olivier heard Greer read it once and decided to play opposite her himself. "It might give you a little more confidence," he said.

cold feet . . .

They had been in rehearsal for a week when the producer suddenly got cold feet. "Greer's good, I'll admit," he told Sylvia, "but I just can't see opening with an unknown actress when so much of the play depends on that role. We'll just have to get someone else."

Sylvia and Larry talked it over for an evening, and made a quick decision. They would simply get a new producer. . .

Opening night, Greer was supposed to wear a stunning pair of Sulka pyjamas in the first act, but the dressmaker didn't return them in time and she had to rush into Larry's dressing room, panic stricken, ten minutes before curtain time, to confess she had nothing to wear.

"Good Lord!" he said. He went thrashing around the room and unearthed a large paper package of laundry, tore it open, and found a clean pair of faded blue silk pyjamas. "They may be a little big," he told her, "but we can play the scene for comedy instead of glamor."

Greer was an overnight sensation and after that she was really on her way. She went on to three years of starring in such plays as *Vintage Wine*, opposite Seymour Hicks, *Accent on Youth* and *Mademoiselle*, directed by Noel Coward. Then came Hollywood, where, by one of the strange quirks which fate constantly has up its sleeve, she spent her first year in miserable inactivity. In fact, she became ill.

The head specialist among the four specialists who had been trying to find out what in heaven's name was the matter with Greer finally told her—as head specialists always do in extremity—"You must enter the hospital tomorrow for a rest and general check up. We may de-

cide on an exploratory." Greer left his office in a kind of blue haze.

But whenever she recalls this gloomy occasion, however, it is with pleasure, surprisingly enough, for that evening she made a friend whose words lifted her right out of her mental abyss. She had promised to go to a dinner party at the Edward G. Robinsons' and decided that she might as well keep her promise and forget about the hospital for tonight.

That evening she met Josef Von Sternberg. He was astounded that she should be keeping social engagements the night before hospitalization.

"How can you have the spunk?" he kept asking wonderingly. Then he set about distracting her; he told her about his amusing new house in the valley, designed by Richard Neutra, with the moat around it and one of the garages made especially long to accommodate a Dusenbergs.

Finally, when the party was over, she went home feeling calm and more cheerful. The next day, when she arrived at the hospital, there was an orchid waiting for her in a big cellophane box, and in the afternoon, while she was resting, he came to see her. A fresh orchid and Mr. Von Sternberg turned up in her room daily for the duration of her stay there.

Of course, Greer survived that first incredible year and M-G-M finally found the right part for her in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. It was Gabriel Pascal, whom she met unexpectedly in Hollywood with his successful picture *Pygmalion*, who encouraged her to make this picture.

even louis b. mayer . . .

Since *Chips*, Greer's success story is well known, and there have been dozens of friendly people along the way to lend a helping hand and give words of advice and encouragement, from Mr. Louis B. Mayer to the electrician on the set who whispered behind his hand, "Why don't you move over there so the baby spot will catch the left side of your face? It's a better camera angle, too. . . ." There's the wardrobe girl who hunted and hunted until she found just the right costume for that first all-important test; the prop man who would make her tea and serve it piping hot to buck her up just before a difficult scene was to be shot; an entire crew which got together and gave her a ruby and diamond ring at the end of filming *Madame Curie*, as their expression of appreciation.

And, of course, when you get right down to it, Greer wouldn't make such a bad guardian angel herself. But that's another story.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

(Continued from page 58)

other, said, "Gosh, isn't it cold?" simultaneously, and set off for the Rockefeller Center ice-skating rink.

Once there, they walked in bravely, hired skates, laced them up and hobbled out onto the ice. A Strauss waltz was drifting over the loud-speaker, and small children were whizzing past professionally, while Lon and Mary clutched at each other.

Every so often, one of the professional small children would sneer. A few minutes of this, and Mary was unnerved. "I've never been on ice-skates before in my life," she wailed pitifully.

"I hate skating myself," Lon admitted. The corners of both their mouths began to tremble.

"Then what are we doing out here?" "I thought you—" he said.

"And I thought you—" she said.

Shouting with glee, they made their way back into the skate-room to set their feet free, and then Lon asked Mary where she'd like to go for lunch. "Some place with an ice show, perhaps?"

She hesitated. She'd heard of a restaurant, El Borracho—it had lipstick kiss-prints all over the ceiling, and a talking Minah bird—

They went to El Borracho. The Minah bird was over the bar, in a cage, and he was educated, but limited. "My name's Tom," he said briskly. "How are you?"

They said how they were. "My name's Tom," Tom repeated. "How are you?" "I guess his name's Tom," said Mary, sitting down. "I'm hungry."

McCallister looked reproving. "Queens shouldn't get hungry. It isn't refined."

Mary argued the point. She was such a new queen she hadn't lost her appetite yet. So they ordered lunch, and it was delicious.

After they'd had dessert, Mary said, "Come on; I'll take you over and show you where I work."

At the News, they met Lester Toloff, a gay little Russian photographer, and Mr. Toloff sat Mary down in a chair and adjusted her dress for her. "Some chizz-cake," he said happily.

McCallister was mumbling to himself.

"What?" said Mr. Toloff.

It turned out that what McCallister was mumbling was, "My name is Lon McCallister," but he was mumbling it in Russian.

"Hmm," said Mr. Toloff in a cheerful manner. "Hmm. Soch a lousy Russian." Then he turned back to photography. "Give anodder light."

Which was when Lon decided he had a hankering to visit the Statue of Liberty.

In an hour, they were where they could see the statue, rising from the water.

"She's waving, by God," Ray howled.

When they got to the dock, the boat wasn't in. The wind howled around the Battery, and everybody's feet started to get numb. Still, Lon and Mary insisted on staying out and feeding pigeons.

Pretty soon the little boat came puffing in, and someone suggested a walk on the deck. It was much too cold for a walk on the deck. Any fool could see that.

"Going to send me roses when I'm in the hospital with pneumonia?" Mary demanded. "Where do you think *we'll* be?" said Lon.

And suddenly they were there, at the statue. They got off the boat, and Lon stood and gazed up for a long time. Mary approached him respectfully. "What are you thinking?" she asked, her voice soft.

"I'm thinking she's almost as big as Helen O'Hara," McCallister said proudly. (Helen O'Hara, in case you didn't know, is one of Hollywood's Glamazons—those towering six-foot ladies.)

So that was that. On the trip home, a lot of little kids asked Lon for his autograph. He was delighted until one came along and said, "I like you in the movies. Didn't you play Private Hargrove?"

Lon nodded. Let Robert Walker sue him. What are you going to do—break a kid's heart?

And Mary smiled contentedly. But the best was yet to come.

That night, Lon took her to the Wedgewood Room of the Waldorf Astoria. Jean Sablon, her favorite singer, was there, and the lights were dim, and she wanted to cry because everything was so beautiful.

Hollywood may give her a career and a million dollars but New York had handed her one day she'd never forget.

LIKE A TOOTHBRUSH

There's nothing so scary about the atom bomb if you know how to think straight. And some people in Hollywood like Donny Koye, Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson have plenty of brains—along with people in other places. They know that everybody in the world belongs to one family. That this country is one big team and you don't blockball a fellow or refuse to be on the team because you don't like somebody's race, color, religion or hair-cut. That's why we're going to celebrate **AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD WEEK** from February 16 to 23. You don't have to do much. Just, the next time somebody starts knocking a guy for his religion or race, tell him where to get off. It's a citizen's duty. Freedom from prejudice isn't something you study in school. It's something you use—daily, like a toothbrush.

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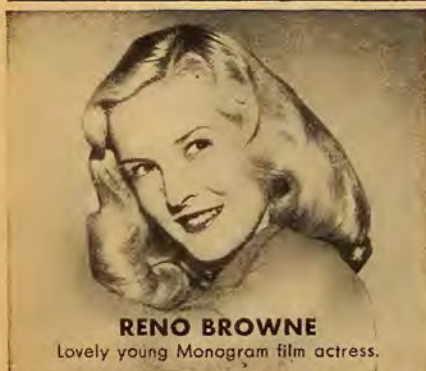


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IT'S A HEAVENLY AGE

(Continued from page 54)

"There's a man at the door—I think he has a summons."

"Oh," said the voice at the other end of the telephone, "Don't worry about that. You might as well accept it."

Joan went back to the front door. She took what the gentleman with the sandy hair and the twinkle in his eye offered—a neat, official-looking paper, the first paragraph of which read, as all legal bad news does in these parts: "The People of the State of California Send Greetings."

Joan suppressed a giggle.

The least a girl should do when greetings are sent by the people of a great state is to answer in kind, and ask the sandy haired representative of same in for a cup of tea. She swallowed the invitation, though. This legal document in its friendly frame was no doubt an order to "show cause," or some other maneuver in the long legal battle she and her attorney, Oscar Cummings, had set off in the fight to break her contract with Warners.

At least six regiments of girls would like to have a contract like the one Joan is trying to break, and a logical question is, "What's she so steamed up about?"

The answer is important to Joan Leslie and the hundreds of teen-aged girls who will hereafter work their way up in the movie business. To put it simply, Joan wanted to find out whether or not a girl reaching the point at which she was old enough to vote could disaffirm or abrogate a contract, which in simple language means to call the whole thing off.

This revolt of a member of the Brodell clan is nothing new, nor is it exactly a revolt. More precisely, Joan Brodell, age 21, and more popularly known as Joan Leslie, was exercising a firm declaration of personal rights as she saw them. These she saw with a clarity few girls her age could because of the family experiences she remembered, beginning way back when.

the great depression . . .

The "when" was that time of the Great Depression. Joan grew up with a whole generation at a time when its elders were asking wearily, "Where's it all going to end?" Her father, John Brodell, was a young bank executive to be envied his \$200 a month position in that rapidly expanding institution—the People's State Bank. His wife was the pretty brunette, Agnes Brodell, who had worked in the Transit Department of the same bank.

One day the bank closed its doors to reorganize. John was out of a job. So were thousands of other men.

That night when he opened the door to his Highland Park home, complete with its \$7,000 mortgage, it was not necessary to say a word to Agnes Brodell. She knew. \$250,000 in bank stock, shared with other Brodells, was now as financially gratifying as morning coffee poured down the drain.

Agnes Brodell talked to her husband of more cheerful matters.

"I can't get over it," she said. "You know, we agreed not to let the girls do so much entertaining because of their school work. \$15 seemed a lot of money to ask the other night. And today a man from the Knights of Columbus called. I said we'd have to charge \$25, and would you believe it, he didn't bat an eyelash!"

There came a day when the Brodell family packed itself into the Ford and took off for Montreal. There they worked on the stages of every theater and, after that, John Brodell couldn't have returned to investment banking if he'd wanted to. Betty, Mary and Joan were now a going

concern in the song and dance business. John Brodell found himself counsellor, travel agent, business manager and guardian of the tender enterprise.

Their new family career took them all over the country in search of bookings.

They joined a horde of moving, hungry Americans. And they learned to take their accommodations where they found them.

Like the time they had just rattled into Battle Creek, Michigan, to keep a vaudeville engagement. They were late, and the ten o'clock rehearsal was ready to begin.

"You go on to the theater," Dad Brodell instructed, parking the Ford in front of an almost deserted cemetery. "I'll be right here when you get back."

He was. The tent was set up in a vacant spot, among the headstones. An open fire was blazing, from the vicinity of which came the aroma of coffee and stew. There was a small audience looking through the gate at those "poor show folk who have to live in a cemetery." The Brodells didn't notice. They ate well, slept well, with due appreciation for their temporary home.

When the Brodells reached New York, Broadway did no quick double take. No manager rushed them into a big salary. Instead, they lived meagerly at the Whitby Apts., across from the Martin Beck Theater, while Dad hunted up more bookings.

dad loses his temper . . .

Then he lost his temper as he did sometimes, deliberately and with fine effect. John and eight-year-old Joan were standing around backstage at a benefit. John hoped to persuade a talented dancer to show Joan a new trick step. The impresario said with some irritation, "A girl her age can't do any of his routines."

"Is that so?" John demanded. "Let me tell you something—there's nobody in your entire show can do a triple wing tap. This young lady can—and I'll thank you not to be insulting her ability!"

The impresario turned to the orchestra and murmured an order. The musicians swung into a fast, tricky arrangement. Joan began to dance—a triple wing tap. Fred Astaire couldn't have done it better. "That's all," the impresario said. "You're booked."

Joan and Dad Brodell went home to their upstairs flat to break the news. \$250 a week at the Park Central! They were rich—for two weeks. Then, one day, a labor board investigator came around.

"How old is the girl in the middle?" he asked John.

"You mean the midget?" John retorted, "Why, that's Joan—she's 41!"

The investigator laughed. Some joke. Then he said, "Get 'em out of here."

A few days later, the Brodells were on again. This time at Ben Marden's Riviera, where the George Washington Bridge links New Jersey with Manhattan. This time they weren't thrown out. They were catapulted. A Metro talent executive wanted a screen test of Joan.

This turned out to be a monologue written for Joan by her mother. The original material involved a little boy talking to his horse—but Mom rewrote the script to include Mike, the family terrier. A little boy might steal the test, Mom reasoned. "Besides," she said, "Mike is on our side."

It was not until the Brodells were on the road again that Joan received the good word. With her mother, she entrained for Culver City.

She worked exactly six days in six months. During those six days, Lionel Barrymore kissed her on the head six times in a scene. Then a kindly executive said, as Mother Brodell listened, not believing a word of it, "You just go on back to New York, Joanie. We'll be sending

(Continued on page 101)

that Always-Fresh look

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8 A.M. Smiling very pretty, Teresa sits for hairdresser—Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream handy. "Between movie 'takes', I Woodbury-beauty-cleanse," says Teresa. "Skin comes aglow!"



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sweet and hot



BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ So there's a flood of articles about how swing is on the way out, and every time you pick up a paper you read a statement by some band leader which goes: "When we played a fast number, they all walked off the floor." And I, for one, claim it doesn't mean a thing. I don't think there's ever been any very strong trend one way or another, and there's certainly room for all kinds of music. As a matter of fact, right now, some of the loudest bands in the country are making the most money. Not that loud necessarily means good. And not that you have to play loud to swing, either. Anyhow, I'd like to get your ideas about the whole business. How about writing? Just choose one of the following:

- a) I like sweet music only
- b) I like swing music only
- c) I like both sweet and hot music if they're played right

And for the most interesting letter I get, I'll give a prize—a special all-star record album. Write me in care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16.

As for the best records of the month, I think Frank Sinatra's "Among My Souvenirs" is tops in the pops department, and Hal McIntyre's "Scarlet and Amber" takes first place as hot jazz. Frankie's on Columbia, Hal on Cosmo.

BEST POPULAR

I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN—Desi Arnaz (Victor)—Remember last month when we were talking about "Carnival in Rio" and I said it paid to read the small type on record labels? Because Lucille Ball (Mrs. Desi Arnaz) had filled in on the number with a Peter-Piper-pepper routine? Well, Lucy herself is the one who's being peppery right now. She's suing Victor for one hundred thousand dollars because they released that record with her name on it! She claims she only did it for a gag. (The record, not the suit.) To me, it doesn't sound like a record that was made for a gag. To me, it sounds as if the band had waited for the little red light to go on at the beginning, and then proceeded in an orderly and business-like fashion to polish the thing off. At any rate, Lucille's probably miserable about the publicity. Movie stars hate that sort of thing. It gets their names in so many dirty old papers. On his latest recording, Desi seems to have found satisfactory vocalists outside the family. "I'll Never Love Again" (also known as La Borrachita) has a vocal by Elsa Miranda, the Chiquita Banana lady. And on the two (Continued on page 118)



At N. Y.'s Cofe Society Uptown, L. Feather (left) and Djonga Reinhardt chat with Hazel Scott and Buddy Rich. Hazel's now a mama as well as a singer-pianist.

(Continued from page 99)
for you again one of these days." So Joan went back to the Brodell sister act.

This extended period of night club bookings explains why she doesn't care for the glamorous spots.

Because of this, a lot of uninformed persons suspect that Joan leads a life barren of romance. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Of a recent evening, a young man arrived to escort Joan to a premiere. He was met at the door by Dad and Mom Brodell, while Joan finished dressing.

"I could hardly finish my makeup," Joan said later. "I felt sorry for the poor man. I knew that Dad was giving him the gentle inquisition. He puts everybody through that. My folks have a normal interest in any young man who comes to the house."

"I didn't need to feel sorry, though. He was just like the rest. When I made my notoriously late entrance I found my date out in the kitchen, chinning with Mom and Dad, and I had to pry him away."

An outstanding Brodell family trait Joan in particular seems to have inherited is her amazing powers of concentration. As Mother Brodell tells it: "When she was six years old, we were sitting in an audience, watching Bill Robinson dance. Bill said that dancing was easy and he'd prove it. He asked Joan to come up on the stage. He did five steps. She did them right after him. He looked startled and exclaimed, 'You go back and sit down. You're spoiling my racket—it's not that easy!'"

learns too quickly . . .

This business of learning so quickly might easily have put Joan out of the movie business through a serious accident. While working in *Susan and God*, with Joan Crawford and Fredric March, she was required to ride horseback for several hours. Although just a beginner, she went through the difficult paces with expert riders, who assumed she was an expert.

Late in the afternoon, when she was tired, the horse threw her. She landed on her face, skinning it so badly that she had to finish the picture with only one side of her face to the camera.

The last time Joan took a role in which she rode a horse, Mother Brodell was on the set, as usual, but she went around behind the barn to keep from watching her daughter work. Sure enough, after a little time there was a loud thump. Joan had done a cartwheel over the animal's head.

Margin for accident is narrowing down, however. On Joan's last trip out, for pleasure purposes, she found her horse could single foot. She tried it. The horse bolted, and when her friends caught up with her two miles later, she was still in the saddle, with the situation well in hand.

"Wow!" a companion exclaimed. "I thought we'd pick you out of the cactus and you could cancel your new picture."

Joan thought about that; then said: "I think I'll save further experiments until *Repeat Performance* is finished."

This is a note of extraordinary caution for Joan, but nothing is going to interfere with this picture in which she, for the first time, casts off the dramatic shackles of the sweet heroine. She plays a young wife who shoots her husband.

Following that comes the great adventure of a trip to England to star opposite Stewart Granger in *Precious Bane*. Would she have had equal opportunities at her own studio? Joan, whose long years of trouping have earned her at least a try at the best her profession has to offer, believes these two opportunities are the direct result of her decision to carry her "right to disaffirm" directly to the Supreme Court. With a decision in her favor, she will be able to do any darned thing she pleases, and what more could she ask?



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THAT'S LIFE WITH THE BOGARTS!

(Continued from page 40)

broken. She re-focused her green eyes.

She was still standing in the half-furnished living room, contemplating the latest lamp that had been delivered, a globe-shaped affair that was essentially authentic and cheated only insofar as it was electrically wired, when she heard Bogey's car in the drive.

She met him at the door. He seemed inordinately pleased with himself. "I'm late," he announced, "because I stopped in that antique place in the Valley and found the chair we've been hunting for. The one we want for the fireplace."

She followed him into the living room, where he threw his hat on a table, lit a cigarette and rang the bell for Fred. "Tell you about it when we've had a Martini," he said.

Fred brought the Martinis, served them, and then, instead of leaving, stood with an air of expectancy beside the table. "Want something, Fred?" Bogey asked.

"It's my vacation, Mr. Bogart. I thought of running up to Vancouver for a bit, to buy some Argyles and things, and I want to fly. I wondered if I might use your name?"

"You mean you want to go incognito, under the alias of Humphrey Bogart?"

Fred drew himself up. "That," he said with hauteur, "is hitting below the belt, milord. But Humphrey Bogart can get plane reservations when Frederic Nathaniel Clark cannot."

"Oh, by all means then, use it," Bogey said. "You can bring me back some Argyles in return."

When Fred had left, Lauren turned to

Bogey with an air of decision and said, "Now then. About that chair?"

"Right. It's traditional and heavy, and darned comfortable. It's been re-upholstered in some sort of dark stuff—" he wagged his hands descriptively—"and it's right for this room. It has a nice patina on the wood, too."

Lauren took a deep breath. "We may as well face it. I bought the identical sort of chair for that spot this afternoon, on the Strip. Plus some other things."

They looked at each other in silence. Finally, Bogey broke it with a nervous laugh. "That's a good gag," he said, "but there's too much coincidence in it. What are we doing tonight?"

two of a kind . . .

"I bought a chair for that spot this afternoon on the Strip," Lauren repeated, emphasizing each word. "They told me the same thing about labor costs and scarcity of materials so I bought it. For three hundred bucks. I am not gagging."

Bogey reached automatically for the shaker, then withdrew his hand, remembering his two-a-day limit.

Lauren went on relentlessly. "We can't use two chairs of that sort at that price, I guess you know."

"Well, ring your people first thing in the morning," Bogey said. "What else did you say you bought?"

Lauren examined her nails.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

"What else did you get?"

"From your description of this chair you

bought in the Valley," she said, looking over his right shoulder into space, "I'd say I had the better buy. Why don't you ring your people in the morning?"

Bogey began to laugh. In a moment the absurdity of the situation was manifest and both of the Bogarts were yakking happily. "Okay," Bogey said, "I'll go see your chair, and you go see mine. We'll leave the choice to you."

As she held a match for his cigarette, she said, "You're a nice guy. In case you haven't heard, we're going to the Nunnally Johnson party tonight."

An hour later, while he was wrestling with his collar, Lauren came out of her dressing room completely ready, from sandals to hairdo. He turned and looked at her. "At least," he said, "Louella will say tomorrow, 'Baby and Bogey Bogart were there. Lauren never looked lovelier.'"

At eleven-thirty on the following day, with the great Johnson party behind them, they had lost track of time, and were feeling a trifle haggard.

"I wonder where Nunnally got that real mermaid in the third tent, beyond the buffet," Lauren said. "You saw her, I suppose."

"Well, at any rate she was a real girl. Of course, I saw her. Could anyone have missed her?"

"All the men kept making little trips back to the buffet for more food. I must say I don't blame them."

"Speaking of food, shall we stop in at Romanoff's for lunch, and watch the hats go by?"

"There's a friend of mine, a model I

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knew in New York, coming to the house for lunch. I'd hoped you'd be here. She's crazy to meet you, of course."

"A model, hm? Good?"

"Very good."

Lauren's friend, Rita, was indeed very good, Bogey decided when they were introduced. She was dark and not too tall, and there was that sharp New York air about her clothes, and she was not in the least blasé. While they were showing her the house she stopped before the living room mantel and, pointing to its centerpiece, said, "That's a charming touch. Not what I'd have expected to find in the Bogarts' house, though."

"Those are the little porcelain bride and groom figurines that were on our wedding cake at Malebar, Louis Bromfield's farm," Lauren explained. "I brought them home in a little box, and when I got off the train at Pasadena I gave it to a studio man named Jack Diamond to hold while the photographers took pictures, and then asked for it back the minute we got into the car."

"He said, 'What's that, crown jewels?' and I said, 'Something a lot more valuable,' and showed him. So the other day he found that iridescent goldfish bowl in an antique shop, and he got the wooden platform from a carpenter—it used to be the top of a stair-post—and there you have it."

Rita said, "I do believe you two are in love. And after two years, at that. Remember when everyone said it wouldn't last?"

"Come in here," Bogey said, "and we'll show you something."

His hand on the knob of a closed door, he paused a second. "This is one of the big reasons why we bought the house," he said. "We told the real estate broker that we wouldn't take any house, however much we liked it, if it didn't have this room."

Then he opened the door. The room was a spacious, airy, sun-filled nursery, completely equipped and decorated.

"Is this by way of being an announcement?" asked Rita, managing somehow not to sound coy.

"I wish it were," Lauren said. She looked at Bogey. "It's a nice room, isn't it? We intend to fill it."

Harvey, the Boxer dog, sat with them at lunch, occasionally romping after imaginary butterflies and showing off in general. "He comes by that naturally," Lauren told Rita. "His mother was one of Louis Bromfield's prize bitches, and she lay on the judge's feet all the time he was marrying us." She laughed suddenly. "Do you know, I think her doing that added the man's mind, because he gave me his Phi



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I SAW IT HAPPEN



While we were having dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby one night, Van Johnson came in and sat down at the table next to ours. A few minutes later, one of his fans came over and spoke to him very seriously for several minutes. He smiled and nodded his head. After the girl had left, Van turned to one of his friends and laughed. "How do you like that?" he grinned. "She wants me to join the Peter Lawford Fan Club!"

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Beta Kappa key after the ceremony. I don't know when anything has pleased me more."

"Harvey's out of his mind today," Bogey said. "Of course, everyone in the house is a ham. Even Fred, here, was once in the movies."

Fred, distributing a soufflé, made a deprecating sound in his throat. "It was a frightful picture, really," he said. "With Marion Davies. But it paid me enough money to go to Europe. I was charmed with Paris."

"I'm curious about that nursery," Rita said. "You mean it was like that when you bought the place?"

"But we bought it from Hedy LaMarr," said Lauren, "so naturally—"

"Oh."

"Everything stays in the orbit of the picture business out here." Bogey tossed a small piece of toast to Harvey, who caught it in mid-air. "Except politics. You buy a station wagon, and it turns out to have been Gable's. And there's the *Santana*. She was Dick Powell's, and before that George Brent had her."

"She's been around, whoever she is. Lucky girl."

"The *Santana* is Bogey's 54-foot yawl," Lauren explained. "It's already entered in the Honolulu and Bermuda races for next year. Bogey's going to skipper her himself."

"What'll you do, take care of the galley?"

"Women aren't allowed in these races, worse luck. I'll take the steamer over to Honolulu when the time comes."

At this point, Bogey interrupted, "There's that Rhode Island Red out again. I'll have to have Fred catch her before she flies over the cliff and is never heard from again."

"She can't. I clipped her wings."

"Chickens?" said Rita incredulously.

"You clipped her wings?"

"Fourteen chickens, and ducks too," Lauren said. "Of course I clipped her wings. She laid a double-yolked egg three days in succession. That makes her a valuable hen."

"But where do they live?"

"Come along," Lauren said, "and I'll show you my egg-and-I routine."

On their way to the hen-house they had to walk close to the edge of the lawn, which ended on a 75-foot sheer cliff and was encircled by a white rail fence. Suddenly, in an excess of good spirits, Lauren clambered to the top of the fence and went balancing along the narrow railing, with nothing but air on her right between her and oblivion.

Bogey inhaled sharply but said nothing until she had reached the end and had jumped back to the lawn. Then he went over and gripped her arm, too harshly for comfort. "Don't do that again," he said.

She was laughing, but she stopped when she saw his face. It was dead white, and there was horror in his eyes. "Suppose you had fallen," he said simply, and she knew then what her little escapade had done to him.

"I'm sorry," she said, and she meant it.

He released her, at that, and lit a cigarette. He had to strike three matches before his hand was steady enough to hold the flame.

As they were dressing for dinner that night, Bogey, still damp from his shower and wrapped in an enormous terry-cloth robe, wandered into his wife's dressing room for a cigarette before climbing into his clothes.

"She's a nice gal," he said.

"Yes."

"She was curious about something you did this afternoon, and I've been wondering about the same thing for weeks."

Lauren turned, lipstick in hand, to face him. "Let's have it."

"First, something else I've always wondered about. Why do women put on lipstick first, and do their hair, then pull a dress over their heads and muss up their hair and smear their lipstick, and then have to do everything all over again? Why not just dress, and then do this makeup thing?"

"We are like Fred," she said. "We can't organize our minds. Next question."

"Why, when you go up to the door of the hen coop, do you knock first, wait a minute, and then go in? Are you being delicate about the hens' private lives, or do you expect to find people in there?"

"Why, it's very simple," Lauren explained. "Someone told me that if you frighten chickens it puts them off laying. So I knock, to give them a chance to compose themselves."

After a moment Bogey got up and crushed out his cigarette. "Who've you invited tonight?"

"The Hellingers, Thornton Delahanty, Efrem Kurtz . . ."

"Some of the finest minds in the country," Bogey said resignedly. "And my wife knocks on chicken coop doors before entering. Oh well, we can always be sure of some things. Fred, for instance, will be chewing a mouthful of food all the time he's serving dinner, so he can get out in time for his date, and I'll probably speak to him about it, and he'll be sore. And Harvey will get loose and come in and put his forepaws in somebody's plate."

"And nobody'll mind," Lauren said, complacently, "even when the cook comes in to say goodnight in her bare feet. After all, that's life at the Bogarts'."

Bogey grinned. "Yeah," he said. "That's life."

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MARK STEVENS

(Continued from page 32)

his bruises. He shot a deadly look up the stairs at his tormentor. Then he walked out. He never went back to that school. He was only six years old, but nothing could make him go back. Nothing could make Sonny Stevens do what he didn't believe in doing. Nothing could shake him out of the dreams he had to dream, ever.

The conflict that was to keynote Mark's youth began before he was conceived. His grandfather, Captain William Morrison, was a doughty Scotch sea-captain, solid as Britannia itself. He boasted an honorable record at sea. He'd steered King George, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales often across the Channel to France and had gold cuff links and cases presented by them to prove it. He'd been honored by the King of Norway for a dangerous rescue of a Norwegian ship in distress. Captain Morrison gazed with a cold, disapproving eye on the reckless, curly haired, Indiana Hoosier who met his 16-year old daughter in Folkstone and captured her heart. He bellowed an angry "No" to marriage ideas. But the handsome Yank with the irresistible way with women was about to go to the front to fly a rickety crate, and it seemed a safe bet he wouldn't return. So he gave his consent if Richard Stevens came back alive. And darned if he didn't.

But the marriage was not starred for success. After the excitement of battle, Dick Stevens couldn't fit into family responsibilities. He brought his young bride back to the States and took a job in Cleveland, Ohio. That's where Willimina's baby boy was born one bitter December 13, as icy winds swept in off Lake Erie. His first home was a square, weatherbeaten, two-story wood house on East 79th Street, in the poor section of the city. But it wasn't home for long. Before he was four years old, Mark had been hustled around to six or seven other homes. His early childhood is a bewildering kaleidoscope of new and strange places, of sooty trains, bare furnished flats and boarding house rooms, as his irresponsible dad chased the rainbow.

one against the world . . .

They moved to Chicago, to Youngstown, Ohio, to Cleveland again, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and back to Chicago. His dad was a bus driver, a hat salesman; he worked in a roundhouse, in the steel mills. He couldn't settle down. He was away somewhere and they couldn't find him the night Mark was born, so his mother had her baby alone. When Mark was three, Willimina Stevens decided that old Captain Morrison had been right. She packed up Baby Richard, sailed back to Canada and moved in with her sister's family in Montreal. That was the city, at last, where Sonny Stevens would grow up and which he'd call his home town. But the restless, roving babyhood had twisted his sense of security, and no doubt he had inherited the rebellious blood of his father. Anyway, from the start, Sonny Stevens sized himself up as one against the world.

It was a pleasant world, too, certainly one no normal kid could kick about. Mark's mother took a job as hairdresser for a while but soon she met and married James Cooke, a steady, capable, self-made immigrant from England who'd worked all his life and was to rise to vice-president and treasurer of a big Montreal engineering firm. Until recently, Dad Cooke, as Mark soon called him, hadn't missed a day at work in 25 years.

It was hard for steady, normal, industrious folk like his mother and Dad Cooke

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to understand a kid like Sonny. He had a talent for trouble. If he wasn't messing up his mother's best rugs making mudpies, he was letting the red cat he adored into the parlor to claw up the upholstery. When he raced after his cousin Iris, three years older, he always managed to come to grief. Mark carries a scar to this day when he fell and ran a two-inch spike into his face. Nobody could make him eat his cereal. If he didn't like it, Mark stuffed his cheeks and then got rid of it after dinner. He was a rebel.

Mark wasn't deliberately mean, vicious or wicked. In school, for instance, he just had a knack for living perpetually in hot water, because his young mind was off half the time romancing.

He wasn't dumb, just indifferent. He loved drawing and spelling and, later on, manual training, shorthand and typing. He hated mathematics with a fury, and dull history lessons. In his last year at grammar school (it was his third school in six years!), Mark got interested in basketball and made the team. But that triumph only made his rebellion worse. On the eve of the big game with the school's arch rival, his teacher sent a bad report to the principal and they jerked him from the lineup. He hated her for that. Mark wound up his career as the only boy in a class of girls, the ultimate punishment.

hookey-player mark . . .

Mark didn't know what it was he wanted—yet—but he knew what blocked his visions—school. He became a hookey artist supreme. Once Mark managed to duck classes for two whole weeks. He wrote his own fantastic excuse notes from his mother. Finally, he was graduated and went on to Argyll Junior High. He still was a problem student there, but all men teachers and organized sports helped. He managed, of course, to break his collarbone and busted his ankle, too. Trouble just seemed to chase Sonny Stevens—even when he was off to summer camp.

One summer, for instance, Mark was sent to Camp LaFond, a military camp run by an army major. His parents thought that might give him some discipline. Unfortunately, Mark ran into a sadistic counselor who kept him marching extra duty tours all day on a hot parade ground and whacking him with a cane. Mark lashed out at him and wound up in disgrace.

Mark's temper and touchy aloofness won him no popularity prizes. He didn't care. His black Scotty, "Jock," was enough of a pal for him throughout his boyhood. At school and in his neighborhood, he was mostly a lone wolf. He had few chums. He was mostly bored with his kid colleagues because his ambitions were way ahead of his age. In high school, Mark skipped the usual school boy antics and parties. He thought they were silly; he wasn't interested in girls; had no dates.

He began to feed his dreams at Montreal's movie houses, and it irked him no end that kids under sixteen were barred at the boxoffice. There'd been a disastrous theater fire in Montreal and the law was passed. Mark and his pal, Bill Shelley, had the movie bug together. Bill, one of Mark's few friends, had an older face than Mark had. He could get by the ticket taker although he was only Mark's age, 13. Several times it was "Run along, Sonny—you're too young," and when the manager said that in front of Bill and everyone, Mark got so mad he'd burst into tears. He couldn't stand slights in public. He resolved to fix that. He went home and crammed his feet into an old pair of his mother's high heeled shoes. It worked. From then on "under age" meant nothing to Mark. He lived every spare hour in movies and shows.

To be an actor became a holy resolve.

He knew his family would be horrified. So he kept his dream secret like the first cigarette he'd smoked out in the shed—and passed out cold.

Tap dancing fascinated him in the stage shows. Secretly, he took lessons. He couldn't learn it. He loved music. Bands on the stage thrilled Mark. He got lost when a piano or violin played, and still does. But he couldn't pipe a note, saw a string or tinkle a key himself. It made him rage at himself that he had no obvious talent.

One thing Mark could do a little. He could sing, or fancied he could. He'd play Bing Crosby's crooning records and copy them in his solitude, groaning and boo-booing to himself until he thought he was good. One day when he was thirteen, he thought he was ready to do something about it.

So after school Mark hustled downtown to the Dominion Square Building and to the offices of "Ten Per Cent Green," Montreal's best booking agent.

Ten Per Cent's office walls were covered with autographed pictures of famous performers. Mark stood in the doorway, awed. Ten Per Cent himself perched behind a giant desk, a small man with a mammoth cigar. He didn't know what the scared-looking, curly headed kid wanted.

"What can I do for you, Sonny?"

Mark's plan was to open his voice pronto and croon out a song, which would wow Green and have him say, "My boy—you're a natural! We'll book you right into the Loew's circuit next week!" or something like that. But Mark couldn't find any notes that would come out. So he turned around and ran.

Mark's ignominious retreat from Ten Per Cent Green's only made his gnawing ambitions and their frustrations more unbearable. In his mind one idea dinned: "Get to the States . . . Get to the States."

He wanted to get out of Canada to America. It was an idea his mother had planted early in his head. She talked a lot about America. "You're an American. Someday maybe when you grow up that's where you'll want to be. That's where you were born and where your future lies."

His first, groping move toward that future was to enroll in the Montreal Repertory Theatre. As the name implies, it was a dramatic school. Mark knew that when he enrolled but, typically, he stubbornly ignored it. He told Martha Allen, the director, "I don't want to go to classes, I want to act, work—now." She laughed. "You've got to learn how first."

no actor he . . .

They put him in a play to start him off happy—*Family Portrait*. After his first performance, if you could call it that, Martha Allen drove him home. "My boy," she told him kindly, "you'll never be an actor. Why don't you forget it? You've got a wonderful face for moving pictures. It's a shame you can't act because you'd be good for Hollywood one of these days. But you can't act."

"I can, too," said Mark.

"You might learn—" suggested the director, "if you studied—"

Mark tried—enough to get parts in some other plays, things like *Golden Boy* and *Night Must Fall*. He loved doing the plays, but the classes fretted him. It was his old rebellion against school. Besides, he'd seen a lot of movies by now and to him screen actors seemed real. When he looked around the dramatic school, he spied arty students overacting all over the place. He didn't want to be like them; he wanted to be like the Hollywood actors. So he stopped going to classes and he stopped getting parts.

In fact, about this time Mark Stevens'

troubles in all schools ended. His painful academic progress came to a close when he quit high school in his junior year.

He knew his stepdad would be dead set against it. So Mark didn't tell anyone when he walked into the Corona Barn, a "mellerdrama" spot in Montreal, where the customers swizzled beer and the actors burlesqued the old Gay Ninety Thrillers like *The Drunkard* and *Our Little Nell*. Mark knew the leading man was sick; he asked for the job and lied about his triumphs with the Montreal Repertory. Oddly enough, they gave it to him. He got \$15 a week, his first show business check. He pasted on a moustache and played "John Middleton" in *The Drunkard*.

Mark kept the secret from his family for almost six months—until one night the Corona Barn burned down. Then they learned about his shame and Dad Cooke put his foot down. "If you've quit school," he decreed, "then you've got to go to work at a respectable job." He took Mark down to Railway and Engineering Specialties, Ltd., where he was an executive by now. He put Mark to work in the filing department. Mark lasted at that musty task exactly two weeks. Then he quit. "All right," shrugged his stepdad. "You're on your own." That's the way Mark wanted it—he thought. But his attempts at a commercial career—all in all—were just about as stormy as his school days.

nix on loafing . . .

After a hopeless year of short lived jobs, the family deal with his stepdad was: "Work at whatever you want. The stage, if you insist. But work. No loafing." Mark agreed. His choice of work prompted family sighs, but at least it was something to keep him busy. A new stock company was forming in Montreal, the Atterbury Players. Mark promoted a job for himself on the strength of his Corona Barn days. He got \$25 a week. He played leads in old time thrillers—*Jesse James*, *Billy the Kid*, *Sweeney Todd*, *The Mad Barber of Fleet Street* and such. He played off and on for a year before the Atterbury company folded. He made tours around to neighboring Canadian cities. He proved to himself that he was right: the only way for Mark Stevens to learn acting was to act. He couldn't study acting; he had to learn the hard way—profit by his own mistakes.

When the Atterbury troupe disbanded and Mark found himself idle again, Dad Cooke reminded him of his bargain, "No loafin'." So Mark took his second try at his dad's plant. He worked this time in the Motor and Service Assembly department and he did all right. The foreman liked him and Mark stuck to his job—he was always handy mechanically—but the job wasn't enough and it wasn't what he was really hankering for. After a month, he lined up a job acting for the local Canadian Broadcasting Company station, reading characters in a serial, *Miss Trent's Children*. About then, too, the Club Norgate, a Montreal nitery, staged a Gay Nineties floor show. The proprietor had seen Mark in the Atterbury plays. He offered him a spot in the floor show. Mark snapped it up. But he knew he couldn't quit his stepdad, just when he was beginning to be proud of him at the shop.

So Steve found himself handling three jobs at once. His steady one at the plant, 9 o'clock to 5:30. Three shows nightly at the Norgate—8 o'clock, 10 and midnight. Mark doubled up as leading man in the "mellerdrammer," emceed at the mike and sang in the chorus. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, he skipped around the corner to his radio spot, from seven to eight.

They didn't know about all this at home. Mark kept it a secret. Mark's mother and James Cooke thought he was just chasing around when he dragged in every night

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after midnight and sneaked upstairs to his room. Mornings, Mark bolted his breakfast, sleepy-eyed and silent. He was too groggy to talk.

"What's the boy doing, anyway?" Dad Cooke asked his wife. And answered it with his next headshaking remark. "He can't stand dissipating himself away like this!"

His stepdad was away from the plant that day when the president of the firm came through Mark's department on inspection and criticized something he was doing. Mark snapped back at him like a cranky dog. "Get out of here!" yelled the prexy. Mark took off his work coat, threw it on the floor and walked out. He knew he would leave home then. He'd let Dad Cooke down for the last time and he knew he could never go back to that convenient job again. It was time to head for the States.

Mark had been making good money at his day and night jobs, and in spite of his snappy new clothes, he had about \$150 saved up. He packed his bag and left the familiar brick house, he thought, for keeps. He was eighteen and Mark was fretting to try his wings. He was so enthusiastic that even his canny Scotch mother, and Dad Cooke too, fell in with the idea. They saw him off at the bus station. "Good luck," they told him. "Now see what you can do—and remember, you can always come back home."

heartaches and headaches . . .

Mark stifled some tears as the bus roared away from Montreal's familiar sights. He was sorry he wasn't the kind of guy his folks had hoped he would be. He'd caused them nothing but heartaches and headaches. But now they would be proud of him at last. He resolved fiercely to crash New York, and figured, as Steve has always figured, that he'd do it alone. He had an uncle in Manhattan, Joe Kelley, who was the successful, wealthy vice-president of a big corporation. His mother had said, "Be sure and look up Uncle Joe. He can get you a job." Mark never considered that. He would do it himself. He wasn't too sure Uncle Joe approved of him, anyway. Wealthy uncles didn't usually cotton to would-be actors.

Instead of looking up a rich relative, Mark headed for a Montreal pal, Don Tuppen, who was working in New York. Don

got him a room next to his in Sunnyside, Long Island, and Mark set out to conquer the city he'd dreamed about since he was a kid. He thought he'd get a good-paying job right off, something thrilling and exciting—maybe a radio spot or a part in a show, where he'd make swell dough and make everyone back home really proud of him.

In a few weeks, Mark was haunting the employment offices of Horn and Hardart, Riker's and Childs' restaurants, hunting a job as a dish washer. His \$150 had melted, to his surprise, like butter in an oven. He couldn't get a job anywhere, not even pearl-diving. It was 1938 and jobs were scarce. He was stunned, lonely, forlorn and disillusioned. But, even then, Mark Stevens was bristling with the same old pride.

nuts to uncle joe . . .

He never did call rich Uncle Joe. When his pocket went flat he left the Sunnyside room without telling Don Tuppen goodbye, although he knew Don would stake him to room rent a while.

Mark had no place to go so he walked the streets, bewildered—all day and all night for a couple of days. Then he found the benches in Central Park and curled up on their slats for another couple of nights until the cops whacked him awake in the morning on the soles of his feet. Luckily, it was summer and outdoor living was healthful. But one night the rain chased Mark inside a Mayflower Doughnut Shop. There were seats at the counter but Mark didn't sit down. The hashers on duty sized him up quickly. He slid a cup of steaming coffee and a couple of crullers across the board. "Here," he said. "Have one on the house." Mark hadn't eaten since the night before. You could tell it by the way he gulped the doughnuts. The waiter caught that, too.

"Got any place to stay?"

"No."

"Stick around," said the guy, "and come home with me." Mark's benefactor had a basement apartment nearby. He was a natural born humanitarian, interested in people and their problems. He pumped Mark for his. Mark stayed there two days and found himself telling his whole sad story.

"Um-hum," said his friend. "Well, now—New York ain't the place for you, Sonny."

MODERN SCREEN



"Boy! After all that waiting, wouldn't it be a riot if this wasn't the line for the Roxy?"

Suppose you get a job—what you got? Suppose you crack Broadway—still what you got? Not much. But if you want to be an actor—why, why not shoot the moon?"

"What do you mean?"

"Hollywood," explained Mark's host. "The movies. The big money—a fortune. That's worth the rifle, ain't it? Listen—I'll bet I see your face on the screen someday, if you'll give it a try. You've got the looks and I bet you can cut it."

Mark had to laugh. He seemed a very long way from fame and fortune at that point. But it was funny: this was the second time someone had touted him away from Broadway and on to Hollywood. He laughed acidly, "Like this?" What a joker this guy was. Hollywood was a spot somewhere in the middle of the moon. And who had a rocket?

"Na-w-w-w—" Mark's friend frowned. "Not like *this*! You can't do nothin' when you're busted except get in trouble. But you've got folks, ain't you? Then go home and—"

Mark's face tightened. He'd starve first! "I can't—"

"Sez you! Get a stake and then start out again. But next time don't come here. Head for Hollywood!"

Mark's new pal was a persuasive talker. He must have been, because under his spell Mark Stevens did what he had never done before. He admitted he was stumped and asked for help. He borrowed the price of a telegram and wired Dad Cooke for bus fare back to Montreal.

Mark dates the first step in his education as an adult to that return to Montreal, back home and broke. It taught him his first lesson in humility. It took a restraining first hitch at that terrible temper of his. It made him realize that a cocky chin and a flashing eye couldn't make the world hand you dreams on a silver platter. He had come to New York to win success overnight, cocky as a rooster. Well—he hadn't got past a single secretary in a Broadway producer's office. He hadn't even landed a job as a dishwasher, and a doughnut shop waiter had given him food and shelter. He didn't have much to say when he got off the bus in Montreal. Dad Cooke and his mother understood how Mark felt. They didn't pester him with questions or tell him what to do next. They just said, "Welcome home, Sonny." Mark appreciated that. Most parents would have rubbed it in unmercifully.

never say die . . .

But Sonny Stevens knew that home would never be the same. He was back licking his wounds but he wasn't licked. Mark got an emcee job in a Montreal waterfront night club. For the next few months he drifted around from frowsy night joint to night joint. He sang a little, cracked cheap jokes, clowned and introduced third rate artists at the mike. But behind his glib patter his voice was gritty and over his professional smile his brown eyes were hard. He was wholeheartedly sore at himself.

It was okay to flop at something you didn't like. But when it was at something you did—well—that kind of failure wasn't in Mark Stevens' book. And now more than ever "Get back to the States" was pounding inside him until he thought his head would pop.

As soon as he had scraped a few fast bucks together, Mark told his folks good-bye again and climbed on another bus headed South.

"This time," he told them, "I'm going to stay—if I starve to death!"

A good many times—before he reached Hollywood—and after, too—Mark Stevens thought that was exactly what was going to happen.



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CAN STARS STAY MARRIED?

(Continued from page 38)

in days and hours. Before they were married, they knew each other by heart. . . .

They met at the Hollywood Canteen, where Harry'd gone to play, and Betty to dance with the soldiers. He took her home. They stopped at a drive-in for a bite, and talked about music—the first major interest they discovered in common. Harry asked for a date. Most men dating Grable for the first time would have headed for a night club. To Betty's delight, Harry said, "How about a movie?" They went to see Alice Faye in *Hello, Frisco, Hello*. "You'll Never Know" has been their song ever since.

But not till they were separated did Betty really fall in love. His schedule took Harry to New York. An operation took Betty to a hospital. Gifts and flowers came daily, but gifts and flowers are easy. All they cost is money. What made all the difference were Harry's letters. It's difficult to realize that a girl like Grable—courted, adored, the toast of a continent—should have been moved to tears because a man showed his love by writing her letters. No one else ever had. They'd wired, they'd phoned—

"But a letter's different. I knew how busy he was. And still he took time to sit down and write every day—"

Naturally, it wasn't only that he wrote, it was also *what* he wrote. Betty read and re-read the letters, kept them under her pillow. By the time she was well enough to go to New York with her mother, she felt she knew Harry better than people she'd known all her life—

"I did too. All the good things I thought he was, he is. Only more so—"

2. FEW COMMON GOALS; CAREERS WHICH MEAN MORE TO THEM THAN THEY MEAN TO EACH OTHER; SEPARATE ACTIVITIES.

"Harry means a thousand times more to me. It's silly to compare them—"

"Then why don't you quit?"

"You wouldn't understand, not being in show business. Harry understands—"

Harry understands that, when you're in show business, something keeps you going as long as the public wants you. If he asked her to quit—or even if he didn't and she thought it was hurting their marriage, she'd quit tomorrow. She's never been one of those do-and-die-for-a-career gals. . . .

Most picture people talk pictures. If you hear a picture mentioned at the Jameses, it'll be that horse opera they saw last night. Never by any chance a Grable opus. It's not that she's afraid of boring her husband, because she used to be the same way with her mother—

"What happened at the studio today?" Mrs. Grable would ask.

"Oh, Mother, let's not talk about it, huh? By the time I get home, I've had enough of the studio—"

On the other hand, there's plenty of talk about music at the Jameses. If Harry were a plumber, maybe there'd be talk about plumbing. As it is, Betty doesn't have to force herself. She's just naturally more interested in Harry's recordings than in tomorrow's dialogue—

"Look at all you can do with music—sing it, play it, listen to it. What can you say about dialogue? It's dialogue. Period—"

We'd hate to give the impression that Betty's indifferent to her own professional success. Far from it. But as a movie star she doesn't run true to form—gets a bang, for instance, out of being ignored for Harry. That happens in New York, when they run into a crowd of band fans, all yelling for his autograph and paying not

the smallest attention to her. . . .

She gets an even bigger bang out of the fact that Vicki doesn't know who Betty Grable is. . . .

"Who's that man playing the horn?" Vicki's grandma asks her.

"Daddy—"

"What's his name?"

"Harry James—"

"And who's this lady in the magazine?"

"Mommy—"

"What's her name?"

"Betty James—"

. . . They sing songs about Betty Grable. "Betty James," says the lady, "sounds more like a song to me—"

"As for goals, I can't think of a goal we don't have in common—"

It's not only that their fundamental values are the same—that what they want out of life are children, love and peace. They also share the same everyday interests. Music was first. Baseball comes a close second. Betty'll tell you it was Rogers Hornsby who put her in really solid with Harry—

"When I was four or five," she told him idly, "we lived in the hotel where the team stayed, and Hornsby used to bounce me on his knee—"

Harry, she says, bowed three times to the ground and proposed.

Kidding aside, baseball's his passion. Before sitting down to listen to the last World Series, he'd put on the Card uniform Mort Cooper gave him. In season, the radio's always tuned to the game. Lots of wives would walk in and say, "Turn that jabber off—" Others would shrug and walk out. Betty sits down and listens. She's almost as crazy about the game as he is. But that's not the point. The point is, if his hobby were the home life of the dinosaur, she'd make it her business to find out all there was to know about dinosaurs. "It's the only way that makes sense. Otherwise you're deliberately shutting yourself out of a whole part of your husband's life—"

Then there's the ranch. But first there were the saddle horses. As a child in St. Louis Betty rode every day. Her folks used horses as bribes. "If you'll take your dancing lessons, we'll buy you a saddle—" Naturally Harry loved horses, he'd been born in a circus. So they bought a pair of saddle horses. Then they had to buy a ranch to give the horses a home and themselves a place to ride. . . .

But Harry didn't know what a race-track looked like till his wife put him wise, and it happened this way. Betty had once owned a horse named Can Jones. He'd been out of her life for quite a while when she and Harry went to New York for one of those sieges of his at the Astor Hotel. Since they couldn't show their noses without being mobbed, most of the day was spent in the hotel room. That's where Betty met Can again—on the racing page—

"Ooh look, honey, here's a horse I used to own. Let's make a bet—"

—And later in the day, "What do you think, the horse won?"

In appreciation, they paid Can a visit, watched the nags work out, got to know them by their first names. Then a friend who owned a race horse gave Harry half. Then Betty's maternal instinct started working overtime—

"Let's raise one, so we can have our own little babies—"

They bought a brood mare in foal, and had her shipped to the ranch. They bought practically everything but a glass window for the child's father to look through. Did you ever see a baby horse? Well, if only

for the sight of Vicki and that foal together, it was worth double the money and then some. Now the mare's in foal again. And meantime they've acquired a stable that's up front with the live ones. . . .

To keep from getting homesick for horses, they go at least twice a week to The Hitching Post, a theatre devoted exclusively to westerns. Any time they find themselves with a spare minute, they head for the ranch—

"Now I ask you," she asked us, "where would we squeeze in a separate interest?"

3. HUSBAND OR WIFE, SATISFACTORY BEFORE SUCCESS, SOMETIMES SEEM A MISFIT IN THE HOLLYWOOD ATMOSPHERE.

Betty paused. They were both at home in Hollywood before they married—

"Besides, any atmosphere Harry didn't fit into, there'd be something wrong with the atmosphere, not with him—

"The subject of childless marriages doesn't fit either, but it gives me a chance to talk about Vicki, and her brother—we hope—"

Vicki's not quite three and has a sweet disposition like her Pop. She's also shy like her Pop—very warm with friends, but shuts up like a clam if she doesn't know you. Calls both parents Honey, because that's what they call each other. . . .

Every night at 6:30 the three Jameses eat together—nothing's allowed to interfere with that. Actually, five of them gather round the table in front of the fireplace. Punkin the poodle, and Kilroy the spaniel, wait like gentlemen till Vicki pulls her little chair up, then plunk themselves down on either side. Betty smiles, remembering what she said to her mother soon after her marriage—

"I've got everything in the world I want. Wouldn't it be awful if I didn't have a baby—?"

For herself, she was enchanted when the baby turned out to be a girl. For Harry, the baseball fan, she was disappointed. "Never mind. Next time it'll be a boy—"

The boy is expected in late June or early July. "But, honey, what if it's another little girl? I can't bear for you to be disappointed again—"

"If it's another like Vicki," says Harry, "I'll buy her. We'll make it a girl's team—"

4. FEVERISH WORK SCHEDULES WHICH INTERFERE WITH COMPANIONSHIP.

"That could do it, but not if you both make up your minds that it won't—"

Betty's contribution was to cut her picture schedule to two a year—

Harry's contribution is being an angel.

His schedule has to be set up a year in advance. He tries to arrange it so they'll be off together. But time and again her picture starts late, and he'll be free while she's working.

When it's the other way round, there's no problem. Betty has the house and baby to keep her busy, and if Harry goes on the road, she and Vicki go with him. But for him a holiday alone isn't much fun. Yet he's never once made an issue of it, never once complained. In other words, he's an adult. Having accepted the fact that his wife's a movie star, he accepts all its conditions and doesn't find it necessary to take his disappointments out on her.

As it is, she probably takes them harder than he does. "Honey, it's not fair to keep you down here. Why don't you run up to Las Vegas or Bay Meadows?"

"No, I don't want to leave you—"

By day it's not so bad. Sometimes he'll come in and have lunch with her. If there's a chance of her getting off early, he'll wait. Otherwise, he'll play golf or baseball with the boys in the band. And phone her between innings. . . .



"Held in a web of indifference . . ."

Day after heartbreaking day I was held in an unyielding web . . . a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault *mine*? Well . . . thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet

trusting to *now-and-then* care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks . . . prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow to the letter my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with

salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol," a proved germ-killer that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's *easy* to use, too, and *economical*. The very best part is—"Lysol" really works!

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 reasons

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At night he's fresh and she's exhausted. All she wants is bed. Yet with anyone else, you'd feel at least once in a while that you had to say, "Let's go out tonight—" No use saying it to Harry, he wouldn't let her go. Won't go himself either.

"I'd rather stay home and read—" . . . "Companionship," mused Betty, "is a funny thing. Two people can be in the same room and miles apart. Or they can be close together, even when one's asleep in bed and the other's in front of the fireplace, reading. . . ."

**5. GOSSIP COLUMNS STARTING
IRRESPONSIBLE RUMORS.**

We hated handing her that one. Her face turned grim. . . .

They do it to everyone—especially to people whose names are top news—yet it always comes as a shock. The Jameses have hurdled twenty such rumors—beginning from shortly after their wedding to just the other month—

"Why?" Harry used to ask, completely baffled and less experienced than Betty in the ways of Hollywood. "What good does it do them—?"

"When there isn't any news, they have to make it—"

That's about the size of it. Newspaper space and air time can be filled by starting a rumor one week and denying it the next. Last month one guy had Judy Garland's mother in the hospital with a brain operation at the very moment when that lady was cheerfully rustling Sunday night supper for twelve. . . .

After their fourth or fifth press separation, Harry said, "Look, honey, let's not get hot and bothered. If you ever fall for another guy, come and tell me. I won't believe it unless I hear it from you—"

"That goes both ways—" Harry does a better job of ignoring the whispers. They still infuriate Betty. But that's the worst they can do. You can't sow suspicion where there's perfect faith—

**6. FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE
MAKES IT EASIER FOR WIVES TO
BREAK AWAY.**

It doesn't bother Harry how financially independent Betty gets. There's no halve-sies in the James budget. Whether it's a ranch or a potato, Harry's money pays. . . . "So according to your expert," said

Betty—

"Look, he's not my expert—"

"You brought me his list, didn't you? According to him, that makes it easier for me to leave Harry. You tell him something from me. The United States Mint wouldn't make it easier."

**7. THEIR WORK THROWS THEM INTO
CONTACT WITH HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE
PEOPLE OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, EX-
POSING THEM TO CONSTANT TEMP-
TATION.**

"Lots of folks get exposed to smallpox too, but they're vaccinated—"

Betty thinks it's up to you. She started dancing in the line at 12, and didn't run up against nearly as much of that "Come here, Sugar," stuff as popular fiction would lead you to imagine. If you want it, you can get it. If not, there are sixteen different ways of avoiding it, all legal.

As for the attractive men you meet on sets, she's so tired by the end of the day that she couldn't date the Prince of Wales if there was one. Apart from the fact that nobody else but Harry looks good to her.

**8. THREAT OF AGE AND HOPE OF
RECAPTURING YOUTH BY MARRYING
A YOUNGER MATE.**

"Look, I'm a practical person. I don't kid myself. I know everyone either dies young or gets older. When an actress gets older, she can play older parts. I'm not an actress, I'm an entertainer. I want to do musicals, and that's all I want to do. As long as people like me in them, I'll go on. But the day they tell me I'm too old for musicals, that's the day I quit—"

"I've worked a long time. It'll be wonderful to sit down and relax. When Harry says, let's take December off, it'll be wonderful not to have to ask anyone else. My life'll be full without pictures—full of my husband and family and the things we do together. I'll take the years as they come as long as Harry comes with them. Every age has its own pleasures. You watch the kids grow up, step out, start their own lives, have their own children—"

"Oh. You people with your charts and statistics. I could tell you in two words why marriages flop—Hollywood or any other kind—"

"Why?"

"People don't love each other enough—"

TO EACH HIS OWN

(Continued from page 37)

things like "Don't Talk to the Driver" and "Pay as You Leave" written on it), he'd come up after work at the barber shop and sit on her porch. It was a gentle, leisurely romance, with time to talk about everything in the world.

"I want a million children," Perry would say, and Roselle would say, "Me, too. And a white house with a garden." "And not too much money. Just enough." "And time for each other," Roselle would say softly.

It ran smoothly for the most part, this love affair, and there was really just one time when Roselle wondered whether Perry was, after all, The One. It happened like this: Saturday nights, Perry worked late at the barber shop, usually till nine. Then he'd grab a bite and run over to Roselle's. Roselle worried about his never having a nice hot meal on Saturday, and so this time she promised to cook him something absolutely out of this world to make up for all the quick snacks. She got started in the kitchen around four, and by eight everything was pretty well under control. By nine, Roselle was bathed

and dressed, a vision in blue linen, and there was no sign of Perry. No sign of him at ten, nor moreover, eleven. Roselle put the dinner away in the icebox, carefully, deliberately, in a series of covered dishes, then she faced her family.

"It is definitely all over between us," she announced, pitching her voice high, above the lump in her throat. "I never want to see him again." Then, stiff-lipped, she went upstairs to bed, to bawl into her pillow all night long. The next day she heard that Perry had been at a dance and had danced continuously with the one girl in Canonsburg Roselle could not bear. (You know how there's always one character you know is gunning for your man? That was whom Perry had been with.) That cinched it. He called to explain, and she'd have none of him; and for six weeks she sulked. Oh, not so you'd notice it. She was very, very gay.

"I'm really not in the least angry," she'd say in the new impersonal voice.

After six weeks of it she broke down. The old Model-T was at the station one afternoon when she got off the train from

school, and she wanted to walk by it with her chin up; but her feet double-crossed her. Somehow she found herself on the worn leather seat holding Perry's hand.

"Honey," he was saying. "Oh, gee honey—" And then the story came out. He'd been closing up the barber shop that Saturday night, when a mob of his buddies came in. They were all going to the dance, and they wanted Perry to go. He hemmed and hawed, embarrassed to let on that he had this really heavy date. "Boy, that babe sure has you hog-tied," one boy said, and another one said, "No female's gonna get me under her thumb." The upshot of it was that Perry went, was stuck with That Girl almost all night and had an utterly miserable time.

"It's all right," Roselle said. "I should have known it wasn't your fault."

"I'm such a jerk," Perry said, and they looked at each other and looked at each other, and they couldn't stop smiling.

They were married when they were twenty-one, after Perry had given up an eighty-dollar-a-week barbering job for a \$24 singing spot with Freddie Caralone.

Roselle is a home-maker. If they ever played one town as long as six weeks, she really dug in. She'd sand down the furniture and refinish it, hang fresh curtains, buy pots of ivy and join the public library. She'd put down roots in the twinkling of an eye, pull 'em up again when they put the show on the road.

tubes, tubes, tubes . . .

They were in Chicago, finishing up an engagement before going on to Denver; living in the inevitable hotel room, the bathroom of which was crowded—as always—with tubes of toothpaste. (It's one of Perry's vices, loading up on dozens of tubes of toothpaste of every conceivable brand, compounded of all sorts of exotic ingredients.) One morning Roselle tried one of the new ones, and it made her deathly ill. She shook Perry awake.

"I'm poisoned," she said. "I'm desperately, desperately ill." She made him throw out all the toothpaste and extracted his solemn promise that he'd stick to one safe brand thereafter. That should have settled it, but it didn't. Roselle didn't seem to get better, and Perry was worried to death, wondering what had been in the paste—arsenate of lead, or what. He took her to the doctor that afternoon, and when she emerged there was a kind of radiance about her, sort of a lilt to her walk. "Are you all right?" Perry asked her. "Are you going to be better soon?"

"Why, yes," she said in that superior voice only a brand new expectant mother can assume. "In about seven months I should be absolutely cured."

When Ronnie was born, Perry wanted to stop batting around and go back to his first trade, but Roselle put her small foot down.

"You're good at this stuff, doll," she'd tell him. "Some day you'll be as well-known as Bing."

"Think so, baby?" How he loved that pint-sized blond.

"Think so! Why I'm so darn positive—"

So they bought a great big Packard, had the back seat taken out and a real custom-made baby's mattress installed in its place. When the band rolled, Ronnie rolled too, snug as a bug in his zipper robe.

Perry became a real family man. He bought a camera, carried around fistfuls of snapshots of "The Punk." Some of the boys had movies of their kids, so he brought home a movie camera. "Can you operate that thing?" Roselle was awed.

"Sure," Perry said. "It says here—" He followed the directions to a T, and he got some pretty good movies. He's not Cecil B. DeMille, you understand, but he caught Ronnie standing on his head at six months,



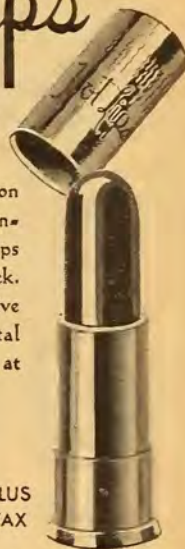
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taking his first steps at a little past a year. He caught Ronnie eating, burping, sleeping. "Reading" at eighteen months, cutting his birthday cake at two. That was the year they had to light the candles every night until the last crumb of cake was gone. That was the year Perry began to worry in earnest about the future.

"He'll be going to school soon," he told Roselle. "We can't be gypsies forever."

"We won't be," little Mrs. Como reassured him. And she was right. Ronnie is six-and-a-half now, and the Comos have finally settled down.

Most of you know how Perry gave up singing for a while, went back to barbering so that his kid could grow up in one place, like other kids. Then how he got a good offer from CBS and another from the Copacabana in New York and another from Hollywood—and how he went back to singing because his little blond wanted him to. Came the offer to do the thrice-weekly spot on the Chesterfield supper club. Came the beautiful contract with Twentieth Century-Fox that only takes him (and of course his adored family) coastward about nine weeks a year. Maybe you know all about that. But maybe you don't know how wonderful it all is for Perry and Roselle and Ronnie.

nice fat acre . . .

They have their dream house now, a really lovely spot, beautifully decorated by Guy Lombardo's brother, Joseph, with a garden and a terrace and a million trees. A nice fat acre in Manhasset, Long Island, where Perry is close to his beloved golf course; where Ronnie keeps three frogs named Slowly, Fastly and Jockey in a tree well and is readying a doghouse that's a miniature replica of the big house for a cocker spaniel puppy; where Roselle can dig in in earnest and uncrate all her treasured antiques.

It is heaven for the three of them, and sometimes Perry and Roselle will sit on their terrace in the evening and talk about it. "Looks like we have pretty nearly everything." That's Perry's nice, quiet voice, and he's talking humbly, gratefully. He's the guy who can't take a thing for granted.

"We've always had everything," Roselle said. "This house—it's wonderful. I love every inch of it—but if we should lose it somehow—I'm trying to say that it's not all the *things* we own that make me happy. It's us and Ronnie, and evenings like this. You know what I'm talking about, doll?"

"I know."

Sometimes the evenings are less idyllic, but it's the variety that makes their life so much fun. Say it's a Tuesday night—that's one of Perry's nights off. The three of them will be sitting around, Perry reading the sport pages, Roselle and Ronnie playing one of their everlasting games. Train or bomb or something.

"Look, there's this mechanism, mom. See it here?"

"Yes." (It's all imaginary, you understand.)

"Well, that releases the bomb and when it does—boy, when it does, the whole darn airplane disintegrates, and it's got about nine engines, that big old airplane. Okay, now you're the plane—" They'll go along swimmingly for a while and then suddenly Ronnie will turn on his mom for some violation of the rules. "Okay," he'll say. "That's just the limit. I'm sure not going to play with you any more." Whereupon he'll flounce out. Then Perry pounces on her.

"Why the devil do you let him talk to you that way? As if you were one of the boys in the back room or something. Command his respect—"

Roselle of the serene and smiling nature flares up at that. "Command his respect—"

when I'm alternately his pony, his nurse, his stooge, his buddy. You try it and see how far you get commanding his respect." They'll glare at each other a minute, and then it'll strike them both funny.

"You look like Mickey Mouse in those glasses," Roselle will say. And that'll be that.

For such a sweet and considerate guy, he has one maddening habit. He simply cannot remember dates. There was the time not so long ago that he and Roselle decided to go out to dinner of a Thursday evening. Roselle engaged a nurse to take care of Ronnie to the tune of considerable trouble, assembled her wardrobe, and was in that nice pink state of anticipation the evening of the dinner spree, when in walked Perry with his pal, Mike.

"Come out in the kitchen, baby," he called. "You've got yourself two fine chefs." And out of a large paper bag he pulled the ingredients for a real Italian spaghetti dinner.

"But, doll, this is the night we were going out to dinner. . . ." His face fell.

"Say, that's right." He started putting away his cans of tomato paste, the garlic, the cheese, looking at them sadly as a little boy looks at the toys he's putting away for the night. Roselle was lost.

"I can call off the nurse," she said briskly, trying not to hug him. "It doesn't really matter." And of course it really didn't. What mattered was the big smile he gave her, the look in his eyes when he put the spaghetti in front of her.

There's one date though that Perry doesn't forget, and that's their anniversary. Roselle has every present he's ever given her—from the noisy seven-jewel watch that commemorated their first one, to the most recent gift—a heavenly slim gold watch inscribed on the bracelet part: "To Mom from Ronnie and Pop, as always, only so much more so."

At 34, he's on top of the world, this nice, warm-voiced guy, and a lot of people are wondering, "Has it gone to his head?" Well, listen. He still cuts his kid's hair ("In the garage, please, so you don't get fuzz all over everything.") because no other barber does it right. Last year he was voted one of the ten best dressed men in America, but he still prefers easy, unglamorous clothes. He still gets a kick out of signing autographs for the kids at St. Peter's—Ronnie's school; out of the early show and a soda afterwards; out of visits with his mom and his brothers and sisters in Canonsburg. Has Como gone stuffy? If you ask the girl who owns one, she'll say, "Pierine?" (And there's music in that name when his wife says it.) "He's a small town boy still. Simple, sweet, kind. But, look, don't ask me. I'm in love with the guy."

Well, who isn't?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A few years ago, when Frankie was just beginning to wow the bobbysockers, he made a personal appearance at Cleveland's Palace Theater. Just as he was giving out with "Take me, I'm yours if you'll

take me . . ." some uncontrollable fan in the balcony shouted, "Wrap him up!"

Margaret Selmants
Cleveland, Ohio

THE FANS

(Continued from page 90)

scrupulous sense of responsibility, a gift for getting along with people, and love of hard work—which we think are the criteria for a good club president—may be found in both age groups.

A special word of congratulation goes to the runners-up, all fine clubs and worthy of high commendation. In League One—the Dick Haymes Associates, Nelson Eddy Music, Guy Madison, Nelson Eddy International, Dennis Morgan, Shirley Temple (Smithka), June Allyson, and Jane Withers Club. In League Two—the Jeanette MacDonald (Waddy), Gene Kelly, Bette Davis, Jack Carson, Bob Crosby, Frank Sinatra (Bush), Evelyn MacGregor, Sinatra (DiMattia) and Rise Stevens Clubs. In League Three—the New Stars, Marian McManus, Jean Pierre Aumont, Frances Langford, Edward Ashley, Errol Flynn, Johnny Coy (Lanzillo), Sinatra (Wolfenstein) and Joe Cotten Clubs.

on with the new . . .

Hardly pausing to say thanks to all the wonderful clubs which cooperated in our old Trophy competition, we're going right on with the start of our contest for the first half of 1947. Here's how the points stack up for January:

1. "This Is My Best" Contest. Each month our editorial board selects the six best articles and/or poems appearing in your club journals. (Note: Do not submit articles or poems direct to us. They must first be printed in your club journal. Winners of our January contest snag 100 points each for their clubs and, in addition, will receive a beautiful gift ensemble of Faberge's glamorous "Aphrodisia" Perfume and Cologne! The lucky gals are Marjorie Heidrick, for "Acres of Diamonds," (Humphrey) Bogart Broadcast; Pat Harris, for "Christmas," Soliloquy (Sinatra; Ling); Jeanne Barbier, for "Class of '49," (Charles) Korvinus; Ellen Caughlin, for "Thoughts of a Bobby-Soxer," Sinatra Journal (Ellovich); Elizabeth Gilson, for "Hollywood Premier," (Diana) Lynn's Lingo, and Muriel Scott, for "My Afternoon at the Cottens," (Joseph) Cotten Chronicle.

2. Best Journal Editors for January. The club editor in each league, judged by our staff as having done the best editing job, scores 250 points for her club and also rates a lovely gift prize for herself—a special assortment of Pond's fine beauty aids, packed exclusively for the winners of this contest! They are: 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. Carrie DeHart, Scott McKay Club. 3. Harriet Dworkin, Keenan Wynn Club.

3. Candid Camera Contest. Any member of an MSFCA club is eligible to submit as many candid snaps as he wishes—of any interesting subject—to our Candid Camera Contest Editor. The only requirement is that the pic must be one taken by an amateur. Please write your name, address, club and a line of description on the back of each snap.)

First prize winner this month is Georgia Eustice, who scores 100 points for the Rand Brooks Club, and receives a handsome, serviceable Tangee Trip-Kit, filled with those wonderful Tangee cosmetics! Other winning camera wizards are: Ann Latting, Cornel Wilde Club; Cecilia Giza, Guy Madison Club; Kay McGowan, Pierre Aumont Club; Marjorie Roster, Rise Stevens Club, and Sara Ann Kennedy, Bingites. Each garners 50 points for her club and a dandy selection of four baffling Dell Mys-



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4. A very special prize goes to Walter Goldby, who wins the month's award for the best original piece of art work published in a club journal. Walt will receive a year's subscription to the popular Front Page Detective Magazine, b. a year's subscription to Screen Album Magazine, and 3. four Dell Mystery Books. He also earns 150 points for the Ilene Woods Club.

5. Best Journals of the Month (500 points to each club): 1. (Dennis) Morgan Memos. 2. (Charles) Korvinus. 3. Voice Parade (Sinatra; Beattie).

6. Best Journal Covers of the Month (250 points to each club): 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. None qualified in this category. 3. Alan Ladd Club (Pearl).

7. Most Worthwhile Activities of the Month: 1. Guy Madison Club (Donated \$70 to VA Hospitals). 2. Frank Sinatra Club (Bund) (Presented 25 dolls to War Orphans Committee; also donated \$25 to Sister Kenny Fund for Frank's birthday). 3. Bill Johnston Club (Bought a row of tickets at Miami Theatre, where Bill is appearing in a show, and turned them over to veterans recuperating in nearby VA Hospital).

8. Greatest Percentage Increases in Membership (100 points to each club): 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club. 2. Sons of the Pioneers Club. 3. Nina Foch Club.

9. Best MSFCA Correspondents (50 points to each club): 1. Mary Pritchett, Dennis Morgan Club. 2. Irene DiMattia, Frank Sinatra Club. 3. Louise Warnes, Richard Jaekel Club.

And that's the score for round one!

club banter...

As we told you back in September, in our one-sheet issue of THE FANS, Hollywood clubbers will hold their first annual fan club convention and party this summer! Ellen Roufs is chairman; dates: June 23-29.

Lucky Leona Rosenthal, prexy of one of the official Eastern James Mason clubs, was one of the few persons who succeeded in getting an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Mason, on their arrival in the United States. James issued a statement that will make important news among all American Mason clubs, and he requested Leona to forward that message to all Mason prexies in this country. Contact her at 1285 St. John's Place, Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

All Peggy Pearl did was to ask the manager of the Ambassador Theatre in St. Louis if it was all right to publicize her Alan Ladd Club during the run of *Two Years Before the Mast*. First thing she knew all local members were invited to the preview, were interviewed by a reporter from the St. Louis Star, and were treated to a phone call to Alan!

The Party Parade: The Baritone Club, run by Annette Russell, for Ray Heatter-ton, Jerry Cooper and Jimmy Farrell, is one of our most party minded clubs. Their latest was a dinner at Chum Lee's Restaurant in N. Y. . . . In Chicago, the Blaine Boosters (Vivian, natch!) threw a birthday party for her in *absentia*. Shirley Weis and Jacki Jaacks, co-prexies, arranged everything—place cards, candles, cake—in fact, it looked so good, they called Vi long distance and described the scene. . . . The Aumont Club held a Christmas Benefit for their adopted French orphan. They're Foster Parents, you know. . . . The Sam Edwards Club (Lilian Nagai, prexy) goes in for skating parties. . . . Eileen Sinnott's Johnny Desmond Club surprised Johnny with a birthday shindig in the MBS studios, after his broadcast. . . . Ken Curtis is another honorary whose members entertained at a surprise party.

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M. S. GOES SKIING

(Continued from page 53)

in Austria years ago, and he was skiing alone, starry-eyed with exhilaration. In front of him yawned a twenty foot drop to a ledge overhanging a steep cliff, but he didn't see it because the wind was blowing the snow out over the ledge like a safe, white sheet. At the edge of the drop he suddenly became aware of his danger, but it was too late to stop and he plunged downward to the ledge, up to his neck in snow.

There are several rules for would-be skiers, the first of which concerns the purchase of equipment. A beginner's skis should reach from the ground to his wrist when the arm is held straight up. Later, when the addict has reached the point where he feels he can handle the situation, the skis should be longer, reaching the fingertips. Hickory wood is the best lumber for skis, but lately they are being made of a lightweight metal, which is a considerable improvement. The ski poles should be a little less than shoulder high—their tips reaching the palm when the hand is outstretched. Shoes can either be worn on the feet and then attached to the skis, as in roller skating, or one can buy ski shoes and have them permanently fitted to the skis.

a st. bernard helps . . .

Of course, having shoes attached to skis means that the skier must carry his walking shoes with him while skiing. This amounts to quite a load, considering that he already is carrying a thermos bottle with coffee or hot chocolate, sandwiches, fruit and, if he believes in the St. Bernard theory, a few nips of brandy. He must also carry a can of wax. This is used on the skis to facilitate moving at all. The skier must always wax his skis carefully.

There is a jargon that goes with skiing, including such words as herring bone, sidestep, snowplow, telemark and Christiana. A herring bone is a method of climbing, done by moving forward with the toes pointed outward, the skis making a herring bone pattern behind the skier. The sidestep is an easier but more awkward way of ascending. It is done with the skier at right angles to the hill, going up one step at a time much as a child attempting his first flight of stairs. The snowplow is a manner of stopping, done by spreading the legs apart and then pointing the toes inward, running the points of the skis together. This can be embarrassing if carried too far. The telemark will turn you in deep snow and is accomplished, when skiing down a slope diagonally, by shoving the ski opposite the side to which you want to turn in that direction, and shifting weight to that ski. The Christiana is also a method for turning and is done by executing a snowplow and then pulling up one ski and placing it parallel to the mate.

None of this bothers our Mr. Bey, who digests it all with a great continental aplomb. Even on the day MS's cameraman accompanied Turhan to Snow Valley, a skiing resort about three hours' drive from Los Angeles, his rented skis were without wax and continually loaded with snow. As for Yvonne DeCarlo, she was a brave girl and went through her instructions with gritted teeth and prayers. When Turhan asked her if she'd like to go again, she smiled weakly and said, "Well, maybe. Yes, I guess so." Turhan didn't tell her, but she has approximately fifteen hours of steady slope-sliding ahead of her before her reactions grow to fearless enthusiasm.

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 100)

tunes from "Carnival in Costa Rica" (see Best From the Movies) Jane Harvey sings.

MAD ABOUT YOU—Warren Evans—Sam Price (Decca)—This is the song Lana Turner fell in love with. It was two or three years ago, and she was in some spot on 52nd Street, where Billy Daniels was singing, and it sounded wonderful to her. It sounded so good that she was talking about buying an interest in it, but I don't think anything ever came of that. Nevertheless, here it is, in a new version.

BEST HOT JAZZ

BENNY GOODMAN—Benjie's Bubble (Columbia)—In the old days, a lot of swing numbers ("Tiger Rag," for instance) were derived from marches. Benny Goodman seems to be going back in that direction, because "Benjie's Bubble" is simply a jazzy version of "Under The Double Eagle." It was dreamed up by Benny's former pianist, Joey Bushkin.

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC, Vol. IV (Disc)—Here's another of those rowdy, informal albums recorded at a jam session. The series originated at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and since then, the musicians have done two cross-country tours under the title, "Jazz at the Philharmonic." Ironically enough, the L. A. Philharmonic won't let them play there any more. Claim they kick up too much pandemonium.

HAL MCINTYRE—Scarlet and Amber (Cosmo)—This is instrumental, in two parts, one slow, one fast. I don't know whether the title's supposed to suggest "Gone With The Wind" and "Forever You Know What" but it's clever sounding.

LEO WATSON—The Snake Pit (Signature)—"Snake Pit" really sounds like its title; it's a wild thing. And the trombone, Vic Dickenson, plays the way Leo sings, if you can imagine such a happening. The other side is the most knocked-out version of "Jingle Bells" yet.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Waltz Boogie (Victor)—I strongly recommend this very unusual, very pretty record. It's the only boogie-woogie piano solo ever recorded in three-quarter time, and it shows what a great musician Mary Lou Williams is.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

SMASH-UP—Hush-A-Bye Island: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—The other side of "Hush-A-Bye Island" is "This Is The Night" (listed under Best Popular). Both sides are typical Sinatra performances. By the time you read this, though, you'll probably be able to buy something very untypical. It's the record Frank made with the Metronome All-Star band. Every year, Metronome makes a record for the Musicians' Charity Fund, and features winners of its annual poll. This time, Frankie, singing "Sweet Lorraine," joined King Cole, Coleman Hawkins and several members of the Duke Ellington and Stan Kenton bands.

I caught Frankie in his act at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf Astoria and I swear he gets more sensational all the time. He's not only a great singer, and a great person, but he's a hell of a personality. He told me he was under doctor's orders, and he wasn't even supposed to be working, but when he came on later with a cup of coffee in his hand, singing "They've Got An Awful Lot of Coffee In Brazil," you wouldn't have known there was anything bothering him. They kept him there for an hour and a half,

and nobody got tired, except possibly Frank. He only appeared once a night (at the midnight show) but what an appearance! He's got some satirical material—there's one number about Old Man Crosby, who just keeps rolling along—and there's a cute fan-letter-to-Ingrid-Bergman number, and the dramatic soliloquy from "Carousel" and a lot of off-the-beaten-track stuff I wish he'd record.

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: Tommy Dorsey (Victor); Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)—Here's the first record featuring music from the picture based on the lives of Tommy and Jimmy D, but there'll undoubtedly be lots more where this came from. I've seen the script of "The Fabulous Dorseys," and it actually has the name of the town where the boys were born, and the story of their famous feud, and a few other little things that lead me to believe it may possibly bear some resemblance to the facts.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AND SO TO BED—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Artie Shaw (Musicraft)

BLESS YOU (FOR BEING AN ANGEL)—Betty Rhodes (Victor), Phil Brito (Musicraft), Harry Cool (Signature)

HUGGIN' AND A-CHALKIN'—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Herbie Fields (Victor)

I'LL CLOSE MY EYES—Mildred Bailey (Majestic), Teddy Walters (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia)

I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN—Desi Arnaz (Victor)

MAD ABOUT YOU—Warren Evans-Sam Price (Decca)

MAGENTA MOODS—Herbie Jeffries Album (Exclusive)

SONATA—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Tony Martin (Mercury)

THIS IS THE NIGHT—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE ONE I LOVE—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Betty Rhodes (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

DON BYAS—Tenor Sax Album (Savoy)

HERBIE FIELDS—Blue Fields (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN—Benjie's Bubble (Columbia)

BILLIE HOLIDAY—album (Commodore)

JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC Vol. IV—(Disc)

LOUIS JORDAN—Let The Good Times Roll (Decca)

HAL MCINTYRE—Scarlet & Amber (Cosmo)

CHARLIE SHAVERS—Serenade to a Pair of Nylons (Vogue)

LEO WATSON—The Snake Pit (Signature)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Waltz Boogie (Victor)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA—Another Night Like This; Mi Vida: Desi Arnaz (Victor)

DUEL IN THE SUN—Theme Music: Al Goodman (Victor); Album: Boston Pops Orchestra (Victor)

MY HEART GOES CRAZY—So Would I: Georgia Gibbs (Majestic), Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)

SMASH-UP—Hush-A-Bye Island: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Uncle Remus Said: Woody Herman (Columbia), Monica Lewis (Signature); Song of the South Album: Tony Pastor (Cosmo)

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Among My Souvenirs: Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Etta Jones (Victor), Alvino Rey (Capitol)

THE FABULOUS DORSEYS—At Sundown: Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Paul Weston-Matt Dennis (Capitol)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—Easy To Love: Dick Haymes (Decca)

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY—Ol' Man River: Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS

(Continued from page 51)

set. They called for me. When I get my curls caught in a musical score I'm not human. Shall we get to work?"

"Let's," Judy said, trying to look austere to cover up the jelling sympathy she knew would show on her face. After all, forty-five minutes!

They got down to the work at hand. Judy was to do the "Interview" number in *Ziegfeld Follies*. Kay, a comparative newcomer to the music department, fresh from the prolonged success of her own vocal work as leader of The Rhythm Girls, was to coach her.

"All Judy had to do was sing," Kay said afterwards, "and act like a combination of Gertrude Lawrence, Greta Garbo and five other grand ladies of the screen. She was bristling. She had one thing on her mind—do it—do it so impressively that I'd be flabbergasted, and then get out of there."

That's the way it was.

Judy went home with a better feeling. Kay went home with a solid respect for the star she'd inadvertently left waiting like a hitch-hiker on a speedway.

There were other rehearsals and coaching sessions. They were always gruelling, hard work. When Kay ran through a particularly difficult phrasing or did a whole song to indicate how she thought Judy might improve her delivery, Judy kept thinking, "I wish I had a voice that could do all that!" Sometimes they worked at the studio. Sometimes Kay went up to the home on Sunset Plaza Drive where Judy now had her head in the clouds as Mrs. Vincente Minnelli.

no time for blues . . .

"You teeter along the edge of all sorts of moods and complexes when you are expecting," Judy confided to a friend, "and that's how the camaraderie began to spring up between Kay and me. She's so full of interests, that I never had time while waiting for Liza May's arrival to get blue or giddy or listless."

When the baby was born and time came for the christening, Judy and Vincente decided that Kay should be the Godmother and her husband, radio producer Bill Spier, the Godfather. That clinched the friendship.

There are those who secretly suspect the sanity of Judy Garland and Kay and their respective spouses. That idea could be shared by anyone who happened to be in the vicinity of a small hotel during a recent few days. Judy and Vincente and Kay and Bill climbed into their cars on the spur of the moment and drove down to Laguna Beach one day.

The foursome checked in at the Coast Inn, one of the few places that can boast three terraces of rooms fronting directly on the ocean. The constant roar of the surf was too much for all of them. Such peace after the backstage grinding on four sets of Hollywood nerves made them all lazy. Bill and Vincente, feeling the pangs of hunger setting in, proposed to journey forth among the artists, crackpots, and plain honest citizens, to one of the colorful little restaurants for food.

"I think I'll just quietly starve, instead," Judy said. "The food may be wonderful, but that ocean has given me a touch of paralysis. My legs refuse to move."

So Bill and Vincente went shopping. They came back loaded to the chins with canned goods and two Sterno stoves, also a can opener. Kay went to work.

When the feast was over, Judy said, "It's a miracle—Oscar of the Waldorf never served a finer banquet."

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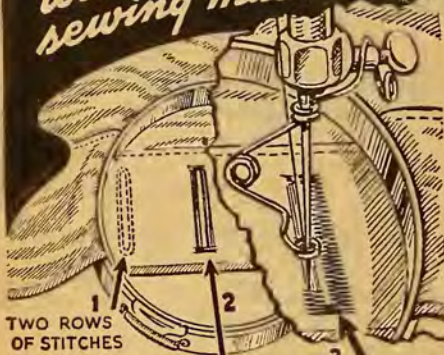


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Next day Kay's ever present camera
went to work. With the help of those ex-
perts in camera angles and direction, Bill
and Vincente, Judy and Kay posed like
fashion models, on the high stairway
which leads to the ocean, sitting on rocks,
looking out halfway to Honolulu.

"Get this one," Judy called, striking a
pose out of camera range. "I am looking
out longingly."

"Some actress," Kay retorted, "You look
like a mermaid standing in a rowboat that
isn't there."

Fog and the call to work set in like a
wet blanket. The Minnellis and the Spiers
were urgently needed back in Hollywood.
Vincente had final preparations to set for
The Pirate, in which he will direct Judy.
Kay and Judy had to begin rehearsals of
those Cole Porter tunes, "Love of My
Life," "Be a Clown," and "You Can Do
No Wrong." Bill Spier had at least eight
radio shows to line up for production, in-
cluding his "Suspense" show, on which
Judy was doing "Drive In."

For four friends, their mutual interests
as mixed and current as the morning
scrambled eggs.

"It's good that way," Judy explained.
"Friendship of two couples for each
other doesn't happen every day. If the
wives get along, the husbands don't, or
it's a reverse of that. Maybe one husband
is an engineer and the other a lawyer, or
one wife works and the other doesn't.
Then there are no mutual interests."

"We're lucky, but on the work side, it's
strenuous. I'd wanted to appear on 'Sus-
pense' for a long time, but the just-right
script didn't come up. When it did, I was
anxious to get at it immediately. I would
have learned it word for word a week
in advance to prove to Bill I wouldn't let
him down, but he gave me the same treat-
ment they all get on that wonderful show.
My script arrived the day before the re-
hearsal to make sure I'd do it the way
producer Spier wanted it—not the way
Garland thought it should be."

spare that beard! . . .

Kay certainly won't object to Judy's
letting the cat out of the bag about the re-
ason for the magnificent beard her husband,
Bill, wears. It was not cultivated as Bill's
idea of the hallmark of genius. A while
back, he was ill in the hospital for some
time. He didn't have the energy for shav-
ing and couldn't bear being shaved by
someone else. So the beard grew. When he
at length shaved it off, his face had
changed. He didn't look like the same man
to his recent bride.

Kay exclaimed, "For heaven's sake,
Bill—you grow that beard right back on!"
"Those high Hooper ratings Bill Spier
always gets on his radio shows," Judy said
to a friend, who brought up the subject
of the beard, "are not because Bill looks
like a genius. Whiskers won't register on
the air, but talent does."

And speaking of talent, sometimes Judy
has wondered about eight-months-old
Liza Minnelli.

"Liza is always cheerful and seldom
cries except for a real reason. Just let me
sing Brahms' 'Lullaby' or 'Over the Rain-
bow,' though, and she yells a mile. Then
Kay walks in, um-de-ums something
simple and Liza brightens up like a mar-
quee after dark."

Kay had an explanation for that. "May-
be," she said, "Liza plans to grow up to
be a music critic!"

"Touché, my friend," Judy smiled.
"Touché!"

Then, with Kay listening attentively and
nodding occasionally at the round, increas-
ing perfection of voice, Judy sang.

It is on the record that none of the
neighbors on Sunset Plaza Drive rushed
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

being an associate of the famed Charlie McCarthy. The occasion was the christening of Missy Candy and the party that followed was one of the most charming of the holiday season.

It was the very first carrying out the Christmas idea and all through the charming Bergen home were poinsettias, holly wreaths and mistletoe. Candy, who has big blue eyes, blonde hair and is a beauty, loved the bright reds and greens much better than her soft nursery colors.

If you ask me, one of the loveliest women present was our hostess, Frances Bergen. Lady Mendl whispered in my ear, "She has the best figure in Hollywood. Good thing she isn't on the screen to give the others some REAL competition."

The cutest story left over from the holidays concerns Lana Turner's three-year-old, Cheryl, who for the first time rode down Hollywood Boulevard in Santa Claus' famous sled.

Santa Claus Lane was jammed with fans dying to get a peek at Lana and her beautiful little daughter.

Little Cheryl, thinking all the hubbub was for Santa, went up and threw her arms around him. "Don't be afraid," she called, putting her arms around him, "Don't be afraid. They're bobby-soxers! They just want your autograph."

Did you ever see a live "Mermaid" serving as a party decoration? Well, I did—and it wasn't a stag party either, baby. S'help me, the Nunnally Johnsons hosted not only one of the most elaborate fiestas ever given in Hollywood, but introduced this idea of "living" decoration.

The Johnson house, one of the show places of the colony and so beautifully decorated by William Haines, is a wonderful setting for a party. Everyone oh-ed and ah-ed as we left our wraps and coats.

But none of the ohs or ahs equalled the gasp that went up as each guest stepped into the elaborately decorated tent adjoining the house and got a load of the mermaid decorations—one of the water babies

MODERN SCREEN



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THE JOB

AHEAD...

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actually alive and breathing and holding motionless court behind the glittering buffet tables! It's a good thing this Lorelei had long golden hair because the upper part of her body was exposed.

In my ignorance (which my host once publicized by calling me "The Gay Illiterate" and I later swiped it for my book), I asked: "Why the mermaids?"

"Our host is making 'Mr. Peabody and the Mermaids,'" I was told.

That was a good enough reason so, now that I knew, I turned my attention to enjoying this fabulous and really unequalled party. There were eight white-capped chefs serving the food behind the buffet tables—and WHAT food! Dave Chasen really outdid himself catering this affair.

There's never been such an array of evening clothes. Loretta Young's dress was a dream in white lace. Mrs. Fred MacMurray wore a stunning black gown and our charming hostess, Doris Bowdoin, looked like a big doll in a pale green satin cut completely off the shoulders. As for Maria Montez in another one of those creations she brought back from Paris—La, la! Her jewels were stunning, too—amethysts and diamonds.

Every month I'd get a rumor that Betty Grable was going to have a baby and every month I'd call her to see if it were true.

"No, Louella," she would say. "Honest." Then, when she started to gain weight and my spies reported that she was actually getting chubby in *Mother Wore Tights*, I started calling her at the studio. "No, Louella," she'd repeat and so, after awhile, I got discouraged about the Harry James' welcoming a second child and gave up calling Betty.

But not so long ago, my telephone rang and it was Betty on the other end.

"Yes, Louella," was all she said—and that's how I officially received the word that the Stork was heading Betty's way again—and she hopes it's a boy!

We all got dressed up and on our very best behavior for the formal dinner given by the motion picture producers for the managing editors of Associated Press.

The dinner and show were held in the famed old Gold Room of the Biltmore Hotel—scene of many a gala movie dinner of the past. Each visiting editor had a movie star at his table and, while it isn't fair to mention names, I overheard one of the "Eds" say to a prominent starlet,

"Would you mind telling me your name? I've never seen any of your pictures!"

During dinner I sat next to Van Johnson, who was just back from a long location jaunt. He looked thin and said he hadn't been feeling well. I didn't ask him about his marriage to Evie Wynn (Mrs. Keenan) because I know it's subject he doesn't want to discuss.

I was pretty proud of the whole show the movie folk put on for the visiting firemen, pardon me, I mean editors. Red Skelton was never as funny in his whole life and Judy Garland hasn't sung like that since her early musical comedy days.

For the eighth year in a row, Greer Garson made the trailer for the Infantile Paralysis Drive and for the eighth year Greer invited 14 children from the Orthopedic Hospital to be her guests on the set.

Later, of course, ice cream and cake were served and the lovely red-headed hostess gave the seven little girls gold bracelets, and the seven little boys gold money clips with a new five dollar bill.

Suddenly, Greer was surprised when one of the little girls called her over and said, "Miss Garson, may I exchange my bracelet for a money clip and the \$5 bill?"

"But why, dear?" asked Greer. "That's for little boys."

"I know," said the youngster, "but I love money just like a little boy!"

Beverly Tyler, that pretty red-headed song bird, and Tom Drake are soooooo in love and it all began with their first kiss when they were making *The Green Years*. Tom says he knew the first time his lips touched Beverly's that it was NOT just a movie kiss. Apparently, they don't write that kind of thrill in film scripts.

Last month I reported confidentially to you that Frankie Sinatra and I were having a little feud. Well, I'm willing to call it all off on my part, although I still get little sideswipes from Frankie.

He isn't a well boy, and when I heard he was really ill, he had my deepest sympathy. I was ill for a long, long time last year myself and I know that when you are sick you just aren't yourself.

What I am trying to say is that I can understand Frankie's short temper and the way he feels. And I bet that when he's feeling shipshape again we'll hear no more about his "temperament."

HELLO, GORGEOUS!

(Continued from page 42)

Alice out to Malibu, and they parked by the ocean.

Phil took Alice by the hand and said, "It's a lovely night."

Alice countered with, "Have you ever parked out here before?"

"Nawww," said Phil, looking hurt. "Just look at that moon, it's a perfect setting for something I want to ask you—will you marry me—*Paulette*?"

Somehow, neither of them was contented with their first vows. The Mexican civil ceremony had been too hectic to seem like a real marriage. Came September 22, 1941, and they were on their way to the altar again. Alice insisted that it wouldn't seem like genuine marriage until they "I do'd" each other in the good old U.S.A.

They were on a train traveling across the big causeway that stretches between Houston and Galveston when Phil tossed a bombshell that nearly gave Alice a nervous breakdown.

"You know, honey," he said, "I haven't

wanted to tell you this, but Galveston isn't in the U.S., either."

"Oh Phil," Alice moaned. "It has to be." "Don't tell me what's in the U.S. and what isn't," Phil exclaimed. "Why, I was born in Indiana, and I ought to know."

Alice was indignant. "Where's the map?" With no help from Phil, Alice located Galveston on the map all right. She discovered that if Galveston was not in the U.S., it was in the Gulf of Mexico.

And so they were married again.

There are things I wish I could understand about these happy kids. Like getting lost every time I go out there. "We live in Encino on Encino Avenue," Alice says, giving you the number. "and you can't miss it."

Oh, you can't, hey? Garbo should have such privacy. If the casual visitor is looking for the Harris ranch and stays on Encino Avenue, he winds up in a gravel quarry at the end of the street. After sorting out the hills for a half hour or so, a fellow finally ar-

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rives at a redwood gate and a small stable, which he knows can't be the place. It is.

At this point the procedure is to alight from the car, press a button on a funny looking box that looks like a bird house. A voice comes out which says "Who is it?"

The password is, "This is So-and-So." "Sorry," the voice in the box booms back, "Don't know any So-and-So's." After you make the grade with the box, the next obstacle is Wonga, the police dog. Wonga's all loyalty.

So much so that on one particular occasion, she outdid herself. Her love for Alice, Jr., who will be five in May, and Phyllis, who will be three in April, is something special. On the evening of the great heroism, Alice and Phil had retired. A driving rain was whipping the trees into figure eights. Lightning had chased the searchlights from the sky. Thunder grumbled distantly; then came right up and shouted in Wonga's ear, as she slept in her doghouse.

CRASH! Not only crash, but assorted sounds of window breaking.

"Phil!" Alice exclaimed, "Burglars!"

Phil hit the stairs with a bound, thinking, "Humphrey Bogart never did better." Alice, only a jump behind, flipped on the light and turned to Phil with a helpless, happy expression.

Wonga was there, sitting on her haunches between the two cribs and daring any eight regiments to move in on her charges. The window—the large and expensive window—was shattered.

Alice promptly went out into the kitchen and wrote on the small blackboard next to the phone, "Phil—fix window pain." Yes, "pain." Who could bother with spelling at a time like that?

long-suffering phil . . .

The husband of Alice Faye is a long-suffering male. One morning, Phil's anguished voice called down from upstairs, "Alice, Alice, where in blazes are my shorts?"

"Your shorts?" Alice feigned wifely surprise. "Don't you remember—they're in the laundry."

"The heck they are," Phil yelled, "They just got back from the laundry!"

"So they did," Alice assured him, "But last night when Alice and Phyllis were playing laundry, they ran out of things to do. I've just hung them all out on the line, and I'm afraid they're awfully wet."

Minutes later came the faint sound of the shower and the booming vocalisms of the guy with the voice Gable ought to have as he sang:

"Oh what a time I had with
Minnie the Mermaid,
Down at the bottom of the sea;
I lost all my troubles,
Down beneath the bubbles—"

Alice went out and plucked a pair of shorts off the line. "That Harris character," she mused, half to herself and unaware of the habit she has of using his last name. "Sometimes I wish more people knew him like I do!"

When he is not working, Phil won't stir farther away from the ranch than he can throw his prize stallion, Sonny.

There was a time, though, a few years back when he gravely walked in on Alice in her upstairs dressing room and announced, "I'm going to enlist." He was 39, then. He not only enlisted, but took his whole band with him. As a Lieutenant J.G. with the Merchant Marine, stationed on Catalina Island, Phil's was a morale job, and a good one.

He doesn't make anything of it, but when it came to being a married guy away from home, he might as well have been sitting on a freighter 3,000 miles away, for all he saw of the ranch.



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Meantime, Alice, who shared the queen-ship of the 20th Century lot, made fewer pictures. There was a lot of opposition to this decision, and some talk that Mrs. Harris had turned difficult. When a particularly important picture came along, Betty Grable called her on the phone.

"Alice," she pleaded, "Please come and do this picture with me."

"I'd love to," Alice replied, "But I want to think about it."

She did, and concluded that she couldn't do justice to herself and her family, or the picture.

If you'd known Alice in the old days, you'd be kind of surprised to find her such a homebody. Show business is a jittery profession that turns the clock upside down. "We all go through it," Alice explained. "Before Phil and the children, I was one of those girls who could walk out in the early morning sun and wonder what it was. Any girl who has sung with a band knows what I mean."

"The other night when Phil was busy, I went out with friends. People saw me dancing with a 'strange' man—strange to them, but not to me, or his charming wife who was, naturally, at our table. I could feel the talk buzz around among the outer tables until inevitably several extra sweet voices, complete with those built-in, unexpressed meanings, began to ask, after saying I looked fine, just fine, 'Where's Phil, tonight, darling?'"

homebody . . .

"Golly, before midnight I was ready to go home. Phil couldn't pry me out of the house, even to a neighborhood restaurant for dinner, for the next two weeks."

To make home even more tempting, Phil has just installed a super barbecue—not one of those conventional jobs which broils steaks and hamburgers and lets it go at that.

"There's our menu for the week," Alice said, as Phil slid a chunk of rib roast onto the elevator grill.

"She's not squawking," Phil retorted. "Everything outside the house is my territory. Inside, she runs the show. Say, did you see what she's done with our suite?"

We had. The acre sized bed with the mirrored panel in back, was something to make note of, as was Phil's paneled dressing room and study. Then, off to the right, the mirrored dressing room for Alice, finished in colors of soft rose and grey.

"Man, oh, man, a guy's lucky to have a place like this," Phil exclaimed. "Say, I forgot to tell you. Wait until I take out the smoked turkey. Turkey's not for Thanksgiving around here. We have it almost all year. You can smoke any kind of meat in this thing, and once you get to liking smoked meat. . ."

Phil looked up at Alice who was teetering on a chair, peering into the bird's nest that hangs in the patio tree.

"Might as well take it down," Phil advised. "No bird is coming back here with all those cats of yours around."

Alice climbed down from her perch.

We wanted to know what kind of tree that was. "You oughta know that," Phil said, when Alice admitted she didn't know one tree from another. "That's a Chinese Elm, and it's deciduous, you know."

"It's what?"

"Deciduous—that means the leaves fall off during a certain time of year."

"That's my man," Alice said. "I have to carry a pocket dictionary around. It would be just too bad if his radio audience found out how bright he really is!"

"Bright?" Phil asked, "Come on, Mom, let's show how I can really go with one of them there jokes."

"All right," Alice said, "Now I'm the straight man. Phil—"

"Yes, Alice."

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"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No, honey, I don't—but I know he's got a house in Springfield. Ho! Ho! I got lots more like that."

You can maybe get an idea why the Harris family on the radio seems so genuine. Humor, after all, is intoxicated truth. And what is more true than when Phil, as on a recent Sunday night, picked up his cue and came roaring into homes all over the country, shouting, "How are ya, Gorgeous—your laughing boy is home again—and he's happier than Tom Brene-man with an old lady from Peoria!"

ED SULLIVAN RADIO AWARD

(Continued from page 62)

and Bob Hope and Ingrid Bergman. But if you go back with me to 1927, it was a letter that was delivered backstage to me at the Metropolitan Theater, in Los Angeles, now the Paramount. Al Rinker and I were doing a song act in vaudeville, hoping to be picked up by some small band, so we could eat regularly.

"Then the letter arrived. It was signed by Paul Whiteman, and we thought it was a gag letter written by somebody on the bill with us. Paul was playing in Los Angeles, at the time, so it made the gag perfect, but just to be on the safe side, we asked some of the Whiteman musicians about it, and they said that Paul had written to us. I guess that would be the standout thrill, going with Whiteman and then later adding Harry Barris to complete the Rhythm Boys."

It was *Going My Way* that gave Crosby his most tremendous box office success, and probably his deepest personal satisfaction, for a number of reasons. In the first place, *Going My Way* vindicated his own judgment. Nobody on the Coast wanted to make the picture; nobody on the Coast shared the intense enthusiasm for it which Crosby and Leo McCarey developed. Producers read the script, and when they learned that not only one priest, but THREE priests, were in the script, they fled in horror. Not that they had anything against priests. They simply felt that a picture about a colony of priests couldn't possibly qualify as entertainment.

Bing's own studio, Paramount, washed their hands of it. But it just happened, at that exact moment, that Paramount was negotiating a new contract with Crosby. As one of their top earners, Paramount suggested that Bing make *Going My Way* as an outside picture with McCarey, and Crosby signed the new contract, and leaped at the opportunity. The last time I spoke to Leo McCarey, he told me *Going My Way* was heading for an all-time world's record.

Crosby's obstinacy about doing *Going My Way*, and its enormous pay-off, is an integral part of his makeup. Once he makes up his mind, it's difficult to pry him loose from a decision. When you argue against his decisions, you are aware that no performer in the business has had so many successes. His decision, this past year, to abandon "live" broadcasting in favor of a recorded show was of a piece with his business obstinacy and, once again, those who argued with him were aware that possibly he knew more about public taste than they knew. Arrayed against him, in radio, were those who believed that a recorded program would suffer from lack of topical gags and timely situations. There were others who argued that there are so many "platter" shows on radio that Crosby's own show would be just another "platter" session.

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Crosby believes differently and Philco has backed his judgment with important money. He sees no reason why his radio show performed before a regular studio audience in Hollywood in exactly the same manner he has always done them should suffer in any way because they are transcribed. In fact, he believes they will be better. After all, he reminds us, the movies are transcribed. Well, time will tell and in the meantime we better remember that his judgment has a high batting average.

His obstinacy has been reflected on other, and earlier, occasions. Some of us felt, years ago, that Bing's Kraft show suffered from too much talk. Instead of singing, Bing developed a fondness for monologues crowded with multi-syllable words. It was his belief that this talking was enjoyed by his audiences, made his show different. When the monologues were reduced, his Crosley rating zoomed.

For close on to a full quarter of a century, 1925-1947, Crosby has out-distanced every singer opposed to him for public favor, and it is a sparkling facet of his nature that Crosby has been singularly helpful to a competitor as formidable as Frank Sinatra. It was Crosby who welcomed Sinatra to the Coast, appeared on his opening programs, extended to him hundreds of little courtesies that only a big guy would extend to a rival.

So this month, in awarding the Ed Sullivan Award of MODERN SCREEN Magazine to Bing Crosby as the all-time, all-American of singing, I'm thinking of the twenty years of pure enjoyment he's given to me; I'm thinking of Crosby's tones, shading and phrasing that no other singer has ever approached. To me, Bing always has been Head Man, and this award is akin to carrying coals to Newcastle, because he's entitled to all the plaques that can be fashioned.

LITTLE MOTHER

(Continued from page 49)

couldn't eat them—

"Come on over to our place," coaxed Sue, "and I'll fix you something hot—" But he wouldn't leave. Every time a nurse passed, out he'd pop like a jack-in-the-box. How was his wife? Comfortable, smiled the nurse. He'd eye her suspiciously. Did she know or was she feeding him pap? Alan produced a deck of cards. "Dr. Ladd prescribing a nice quiet poker game—"

At two the head nurse shoed everyone home. Ted was left with another waiting father. They paced from opposite ends of the room. The other guy looked wild-eyed, but then Ted had no idea how he looked himself—"We want a boy," the other guy kept muttering. "But they've had ten boys at this hospital already today. So we're bound to get a girl. But we want a boy—" He'd look piteously at Ted, as if hoping that Ted could do something about it . . .

Betty and Ted wanted a boy too. Anyway, that's what they'd been telling each other. Ted, because every man wants a son. Betty, "because I can't picture a little me, just a little you—"

They were going to call him Buddy after Buddy de Sylva, whom Betty loves like a father. More people had tried to talk her out of it—

"You can't name a child Buddy. Call him George if you want to name him after De Sylva. That's his real name—"

The Hutton jaw would set. "Look," she'd explain for the umpteenth time. "Our kid'll be named Buddy, and never George, because if you said George De Sylva, who would know whom you meant? I got along

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without any fancy Elizabeths. Our baby'll do all right as plain Buddy Briskin—"

They'd picked a girl's name too—Lindsay Diane—after a close friend and because they loved the sound of it—

"It'll never be a girl though," Betty kept assuring the world. In fact she said it so often that Ted started wondering—

"If you want a boy that badly, how come you bought those dresses at Saks? Boys don't wear dresses—"

"They looked so darling, I thought I could always use them as shower gifts. But I do want a boy, Ted—"

"Why?"

"So he'll look like you—"

He kissed the top of her head. "Now you've got a reason—"

"Of course he won't hurt my feelings if he turns out twins—"

So Ted had bought twin pairs of booties, pink and blue, which they'd hung over the bed—the pink on her side, the blue on his. Funny to think of them hanging there now while—

... A nurse came in and smiled at the other guy. "It's a boy—"

"Who, me—?" Then he came to. "It's a boy!" he yelled, and proceeded to yank Ted's arm out of its socket.

Ted thumped his shoulder. "Wonderful! Swell! Congratulations!!!" And to himself —"Boy No. 11. I'm a dead duck—"

But he knew it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that Betty and the baby should be all right. It was taking forever. The doctor had been in again. Nothing to worry about, he'd said. Sometimes it just took longer than you expected. Why didn't Ted go out for a cup of coffee? Sure, sure, said Ted, and started on his next mile—

... It was 7:30. For the dozenth time he stole to the door of the room where Betty lay. Just for something to do. You couldn't hear anything. At least there hadn't been a sound the other times—

But this time there was—a low moaning that stopped his heart. He stood numb against the wall till a nurse came out. "Is she in pain?"

The nurse patted his shoulder. "That's just reflex. She doesn't really know—"

From somewhere the doctor materialized, and the doctor's very presence was reassuring. When he said, "She's fine," you believed him. Not till he had Ted calmed down, did he say, "I'm afraid it won't be till this afternoon—" By that time

MODERN SCREEN



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Ted could take it.

He called Rose. "The doctor says not till afternoon—" Rose said she was coming down anyway. Five minutes later the nurse dashed in. "It won't be long now. They're taking her into delivery—" "B-b-but—"

"Easy does it, Pop. Your kid takes after its ma. All of a sudden, bong! baby couldn't wait—"

By Ted's reckoning, it was eternity. By the clock, it was ten minutes when a vision in white came floating toward him, and a heavenly voice caroled: "It's a girl—" * * *

"It's a girl—"

From somewhere deep down, waves of joy rose and surged over Betty.

Lying there, eyes covered by cool wads of cotton, she did a kind of inward double take. Girl! They'd said girl, and the girl must be okay, she was screaming like mad. It was over then—the long waiting, the fear and the pain. From the waist down, she couldn't feel a thing, they'd given her a caudal, but the rest of her felt fine. It hadn't been nearly as bad as she'd expected.

When would they take the cotton off her eyes? How long did a girl have to wait to see her baby? Having a wholesome respect for the doctor, she didn't dare open her mouth till he spoke to her first. Then she made her voice meek. "Please can I see my baby—?"

Her throat went tight as they took the

cotton off, and laid something gently in the crook of her arm. —Oh God, how wonderful! Dear God, how wonderful! Her daughter and Ted's! Her beautiful daughter, not red or wrinkled at all, staring straight at her with eyes that were just like Ted's—!

But Ted had wanted a son—"Does my husband know? Is he disappointed?"

"He said to tell you he's the happiest man alive—"

He was waiting when they wheeled her out. That was the second thrill. Seeing his face. His face looked as if he were slightly delirious. "Oh, darling, isn't she beautiful? You're not disappointed—?"

"I wouldn't change her for all the boys in the world—" * * *

They acted as if she ought to act like an invalid, but she didn't feel like an invalid at all. She felt very good when they got her settled in bed in a lovely new gown and a pink jacket. Sleep was the farthest thing from her mind. She wanted tea and toast, and she wanted Ted.

They gave her tea and toast, but they gave her a sedative with it, and Mabel took Ted home. Poor darling hadn't swallowed a bite since yesterday noon—

"Poor darling—" she thought, getting a little confused as she drowsed off. "Poor darling's all worn out having a baby—"

... It was five when she woke. When could she see her baby again? When would Ted be back? Well, she couldn't make

them bring the baby in, but she could phone home. Or maybe she'd better not.

Outside the dusk was gathering, and she wanted her husband. Was it only last night—? No, last night they'd come down here— Well, the night before then—

Night before last, they'd sat together on the nursery floor, remembering—

"Remember what a so-and-so I was, just before we found out—?"

... All of a sudden, in the midst of *Perils of Pauline*, she'd turned mean and crabby. Either she'd be blowing her top, or hating herself because she'd just blown her top. Insomnia didn't help. At 1:30 A. M. she'd start boo-hooing. Softly at first, so as not to disturb Ted, who'd put in a hard day. Ted had developed a wonderful new camera, the Briskin 8, and was getting the Briskin Camera Corporation started in its new Santa Monica offices. Ted was a busy executive who needed his sleep. But Mrs. Ted's sobs would gradually rise to crescendo—

"Whatsamatter, honey?"

"You duh-don't love me. Else how can you be asleep when I'm wide awake—?"

But as soon as they'd found out about the baby, all her moods vanished. She was a changed woman. The old Betty had been forever restless, forever driven. "What do we do next? Where do we go from here—?" Now for the first time she learned the meaning of peace. "Excitement," she discovered, "is for when you're not happy. Happiness is quiet—"

At first she'd been such a baby about the baby. Getting scared over every little pain—

"Oh Ted, I'm dizzy—"

And he'd say: "I'm dizzy too. There's no air in here. Let's open a window—"

Or she'd say: "I've got such a funny feeling here. Do you think—?"

"I don't think; I know, because I've got the same feeling. I said we shouldn't have eaten that cabbage—"

For a while she believed him, the dope, and it made her feel safe, his having the same pains she did. Till she finally caught on. "Why, you heel, you're making the whole thing up—"

He wouldn't admit it, though. And one night came a pain that really doubled her up. "Hold me," she whispered. "Don't say a word. Just hold me—"

Little by little it subsided, and her nerves relaxed, and she wondered why her heart kept pounding so wildly—and realized it wasn't her heart, but Ted's. "Why," she marveled, "he's just as scared as you are. Only difference is he keeps it to himself. Quit making things tougher for him, Hutton, when his whole idea is to make 'em easier for you—" * * *

She pulled the same line on her doctor. "I'm restless here. I can't sleep. I miss my husband—"

So he let her go home for Thanksgiving on the promise that she wouldn't stir out of bed.

As this is written, Lindsay is three weeks old. By the time you read it, she'll be well past two months. But you can safely bet that the pattern of talk between her folks hasn't changed very much—

"Darling, tell me again how you felt when you first saw her—"

"Well, they put me into this hospital coat and took me in. And there she lay. And I thought, O God, isn't she beautiful!—she looks just like me—"

For the hundredth time Betty yelps with delight. "You ham!— But you'll have to admit she's got my ears and nose—"

Or they'll be bending over her crib together. "D'you think she knows us yet? D'you think she likes us—?"

As if in answer the baby decides to yawn—a miracle that sends her parents out of their so-called minds. . . .

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

You May Call It Madness . . .
(Lana Turner, Tyrone Power) ☐
You Can't Print That! by
Dorothy Kilgallen ☐
"The Gable I Know" by Hedda
Hopper ☐
He's a Killer! (Burt Lancaster) ☐
Mark Stevens' Life Story
(Part One) ☐
Portrait of an American (Gary
Cooper) by Cecil B. DeMille ☐
To Each His Own (Perry Como) ☐
Brief Encounter (Greer Garson) ☐
Little Mother (Betty Hutton) ☐
Hello, Gorgeous! (Alice Faye-
Phil Harris) ☐

Can Stars Stay Married? (Betty
Grable Vs. Dr. Clifford R.
Adams, Director Women's Home
Companion Marriage Clinic) ☐
Who Wants To Be a Genius? by
Billy Rose ☐
It's a Heavenly Age! (Joan Leslie) ☐
That's Life With the Bogarts! (Lau-
ren Bacall-Humphrey Bogart) ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes Ski-ing
(Turhan Bey-Yvonne De Carlo) ☐
Gable's Got Her! (Deborah Kerr) ☐
Queen For A Day! (Mary Snee-
Lon McCallister) ☐
Strictly For Laughs! (Judy Gar-
land) ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons ☐

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

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

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3, in order of preference.....

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