

august 1 15¢

modern screen

A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL •
A DELL MAGAZINE •

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PER!

CORNEL WILDE

JUL -8 1947

Softer, Smoother Skin can be yours with just One Cake of Camay!



Lady, if you'd be lovely, look to your complexion. A soft, clear skin is beauty's first essential. Yes, and you can have a softer, smoother skin with just *one cake* of Camay...if you'll forego careless cleansing...go on the

Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Just follow directions on the Camay wrapper. Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—can give your skin a thrillingly softer look!



MEET THE BAUDOS

Kay met Joe, a doctor, at a hospital dance. This was it! Kay is tall, dark and stunning—one of the most interesting-looking girls you ever saw!



The site is chosen for the Baudos' home on Long Island. They'll build soon. And in the meantime, Kay stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you too!

MRS. JOSEPH S. BAUDO
the former Kathryn M. Cheetham of Forest Hills, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by

Alex Ross



You're sugar-sweet...
but will you keep?

Guard your after-bath freshness—
stay nice to be near with Mum



Of course you're sweet and fragrant after that refreshing shower. But, Honey, don't expect *too much* of your bath. Remember, it can't protect you against risk of *future* underarm odor.



So play safe. Be sure. *Complete* your bath with Mum. After you wash away *past* perspiration, let Mum guard your charm all day or all evening.



Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We love "Fiesta". We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M's big Technicolor spectacle, "Fiesta".

Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador's cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—ai-ai-ai!

You'll revel in gay "Fiesta"—and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

Ricardo's equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar... equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!



The beauty of Esther Williams... the manliness of Montalban... the music of Mexico... the magic of Technicolor... the thrills of the arena—that's M-G-M's "Fiesta".

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

"Fiesta" leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon "The Hucksters" comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced "new star"). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman's bombshell best-seller! You'll be saying "Love that picture!"

Coming along, too, is "Song of Love", starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We'll say only one thing about it: "Song of Love" is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

Meantime, be a guest-a at "Fiesta".



—Leo

AUGUST, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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Bravo
for a Beautiful Daredevil!

By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring—but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST
TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA

(WHERE THEY LIVE AND LOVE DANGEROUSLY)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM CYD JOHN MARY FORTUNIO
TAMIROFF • CHARISSE • CARROLL • ASTOR • BONANOVA
AND INTRODUCING **RICARDO MONTALBAN**

Gorgeous
ESTHER WILLIAMS
is an eyeful
—in dazzling evening gowns!
—in matador costume!
—in bathing scenes!



Torrid romance with new star Ricardo Montalban!



Saved by a miracle from death in the arena!



Music! The dance of desire—with exotic Cyd Charisse.

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

louella parsons' good news



At Tony Martin's Beverly Hills Hotel party, Annelle and Mark Stevens kibitzed their host, while he tried to order up more hors d'oeuvres. "That's my literally agent," Mark kept insisting, "calling about my book."



It was a real treat for Judy Donlevy, 4, the day her daddy escorted her to N. Y.'s Stork Club for lunch—and a present (in the box). Brian and Marj. Lane were divorced last February, after 11 years of marriage.



Esther Williams and Ben Gage are still talking about the vacation they spent at Arrowhead Springs. At the Martin party, they found a fascinated listener in Janet Blair. Ben and Es are busy laughing at divorce rumors.



Sue Ladd's new streamlined figure drew raves at the *Ice Capades* opening. Grapefruit—cold and baked—helped do it! Alan, who has sold his interest in the Mayfair Restaurant, is now concentrating on ranching.



The Ty Power-Lana Turner romance dazzles Hollywood. They fly his boss, Darryl Zanuck, to and from Palm Springs every week-end.

Before Van and Evie Johnson announced that the stork would visit them in December, Evie had the most divine squelch for women who kept asking her if she were going to have a baby.

Before a stork-minded femme could get to her at a party, Evie would spot the unspoken question in the eye, then go up to the belle and say, "Are YOU going to have a baby?"

Such sputterings and stammerings you've never heard—particularly when some of the victims weren't even married!

Up until a few hours ago, Evie insisted that she and Van were not "expecting."

"It's just that we happen to have the most wonderful cook in the world and both Van and I are putting on weight, which we'll have to start watching," she would say.

Well, now we know that Van will definitely be a father, before the end of the year.

* * *

I don't often report items like this—because they are better left unsaid. But in this case, I think some good can be accomplished even though I mention no names. The girl in question will know whom I mean.

If she thinks the great amount of drinking she is doing is unknown to her studio bosses, she is seriously mistaken! It's true that she doesn't make an exhibition of herself in public or in night clubs. But that is not the point.

This dangerous habit to which she is falling victim is marking her face with lines and kidney circles under the eyes, and the hangovers she suffers shows in the dull, slow way she reads her lines.

How silly and pointless this all is. There is nothing in her life to "drive her to drink."

She has a wonderful contract with one of the big companies. She is in love with a very fine boy. She has friends rooting for her to go straight to the top of the movie ladder. And she has youth and beauty.

But, believe me, she won't keep any of these things if she continues along her present path to a smash-up. I was present at a dinner party the other night attended by one of the top men at her studio. He told me she had lost out on a very good role because they couldn't take a chance on her.

In this case, a word to this very "unwise" young lady should be sufficient.

* * *

I don't know what's happened to Hedy

louella parsons' good news

Mrs. Hyatt Dehn (whom you'd recognize as Ginny Sims if she had a microphone in her hand) holds son David, nine months.



Competition for Charlie McCarthy: Candice Bergen, daughter of Edgar and Frances B., celebrates her first birthday.



Kimberly Kyser, 11 months old, is really too young to smoke; the matches are for her ma, Georgia Corroll Kyser.



Master Robert Cummings, Jr. (second baby from left) was definitely the Older Man at Candice Bergen's birthday party. But in spite of his fifteen months, mama Mary Elliott Cummings still had to wipe his mouth. Georgia (left) and Ginny (right) had a wonderful—but exhausting—time.

Lamarr. I saw her walking along Vine Street—slacks, shirt, bandanna tied around her head, and looking anything but glamorous. I passed her by and didn't recognize her.

Even if Hedy is down and blue, she shouldn't appear in public on a crowded business street in slacks and a bandanna over her head. There are hundreds of women who idolize Hedy and think of her as glamorous, beautiful, and chic.

It's true she's unhappy. Her marriage hasn't worked out just as she thought it should. She left John Loder once, and I wouldn't be surprised if she left him again. She feels she has had too much responsibility with two babies and four pictures all within three years.

Well, maybe so—but for the sake of her public, Hedy should leave those troubles at home, and when she steps out on the street, look as a movie star should look—carefully turned out, beautifully groomed, and properly coiffured.

* * *

I was happy when I told you a few months ago that I was sure Greer Garson and Richard Ney had ironed out their troubles, but as I write this, they have separated, and I don't believe there will ever be a reconciliation.

Greer is fond of Richard, but she thinks he has to grow up first. She believes they are better off apart. I see her dining sometimes with David Lewis, the producer, or Sam Raphaelson, the writer, usually talking business. I'm sure there is no other romance in her life, and I'm doubly sure there is no other in Dick's.

(Continued on page 8)

SEE IT NOW...from now on you'll be hearing about it !!!!!!!



**ANN
SHERIDAN
LEW
AYRES
ZACHARY
SCOTT**

It's so easy to cry "Shame!"

THE UNFAITHFUL

**IF SHE WERE YOURS
COULD YOU FORGIVE ?**

**THE NEW
WARNER
SENSATION!**



EVE ARDEN

Directed by **STEVEN GERAY • VINCENT SHERMAN • JERRY WALD**
Produced by
ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY DAVID GOODIS AND JAMES GUNN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

louella parsons' good news



At designer Don Loper's swank fashion shop, a mannequin offers a sandal to Anne Baxter, while husband John Hodiak looks on. Anne, who's been working too hard, recently went on a long fishing trip with John, to relax.



Instead of having a famous person as his guest of honor, famed host Atwater Kent threw an aviation party—with a Douglas DC-6 as the star! Among the younger guests were Scotty Beckett and Peggy Ann Garner.

Ran into Kathryn Grayson and she told me that she's the first bride-to-be on record who ever moved into the honeymoon house ahead of the groom!

The housing shortage is responsible. "Johnny has a place to live and I haven't," Kathryn said, "so I moved in even though only three rooms are furnished."

They aren't at all sure the house will be furnished for the Big Event. She said it wouldn't surprise her in the least to have the social columns report the wedding like this:

"The bride entered from the partially furnished kitchen, and the happy couple exchanged vows before an improvised altar in a corner of the empty living room. Guests remained standing throughout, because of the shortage of chairs. The reception was a clubby affair in the cramped breakfast room."

Even the most devoted of husbands like their wives streamlined, no matter what they say about loving the little woman just as she is. Listen to this:

Alan Ladd is so proud of his Susie's new trimness, since the birth of their last baby, that he left word in the kitchen that Mrs. Ladd was to get half a grapefruit for dessert every night.

The other day, Sue had a few thousand words to say to the cook, herself. It all added up to the fact that she was tired of the same thing.

"Oh, you don't have to eat cold grapefruit all the time," replied the Queen of the Kitchen. "Mr. Ladd says if you get tired of that—you can have baked grapefruit!"

* * *

Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison are completely redecorating their home, and Lilli told the interior decorator that Rex's bedroom was to be done entirely in gray—gray ceiling, walls and floor.

"And what will we use for color relief?" the decorator asked.

"Nothing," cracked Lilli. "He says he wants it all gray—and gray it will be unless he comes home in a blue funk or a red rage!"

* * *

When Shirley Temple signed to do *Mary Hagen* for Warners, it was in her contract that Mary Lou Isleid, who has been her stand-in for 14 years, would do her regular chore for this movie.

I think it is really astounding and a coincidence that these two girls who started working together when they were five years old have grown up and retained exactly the same measurements!

Mary Lou's figure, height and weight are exactly the same as Shirley's.

Most stars acquire stand-ins after they are fully grown. But Shirley and Mary Lou set a record of some sort, or I miss my guess.

* * *

This has been a month of "little parties."

Irene Dunne was so intrigued with the new Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel that she chose that spot for a small cocktail party. The motif is very swanky modern "Western," if you can imagine such a thing. Clever lighting makes the soft tan and beige decorations look like desert gold and one whole side of the room is taken up by an amazing frieze of illuminated cowboys.

Irene was a vision in a cool green and white summer print against this background. "My feelings are hurt," she whispered to me. "Everybody is asking me 'what's the occasion for this party?' There's no occasion. I just felt like seeing my friends, and I think this is a stunning room."

Betty Hutton looked cuter than peanuts in a white dress with a snood-effect hat just dripping little pink roses. If there was ever a time when Betty and Ted Briskin were having their troubles, that's all over since the birth of the baby. The only time they stop holding hands is when Ted reaches in his pocket to bring out pictures of their debutante of 1960.

Natalie Draper, with her bright red hair was a stunner in one of the new "daytime" long dresses in a soft shade of green.

Ted North, one of the best looking boys in this town, was staggering it—which ain't fair.

Right in the middle of the festivities, I noticed everybody crowding around the big win

(Continued on page 10)

THE SONGS HE WROTE!

THE LOVES HE KNEW!



Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!



I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by *Technicolor*

JUNE HAVER • MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART • REGINALD GARDINER
LENORE AUBERT • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • GENE NELSON • TRUMAN BRADLEY • GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster



20th
CENTURY-FOX

louella parsons' good news



Lorry Porks and Betty Gorrett were interviewed by the roving mike reporter of the opening of *Ice Capades*. What the radio announcer probably asked Lorry to do was to "moke like Al Jolson"—o request he hears everywhere he goes these days.



Bob Hutton and his wife, Cleotus Coldwell, were among the happiest spectators at the ice show premiere. Poor Bob can't see two feet in front of him without the specs he's cleaning. The Huttons are headed for a delayed honeymoon soon.

dow overlooking the swimming pool—and no wonder. Johnny Weissmuller and Esther Williams were both down there doing exhibition dives and water stunts. Believe me, they were simply wonderful. We were all sorry when the light faded and we couldn't watch those two water babies any longer. All in all, Irene's "little party" was a splashing success.

* * *

Want a good beauty tip straight from one of the prettiest faces in Hollywood?

I was in the beauty parlor the other day, and as I passed a booth where Audrey Totter had just finished putting on a brand new

makeup, I was surprised to see her go over to the tap and dash cold water in her face! "What's that for?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a little trick I learned a long time ago," she said. "There's nothing so unattractive to me as a face that shows every bit of freshly applied makeup—the powder, the rouge and the definite line where the lipstick has just been applied. Well, if you want to do away with that—just dash cold water over your face and blot it dry with a towel. It gives a completely natural, unmade up look."

It certainly gave that to Audrey. Give it a try.

* * *

No one even suspected that Spencer Tracy

was an amateur veterinarian until he successfully brought his pet dog through a serious intestinal infection.

Then it came out that he has bred and raised two young colts which he intends to race in California.

But Spence, who is the quietest guy in the world and seldom talks about his interests, just tosses it off with, "Oh, I've been interested in veterinary work for some time and have been reading a lot of books on the subject."

* * *

The wackiest set to visit is the one on which Annie Sheridan and Errol Flynn are making *Silver River* at Warners.

The day I dropped over, Ann was walking around in hoop skirts, very heavy, with ice packs on her feet! "These danged costumes are so heavy my feet are killing me," quoth the amazing Miss Sheridan, who refuses to give a hoot for glamor where comfort is concerned.

Over in a corner, Errol Flynn was in a huddle with a salesman, fingering the most beautiful Irish linen, and when I asked, "For hankies?" he replied, "Nope—for dresses for two beautiful girls—my daughters."

The doors to their portable dressing-rooms happened to be open, and when I glanced in I noticed that both were adorned with baskets of the most wilted flowers I have ever seen. It started out as a gag on Errol's part—sending Annie the most dilapidated posies he could order from the florists. But Annie got wind of what was up, and ordered equally dried up specimens delivered to Errol the same time on the same day!

These two have made so many pictures together and know each other so well they are continually trying to think up new gags, but Flynn seldom gets away with anything because he swears Annie has a "pipeline" to his gags, and either beats him to them or duplicates them.

Some way or another, even with all these shennanigans going on, they get a movie made—and most of the time they are good ones.

* * *

It's no publicity story that Lauren Bacall wants out of her Warner contract to settle down and be just plain Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. She even signs photographs sent out to fans, "Lauren Bacall Bogart." (Well, Olivia de Havilland returns mail that is not addressed to Mrs. Marcus Goodrich!)

I think the thing with Lauren, or Betty, as her friends call her, is that she has no burning ambition for a career of her own. People ask, "But how can a girl want to give up fame and her own career when things are breaking so well?"

It has happened before. Look at Alice Faye.

* * *

Van Johnson is "tennis happy" and I'm not kidding. He just doesn't talk about anything else these days—except Evie!

This summer he goes to Honolulu, where he will play several exhibition matches with Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder, and when you play with those gents, you have to be good. (If he played like a mudlark, he'd still draw the girls to the courts, I betcha.)

(Continued on page 12)

**Only a
Sucker Would
Turn His Back...
on a
Dynamite
Dame Like
This!...**



**PAT O'BRIEN
WALTER SLEZAK
ANNE JEFFREYS**

Killer mob closing in!... A blonde in his arms who might double-cross him for a dime... anything can happen to a guy in the toughest racket in tough Panama!

in

"RIFF-RAFF"

with
**PERCY KILBRIDE
JEROME COWAN
GEORGE GIVOT**



Produced by NAT HOLT • Directed by TED TETZLAFF • Screen Play by MARTIN RACKIN



louella parsons' good news

Lately, I've been amused at how many of our stars run to form where their party manners are concerned. Recently, I attended a cocktail party where most of the big names in Hollywood were present and I noticed—

That Spencer Tracy always joins a group of men—and sticks with them.

That Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier remain the shortest time. They dash right in and dash right out again.

That Roz Russell never wears the same gown twice.

That Dinah Shore and George Montgomery never touch anything to drink but they just l-o-o-ove hors d'oeuvres.

That Lauren Bacall wears the most tailored gowns—even dinner dresses.

That Greer Garson experiments the most with

different hair-dos. Greer is seldom coiffured the same way twice.

Joan Crawford, whether she arrives with Greg Bautzer or some other escort, always leaves early enough to get to the Mocambo or Ciro's for an hour or so of dancing.

Cary Grant usually arrives alone, but usually spots a beautiful belle to whom he devotes himself for the rest of the evening.

Tyrone Power refuses all social invitations if he is making a costume picture. Too self-conscious about his long hair and sideburns. But Cesar Romero doesn't care about beards.

Lana Turner attracts the most candid camera shots.

The best "eater"—Van Johnson.

* * *

Close-Up of Lana Turner: She drives Tyrone

Power crazy by laughing before he gets to the point of a story—but he loves her just the same. She drives others crazy when she tells stories of her own. She always misses the point!

She's one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood—but seldom makes any of the "ten best-dressed" lists.

She both hates to go to bed—and hates to get up.

She thinks black over pink is the most seductive combination a woman can wear.

When she's in the mood, she can talk "jive" with the best of the jitterbugs.

She buys every new shade of lipstick that comes on the market whether it's for blondes or brunettes, because she never knows which color she's going to have her hair. But her



Jerome Courtland's Sunday afternoon swimming parties are a gay habit with the movies' younger set. This particular Sunday, though, the sun wouldn't shine; in fact, it was cold! But Elizabeth Taylor dared Jerome to don swimming trunks.



With swimming counted out, guests Shirley Temple and John Agar sample the second-best feature—the wonderful picnic food. Others played tennis, listened to records—or just loafed.

favorite is a pale pink "Watermelon."

She is very proud of the amateur portraits she makes of her daughter, Cheryl, and likes them better than the professional ones.

When she does her bedroom over again, it will be in yellow and orchid.

She "sneaks" candy and pastries and then gives others advice about dieting.

Because she has a naturally gay disposition, she laughs a lot and likes to be around people who are happy.

Around the M-G-M lot, she has the reputation for being easy to get along with.

She loves to go to parties, but hates to give them. As a hostess, she worries.

Like Edna St. Vincent Millay, "there isn't a train she wouldn't take—no matter where it's going"—or a plane, either!.



Shirley and Jayce Reynolds (who dotes Marshall Thompson, who dates Elizabeth Taylor, who's recently been squired by their host) enjoyed a quiet chat with Jerome's step-brother, tiny Kurt Wardeman.



Among the record-enthusiasts were Liz Taylor and Jon Ford. The wor-
bling on the disks was done by Jerome, himself—and he's quite good.
He wan't sing professionally, though, until he's had more troining.



Bath Joyce and Marshall Thompson brought their swimming
togs, but their bothing suits never gat wet—or worn! After some
strenuous sets of ping-pang, they helped devour the party delicacies.



dorothy kilgallen selects "the bachelor and the bobby soxer"

■ Years ago, when I watched Shirley Temple dimple and coo as a curly-topped five-year-old, little did I dream that one day I would be referring to this beruffled angel as "sexy." But the interests of science compel me to report that a new Shirley Temple—almost adult, deliberately alluring and admirably designed for sweaters—is on view in *The Bachelor And The Bobby Soxer*, and in a refined way she is giving Lana Turner quite a run for her money.

In fact, I can hear the whistles from the balcony now.

What is more to the point of this report, I can hear noisy applause for *The Bachelor And The Bobby Soxer*, a bright and delightful picture designed to give anyone in any family anywhere—grandmas in Grand (Continued on page 16)



Poise—that's what Cary Grant needs to beat Rudy Vallee. Shirley Temple, Myrna Loy, Ray Collins and Harry Davenport lend moral support.

MAGIC STARS! MAGIC STORY! MAGIC ENTERTAINMENT!

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

Robert Riskin's

MAGIC TOWN

Magic Town

MAGIC TOWN

Magic Town



Their meeting was saucy and flippant!



Their romance found birth in the magic of a sudden kiss!



Their love jeopardized the happiness of thousands!

~~ELECTRIC~~ as only the stars of "It's A Wonderful Life" and "The Yearling" can be!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD · Ann Shoemaker · Donald Meek

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN · A William A. Wellman Production
Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

WOMEN GAVE
THEIR LIVES
FOR
HIM...
AS
READILY
AS THEY
GAVE
THEIR
LIPS!

Man among men
Lover... Adventurer...
Soldier-of-fortune
-his life and loves
made a new kind
of history!

J. ARTHUR RANK
presents

STEWART GRANGER

the Screen's Great New Lover!
6 Feet Three of MAN!

JEAN KENT
ANNE CRAWFORD

in
"CARAVAN"

with DENNIS PRICE • ROBERT HELPMANN
From the novel by Lady Eleanor Smith
Screenplay by Roland Pertwee
Produced by Harold Huth
Executive producer Maurice Ostrer
Directed by Arthur Crabtree
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
AN EAGLE-LION FILMS
RELEASE

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY SOXER"

(Continued from page 14)

Rapids, patricians on Park Avenue and kids in Kokomo—an evening of happy hilarity.

There must be a universal and grateful audience for this type of film, because while it is true that some people like to cry and some people like to worry about the state of the world, everybody likes to laugh. Here's their chance. Here is merriment based on situations as familiar and normal as the adolescent phone call, the drug store sundae and the potato race, and anyone who has lived any part of a lifetime in an average community can find identity and great humor in it.

Myrna Loy (see page 68 for a story on Myrna) just as pretty and pert and appealing as when she first got gay in *The Thin Man*, is a real charmer as a female judge, and Shirley is cast as her younger and more complicated sister. When Judge Myrna dismisses a case against an almost too attractive and more than somewhat playboyish artist, only to discover a few hours later that little sister Shirley has fallen wildly in love with him, the story is off to a spritely start on a series of incidents that, if not world-shaking, are certainly rib-tickling.

Cary Grant, of course, plays the artist, and with considerably more lightheartedness than he has shown in recent seasons. It's becoming. He seems actually to be having fun with the comedy scenes, his manner with the tirelessly predatory Shirley striking just the right balance of patience and desperation. His particular brand of widow's-peak, black-eyed, casual-drape magnetism makes it easy for any female member of the parish to understand why Shirley falls for him.

Then there is Rudy Vallee. A few years ago some genius at type casting thought of putting Rudy in the role of a stuffy and pedantic young gent, and he was transformed into one of Hollywood's most desirable comedians. The trick is done again here; he is an assistant district attorney vaguely enamored of Myrna and with his briefcase, Yale collar and air of canonization he might have stepped right out of the old Tom Dewey racket-busting office. He is extremely funny, and I am afraid he steals a good many of the scenes.

But it is a gay kind of larceny, appropriate in one of the gayest comedies to flit across the screen in a blue moon.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Would you like to receive the September, October and November issues of MODERN SCREEN absolutely free? Every month we give away 500 three-months subscriptions to the first 500 of you who fill out the questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY! Pretty neat, isn't it? We tally your choices, find out what stars you like to read about in MS, so we can give you the kind of mogazine you like—and you may win three free issues—if you hurry!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Honey Chile (Ava Gardner)..... | ☐ | James Mason Life Story..... | ☐ |
| A Man's Castle (Dick Haymes).... | ☐ | Male Animal (Rory Calhoun)..... | ☐ |
| Jeepnic (Elizabeth Taylor-
Marshall Thompson)..... | ☐ | Out Of The Mouths Of Babes
(Dennis Morgan)..... | ☐ |
| Dream Guy (Macdonald Carey)..... | ☐ | Poise, It's Wonderful! (Myrna Loy) | ☐ |
| Palm Springs (Cornel and Pat
Wilde)..... | ☐ | Sound of Laughter (Rosalind
Russell)..... | ☐ |
| Mirage in Mink (Elizabeth Scott) | ☐ | Welcome Stranger! (Bette Davis)
by Hedda Hopper..... | ☐ |
| Little Maggie Comes To Town
(Margaret O'Brien)..... | ☐ | Strange Woman (Joan Crawford) | ☐ |
| Who, Me? (Larry Parks)..... | ☐ | The Jolson-Crosby Story (Al Jolson-
Bing Crosby)..... | ☐ |
| Pair of Aces (James Stewart-Henry
Fonda)..... | ☐ | "Jessie" For Short (Betty Grable) | ☐ |
| | | 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.....

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

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How far will she go to trap a killer... or any other man?



Eight beautiful girls on his mind... and all of them quite dead!



His alibi was clever... and she was very, very beautiful, too!



What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?



Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

Movie Reviews

by VIRGINIA WILSON



Louise (Joan Crawford) has been in love with David (Van Heflin) long enough to know he's no good and not worthy of her—but she can't help loving him.



After David throws her over, Louise roams the streets looking for him. She crocks under the strain and is hospitalized. Dr. Willord (Stanley Ridges) treats her.



Through all her troubles, Dean (Raymond Massey), her ex-employer whom she married, never deserts her. When he learns about David, he understands that too.

POSSESSED

In other, less scientific days, an insane person was said to be "possessed of a devil." In those days a woman like Louise Howell (Joan Crawford) would probably have been stoned to death. Now she is treated by psychiatrists, who patiently unravel the threads of her strange story. . .

For our purposes, the story starts when Louise, a registered nurse, comes to take care of Mrs. Graham. The invalid is filled with jealous fancies, and imagines her husband, Dean Graham (Raymond Massey) is having an affair with the new nurse. Louise actually is having an affair, but not with Dean. She is madly, uncontrollably in love with a cynical, worldly man named David Sutton (Van Heflin).

David has made it clear from the start that he isn't serious, that for him it's just one of those things. Gradually Louise grows more and more demanding, until at last, tired of her possessiveness, he tells her the affair is over. She refuses to believe it, pleading wildly with him to take her back. But he makes immediate plans to go to Canada on a mining job for Graham.

That night, Graham's wife is drowned in the lake by their house. Accident? Suicide? Murder? The coroner says accident. The household believes suicide. Except Louise. Her mind, unbalanced by her own emotional turmoil, can recall nothing of that night. Did she drown Mrs. Graham, or let her drown? She isn't sure.

In a year's time, Louise is married to Graham and they are living in a beautiful house in Washington. Graham's eighteen-year-old daughter, Carol (Geraldine Brooks), can't make herself love her father's new wife. She doesn't trust her, and they don't see much of each other.

Then David Sutton comes back from Canada, and an already explosive situation is touched off. Louise tries to convince him that he still loves her. He tells her brutally that he never did, and starts to take Carol out. Louise's mind gives way under the shock, and Graham learns quite suddenly that his wife is insane. Events move with appalling swiftness to their terrible climax.

Joan Crawford turns in another Oscar-worthy performance. Van Heflin gives a convincing portrayal of a heel, and young Geraldine Brooks is a definite discovery.—War.

(Continued on page 20)

who is she?

*She's out of this world
and down-to-earth in*

Technicolor
with Music!

where is she from?

They say she kissed 2000 men!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Rita

Larry

HAYWORTH · PARKS

in

Down to Earth

MARC PLATT · ROLAND CULVER · JAMES GLEASON · EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

ADELE JERGENS · GEORGE MACREADY · WILLIAM FRAWLEY

Original screenplay by Edwin Blum, Don Hartman · Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher

Directed by ALEXANDER HALL · A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION

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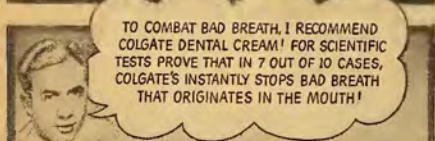
"They Can't Convince Me"

"Let's Stay Young Forever"

"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"



Woe is Me!
I've Got No She!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

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NO WOE FOR ME—NOW!
JUST HUBBA! HUBBA! HUBBA!



Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date



After the Civil War, Van Johnson lives with—and charms—Janet Leigh's southern family.



Host Tom Mitchell asks wife Selena Royle and son Dean Stockwell if Van is a "domnyonkee."



Comes the showdown and Van's in real trouble with Chos. Dingle, Guy Kibbee and their friends.

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE

I think you'll like Van Johnson better in this than in any picture he's ever made. There's warmth and sincerity in his portrayal of a young man with a difficult mission to perform. Janet Leigh is perfectly cast as a shy, pretty girl in backwoods Missouri. The time is right after the Civil War. The story is of the MacBean family, and of Henry Carson (Van Johnson) who comes to live with them.

Gill MacBean (Thomas Mitchell) fought on the Confederate side in the war. So did his son, Ben (Marshall Thompson), who is still missing. It's hard for Gill to run the farm alone. His wife, Sairy (Selena Royle) and daughter, Lissy (Janet Leigh) do all they can. Even little Andrew (Dean Stockwell) lends a hand. Still, it would be mighty nice if they could get a strong young man to help.

But when a strong young man comes along, in the person of Henry Carson, Gill is reluctant to let him stay. Henry won't come out and say which side he fought on. Just does a lot of talking about how folks ought to forget the

fighting and settle down to helping their neighbors. But folks aren't feeling very neighborly because of the "night riders"—a masked group who have been burning barns at night.

No one knows who they are, but as Gill points out, "there ain't no Northern barns been burned." Meetings are held and feeling runs high. "It's plumb silly to talk like you do about having a dance, everybody together," Gill tells Henry. "They'd be a-fightin' in five minutes."

Henry doesn't think so. He likes to sing and dance himself, and he believes other people do, too. And he's sure Lissy would look lovelier than ever in a party dress. Because by then he and Lissy are in love.

So they have the party, and for a little while everything's fine. Then trouble starts, and Henry has to come out at last and show which side he's on. That looks like the end of the romance—until a dead man tells a tale.

Wait till you hear Van singing those hill-billy songs. He's terrific!—M-G-M

(Continued on page 22)

THE THRILLING STORY
OF OLD CALIFORNIA'S
MOST ROMANTIC DAYS !

The tough-shooting, hard-fighting times of
pioneer California. Days filled with adventure
... Nights filled with excitement ... Hearts
filled with glorious love!

Nelson Eddy
Glona Massey
in

NORTHWEST OUTPOST

A story of rough-riding men ... heart-stealing women!

with
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
ELSA LANCHESTER • HUGO HAAS • LENORE ULRIC

And Introducing The American G. I. Chorus

Lyrics by EDWARD HEYMAN

Directed by ALLAN DWAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Screen Play by ELIZABETH MEEHAN and RICHARD SALE

Original Story by ANGELA STUART

Adaptation by LAIRD DOYLE

Beech-Nut Gum

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it



Most everyone you meet in vacationland enjoys Beech-Nut Gum.



It's all in the day's work for Pearl White (Betty Hutton), dare-devil heroine of silent films.



Betty fixes it so boy-friend John Lund can play her leading man—but John doesn't like it at all!



When World War I breaks out, Betty leaves the movies to entertain our soldiers in Europe.

PERILS OF PAULINE

Our beautiful blonde heroine, bound hand and foot, lies on the railroad track. Swift as death, the locomotive hurtles toward her. Pauline hasn't a chance! Or has she? See the next chapter of this thrilling serial, folks, at the same theater next week. . .

Around 1914, Pearl White in *Perils of Pauline* was the hottest bet in the movie field. When you see Betty Hutton playing Pearl, you'll understand why. Pearl is quite a gal, even before she becomes a heroine star. "A regular cut-up," the other girls in the sweat-shop where she works, call her. One day the boss has her deliver a dress C.O.D. to Julia Gibbs (Constance Collier), stock company actress. Pearl is so impressed with this "grande dame" that she hands over the dress for nothing, on condition—that she get a try-out in the stock company.

The company is run by Michael Farrington (John Lund). He reluctantly gives Pearl her chance, and she wows the audience with a wild novelty number. She stays on with the company, sewing, ironing and once in a while doing a walk-on. At last Mike lets her do a

scene with him in a South Sea Island play. This leads to utter chaos, and Pearl gets fired.

Julia leaves with her. She and an actor called Timmy (Billy de Wolfe) are both fond of Pearl. Mike is more than fond of her, but hasn't sense enough to know it. Pearl still has a stubborn determination to be an actress. It is through Julia, a lion, and a custard pie, that Pearl becomes "Pauline," the dare-devil girl of the serials. Pearl loves it, even though McManus (William Demarest), the director, has her risking her neck every day.

But she misses Mike. Eventually, she manages to get him as her leading man, and marriage is just around the corner. Then Mike's pride gets in the way—he isn't going to be Mr. Pearl White. Instead, he enlists in the Army, for war has just been declared. Pearl gives up pictures and goes to Paris where she's an enormous success as an entertainer. Eventually Mike, too, turns up in Paris and Pearl gets another chance! And being Pearl, she makes the most of it.

If you're looking for good escapist entertainment, this is it.—Par.

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THIS SIDE OF INNOCENCE

by Taylor Caldwell

AMALIE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. Then these two, the wanton and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* called this best-seller "a masterful piece of story-telling . . . pulsing with life."



IN A DARK GARDEN

by Frank G. Slaughter

HERE is a story that will hold you transfixed as you plunge with Julian Chisholm into a furious War between the States. Fascinating characters, including Lucy, intoxicating Southern belle, who gave her body recklessly but refused Julian's offer of honorable marriage. . . . Brave, lovely Jane, a mid-century Mata Hari, who would stop at nothing to gain her ends, yet whose coldly planned wedding became a thrilling romance. . . . If you liked "Gone With the Wind," you'll love this great new novel!

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NO other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only \$1.00 each. No other book club saves you 60 to 75 percent from the usual retail prices of books!

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"But I didn't say tissues... I said KLEENEX!"



Oliver Bereshak



It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *s-o-f-t* tissue. A *Kleenex* Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your eyes tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Bob, Son of Battle: Lon McCallister plays a shepherd, and Edmund Gwenn, his cruel father.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE

Peggy Ann Garner has her first romance in this picture. With Lon McCallister, which is nice romancing, and in Technicolor. But it isn't allowed to interfere too much with the story of Bob, son of Battle, the champion sheep-dog you read about years ago.

Lon McCallister plays David M'Adam, a Scotch shepherd boy. David doesn't have much fun in life. His father (Edmund Gwenn) has become a cruel, embittered old man since his wife's death. He beats David regularly, and seems to care for nothing in the world but whiskey and his great, ugly dog, Red Wull.

Wull has won the Shepherds' Trials once, and M'Adams is sure he will win again this year. Everyone else is convinced the cup will go to Bob, son of Battle. Bob is champion stock, and is the property of James Moore (Reginald Owen), a neighbor. The old man is fiercely jealous of Moore, not only because of Bob, but because young David spends as much time as he can at the Moores' home.

Mrs. Moore has taught David to play the violin, which he loves. Seventeen-year-old Maggie (Peggy Ann Garner) idolizes him. It's a peaceful, happy household, in complete contrast to his own slovenly, un-homelike dwelling.

One day David buys a violin of his own. He drives a thrifty bargain to get it, but even so, his father thrashes him soundly and tells him he must take it back. When Mrs. Moore dies in child-birth soon after, she leaves her violin to David. But M'Adam, in a drunken rage, smashes it, and David leaves home once and for all.

Meanwhile the sheep-owners round about are losing sheep. Some dog is killing them and they are sure it's Red Wull. M'Adam insists it must be Bob, but no one believes him. The Shepherds' Trials are won by Wull again, since Moore doesn't enter Bob. "One more year and the Cup is mine and Wull's to keep," M'Adam gloats. But a great deal can happen in a year. . .

Edmund Gwenn gives a superb performance as old M'Adam. The scenery has a mournful, haunting beauty that almost convinces you that you are really in Scotland.—20th-Fox

MIRACLE ON THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

So you don't believe in Santa Claus! Well, you will, by the time Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne and a wonderful little girl named Natalie Wood get through with you. Because that's what the miracle is all about.

It starts on Thanksgiving Day, when a window dresser (Bob Gist) glances up from his arrangement of reindeer and Santa Claus to see an old gentleman with a white beard (Edmund Gwenn) motioning to him. "You've got Dunder and Blitzen in the wrong places," the old gentleman says reprovingly. "Better change them around." He wanders off, leaving the window dresser with his mouth wide open.

Then the bearded man encounters the Macy parade all ready to start. When he finds that the parade's Santa Claus has gotten roaring drunk, he takes over the job himself. He makes a wonderful Santa Claus; everyone says so. Doris Walker (Maureen O'Hara) who is in charge, hires him to play the regular Santa Claus at Macy's store for the Christmas season. She asks him his name and he says Kris Kringle. That's Doris's first inkling that there's trouble ahead.

The second one comes when she hears a report from pop-eyed toy clerks. It seems that if a child happens to ask "Santa Claus" for a toy the store doesn't carry, Kris says cheerily "You can get it at Gimbel's." In fear and trembling she goes to Mr. Macy's office. She finds him up to his ears in telegrams congratulating him on his "good-neighbor policy." She gets a raise!

But in the meantime, Doris is having trouble at home. Her little girl, Susan (Natalie Wood) has been brought up by modern divorcee Doris not to believe in anything. Now, all of a sudden, Susan has started thinking that maybe there is a Santa Claus. And their next-door neighbor, Fred Gailey (John Payne) says, looking at Doris, "I've been sure of it for a long while!"

By the time all the ensuing complications are unraveled, you will have had a lovely, sentimental, Merry Christmas-ish kind of an evening.—20th-Fox

(Continued on page 26)



Miracle on 34th St.: E. Gwenn makes J. Payne, M. O'Hara and Natalie Wood believe in Santa.

GEORGE RAFT

has
his
hands
full
of

TROUBLE

and his
arms full of

VIRGINIA FIELD

... but when
Aunt Matilda
calls for help
he fights his
way to her
for



"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

*and
that's
not
all!*

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, even finest soaps
and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film**



- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
- Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights.
- Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
- Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant!
- Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
- Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!
- Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!



Dear Ruth: Bill Holden, Joan Caulfield and Ed Arnold romp merrily through this soldier force.

DEAR RUTH

Families are funny. You can do something with the best intentions in the world, and the next thing you know your parents are practically calling you a juvenile delinquent. And your older sister is saying she ought to cut your throat. When all you did was write some letters to a soldier—a lieutenant in the Air Force—and sign your sister's name and enclose her picture.

Of course it does get sort of complicated when the lieutenant, whose name is Bill (Bill Holden), shows up all of a sudden. He's madly in love with your sister, Ruth (Joan Caulfield), just from the letters and her picture. Whereas Ruth, of course, has never heard of him! Just to make it tougher, Ruth picks that day to get herself engaged to a jerk named Albert (Billy De Wolfe), who works in the bank.

Anyway, this Bill arrives when neither you nor Ruth are at home and tells your mother (Mary Phillips) and father (Edward Arnold) how crazy he is about the girl. When you stroll in that evening they are putting Ruth through a fast third degree about this lieutenant, and they catch on to the fact that you're responsible. Your father acts as if he had no understanding of the facts of life, and Ruth is very narrow-minded about the whole deal.

She does get more agreeable after she meets Bill, who's all done up in ribbons, and keeps sending her lilacs every hour on the hour. In fact, she gives Albert the brush-off so she can go out with Bill. She even pretends she did write the letters.

But that just makes things worse, because Bill wants her to marry him right away. Before he gets sent somewhere with the occupation forces. You ought to hear what Albert says about that!

Sure, it all works out, only in a funny way. And you get practically no credit for having really arranged the thing. Families are funny.

("You" is Marian, played by Mona Freeman in just the right key.)—Par.

HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS

It's been quite a while since there has been a good screwball comedy around. This is



Her Husband's Affair: Tho't's Franchot Tone under the spinach—to Lucille Ball's surprise!

definitely it, with Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone playing the wackiest pair you've ever encountered.

Bill Weldon (Franchot Tone) is an advertising man. All too frequently, however, he is side-tracked by the fabulous inventions of his friend, Professor Glinka (Mikhail Rasumny), a mad Czecho-Slovak genius.

Right now Bill is trying to get the Tappel hat account. Tappel won't give it to him unless he can get the Mayor to endorse Tappel hats. The Mayor won't endorse anything, as a matter of principle. But Bill's gorgeous, zany wife, Margaret (Lucille Ball) tricks the poor man into posing in a Tappel hat at a baseball game. He doesn't know he's doing it, but that doesn't matter—the account is now Bill's. They can go to Bermuda on a second honeymoon.

They have the bridal suite all reserved. Everything is set. Then Glinka shows up with a going-away present for Bill. An innocent looking little jar, it is. Glinka says it's a by-product of the embalming fluid that is really his life's work. "You use it instead of shaving," he says. "It removes hair."

Bill tries it and it works. He sees millions of dollars staring at him from this little jar. It will become a sensation overnight. He cancels the trip, and sells the cream to a manufacturer of shaving products. It's a sensation, all right. Every man who tries it suddenly grows a three-foot beard overnight!

Margaret comes to the rescue to the tune of "From the Halls of Montezuma." She tells them to sell it as hair tonic. They do, and it grows glass instead of hair on people's heads. Honest.

Next thing Bill knows, he's wanted for murder. Glinka's murder. Let's see Margaret get him out of this one!—Col.

CRY WOLF

Barbara Stanwyck and Errol Flynn are an intriguing combination. The plot of *Cry Wolf* keeps them suspicious of each other most of the time, which seems like a waste of romantic material. Still, it's a good plot, with lots of suspense. It begins with the arrival of Sandra Marshall (Barbara Stanwyck) at the big Caldwell estate. She has read in the papers that

GEORGE BRENT

is ducking out
on a \$75,000
cold check...



and a
million
dollar chick
named

JOAN BLONDELL

... but when
he gets
Aunt Matilda's
S.O.S. he takes
a chance getting
there for



**"CHRISTMAS
EVE"**

It's merry!

*but
there's
more
yet!*



Keep Fresher!



Feel Smoother!

Stay Daintier!



**with this talcum powder,
so fragrant and cooling**

KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over your body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool. Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere

Bouquet Talc. Its silken sheath of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talc lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person with Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder. Smartly packaged with a big velour puff.



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**

with the fragrance men love



Cry Wolf: Suspicion and intrigue stalk the high-voltage team of Errol Flynn and B. Stonwyck.

young James Caldwell (Richard Basehart) has died. Now she is here to tell his uncle Mark (Errol Flynn) that she is James' widow.

Mark at first refuses to believe her. He also throws out some fast cracks about fortune hunters. Sandra admits calmly that she did marry James for money—exactly \$2,000, which he gave her so she could finish her studies for a doctor's degree in geology. In return, she became his wife "in name only" so he could get control of his fortune away from Mark. It had been left to James and his sister, Julie (Geraldine Brooks) with Mark holding the strings until they either married or reached the age of thirty.

Sandra produces her marriage license, and Mark is forced to believe her. Julie, the seventeen-year-old, is on Sandra's side immediately. "Mark is just a jailer!" she says passionately. "Why, he won't even let me off the estate!" It soon becomes obvious that some very strange things are happening in the big, gloomy old house. There are screams and moans from Mark's laboratory at night. A bearded giant of a man comes and goes by a secret entrance. Sandra stubbornly stays on, partly because she has become fond of Julie, and partly because she is convinced that James isn't really dead. Then murder strikes and with it comes sheer terror.—War.

SINGAPORE

Smuggled pearls, a beautiful girl, a handsome schooner captain and a couple of Oriental gunmen. With all that, how can you miss? Especially when the handsome man is Fred MacMurray.

A few weeks before the Japs take Singapore, Matt Gordon (Fred MacMurray) brings his trim little schooner into port there. He finds himself the object of considerable attention from Police Inspector Hewitt (Richard Haydn), and from a couple of crooks named Maribus (Thomas Gomez) and Sasha (George Lloyd).

None of this worries Matt. He's young enough not to mind taking chances. He blithely caches



Singapore: Ava Gardner and Fred MacMurray search George Lloyd for a string of pearls!

the smuggled pearls, which are the cause of all this, in a safe hiding place, and goes out to look over the town. He finds that its most exciting landmark at the moment is an American girl, Linda Grahame (Ava Gardner).

It doesn't take long for Matt and Linda to fall in love. She misses her boat for home—on purpose, natch—and they plan to be married the day before Christmas. Matt gives Linda a string of perfectly matched pearls, and when Inspector Hewitt asks questions about them, he just gets a lot of double-talk.

But on the wedding day, the Japs are approaching Singapore. Matt leaves Linda at the church while he rushes off to get the hidden pearls. When he comes back without having been able to get them he finds that the church has been blown to pieces by a bomb. He sails away with a load of refugees in his schooner, and a load of tragedy in his heart.

After the war he comes back to Singapore, still looking for the pearls. And meets Linda, who isn't dead after all, but has had amnesia. She is not only married to a man named Hollister (Roland Culver) but doesn't even remember Matt.

However, Maribus and Sasha remember him—and the pearls. It takes some fast action to bring about a satisfactory climax.—Univ.

WYOMING

There are various ways of making a fortune. My favorite is the way the old Wyoming cattle barons did it. They got the land free from the government, cut out a few mavericks from somebody else's herd, and they were off!

That's how Charlie Alderson (William Elliott) begins, back in 1870. His wife dies in childbirth and he determines to found a fortune for his baby daughter, Karen. He sends her to Vienna to school when she's only ten, with her old nurse, Maria (Maria Ouspenskaya). When she gets back she is a young woman with her mother's beauty and her father's stubbornness.

By now life in Wyoming has become more complicated for the cattle ranchers. The

RANDOLPH SCOTT

is at home
off the range...



and making himself
at home with

DOLORES MORAN

... but when
Aunt Matilda
cries "Please!"
... pardner, he
gets there for



"CHRISTMAS EVE"

It's merry!

*yes...
turn
again!*



*She's sure—
are you?*

Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

It does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

*24-hour protection
with
Odorono Cream*

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless, stainless, vanishing. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

More economical! Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 39¢ jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10¢ and 59¢ sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



Wyoming: John Carroll and Vera Ralston pause for romance in their hunt for cattle-rustlers.

government is refusing to grant more than a few acres to anyone, and the so-called "nesters," or homesteaders, are moving in. Lassiter (Albert Dekker), a slick character who seems to be the forerunner of the modern gangster, is using the "nesters" for his own purposes. Trouble is looming ahead, especially for Alderson, Lassiter's first target.

Alderson has the respect of everyone—and the shrewd advice of his young foreman, Forrester (John Carroll). However, he is gradually needled by Lassiter into a bad error of judgment. He brings in a cut-throat named Jackson to use force against the "nesters." Forrester warns him, but the old man is too stubborn to listen. When his best friend, Windy (Gabby Hayes) is killed by Lassiter's men, Alderson is sure he's right. Forrester is equally sure he's wrong, and Karen must decide between them. A wild climax provides the answer.—Rep.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Before we came to New York from London, where my father is the official physician at the Gainsborough Studios, my sister and I were allowed to visit the set on which James Mason was working. In the

film, Mason was playing a doctor, and my father was serving as "technical advisor." During a lull, my father introduced my sister and me to Mr. Mason. He shook hands with us and began to talk medical "shop talk" with Dad. Father had to show him how to look through an eye instrument. James screwed up one eye and looked into mine, through the instrument—what a moment! Then, James was shown how to use the instrument, while I continued to serve as his "guinea pig." I shall never forget the moment when his eyes looked into mine!

*Shirley Bowman,
Omena, Michigan*

GREEN FOR DANGER

Let me introduce Alastair Sim, an English actor who is, for my money, one of the funniest men on the screen. In *Green For Danger* he plays a Scotland Yard inspector who manages to be a good detective and a comedian at the same time. Trevor Howard, Leo Genn and Sally Gray form a romantic triangle, with murder as its base.

The scene is a hospital in war-time England, and the first murder victim is a postman. An unimportant little man, you would have said, but he is important enough to someone so that he must be killed. He dies as he is being given an anesthetic, prior to a minor operation.

At first it seems like an accidental death—heart trouble, perhaps. Then it is learned that Doctor Barnes (Trevor Howard) who gave the anesthetic, had another patient die in the same way a couple of years before. Later, when the death seems definitely to be murder, there are other suspects beside Barnes. Eden (Leo Genn), the surgeon, is one, and so is pretty Freddi Linley (Sally Gray), a young nurse who won't make up her mind whether she's in love with Barnes or Eden.

The next night there is a dance for the hospital staff. An undercurrent of tension is evident, and before the evening is over, Sister Bates (Judy Campbell) injects a note of complete hysteria. She screams defiantly to the crowd that she knows who committed the murder and has evidence to prove it. Half an hour later, she is found dead in the operating room.

That's when Inspector Cockrill (Alastair Sim) is called in. He's a big, gawky man with a bald head, and no one is much impressed by him—at first. But the murderer learns that he is a man to be reckoned with.

Green For Danger is a quietly played, but intensely exciting, mystery. The acting of Leo Genn and Trevor Howard is a pleasure to watch.—*Eagle-Lion*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When John Garfield and his show came to our bomb group in Southern Italy, naturally every GI on the base wanted to see Johnny in person. However, in the army, someone is always on duty, and Joe was the

most disappointed kid on the post that night because he was Charge of Quarters. That was the show he wouldn't have missed for the world, but nothing could be done about it. Johnny Garfield, however, did do something about it! When he heard of Joe's disappointment, through our medical officer, he came trekking over to the dispensary where Joe was working and, not only did he come himself, but he brought Eddie Foy along with him. While we were sweating out a line before the theater, to see John Garfield in person, he was entertaining Joe privately at our group dispensary. Swell guy, John Garfield!

William L. Eury,
Bessemer City, No. Carolina



...and wait
till you see what
happens when they
all get together to
rescue AUNT MATILDA



...on CHRISTMAS EVE

Benedict Bogeaus
presents

GEORGE RAFT
GEORGE BRENT
RANDOLPH SCOTT
JOAN BLONDELL
VIRGINIA FIELD
DOLORES MORAN
and **ANN HARDING**

Merry in
"CHRISTMAS
EVE"
with

Reginald Denny • Douglas Dumbrille • Clarence Kolb • Dennis Hoey
John Littel • Walter Sande • Joe Sawyer • Konstantin Shayne

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings

Adapted from original stories by

Laurence Stallings and Richard H. Landau

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



Bill Hopper, Hedda's handsome son, could've been a movie star, but chose a business career instead. He and Jane are thrilled over their first baby.



Among those who wished health, wealth and happiness for Hedda's grandchild were Mr. and Mrs. John Lund, who raved over the baby's christening-dress!



Proud Mama Jane lets Hedda spoil her off-spring because, after all, that's every grandma's special prerogative! And, like all babies, Joan loved it.

modern screen goes to a christening

Hedda Hopper, Merle

Oberon, John Lund—they all played

supporting roles to the

**star of the christening: Hedda's first
grandchild.**



"No, thanks," says Joan. "I think I'll stick to milk." Anyway, it's nice having someone as lovely as Merle Oberon toast your future in champagne. Hedda figures that in 20 years, Joan will take over her MODERN SCREEN assignments.



Smart Evening Necklines reveal lots of skin! For utmost flattery, use Malibu Tan on every bit of skin that shows. You'll adore this divine new face powder shade by Lady Esther.

LOOK HOW

LADY ESTHER'S

Malibu Tan

FLATTERS YOUR SKIN AT NIGHT!

It's Summer's Most Flattering Face Powder Shade . . . a soft, subtle, heavenly shade . . . designed to enhance a natural tan or make untanned skin look beautifully, naturally tan. And here, at last, is a summer-tan shade which will not change its color after it's on your skin. Smart women everywhere are wearing Malibu Tan! Why don't you?



"I'm excited about
the new Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake
with make-up sponge right
in the case!"

—says lovely

Gail Patrick
APPEARING IN
"CALENDAR GIRL"
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



A thrilling improvement in cake make-up that's set Hollywood all agog. For Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment right in the compact. As glamorous Gail Patrick says, "It's perfect! As soon as I open my Beau Cake there's the sponge, ready for use." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake imparts ravishing young color to your skin; hides tiny blemishes; lasts for hours and hours. Enjoy it once and you'll agree Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake is truly the cosmetic sensation of the year.

"With BEAU CAKE it's so
much quicker to make your
skin look youthful, smooth
and glamorous."



"BEAU CAKE is so much
neater . . . no need for
loose cotton in my purse."



Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake \$1⁵⁰
PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case



Barbara Davis Sherry, weight 7 pounds, was born to Bette on May 1. Since it was a Caesarean birth, Bette chose the date. One wag wired, "Congratulations on your first production without Warners."



Welcome Stranger!

"It's a girl!"

Only to Bette Davis, she's
so much more—a
princess, an angel, a dream
she's dreamed
for so many years,
finally come true.

by Hedda Hopper

■ "I've wanted her ever since I was twenty-one," said Bette Davis. "Now that she's actually here in my arms, I can't believe it's true. Hedda, isn't she a beauty?"

"She is, indeed." I smiled, because I'd felt that way once myself. "The most beautiful baby in all the world!"

The young lady drawing all those raves was Miss Barbara Davis Sherry. That day she was exactly eleven days old. That day, too, was Mother's Day, and I was spending it exactly as I wanted to, with the happiest mother in Hollywood, Bette Davis.

I'd hopped in my car and driven down beside the rolling Pacific, clear to Laguna Beach, where the William Grant Sherrys live, in their new home perched over a crystal cove where the surf beats a lullaby and the sun makes diamonds dance on the waves to delight a baby's blue eyes.

The tiny sign over the gate said simply, "Sherry," and I pushed it open and went in. I didn't ask to be announced; I hadn't even called from Beverly Hills. I opened the door. "Happy Mother's Day!" I greeted.

"You *would*," Bette laughed, "catch me right at the psychological moment! I've just finished feeding Barbara. Can you stand a few bubbles and burps?"

"I can stand anything about (Continued on page 104)

*She'd made Humoresque,
Mildred Pierce,
then Possessed—and almost
collapsed. But after
two days' vacation, Joan
Crawford was
pestering the
studio for a new part!*



strange woman

■ A tall girl, muffled in a big coat and wearing dark glasses, slipped into the press preview of *Possessed* after the picture had started, and slid quietly into a back row seat. Just before the ending, she sneaked out. Joan Crawford was worried about how good a job she had done on her toughest part yet. She wangled special permission from the studio to take in the show, even though stars aren't generally allowed to attend press previews.

Joan was very careful that no critics or newspaper reporters saw her that night. She wasn't after pats on the back or polite praise. She just wanted to know eagerly and nervously their verdict. Outside, she paused for a

second as a roar of applause from inside reached her ears. That snapped her tension—made her heart skip a grateful beat.

"Golly," thought Joan to herself as that critical, cold-blooded crowd gave her her answer, "this is the biggest thrill of my life."

About everything that happens to Joan Crawford is the biggest thrill of her life—everything that's a step forward, that is. She's got a one-track pair of eyes focused on the future.

"When you look back," she explained, "you just get dizzy." Maybe that's why, after 21 years in Hollywood



and so many pictures, Joan can't remember them herself. She is a greater star than ever with a still shiny Oscar at home to prove it, her choice of prize parts, and a paycheck to match.

Adding herself up sometimes, she can't quite understand it, and she is not alone there. After *Mildred Pierce* won Joan Hollywood's highest honor, a producer who has known Joan since she started acting called to see and congratulate her. "You deserve the title of the first lady of Hollywood—it's you. You're a living symbol of a great screen star. Why, Joan," he said, "you are the most amazing woman I know. Imagine making a brand new

career for yourself after all these years!"

Joan gave him a "Poor darling, you just don't understand" look and smiled. "It's not a new career," she said, meaning it. "It's the same old one, and," she added, "believe me, *I love it!*"

No one ever confessed more truthfully a case of enduring affection. Hollywood is devoted to Joan Crawford, and always has been, and with Joan the feeling is strictly mutual—in fact, sometimes martial.

Joan was in New York recently when a group of ace portrait photographers picked their ideal glamor subject. One prominent lens artist picked (*Continued on page 99*)

the JOLSON-CROSBY story



by ed sullivan

The incomparable
Al tells the real Jolson
story—all about his
wife, his operation, his
career—and his
competitor, that up-
and-coming young singer,
Bing Crosby



Jolson, now 60, isn't anxious for his own radio show. "What?" he says. "Only work *once* a week?" He prefers guest shots, like the Lux Theater, with Margaret Whiting and Dinah Shore.



Al has already collected \$1,100,000 as his share of *The Jolson Story*, and may get as much as \$3,500,000. But the big thrill was showing wife Erle Galbraith (above, at the Stark Club) that he's still the great "Mr. Showbusiness."

■ On his last night in New York, Al Jolson had dropped up to my apartment in the Hotel Delmonico to watch a prize-fight. Not, mind you, that the Sullivans were fighting, because I am no chump; Mrs. Sullivan is very fast on her feet. What Jolson and I were watching was a televised battle at Madison Square Garden, the first he'd ever seen televised, because Coast television can't pick up the Garden fights. "Let's listen to the Crosby program," Al suggested, so we sat there and heard Crosby, Groucho Marx, Hank Greenberg and Warren Brown. "That's my boy, that Crosby," said Jolson, approvingly, and when the band played, Jolson sang snatches of songs, without getting down on one knee. Our little French poodle, Bojangles, his head cocked, sat on the floor

and listened intently, flapping his ears in rhythm.

"The test of a top-flight performer," pointed out "Jolie," suddenly, "is to come up with the right answers, when the right answer ain't written into the dialogue. Now take that Crosby. In the course of a year, a lot of awfully fast performers go on his program, and that Crosby's gotta be on the beam all night long, because now and then, one of them will drop in a line that ain't set down in the script. I mean, Crosby always is in the position of Joe Louis—he is the defending champ and he can't afford to lose, even once. When you've got a Groucho Marx throwing lines at you, brother, you *better* be fast, because that guy is one of the all-time greats of comedy in Jolie's book. (Continued on page 85)

Al's appearances on Bing's ABC show created a major stir in Radio Row. Here, they get some help from John Charles Thomas.



jeepnic*



■ Once a year, in California, the Mojave Desert blooms.

There are a lot of scientific reasons for it (involving clouds and high winds twisting through the mountains and slamming into hot breezes and causing rain) but who cares for scientific reasons?

The beautiful fact remains that the desert blooms.

It is a fact which caused Marshall Thompson to approach Elizabeth Taylor, in the M-G-M commissary, right between the soup and the fish, so to speak.

"Want to drive out to the desert?" he said. "I borrowed a jeep. (Continued on page 114)



A picnic—that's a

pack on the back and a

hike for a bite.

But a jeepnic—that's a leap

in a jeep for

something to eat!

Marshall Thompson was emoting hard for *The Romance of Rosy Ridge* and Elizabeth Taylor was working like crazy on *Cynthia*—but Saturday was their day off, the desert was in bloom, and the jeep was roarin' to go!



Jimmy Stewart says "howdy" to neighbor Hank Fonda, who's now in *The Long Night*. Conversation between the stars of *A Miracle Can Happen* is usually limited to a period of restful silence.



On the *Miracle* set, Stewart enacted his *Magic Town* role, while Hank glared; he wanted to rehearse for *The Fugitive*. "What a bunch of hams!" jeered *Miracle* stars MacMurray and Dot Ford.



When Jimmy left for Princeton to pick up that honorary M.A. degree, he gave orders for no publicity. But news leaked out anyway. Was newcomer Dorothy Ford lonesome till Jimmy returned???



pair of aces

They're a couple
of strong, silent hom-
bres—Jim Stewart
and Hank Fonda—and
they don't talk
much. Except about
each other . . .

By CARL SCHROEDER

■ I can walk into the United States Mint and stuff my pockets with dollars easier than I can flush out the real story of Jimmy Stewart.

He's a tough one, that boy—tough about gabbing.

And so is his friend, Henry Fonda.

Hank and I finally got together, though. And he made it possible for me to run Jimmy Stewart through my typewriter



the way I've always wanted.

This is the story—

The night was dark, and the wind whipped petulantly around among the brick and steel monuments which pass for living places on West 56th Street, New York City.

A couple of guys were sitting around in their New York hotel apartment. They didn't have very much money, so

they'd "eaten in," trying to pretend that their experiment with Swedish meatballs was just as good a deal as they'd have had with Oscar of the Waldorf in the kitchenette.

They were sitting there, thinking about washing the dishes.

The door, which they never locked, opened.

Three granite-faced men, hands

plunged into the deep pockets of their blue serge topcoats, walked in.

They looked at Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda. They hadn't come around for autographs.

Jimmy and Henry, who were almost but not quite real actors at the time, figured this for a good third act curtain. They didn't need X-ray vision to understand that those *(Continued on page 114)*

■ There's a town in Yorkshire, England, called Huddersfield. Its inhabitants will tell you that it's noted for its fine woolen factories, but any U. S. schoolgirl knows better. What Huddersfield is *really* noted for is James Mason, and let's not have any more of this nonsense about woolens.

Of course, back in 1909, Huddersfield couldn't be expected to be impressed by the arrival of a new baby in the Mason household. There were two Mason sons already—Rex and Colin, who would probably follow in their father's footsteps in the woolen business. No reason to think young James would be any different.

There continued to be no reason to think so for some time. James was an average boy who got into enough mischief to be normal. He didn't smear himself with greasepaint and put on little dramas in the back yard. He saw his first play at the age of seven. It was *Hamlet*, and it left him cold.

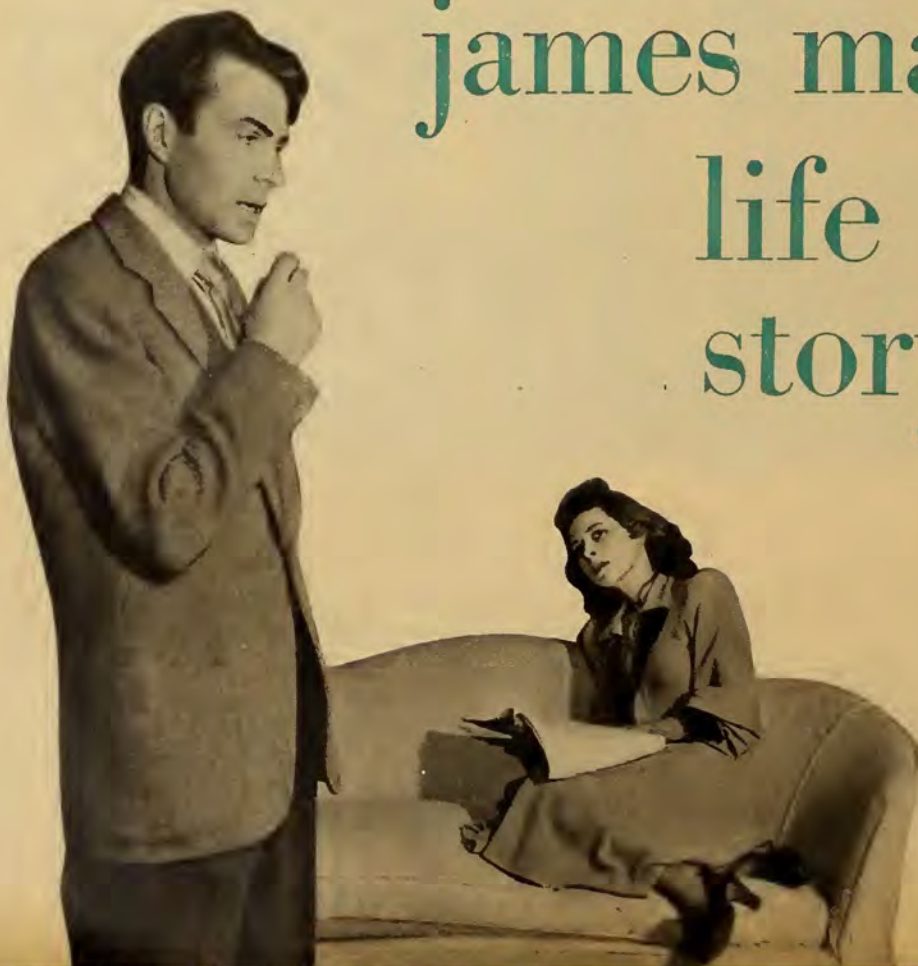
When he was three years old, he went to his first party. Not from choice.

At the party, he stood aloofly in one corner, heavy brows drawn together in the Mason manner. Finally a pretty little girl in a blue dress came over to him. She had long, blonde, Alice- (Continued on page 88)

*What with all
that bad-man publicity,
Hollywood expected
James Mason to roar
like a lion.
Instead, he turned out to be
a lamb—with a
preference for strawberry
ice-cream sodas.*

By VIRGINIA WILSON

james mason life story





Ola Thomas, Larry's cook, who "sweated out" *The Jolson Story* with him, says *Down To Earth* and *The Swordsman* weren't nearly as tough on her mealtime schedule. She's giving Betty cooking lessons now.

Larry was so chagrined when a tree surgeon pruned his orchards, he rushed out to plant nineteen more fruit trees! Below, Betty shows Larry the annual harvest—one lanky, midget-sized apricot!



■ In New York last winter, Larry Parks and his wife, Betty, blinked their way out of a projection room at Columbia's Manhattan offices. They'd just seen *The Jolson Story* for the first time—together. Betty Garrett was starring on Broadway herself then in a hit musical, *Call Me Mister*. Larry thought she ought to know whether *The Jolson Story* was good or bad. Himself, he wasn't sure—he'd been so close to the darned thing, for so long.

"Well, honey," he said, "how'd you like it?"

Betty gave him a distressed look. "Is there some place we can sit down?" she begged. "I'm all weak and wobbly."

Larry didn't know, but he opened a handy door. There was a long, hall-like room and a table big enough to stage a circus, surrounded by empty chairs. Betty sagged down on one, tilted back her hat and let go with a good old-fashioned cry.

It was Larry's turn to get butterflies inside. "What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Was I that bad?"

(Continued on page 109)

**Strangers peek into
his window and the bobby-
sockers serenade him
nightly. But Larry Parks
keeps looking behind him—
to see if there's
somebody famous
standing there.**

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

who,

me?



NO MATTER HOW

BROKE RORY WAS, HE ALWAYS

MANAGED TO HAVE HIS

OWN CAR, HIS CALHOUN

GRIN—AND SOMEBODY

ELSE'S GIRL!

By George Benjamin

MATHE ANIMAL

■ The middle-aged matron and her fourteen-year-old daughter, obviously first-time visitors to Hollywood, sat quietly in their booth at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, watching the entrance avidly. Presently, a tall young man and a very pretty girl came in.

"He looks as if he might be in pictures," the woman said.

Her daughter looked disgusted. "For Pete's sake, mother," she said, "That's Rory Calhoun."

"I can't seem to recall his latest picture, dear. But then people look so different—"

"*The Red House*. He was the woodsman. And he's doing *Adventure Island*, with Rhonda Fleming."

"He seems like such a young man—"

"He's old," the girl said. "He's twenty-four." She sighed. "But gee," she said, "just think what he must have been like when he was really young . . ."

When he was "young," Rory was like this:

He had a 1930 Model A Ford, converted and stripped and with a souped-up motor—all work that he had done during the three-hour afternoon periods in the school machine shop—and it was painted blue, with white V-8 wheels.

He (Continued on page 101)



Julie London (above) is Rory's gal in *The Red House*, but in real life, Martha O'Driscoll is his heartbeat.



Relaxing after a day's work on *Adventure Island*, Rory learns wood carving from his step-dad, Nat Durgin—who keeps one lesson ahead of his pupil.



H. 45th St. W. of B'way. Cl. 8-9158
Sun. at 8:40, \$1.20 to 3.60 TOP (Exc. Mon.)
T. & SUN. \$1.20 to 3.60 TOP. Tax Incl.

"Must be included in the itinerary
of every playgoer, either tot or
graybeard, who is seeking the
very best." — *Morehouse, Sun.*

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Music by RICHARD ADDINSKILL
INTERNATIONAL THEATRE, 5 Columbus Circle
Sun. 8:40, \$1.20 to 4.20 (Fri. & Sat. Evs.
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1947 Critics Prize Play
by ARTHUR MILLER
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
RILL Arthur KENNY
T. Theat. 49th St. W. of B'way
J. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40

MATINEE TODAY, 2:30
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
Music by IRVING BERLIN
with HERBERT AND DONALD
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by Joshua Logan
Al. Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way
10 Sharp. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40

MATINEE TODAY, 2:30
GEORGE ABBOTT presents
GEORGE BOY WITH CHEEK
Upstairs Musical Comedy
Music by LYRICS by
ULMAN Sidey LIPPMAN Sylvia DEE
LINDY WALKER BILLY REOFIELD
D. BUTTOS ELLEN HANLEY
W. BECK Theat. 45 St. W. of B'way, Cl. 8-8363

MATINEE TODAY, 2:40
EYES, at 8:40
MAX GORDON presents
ARN YESTERDAY
The Hilarious Hit by GABSON KANIN
M. THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way, Cl. 4-4258

CRITICS PRIZE MUSICAL
Absolute enchantment... tender and
telling, fantastic and real, stirring and
nothing." — *HAWKINS, World-Telegram*

IGADOON A New
Musical
L.D. 54th St. 6th Ave. Cl. 5-5200. Evs. 8:30
Sun. thru Thur. \$1.20-4.80; Fri., Sat., \$1.20-5.80
Thurs. & Sat. 2:30. MAIL ORDERS FILLED

wonderful! So is Bert Lahr!" — *News*
JEAN D'ARVILLE presents
BERT LAHR
with JEAN PARKER in
RLESQUE The Famous
Comedy
by MANKER WATTERS & ARTHUR HOPKINS
CD. 44th St. E. of B'way, 8th-20th. No Mon. Perf.
incl. Sunday 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

MATINEE TODAY, 2:35
EYES, at 8:35
"IN ENTERTAINMENT." — *Red Book*
ALL ME
The Nation's Top
Musical Theat. 41st St.

LAST 6 WEEKS
NOW AT POPULAR
\$3.00, \$4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Sun. & Sat. 2:30: \$3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
THE MUSICAL HIT
AT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way

ROUSEL
TODAY & SAT. 2:40 — EYES, 8:40
Hit in the girl and music field
today has been waiting for... *Watts, P.*

IAN'S RAINBOW
ST. THEATRE, West of B'way

MATINEE TODAY, 2:40
ERFUL ENTRANCING "Hawkins"
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
HELEN HAYES
in
APPY BIRTHDAY
A New Comedy Hit by
Directed by JOHUA
DRUMST. 44th St. West of B'way
D. I. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
11.80-4.80. Mats. Today, Sat. 2:40, 1.20-3.80

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
In association with JOSHUA LOGAN present
JOHN LOVES MARY
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX THEA. 44th St. West of B'way
M. I. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Evs. 8:40-4.80. Mats. Today, Sat. 2:40, 1.20-3.80
EXTRA PERFORMANCE!
TODAY & SAT. 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY!"
—N. Y. TIMES
LIFE WITH FATHER
by ARTHUR MILLER
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
RILL Arthur KENNY
T. Theat. 49th St. W. of B'way
J. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40

MATINEE TODAY, 2:30
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
Music by IRVING BERLIN
with HERBERT AND DONALD
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by Joshua Logan
Al. Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way
10 Sharp. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40

OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES, 44th W. of B'way, Evs. 8:30-
3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mat. Thurs.: \$3.
1.80, 1.20. Mat. Sat.: \$3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20

LAST 2 WEEKS
LUNT and FONTANNI
O MISTRESS MINE
EMPIRE Theat. 40th St. & B'y. PE.
Evs. 8:30. MATS. TOM'W & SAT. 2:40

MATINEE TODAY
"PERFECT MURDER... the twist
plot are ingenious." — *Chapman*
PORTRAIT in BLA
CLAUDE DONALD SIDNEY
LUCE COOK BLACKBURN
BOOTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'y. Evs.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
EYES, at 8:35 Sharp. Mat. TODAY & SAT.
CONRAD IRENE HENRY
NAG HERVEY O'NE
STAT OF THE UNI
HUDSON THEAT. 41 St. E. of B'y. BR.

MATINEE TODAY, 2:40
"If you see the Red Mill" you
LOVE... — *Coleman*
Y CLARK
VICTOR HERB

LAST 6 WEEKS
NOW AT POPULAR
\$3.00, \$4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
Sun. & Sat. 2:30: \$3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
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AT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way

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D. I. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
11.80-4.80. Mats. Today, Sat. 2:40, 1.20-3.80

"Harvey" is the most popular
Pulitzer Prize Play of
all time." — *MOREHOUSE, Sun*
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
In Hilarious Comedy
By MARY CHASE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
with JOSEPHINE HULL
T. Theat. E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Cl. 5-4396
T. TODAY & SAT. \$1.20 to \$3
SEATS NOW!

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
In association with JOSHUA LOGAN present
JOHN LOVES MARY
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX THEA. 44th St. West of B'way
M. I. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Evs. 8:40-4.80. Mats. Today, Sat. 2:40, 1.20-3.80
EXTRA PERFORMANCE!
TODAY & SAT. 2:40

MATINEE TODAY
1947 Critics Prize Play
ALL MY SONS
by ARTHUR MILLER
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
RILL Arthur KENNY Ed BEGLY
T. Theat. 49th St. W. of B'way, Cl. 5-8170
J. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40. AIR-COND.

MATINEE TODAY, 2:30 Sharp
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
Music by IRVING BERLIN
with HERBERT AND DONALD
with RAY MIDDLETON
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Al. Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way
10 Sharp. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40

OKLAHOMA!
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1.80, 1.20. Mat. Sat.: \$3.60, 3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20

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plot are ingenious." — *Chapman*
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CLAUDE DONALD SIDNEY
LUCE COOK BLACKBURN
BOOTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'y. Evs.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
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CONRAD IRENE HENRY
NAG HERVEY O'NE
STAT OF THE UNI
HUDSON THEAT. 41 St. E. of B'y. BR.

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Y CLARK
VICTOR HERB

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Sun. & Sat. 2:30: \$3.00, 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
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T. TODAY & SAT. \$1.20 to \$3
SEATS NOW!

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J. Mats. Today & Sat. 2:40. AIR-COND.

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T. TODAY & SAT. \$1.20 to \$3
SEATS NOW!

MODERN SCREEN

THEATRE

DELACORTE & MALMGREEN.....Proprietors

presents

A HIT THAT RIVALS ALL!

Thousands Turned Away

THE ORIGINAL AND UNCENSORED VERSION OF

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

OR

LIFE WITH FATHER MORGAN

(notice: pumice stone supplied free in lobby for guests whose hands become calloused from applauding)

WITH THE ORIGINAL (NO SUBSTITUTES!) CAST:

DENNIS MORGAN	an indulgent father
STANLEY MORGAN	a 12 year-old boy wonder
KRISTIN MORGAN	a 9 year-old girl wonder
LILLIAN MORGAN	a loving mother
DOG MORGAN	fearless guardians of
GOAT MORGAN	the family silver and honor

AND

HOWARD SHARPE the author

Doors open at 8:45 each and every evening

MATINEES SATURDAY AT 2:45

COME ONE! COME ALL!

No Pets Allowed!



KRISTIN MORGAN

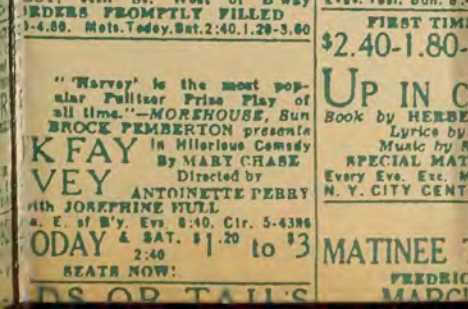
FRANK FAY HARVEY
In Hilarious Comedy
By MARY CHASE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
with JOSEPHINE HULL
48th St. Theat. E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Cl. 5-4396
MAT. TODAY & SAT. \$1.20 to \$3
SEATS NOW!

LAST 2 WEEKS
MATINEE TODAY
EYES, at 8:40
FLORENCE FURDIGE

H. E. of W. Y. Eve. 8:40. Cir. 5-4386
 TODAY & SAT. 1.20 to \$3
 SEATS NOW!
 D. S. OR TAIL'S

MATINEE
FREDRIC
MARCH

Kris: Well—sometimes. I did one this morning. He's off on a
(Continued on page 96)



51

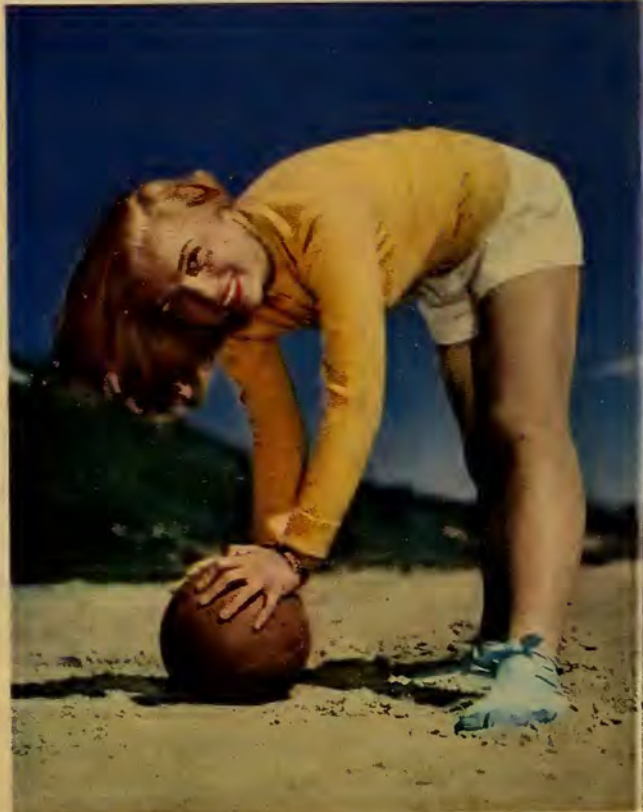
Definitely o type to toke along on o fishing trip, Lizabeth Scott cheerfully boits her own hook. A real fisherman, even her tiniest catch looked like a whale—to her!



Toking time off from the *I Walk Alone* set, Liz curls up with a kindred spirit: Breck, the Siamese cat. Naturo!-born "laungers," Lizabeth and Breck can relax ond be comfortable anywhere. Only difference, our photographer said, is thot Breck purrs louder.



The tame sea lian at Los Flores Inn takes caviar (though he'll settle far mack-erel) daintily from your fingers, but Liz didn't trust him. Ta show her haw eesy it was, the innkeeper fed him o fish. "Hmmm," said Liz, "naw caunt your fingers."



Just after Bob Beerman snopped this shot, Lizabeth, inspired by the trained seal, bounced the basketball off her nose. "A nase-bleed in o calar, shat!" she beamed. "What wan't I do far ort!"

mirage in mink

ONCE SHE ONLY

MODELLED MINKS—AND DREAMED

OF OWNING ONE. NOW

THAT LIZABETH'S GOT

HER OWN, SHE WALKS ON IT—

BUT SHE TAKES HER

SHOES OFF FIRST!

By Irene Greengard

■ She had a date with Burt Lancaster (back before Burt got married) and when he came to call for her, he noticed an extravagantly beautiful mink coat thrown across a chair, and he grinned.

Lizabeth was a kid to whom a mink coat had seemed terribly important, and she'd done a lot of talking about it. She intended to have one, and she intended to buy it herself.

Lancaster was standing there, touching the soft fur, and finally, Lizabeth appeared, pulling on gloves.

"So you made it," Burt said. "You got your mink."

She looked at him for a minute, and then she picked the coat up and spread it on the floor, and walked over it.

"I notice you took your shoes off," he said drily.

"Well, sure," she said. "I don't want to wreck the thing! But seriously, I guess I was just proving something to myself."

"Like-what?"

"Like now that I've got a mink coat, I think it's very pretty, but it doesn't matter much."

Burt sighed. "Scott, I think you're growing up."

Which was about the size of it. For a while, she'd been so sure. She was going to be a career girl, and have money and clothes and people staring at her in the streets—until the day she woke up feeling like a dope.

After that, she was more (Continued on page 123)





■ Betty, who loathes disorder, had everything planned. The new baby was due by Caesarean on June 25th. Harry'd be back from his road tour on the 11th. They'd spend a week at the ranch, which would give her the last week in town to tie up loose ends and wait around, just in case . . .

The baby, of course, was going to be a boy, since that was what Harry wanted, and Betty's chief aim in life is to please Harry. As they'd wheeled her from the surgery after Vicki's birth, she'd murmured: "Next time I'll give you a baseball player—" So that was all planned, too—a little son to be named after his father.

"If it's a girl," Harry said one day, "let's call her Jessica." Coming out of a clear blue sky, this startled Betty. "Don't you like it, hon?"

"Yes, but not Jessie. And Jessica sounds like such a long name. It isn't really though. No longer than Dorothy or Margaret—or Clementine. What made you pick it anyway?"

"Goes good with James," he chuckled. "Jessie James—"

Mother Wore Tights—the best Grable to date, according to those who've seen it—was finished by the end of January. In April, Harry went (Continued on page 122)

"Jessie" for short



HER NAME IS JESSICA, ONLY SHE'LL ALWAYS BE JESSIE JAMES TO BETTY AND HARRY. BECAUSE
LIKE HER NAMESAKE, SHE'S A BANDIT—STEALING
THEIR HEARTS AWAY!

By Ida Zeitlin



Harry, touring the East with his band, was all set to return home in time for the birth of Jessica. But Betty's premature Caesarean operation on May 21 caught him in Atlantic City.



Vicki, the James' first child, was born March 4, 1944. To stop the rumors that Betty's retiring, she's signed a new contract that runs through 1950. Her next picture will be *Mother Wore Tights*.

palm springs

Modern Screen invites

you to sun-baked

Palm Springs,

where there's a swimming pool

in every parlor,

and the man-in-the-street

is apt to be

Cornel Wilde!



■ Maybe you've heard of Palm Springs, California. In the beginning, it was just a stretch of desert, with the sun beating on it. Now it's still a stretch of desert, but it's complete with fine hotels, and restaurants, and stores, and night clubs, and people. Most of all, people.

Palm Springs is only a few hours drive from Hollywood, so movie stars are its constant patrons, and best tourist bait.

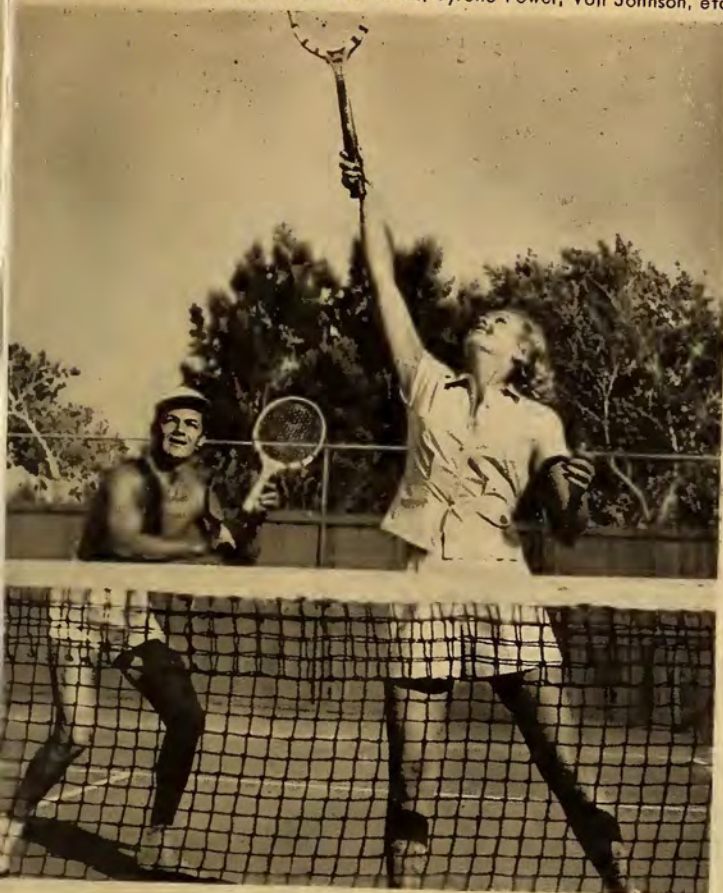
Next to the sun, of course. Good, hot, healing sun

is what really lures the weary.

Pat and Cornel Wilde were going down to Palm Springs, so MODERN SCREEN trekked along and got these pictures, to give you some idea of the fabulous oasis.

Since both Wildes are tennis fans, and fine players, they spent some time at the Racquet Club. The Racquet Club is exclusive; it's owned by Charlie Farrell (silent film star) and it's frequented by celebrities, and citizens who have as much (*Continued on page 59*)

Tennis is serious business at Charlie Forrell's Palm Springs Racquet Club. Cornel and Pot, who are among the many movie star members, can hold their own with such regulars as Paul Lukas, Tyrone Power, Von Johnson, etc.



A mild protest that he's about to be separated from his shoulder gets him nowhere with the masseur. Cornel finished *Forever Amber* before his vacation, and starts *It Had To Be You* on his return.



Photographer Burt Kopperl, who took the pictures on this page and the next, is a former Army captain, who contracted polio in the war. But even his wheel-chair didn't keep Kopperl out of the club's shower room.



Lunching beside the swimming pool is one of the luxuries Pot and Cornel enjoy as club members. It's expensive, but dining at restaurants in town is even more so. Their wet companion is Eloise Hordt of *The Pirate*.

Photographs by Kopperl

If you think chess only exercises the mind, try this outdoor version. After 20 minutes, Pat was too tired to lug her chessmen, so Carnel played both sides.

Six or eight sets of tennis, and both Pat and Carnel are ready to relax in the bamboo-shaded lounge, sipping exotic Hawaiian coolers. Playing Harvey, the Rabbit, for the Wildes is Harry Crocker, Las Angeles newspaper columnist—down for the week-end.



At the Doll House, Palm Springs' swankiest night club, Mr. and Mrs. W. go wild for the boogie beat of Felix, the Drummer. Felix is a permanent fixture, having been there for the past six years.



Prices at the Doll House are anything but hush-hush. Since Pat is the economical housewife, Cornel tried to conceal the tab on the filet mignon—\$4.50. Vegetables, dessert, coffee (only 15c per cup) are all "extra."



Dancing into the dawn presents no health problem for stay-up-lates. They're convinced that the Palm Springs sun has "special properties" that will bake their tired bones and send them home fit as a fiddle.

palm springs

(Continued from preceding page) money as celebrities. Non-citizens who have as much money as celebrities could probably get in, too.

Racquet Club members are serious about their tennis. Paul Lukas lives close by, and he never misses his ten sets a day.

Palm Springs specializes in what are referred to as Dude Ranches (some of them are Smoke Tree, Thunderbird, Deep Well), but the only bona fide ranch touches are the horses. And the dudes.

For thirty dollars a day (which is the average ante) a man comes in and lights the fire in your fireplace in your bedroom every morning—it gets nippy in the desert—and there are waiters with towels, telephones and cocktail shakers standing around the pool, hoping you'll want something, so they can service you.

They may even have those under-water pens.

One of the terrific places to eat, in town, is the Doll House, where Pat and Cornel went on our picture-taking day. At the Doll House, a (Continued on page 95)

■ The scene is midnight. Bedroom interior. Setting—the hilltop house of movie actor, Macdonald Carey.

Betty Carey, his wife, sits erect awakened by Mac's mutterings in his sleep. She listens a moment. Then—

"Mac! Mac! Wake up!"

"Huh? Don't go away, honey. Please!"

"Macdonald Carey, you wake up!"

Mrs. Carey flicks on the night lamp, looking excruciatingly lovely, her auburn hair rumped, her blue eyes sleepy and provoked.

"What's the matter?" Mac is half awake now, too.

"You were dreaming about that native girl on the South Sea Island again."

"Betty, please." Mac leans over and kisses his wife on her cheek, like is not allowed in British films. "I explained about that before. Every now and then I dream about that island. Actually, there weren't any beautiful girls. Can I help it if a girl shows up in my dreams?"

Mrs. Carey turns off the light, slightly pacified.

She goes to sleep.

So does Mac.

In two minutes he is dreaming again. He is dreaming that he is kissing Paulette Goddard—almost. As he is about to take her in his arms, in storms Betty Hutton. She is indignant.

She shouts, "Macdonald Carey—if you are almost going to kiss anybody, you can almost kiss me."

End of dream.

"I am getting very tired of that dream," Macdonald Carey told me. "It is worse than looking at your own screen test."

Then he explained. It is all Mrs. Carey's fault. She is forever ribbing him because he is the only romantic leading man without a horse who never gets kissed in movies. He never had a clinch on the stage, either. The only time he ever came close was when he worked in radio on the "Stella Dallas" and "John's Other Wife" programs. But even then, the sound man did the kissing and the heroine was six feet away at another microphone.

I saw Mac for the first time in *Lady in the Dark*, the stage version.

Mac was the advertising salesman who cured Gertrude Lawrence of her complexes just before the curtain went down. There has never been a more romantic moment. There was no clinch at all. In fact, Mac pulled up a chair Gerty was expecting to sit in and she almost landed on her bustle (Continued on page 72)



The Careys had their wedding invitation plates made into a cigarette box and ash tray, then had them gold-plated. To read the inscription, Betty has to hold it up to a mirror—because it's backwards.



When Mac comes home after working on *Dream Girl*, he's too tired for Betty's "knittin' fittin's." So she catches him when he sits down to read—always just when he's finding out "whodunnit."



He's really a perfectly nice husband,
insists Mrs. Macdonald Carey. So why won't
those mean old screenwriters ever let him kiss the girl?

By ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dream guy





Ava does most of her living at the home of her lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, and his wife. Daughter Barbi worships her—especially since she's in *The Hucksters*—with Gable!



There's no big love in Avo's life right now, so she's playing the field. The "field" includes Peter Lowford (above), who's her favorite escort for golo rumbo evenings, and Irving Reis, who, Ava thinks, is a "swell egg," too.

■ The way the story always gets told, she was a sophisticated New York model, who came to Hollywood.

The way the facts actually stand, she was a kid from North Carolina, with an accent so thick it sounded phony, and the only thing she'd ever modeled was shorthand.

She was in New York visiting her sister, Beatrice, whom she hadn't seen in a long time. Beatrice looked her over carefully, eyes narrowed. Little Ava was growing up. Pretty, too.

"I think we'll have my guy take some pictures of you," she said. Her husband was a photographer, and her mind was working very fast.

The pictures were taken, and Beatrice sent them to M-G-M's New York office, while Ava jeered. "Honey, you're jus' plain *crazy!*"

One week later, a letter came from Metro. Could Ava drop in for a screen test?

She went, Beatrice at her side, and when she got through talking to the man, (Continued on page 117)



One-year-old Susan Rosenthal is responsible for getting Avo out of bed on time to report for work in *Singapore*. She gets her best results by pounding on Ava's stomach.

honey chile



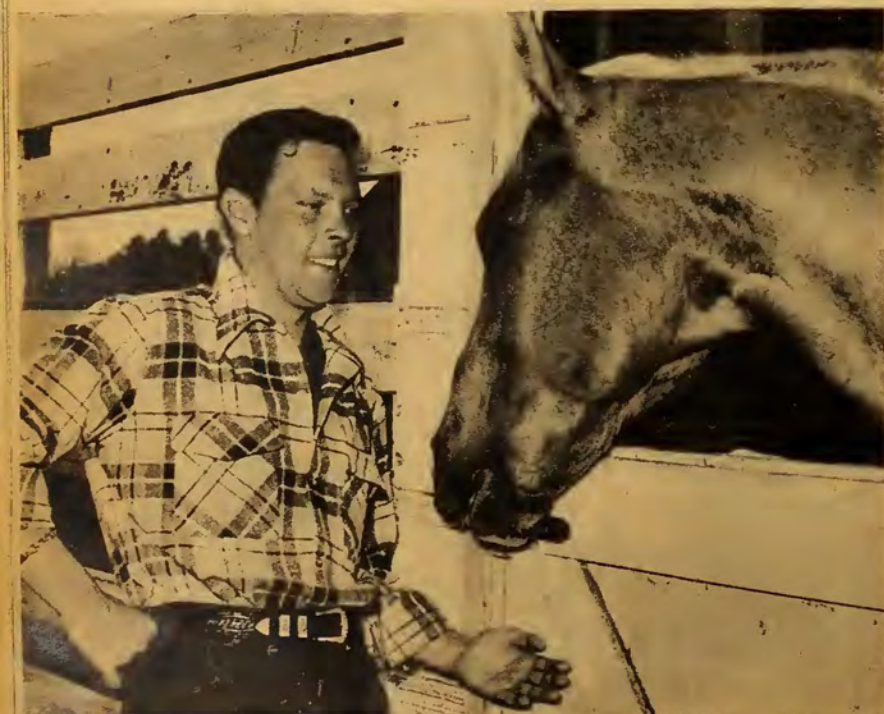
WITH THAT DIXIE
ACCENT, YOU'LL NEED AN IN-
TERPRETER, THEY TOLD
AVA GARDNER. BUT HER
FACE AND FIGURE
NEEDED NO TRANSLATION.

By Rosemary Layng





Joonne "retired" temporarily after finishing *Red River*, to await the arrival of the Hoymes' third tot. If a boy, he'll be named for Bill Burton.



Dick's horse, Thunderbolt, has a glamorous movie star wife, too—Flicko. Manager Bill Burton gave the Hoymes' Thunderbolt because Dick complained he could only relax in night clubs. Now, he relaxes by riding doily, on one of his six thoroughbreds.



Trying to fill her Daddy's shoes is a mighty ambition for 3-year-old Pidgeon. Dick, whose latest is *Carnival in Costa Rica*, wants a non-singing, swashbuckling role next.



a man's castle

Most guys go
looking for what Dick
Haymes has in his
own back yard: a beautiful
wife, cute kids, seven
horses and a pool. No wonder
he'd rather stay home!

BY HOWARD SHARPE

■ Joanne Dru Haymes was pretty exhausted by the time she had piled Skipper and Pidgeon into the convertible, and climbed in after them. It was Noonny's day off (that would be Mrs. Estes, the Haymes' nurse) and Joanne had had the care of the children all day. They are five and three years old, respectively, and a handful.

Furthermore, she'd lived up to a resolution made a few days before when a close family friend, watching the kids chasing each other across the lawn wearing nothing whatever but little pants, had said, "Good gosh, Jo, haven't they any clothes?"

Jo's pride as a mother was aroused. Today she'd promised to meet that family friend for sodas at Martha Smith's place in Beverly Hills, after a shopping spree. The children had to come along anyway, and Jo considered the whole thing a God-sent opportunity to show her friend a thing or two.

For a solid hour she'd worked over Skipper and Pidgeon, sloshing them about in the tub, shampooing their hair, and struggling endlessly with underclothes, white shoes and socks, a shark-skin suit and a frilly pink dress reminiscent of a birthday (Continued on page 84)



Practicing for his appearance at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City this summer, Ferryman Haymes gives Pidge and Skipper a fast whirl around the swimming pool. Dick will earn about \$150,000 for the four-week engagement.



Kit Rafferty, 4, was awed at Maggie's party—but not speechless!

Little maggie comes To Town

■ Somehow, the word got around that Maggie O'Brien was going to visit MODERN SCREEN's New York office. Now, Maggie had come East to close a deal with the Public Ledger Syndicate (to write a newspaper column six days a week), so the visit might have been a simple professional matter: M. O'Brien, columnist, coming up to chat with A. Delacorte, and H. Malmgreen, editors. Colleagues, y'know.

"Maybe she can give us a couple of tips," Al said hopefully.

"Don't talk about horse races in front of little girls," Henry said, frowning.

(Continued on page 120)



George Delacorte, Modern Screen's publisher, pinned orchids on Maggie, promised to see her in *Unfinished Dance*.



Mog "sat" for cartoon editor Chuck Soxon, then asked him to direct her to 10th Ave, because she just made a film called, *Tenth Avenue Angel*.



Adele Meyer, whose mom is our vice-president, and her friend Medora Helfrich, kept Margaret busy with autographs.

WHEN MAGGIE O'BRIEN VISITED OUR TOWN,
SHE HAD OUR PUBLISHER ORDERING UP ORCHIDS,
CLOSED A DEAL TO WRITE A COLUMN,
AND FELL IN LOVE—WITH A CIRCUS CLOWN!

By Christopher Kane



Poise,
it's
wonderful!



Myrna, whose latest films are *Song of the Thin Man* and *Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer*, proves (above) that her role of perfect wife is real as well as reel. She first met husband Gene Markey, producer of *Moss Ross*, 16 years ago.

SHE WAS LATE, SHE WAS JOSTLED,
SHE'D KEPT AN ADMIRAL WAITING! BUT MYRNA
LOY REMAINED CALM. WHY
GET EXCITED JUST BECAUSE IT'S YOUR
WEDDING DAY?

By Hank Jeffries

■ "But you don't understand," Myrna said impatiently to the driver of the hired limousine in which she was riding. "We're going to a wedding."

"All right, Miss Loy," the driver said.

"But it's my own! And it started exactly five minutes ago—I mean it was supposed to. But look where I am!" She glanced despairingly at her two companions: her mother and her matron of honor.

"I'm sorry, Miss Loy," the driver said.

"But Admiral Halsey is best man! You don't keep an admiral waiting!"

The driver sighed. "Look, Miss Loy," he said wearily, "what do you want I should do? Squeeze the car *under* that stalled freight train? Or back up, get a running start, and fly *over* it?"

"Don't try to be reasonable. I can't stand it." The flame-haired lady thought distractedly, her lip caught between her teeth.

"Can't you go around it?"

"This is a good car, Miss Loy, but it ain't a jeep or a medium tank."

Myrna was silent for a moment. Then, in a small voice, she said, "Well, you could at least blow your horn!"

The driver did a long, slow burn. Suddenly, he brought his hand up and clamped it on the horn, which began blasting raucously. As if in response, the engine tooted twice, and the long freight screeched into action.

The driver gave Myrna a bewildered look. "You see?" said Myrna, relishing her triumph. As the caboose rattled past the crossing, she added, "Now. The accelerator against the floor and keep it there, please."

Myrna arrived at the Navy chapel bruised from jouncing from one side of the car to the other, her hat awry, a dress seam split; but her face, as usual, was in repose. She did not hurry as she walked toward the entrance. As she calmly entered the chapel on the arm of Captain Jack Ford, who gave her away, the nervousness of everyone disappeared. That is the way it is in the presence of the lady whose name is Loy.

Afterward, as she sat in the car beside her new husband, Commodore Gene Markey, she thought of the first time she had ever seen him, and smiled

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a little. He saw the smile, and pressed her hand.

In answer to his unspoken question, she said, "I was thinking of that dinner party sixteen years ago." And then they both remembered...

Gene Markey, one of the most urbane gentlemen ever to lend his wit, intelligence and sophisticated talents to Hollywood, had advanced to meet his hostess. It was his third night in Hollywood. He anticipated a pleasant evening. The lady who had invited him to dinner was a Frenchwoman of considerable age, whose figure and teeth were false, but whose diamonds and reputation for giving amusing parties were not.

"I've an enchanting girl for you," she told him, leading the way to the drawing room. "An actress, quite new and very young, but so charming. Be very sweet to her. Her name is Myrna Loy."

Gene raised both eyebrows. "Why the oriental siren for me?"

Madame laughed. "Myrna is no siren. Her real name is Williams. She's a simple American girl just out of high school—why, she even posed for a statue of the American Girl that stands in Venice—California. She's very shy and it would not occur to her that the famous Gene Markey could be anything but bored in her presence."

As it turned out, he was anything but bored...

While the car carried Commodore Gene Markey and his lady on their wedding trip, Gene smiled silently as he thought of a more recent evening when he and Myrna Loy sat opposite each other at a table in a very famous, very expensive, very dimly lighted restaurant.

Myrna was wearing an unobtrusively elegant dress and one or two magnificent jewels. Gene was in the uniform of a Commodore in the U. S. Navy. Their conversation had jumped pleasantly from the latest Broadway play to Santayana, whose latest book Myrna had just read, to architecture, as applied to California houses.

"What I want," Gene said, "is a house that will work for me, instead of my having to work for the house. I like to live like a simple human being, with the necessities (Continued on page 107)

SHE PLANS A GOOD GAG

LIKE A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE PLANS A STATE DINNER.

BECAUSE TO ROZ RUSSELL NOTHING'S SACRED—

EXCEPT MAYBE HER 55 HATS!

By Cameron Shipp



Husband Fred Brisson surprised Roz with a beautiful platinum ring, in honor of their son Lance's fourth birthday. (See Lance with Roz on opposite page.)



Radio guest shots, like this one for Academy Award Theater with Jonet Blair, are fun. Her role in *Mourning Becomes Electra* is the most dramatic of Roz's career—more than *Sister Kenny*!

Sound
of
Laughter

■ Mr. Frederick Brisson, one of Hollywood's distinguished younger producers, was neither chagrined nor amazed, recently, to find Clark Gable kissing his wife, Rosalind Russell, in his bathroom.

He also discovered William Powell holding Rosalind's hand in his dressing room and James Stewart making love to her in his clothes closet.

It's not quite as bad as it sounds, for the intimate scenes with the Messrs. Gable, Powell, and Stewart were merely photographs, painstakingly pinned up all over the upstairs—by Roz herself.

Mr. Brisson wags his head admiringly.

"It must have taken several hours to dig those old publicity stills out of the basement and the attic, but she did it for laughs.

"We have to have laughs in this house."

I saw Roz shortly after the photograph gag. She had (Continued on page 82)



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DREAM GUY

(Continued from page 60)

every night. But the situation, the way Gerty and Mac played it, was a punch in the heart.

So punchy that Paramount signed Macdonald Carey at a salary of \$1,000 a week, which is almost unheard of for an unknown.

Maybe the big real-life romance Mac was carrying on at the moment had something to do with it.

Mac had known Betty Hecksher, a young socialite and promising actress, for only a short time. They met at Benno Schneider's acting class and found out how they felt when they went to a friend's apartment some weeks later to rehearse each other in lines from *Love From a Stranger*.

They just looked at each other for a couple of hours.

Then Mac said, "Are you married?"

Betty said, "No, I'm not."

"Maybe we can do something about that," Mac declared.

Five months later he got around to the actual proposal, which is unique in the annals of romantic history.

"You have to choose between me and the William Morris agency," Mac said. "For I just won't go for your being an actress after we are married."

Betty accepted the proposal then and there, and it wasn't until two days later that she realized that Mac had won the eternal argument between sweethearts in the theater, just by attaching a "rider" to the main proposition.

So Betty and Mac were married. Twice.

The first time in a big formal wedding in the Church of the Redeemer at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Mac left the theater right after the last curtain on Saturday night, and took the train for Philadelphia. On the way over, the wedding guests helped him put on the gold garter set Gertrude Lawrence had given him for a wedding present.

That was a gag, of course. So was the telephone call right after the ceremony

(Continued on page 81)

Jane Greer . . .

RKO actress with two big pictures coming up—*They Won't Believe Me*, with Robert Young, and *Out of The Past*, with Robert Mitchum.

(Aside to RKO. Want you please put Jane in a comedy? The girl's a natural comedienne. She had us ralling in the aisle when we took our fashion photos.)

Jane opens up our "summer in the city" fashion portfolio with the cutest summer raincoat on record. It's got jaunty shoulder flanges and jutting pockets—and each white button bears a red umbrella.

The fabric is Oxford cotton gabardine, Zelan-treated to ward off the raindrops. Comes in aqua, maize, natural, white. Sizes 9-15. And don't rub your eyes when you see the price—it's really that unbelievable!

By Ann Howe \$5.90.

To find out where to buy this raincoat, please turn to page 79.

modern screen
fashions



FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY

*spend the day in a
short sleeved print*

By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor



Who cares how hot it is
when you can look so cool—and so
cute! Jane Greer models a minx of a
dress with an impudent bustle bow—
a scooped neckline—and a black ribbon.
It's sheer printed cotton with green,
purple and pink squiggles
in heavenly shades. Also

other colors. Sizes 9 to 15.
By Jonathan Logan.....\$10.95.



**WHERE
TO BUY**

See page 79

● You'll actually hope
for torrid weather—when it gives
you an excuse for a pretty cooler
like the one Jane Greer models here.
The neckline is sweet and low—(for
your favorite necklace)—the pouch
pockets are cut on a curve.
Printed rayon—gold, blue
or pink on white. Sizes 10-18.
By Hadden Casuals \$10.95.



FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY

date in sophisticated black



● Naturally you know that for sheer man-killing lure there's nothing like sheer black. Jane Greer models a sophisticated date dress with a film of net at the throat, an edging of net on sleeves and rippling apron—and a peplum in back. (Back view in above photo.)

Rayon. In sizes 9-15.

By Donna Hale.....\$14.95.



**WHERE
TO BUY**

See page 79

● For ooh-la-la, try the rustle of black moire. Here Jane Greer poses in a wicked widow number with a follow-me bustle, a full, longer skirt, and a low curved neckline in front. Wear it with a huge hat, black stockings, and naked sandals. Then wait for results. Rayon. Sizes 9 to 15.

R. & K. Original . . . About \$14.95.



FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY

*black—
with satin*

● Did you know that satin is fashion's love again? It is—and sirens please take note. Jane Greer models big-city black—very woman of the world. It's two-piece; in crepe with draped satin peplum, satin cuffs, gold buttons and slim gold belt. High neckline. Rayon. Sizes 9-15. By Junior Accent \$19.95. Helmet by Madcaps, \$4.

WHERE
TO BUY

See page 79

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Ann Howe raincoat with umbrella buttons worn by Jane Greer in the full color photograph (Page 73)

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Hi-School Shop, Second Floor

Jonathan Logan printed dress with bustle worn by Jane Greer (Page 74)

St. Louis, Missouri—Famous-Barr & Co., Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor

Hadden Casuals printed dress with pouch pockets worn by Jane Greer (Page 75)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, Central Bldg., Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Gallivant Shop, Third Floor

Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Brownley, Inc., Sportswear Dept., Third Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Shop

Donna Hale black rayon dress with net at the throat worn by Jane Greer (Page 76)

Philadelphia, Pa.—Oppenheim Collins

Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

R. & K. Original black moire bustle dress worn by Jane Greer (Page 77)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Junior Dept., Second Floor

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.

Detroit, Michigan—Crowley, Milner Co.

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Junior Dresses, Second Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers, Junior Dress Dept., Third Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Young Washingtonian Shop

Junior Accent black crepe dress with satin worn by Jane Greer (Page 78)

Boston, Mass.—Coleman's, Junior Dresses, Second Floor

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's, Miss Mar-

leigh Junior Shop, Second Floor

Kansas City, Mo.—Rothschild's Jr. Dress Dept.

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Rothschild's Jr. Dress Dept.

Washington, D. C.—Erlebacher's, Junior Dept., Third Floor

Lingerie on Page 80

Tommielcoat

Durham, N. C.—Baldwin's, Lingerie, Second Floor

Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke Co.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Bowman's, Lingerie Shop, Second Floor

Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg, Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Tommiel Short-cuts

Durham, N. C.—Baldwin's, Lingerie, Second Floor

Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke Co.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Bowman's, Lingerie Shop, Second Floor

San Antonio, Texas—Frank Brothers, Women's Dept., Second Floor

Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg, Lingerie Dept., Second Floor

Stardust panties

St. Louis, Missouri—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Copacabana bra

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's, Corset & Bra Shop, Second Floor

"Diana" slip by Kayser

Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.

Blue Swan nightgown

Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co., Knit Undies, Street Floor

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Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY

lots of lovely lingerie



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3. CAT NAP. After your bath, relax! Climb into a pair of Tommies Shortcuts, snooze. Cute, cool chopped off pajamas by Tommies, about \$4.98 pair.



1. HOT AND BOTHERED. After a long hot day, you're limp. Date at 7!



4. OOMPHIE UNDIES. Naw for glamorizing! First, slick panties. By Stardust. 69c. Then a satin bra, plunging to here. By Copacabana. About \$2.



5. SLICK SLIP. Slide into a slip that goes in and out where you do! Pink or white rayon crepe, appliqued lace bosom. "Diana" slip by Kayser. \$4.



6. SURE LURE. Man-killer dress, big hat, perfume. This date'll make history.



7. HEARTTHROBS! It was a fate date! Dream of him—in a lacy, full-skirted midriff nightie. Blue, rose, yellow or white jersey. By Blue Swan. \$3.50.

WHERE
TO BUY

See page 79

DREAM GUY

(Continued from page 72)

telling Mac he had to be at a radio studio at eight the next morning for a show.

I guess you'd call it sort of a between-the-acts honeymoon, but it was romantic enough at that, because a friend loaned the couple a beautiful penthouse apartment. And then, of course, there was the second wedding which took place about three weeks later.

This time Mac really proposed with all the right words. They borrowed an automobile and drove to South Orange, New Jersey. In the back seat was Vic Mature.

Monsignor Kelly, an old friend of Mac's, performed the ceremony. Vic was combination best man, godfather to Betty, and also gave the bride away.

After that he went out into the automobile, crawled into the back seat and slept all the way back to Manhattan, completely ignoring the happy bride and groom.

busy day . . .

Things were really happening fast to Macdonald Carey in those days. On a single day—January 15, 1941—he became engaged, received his 1-A draft notice and signed his Paramount contract. He would have gone into the army before he could get around to those two weddings, but the physical exam kept throwing him out on account of a heart murmur.

Later, in Hollywood, he played in several pictures, winding up with *Wake Island*. In that he was a Marine. He liked it so much that he decided to really become one.

The Marines didn't bother about the heart murmur. They tossed him out because he was color blind and near-sighted. This burned Mac up. He went to a specialist and took eye exercises. Meanwhile, he signed to play an Army sergeant.

The Marines must have heard about it. He was sent for and nobody mentioned the eyes or the murmur. The rest added up to a one-line history of Carey in the war—

Boot camp, Bougainville, Espiritu Santo, Mindorow, Mindanao and Manus.

During a lull in the shooting, Mac and several friends visited a small island on which there were supposed to be head-hunters. Mac suggested to the Chief of the tribe that they had some very nice things to trade in exchange for some skulls.

"Cannot trade today," the Chief muttered. "No trade heads on Sunday. Tribe all good Presbyterians."

Mac has the darndest experiences.

When he was assigned the leading role opposite Paulette Goddard in *Suddenly It's Spring*, Producer Claude Binyon wanted him to look older. Night after night Binyon kept Mac up almost until dawn, sitting around with a pint of bourbon, and he still shudders at the memory of one certain saloon.

He and Binyon had been sitting for four hours, when the producer signaled for the waiter.

"Waiter," said Binyon, "bring us a couple of dirty sandwiches."

"Yessir," the waiter replied, not batting an eyelash. "With fingerprints on 'em?"

"Sure—all you can get. And one thing more, waiter. Bring us that shrunken head you have back of the bar."

The waiter brought the sandwiches and the head.

Mac looked a lot older.

As a matter of fact, he's a lot younger than the average romantic actor. He is

one of the better tennis players in the colony and can easily trim most of those who have been publicized as experts.

His mom wanted him to be a fine pianist, probably because she was a music teacher, but Mac clung to the idea of medicine.

While prepping at Exeter, the depression came along and swept Mac back nearer home to the University of Wisconsin. From there, as times caused the money wells to begin drying up, he retreated to Morning-side College in Iowa. From this vantage point he pictured himself becoming a doctor at about the age of forty.

Writing! Ah, that was it. He chaperoned a car full of hogs to New York, spent all the money he earned on books and then couldn't afford to stay alive. So he bummed his way back home, where he and three buddies joined forces.

The foursome shipped through the Panama Canal on their way to Honolulu. Arriving at San Diego, they missed ship. They rushed to Los Angeles, got to fooling around Hollywood looking for movie stars, and missed ship again. They bought an old Ford and raced frantically for San Francisco, but on the way they stopped to help a couple of people in a wrecked car. They were Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas. Listening to them talk theater, Mac suddenly knew what he wanted. He went home, enrolled at the University of Iowa and kicked around a dramatics course.

He thumbed his way into a road company theatrical troupe and horrified audiences everywhere with his renditions of Shakespearean roles.

When everything did an el foldo in Chicago, he became the First Nighter on that program and the handsome fellow nobody could see in the soap operas.

"I was just as scared then as I am now every time I start to open my mouth," Mac has often said. "It took me several years to understand that's a good sign."

The worst day through which he ever suffered occurred about six months ago when Betty held center stage for the premiere appearance of their first offspring, Baby Lynn.

grandma to the rescue . . .

Betty's mother had arrived for the crisis, which she has faced nervelessly through the birth of something like twenty-seven grandchildren. Mama Hecksher took one look at her son-in-law and knew that he was growing more faint by the minute. When at last they reached the hospital, Mac was limp.

Mama was equal to the occasion. She motioned Mac to a quiet corner and pulled forth a small bottle from her purse. Mac tilted it back and swallowed. His face froze with a look of horror.

"Great Scott," he choked, "what was that?"

"Horse liniment," Mama said, a wicked look in her eyes.

And Mac is not sure yet whether or not she was telling the truth.

"You know, Mac," I said, as we strolled toward the luncheon table, "I hear that you are going to have star billing in your next picture. Maybe now you will get a real smackerino from the leading lady. Maybe now no more dream stuff."

Mac turned a little pink around the ears.

"Guess what the title of his next picture is," Betty said with a slightly malicious smile. "No, don't guess—I'll tell you. Betty Hutton is the co-star and the picture is *Dream Girl*.

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SOUND OF LAUGHTER

(Continued from page 70)

completed another gruelling night's work in Hollywood's first genuine tragedy, Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and she was glamorously ensconced in a vast pink bed.

The first thing I asked her about was those funny hats of hers.

"I do not wear funny hats," Miss Russell stated solemnly. "I do not. Nor do I have so many hats, either."

"How many, Miss R?"

Her closet disclosed 39. Miss Russell was astonished. She thought perhaps there were a few more around somewhere; maybe she had 55 hats all together.

"But I wear all my clothes at least a year. Nothing extreme, many things alike. Lots of large hats, and always a pink floppy one."

"Every time I express extreme distaste for one of Roz's hats, she begins to wear it constantly and she begins to appear in it between the covers of expensive magazines. I have learned my lesson. Now I say nothing," said her husband.

Since Fred Brisson turned out to be a man who knows how to live happily with a minor force of nature, I asked him what strategies and charms he employed to get her to marry him in the first place.

"I was coming over from England to go into the agency business," Fred said. "And on shipboard I saw Roz in *The Women*. When I arrived, I asked Cary Grant to introduce me. He did, and I began to propose, over coffee cups and at parties."

"I proposed steadily from January, 1940, through October, 1941, and she finally accepted me by telephone one morning at 6:30."

"She was very logical about it. She figured that a man who could ask a girl to marry him at 6:30 A.M. must mean it for keeps."

For almost six years they've lived happily in a perfectly appointed, expertly

managed home, between pandemonium and laughter.

When she first came to Hollywood, she used up excess energy bounding around shadowing interesting people.

On one such interesting-people exploration, she fell into conversation with a Marine sergeant in San Diego.

"By golly, you look like Rosalind Russell," he blurted.

"I am," she grinned. He invited her to a dance the next Saturday night, and next Saturday she turned up, driving 120 miles to get there. Roz danced all night and reached her home in Beverly Hills at 4 A.M. She'd had a wonderful time, met interesting people.

In spite of her dramatic gifts, Roz obviously has never learned how to act like a movie star.

On a recent trip to Chicago, she was hurrying through the station surrounded by porters bearing her effects in pasteboard cartoons and brown paper sacks.

"Do you always travel in such style?" queried a sarcastic newspaper reporter.

"Invariably," snapped Miss R. "Only this time I forgot my canary."

After Roz had been in Hollywood many years, an older sister whom she calls "The Duchess," arrived for a visit, and Riz gave a dinner party in her honor.

The Duchess dressed elaborately for it. The guests arrived in riding boots, berets, jodhpurs, slacks and sports jackets. They entered with private keys, hugged Roz, strolled upstairs, put their feet on the sofa, and raided the icebox. Finally, Roz's masquerading boy friends settled down and acted like gentlemen, but not before the Duchess had decided that little sister was a gone goose in Hollywood.

Her flair for comedy overshadows her serious side, but there is a serious side to Roz. It is not well-known, even among her closest friends, for instance, that she fought for five years for the opportunity of risk-

ing her career in *Sister Kenny*. This dramatic, controversial film would have a lethal effect at the box office, the experts told her. Roz ignored their mournful predictions, made the picture anyway and was nominated for the Academy Award!

More than that, she became an enthusiastic, hard-working director of the Sister Kenny Foundation and the warm personal friend of Sister Kenny herself.

Fred has a telegram from Sister Kenny, which Roz modestly forgets to mention. It winds up:

"You have done more for humanity than any living woman."

Also, she serves on eleven other committees, among them the Nurses' National Memorial, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower's favorite, with headquarters in Washington. She is on the board of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In addition, her working day is somewhat tougher than a coal miner's. She is up daily at six, uses her lunch hour for business conferences and her 12 committees, works until six, plays with her son until 7:30, reads new plays or studies her lines until 10, and goes to bed.

At the moment, she is engrossed by *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which she plays the dour part of Lavinia.

"It's the toughest thing I ever did," she confesses. "Every scene is tougher than the hardest scenes in *Kenny*."

Her next picture, following *Electra*, will be *Lucky Penny*, to be produced by her husband's new company, Independent Artists, and will be her return to comedy.

"We have to submit scripts to her," said Fred, ruefully. "She isn't under contract to us. I have to compete with everybody else to get Russell in a picture!"

Aside from the staggering amount of energy the Brissons expend as part of their routine, they lead reasonably simple lives. Sunday is special. The family spends it together. The early part of every evening belongs to young Lance, possibly the best-mannered young man of 4 in this hemisphere: he likes to bow from the waist and say "sir" to his elders.

that's my mom . . .

Lance only recently discovered that his mother was a movie star. He was rehearsing his worldly knowledge one evening, reciting his full name, his home address, the Brisson telephone number, and his father's full Danish name.

"And you," he said, grinning at his mother, "are Rosalind Russell."

"Who told you?"

"Some nurses in the park."

The night before Lance's advent four years ago, they sat up all night with friends thinking up ridiculous names for new babies, which inspired Rosalind to laugh so hard and so long that they eventually had to hurry to get to the hospital on time. Lance Brisson was literally born in a gale of laughter.

A few months ago Rosalind sat down at her typewriter, which she operates like a whirling dervish, and started to write a play. It was an autobiographical drama, based upon her extra-cinema experiences. She completed one act and took it to a producer.

The producer read the act and looked at Roz solemnly.

"Tear this thing up," he said. "Nobody will believe a word of it. And if they did believe it, they would have you packed off in a strait jacket."

MODERN SCREEN



INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



C A M E R O N MITCHELL was born in Dallas-town, Pa., on Nov. 4. He is 6' tall, weighs 173 lbs., and has brown eyes and hair. He is married to Joanna Mendel and has one son. Write to him at M-G-M, Culver City, Calif., where his latest pic is High Barbaree with Van and June.



W I L L I A M PRINCE was born in Nichols, N. Y., on Jan. 26, 1913. He is 5' 11" tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is married and has one child. Write to him at Actors' Equity Assoc., 45 W. 47th Street, New York.



DREW MILLER was the mechanic in The Farmer's Daughter, and Gwen Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne Avenue, Los Angeles, president of the June Allyson Club, organized a club to boost him to stardom. Drew

is 28, unmarried, and 6' 3" tall. Send pul-enty of mail to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. . . ; join his club, and help build this vet to stardom.

At Hine, New York: Here is that quotation from Smashup:

"To lie in bed and sleep not
To wait for one who comes not
To try to please and please not.

* * * *

To wake each day and tear not
To go to sleep, and dream not
To give one's heart, and doubt not."

M. Cort, Ill.: Annette Sterling, 6400 S. Whipple St., Chicago, has the Richard Conte Club; Pat Semenetz, 6351 Cedar Street, Huntington Park, Calif., has the Janis Paige Club, and Betty Gottschalk, 50-11 205 St., Bayside, N. Y., has the Arthur Kennedy Club.

Betty Lou S., Flushing: Keith Andes was Sven; Lex Barker, Olaf, and James Aurness, Peter, Loretta Young's brothers in The Farmer's Daughter. All at RKO, Hollywood.

Any questions today or any day? Send them and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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A MAN'S CASTLE—By Jack Wade

(Continued from page 65)

cake. They looked like two baby angels. "Just wait," she thought triumphantly. In Beverly Hills, she parked the car right in front of Martha Smith's shop and got out. "You two sit quietly there for just thirty seconds," she instructed, "while I go in and bring Auntie Linda out. Don't touch anything. Skip, you keep Pidgeon off the horn."

Exactly forty-five seconds later, she emerged from the shop beaming fatuously, her friend in tow.

"There," said Jo. "What do you think?" "I think," said Linda, "that you might at least put little shirts on them when you take them out in public, Jo. After all!"

There sat Jo's two offspring, mother-naked except for their little pants. On the sidewalk beside the car, where they had thrown them, lay their carefully selected wardrobes of the day.

The Haymes children, who in moments of this sort are addressed as Richard and Helen, come by their ebullience, good looks and individualism naturally. Both Dick and Joanne go about the business of living with the energy of determined wildcats. When things are right for the Haymes, things are ecstatically right; when things are wrong, they're all wrong.

Dick came home from his week in Palm Springs in a towering bad humor. "Of course I had a good time," he told Jo who had been working and unable to go with him. "But look at this weather. I've got that sinus again. Felt it coming on just about the time I hit San Bernardino. Call the doctor, will you, and ask him to bring the penicillin."

He went to bed early that night, with his headache, and woke the next morning feeling, to put it mildly, peculiar. For one thing, he couldn't open his eyes. He put his hand up to his face and discovered that his head was about the size of a watermelon.

Whereupon, he loosed a tremendous groan and began shouting hoarsely for Jo. She came to him on the double.

"I'm dying," Dick told her.

"But what's the matter with you?"

"It's the plague," he said. "Don't come near. Just take good care of the children and keep my memory fresh."

The doctor, when he arrived, was as astonished as anyone else. "Giant hives," he pronounced. "What've you been eating?"

They figured it out, finally. It had been very hot in Palm Springs, and Dick had chosen gin-and-tonic to sip after the day's tennis. There is quinine in tonic water, and that had done it.

"At least," said Dick, as the swelling slowly spread toward his feet, "I have the biggest damn case of hives in all history."

"That's my man," Jo said.

He was well in three days, and spent the fourth recuperating beside the pool. Jo, in a domestic mood, spent it with him, sprawling in shorts on a lawn couch.

From his deck chair Dick surveyed his home, and his family. There was the house on the curving drive; the separate nursery (called "Liza's House," after Pidgeon's favorite doll); the well, pool and bridge; the guest house, the playhouse and bath house beside the pool and tennis

courts; the stables, with the five horses (and two others at pasture); and the half-mile exercise track.

The three thoroughbreds were being trotted around the track at the moment. By the tennis courts, Noonny supervised the roisterous play of Skip and Pidgeon. In Beverly Hills and Westwood and Hollywood and New York, inflexible machinery ground away at his business enterprises: his picture work, his radio show, and his music publishing business.

And at his side demurely sat—or, rather, lounged—the girl with whom he has had only one real misunderstanding.

All was infinitely right with the world. "D'you think you'll make another picture soon?" he asked lazily.

A year ago he would not have been capable of asking that so casually. Those had been the days when Jo had suddenly developed a passion for going into pictures, and he had just as violently opposed the notion.

Being Jo, she had gone anyway, and, of course, in the end he had come to his senses; had even visited her on the set of her second picture, *Red River*, a couple of weeks before.

The career business had been his own fault, really. He had introduced her to Director Howard Hawks in the first place. He might have known, as beautiful as Jo was, that the outcome must be a movie contract for her.

She answered his question about her next picture. "Not soon," she said. "I like all this too much. I'm afraid I'm really very domestic, after all. Besides, I like



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"Just for saying such a sweet thing I'll tell you a secret. I'm going to get a cabin cruiser for fishing, and I'll take you over to the Catalina Isthmus in it."

"What—and leave me there while you go out after sailfish? No thanks." She thought suddenly of Bill Burton, Dick's manager, and laughed. "Bill will go right through the ceiling when he hears about this."

"Oh, the boat won't cost much. I'm getting it with a couple of other guys and it's a very sharp deal."

Jo laughed again. "Just the same, I know exactly what Bill will say. He was over for lunch yesterday, by the way, and gave me a lecture on economy. He told me the story of his struggle to keep you solvent. Want to hear it?"

gift horse . . .

"Well, Bill said that two years ago he was racking his brain for some method of keeping you out of night clubs, but you insisted that you relaxed by going to them and if you couldn't relax, you couldn't work. And then nobody'd have any money at all."

"So it occurred to him that if you had a horse you might relax by riding it about, and not want to go to Ciro's so often. That's why he gave you the Palomino for Christmas."

"So that's why he gave me that horse. A fine thing, scheming behind my back."

"Not such good scheming," Joanne grinned at him. You forthwith bought two more horses and the board bill was so much, we moved out here to have a place for them, and you know what this place cost."

"And then, of course, you bought four more horses, and had to put up the stables and build a track, and hire a groom, all of which further dented Bill's budget and kept him awake nights."

"And the saddest thing was, you did ride in the afternoons, and then with seemingly inexhaustible energy you went right on relaxing every night at Ciro's and the Mocambo!"

"Poor Bill. But it served him right for being so devious in his methods." Dick chuckled and turned over.

"That's not the end of the story," Jo told him. "His problem still wasn't solved. He read somewhere that people who took photography as a hobby fastened onto it like a vise. So next he gave you that camera."

"You got all excited for a while, and I came home one day to find none of the washing done, and a note from the laundress saying she'd quit. When I looked to see why, I discovered you'd changed the laundry into a dark room."

Dick looked vague. "I wonder what ever become of that camera?"

"Remember? You sold it to Victor Moore. You took pictures of everything and everybody for a time, but usually you forgot to take along your light meter, and you'd come out of your darkroom holding up pictures of someone with no head, or the ocean with the horizon at a cockeyed angle."

"I don't recall that the camera had any effect whatsoever on your night-clubbing. We went out all the time." Jo paused significantly.

"But do you notice we practically never make the rounds any more?"

"I thought we agreed that it was more fun to stay home and run movies."

"Precisely."

"And do you remember who gave you that sound projector?"

"I'll be damned! He succeeded after all, didn't he?"

"That's why he's so good at his job," she said. She stood up suddenly. "Good heavens, I just remembered. Tomorrow's Bill's birthday. What are we going to give him?"

"How about a party? We haven't had a bang-up party for a long time."

"You have lovely ideas, darling," Jo said. "I'll call simply everybody. It's short notice but they'll come—they all love Bill."

Seventy-five people came, bearing assorted gifts. And Carmen Miranda and her trio sang, and everybody else sang or stood on his head or did something, and nobody went home until five in the morning.

good news . . .

Standing in their front door, watching the tail lights of the last car disappear down the drive, the Haymes felt they had really achieved happiness. And that was when Joanne told Dick that along about fall there would be a third occupant in the nursery.

They stood still in the starlight, and Dick said softly, "What do you do when there are no words?"

"You could kiss a gal," Jo answered.

And he did. Don't all love stories end with a clinch?

JOLSON-CROSBY STORY

(Continued from page 39)

But that Groaner never flounders, and he's always got the right answer. I often wonder if the radio public realizes what a job he does, program after program, competing with the top talent of the country. It ain't no cinch, no-how."

I asked Jolson how it had come about, the radio partnership between him and Crosby.

"Bing and I used to say hello," said Al Jolson, "but actually we never knew each other very well, until he asked me to go on his program. It's a funny thing—first time I ever heard him sing, I listened to those deep tones and I told the crowd at the table: 'That's the new Jolson,' never thinking that years later, we'd be working together." Above Jolson's head, in my apartment, was a picture of Crosby, Bob Hope, Jimmy Fidler and me, taken during an exhibition golf match we played in 1938, at the Lakeside Country Club, in Burbank, California. "He's a pretty fair country golfer, isn't he?" asked Jolie, nodding his head toward Crosby. I told him that Bing

ranged from 73 to 78. "He's the kind of kid who does anything well," judged Jolson.

"You know," Jolson said, "I've seen some pretty good performers in my day, but I've never seen anyone as relaxed as this kid Crosby. Scripts mean nothing to him. He drops ad libs any time one occurs to him. On that program we did with Irving Berlin, I figured I'd drop one in on him. So when Bing asked casually: 'Well, what'll we do?' I said, 'You hit the first note and I'll ride along.' So he looked at me, a little surprised, and hit the first note, and I stopped him. I said: 'Wait a minute, lad. We ain't gonna get any place with a note like that.' You know what that guy shot back at me? He says, nice and easy like: 'Take that note down to my bank and they'll discount it.' Yes sir, he's a real solid performer, that Crosby, and smart as a whip."

Do Jolson and Crosby prepare for a program in similar fashion? "You must be kidding," protested Jolson. "Me, I get to

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the studio as soon as the doors open, 1 P.M. From then on, until air-time, or recording-time, I knock my brains out, rehearsing my songs until I've got 'em exactly the way I want 'em. If the control man suggests that a note is not registering, I go over the entire song until he gives me the nod. But take that Crosby. He breezes in, nice and relaxed, about 6 P.M., looking like a California rainbow in those daffy outfits he cooks up. Casually, he runs through his songs and then the bum takes a nap until the audience arrives. If the sound control man suggests he try a phrase in a song over again, Der Bingle grins back at him and says: 'I was just trying it on for size, chum. It'll be tailored to fit when we do the show.' If he's got nerves, he checks them back home."

Jolson had said that Groucho Marx was one of the all-time comedy greats in his book. What other names, I asked, were in the Jolson all-time book?

as al sees 'em . . .

"Well," he said, "in comedy, I'd rate Bobby Clark, Groucho Marx, Ed Wynn and Lew Fields in the very top flight. My all-time ratings would include, in various fields, David Warfield, Irving Berlin, Fred Astaire, Nora Bayes, Gertrude Lawrence, Gracie Fields, and Enrico Caruso." "What about the movies?" "Gerbo and Ingrid Bergman," said Jolson. "What male movie stars?" Jolson shook his head: "No stand-outs."

How would Crosby have compared with the greatest of the older school?

"I was afraid you'd ask that one!" he grinned. "Let me answer it this way. Conditions then and now are a lot different. We didn't have mikes in those days. You had to project your tones to the last rows in the balcony. Bing crowds in on that mike, and purrs into it. Whether or not he could have met the old-time conditions is pure guess-work. But this I do know—in show business, they've always paid off on personalities, and certainly Crosby is one of the most appealing."

With the whole country excited over the Jolson comeback, and with *The Jolson Story* heading for a staggering gross, in this country alone, of \$8,000,000, how did Al react to this new lease on professional life?

"I'm getting a terrific belt out of it," he told me. "Not because of the money, and not because of the autograph fans. Look at it this way, Ed. I'm married to a young wife. All she knew about me, as a performer, was what she read in reminiscent columns, or what performers told her. Now all of a sudden, I'm back again as a star. That's the greatest kick for me—I've impressed my bride." He grinned: "Bride, I said. Next March 24th, we will celebrate our third anniversary."

I shut off the radio. "I've never met anyone like her," confided Jolson. "Sure, we have spats, like any other married couple. She storms out of the room, and slams the door on me, and I sit there, burning. Five minutes later, out she comes and says: 'Honey, let me see those socks you're wearing. It's cold and wet out, and I don't want you to wear silk socks. Take them off and put these on.' Jolson chuckled: "She can't stay mad for more than five minutes, no sulking—nothing like that—and that's why we're heading for our third anniversary."

I asked him to tell me exactly how they'd met—most people understood that she'd been his nurse when he had his chest operation.

"No, she wasn't my nurse. In fact she never was a nurse, but an X-ray technician in an Army hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas," corrected Jolson. "I was playing the hospital circuit, and at Hot Springs, the Army nurses and the technicians sat on

the floor, in front of the wounded, so they could keep their eye on any of the kids who might suffer an attack during the auditorium show. I got off on the right foot with the nurses. I looked down at them and I told them that I was glad to see so many nurses, and I could assure them that at no time during my performance would I say anything that would embarrass them. They all applauded. And then I added: 'Of course, girls, it ain't too late for you to escape in time.'"

Jolson paused. "In those days, Ed, you'll remember that it was tough to get gas, and I was making the tour in my car, so right after the show, I made a bee-line to the executive officer and asked if he'd give me some gas tickets. As he was filling them out, suddenly I heard a weak little voice saying, 'May I have your autograph, Mr. Jolson?' I turned around and there she was—I was looking at her as I signed her slip of paper, but nobody introduced us. So I got my gas tickets and away I went.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A few years ago, Jeanette MacDonald gave a benefit concert at the Chicago Civic Opera. I was seven years old then, but already interested in a singing career, so I persuaded my mother to take me to hear

Miss MacDonald sing. After the planned program, Miss MacDonald offered to sing special requests in return for any substantial contribution to a charitable cause. My mother gave me a dollar bill, which I grasped in my hand, and started to make my way toward the stage. Just then, I heard a man in the balcony ask Miss MacDonald if she'd sing for \$3. The reply was "no." Dejectedly, I returned to my seat, but Mother persuaded me to go up to the stage, anyhow. I drew a deep breath and asked very slowly, "Would you sing the 'Italian Street Song' for \$1?" She squeezed my hand and addressed the audience: "If someone will add to this dollar, I will sing the 'Italian Street Song!'" From all over the theater now, money poured in. More than a hundred dollars was added to my one—and there I sat listening enraptured to Jeanette MacDonald singing my request for the "Italian Street Song!"

*Karla Reynolds
Chicago, Illinois*

"The next night, I was in Texas, for another Army hospital show. After the show, I couldn't get to sleep. I kept thinking of that girl's face. About five o'clock, in the morning, I put through a long-distance call to Hot Springs and woke up the Colonel who had given me the gas ration tickets. He must have thought I was completely crazy, but he was very nice. He acted as though a 5 A.M. call from an actor happened every morning. So I asked him if he could remember the girl who had asked for an autograph, while he was giving me the gas stubs. He asked me to hold the phone and he woke up a captain who had been in charge of the nurses that night. Back he came to the phone and told me to copy down the name—Erle Galbraith.

"I wrote to her the very next day," smiled Jolson. "I told her that I was not in love with her, of course; that I was old

enough to be her father, but that I believe I she had the kind of face that would register in the movies. I explained that I didn't know how much she made a week, as an X-ray technician, but that in the movies she could get a stock contract, while studying, for \$100 a week. And I ended the letter by saying that if she came to the Coast, she could live with some married friends of mine who would watch out for her just as carefully as though she were their daughter.

"Weeks later, I was in Hollywood when the doorbell rang. An elderly gentleman introduced himself as a Los Angeles business man, who was a friend of the Galbraith family in Hot Springs. 'Mr. Jolson,' he told me, in a real southern accent, 'I just dropped by to talk to you about this offer you've made to little Erle. As man-to-man, I can tell you that her parents are a little gun-shy of Hollywood. The Galbraiths are one of the oldest families in Arkansas. Naturally, a girl would be attracted by the glamor of the movies, but the family doesn't like it at all. I've come here, to explain these things to you, sir, because it would be MOST unfortunate if everything wasn't exactly as it has been represented.'"

Jolson assured the family friend that the offer was bona-fide, that he wasn't in love with the girl, and had no designs on her, but actually believed that Erle Galbraith had a chance to click in the movies. Al persuaded Columbia to give her a contract, and at long last, "Jolie" received the wire that she was on her way.

"Her train was about 8 hours late," he recalled, "and I spent the last three hours sleeping on a bench in the railroad station, waiting for her. But the worst was yet to come. When she met me, the voice I'd remembered as soft and sweet had the Arkansas rasp of Bob Burns, and for one shuddering moment, I had a mental picture of Harry Cohn's face when he heard her talk! I smoothed that out, that morning, with Cohn, but then disaster really struck. The doctors told me that I'd have to undergo an operation—have a lung removed. So there I was, going into a hospital for a serious operation, and with a protégée on my hands.

just what the doctor ordered . . .

"Yet if it hadn't been for the operation, and for my desperate sickness, I never would have tumbled to the fact that I was in love with her," said Jolson. "Weeks later, while I still had a tube in my back, my nurse told me that a Miss Galbraith was outside, to see me. So I got the doctor to give me a shot of stuff, and they brought her in. And as she walked through the door I knew that I was head over heels in love. I felt like a kid of 16. And every time I saw her from then on, it got worse."

Jolson, convalescing at Palm Springs, sent a letter to Mr. Galbraith, asking for his daughter's hand in marriage.

Back came an airmail, Special Delivery letter that fairly sizzled. "You are old enough to be my daughter's father," blazed Mr. Galbraith. "I have never heard anything so insulting in all my born days." Jolson telephoned Erle, and, crushed, read the letter to her. "Guess I better go home," she told him. "I can twirl Dad around my little finger."

"Greatest part of *The Jolson Story*," said Jolson, "is the fact that she did get her parents to let her marry me. Now we're all the best of friends, and her mother is out of this world. However, we are still fighting the Civil War. When her mother came to New York to visit us, Erle mapped out a sightseeing trip for her. 'Honey,' objected her mother, 'you have written down here, Grant's Tomb.' Erle nodded. 'Honey,' chided her mother, 'inside Grant's Tomb, there is a YANKEE.'"

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Directed by **ALFRED E. GREEN**

Screenplay by **Laslo Vadnay, Alan Boretz and Howard Harris** • Additional dialogue by **Sydney R. Zelinka**
Words and Music by **Sam Coslow**

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Stranger Things Have
Happened"
"My Heart Was
Doing A Bolero"

"Let's Do the Copacabana"

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

JAMES MASON LIFE STORY—By Virginia Wilson

(Continued from page 44)

in-Wonderland hair, and she smiled bewitchingly.

James eyed her. She seemed a definite improvement on the other little girls, who were shrieking around in some silly parlor game.

Her name was Pam and if she had only stayed around, the party might have been bearable. But she soon was whisked off, and James returned to bitterness.

When he got home, his mother said, "Did you have a good time?"

James eyed her reproachfully. "Parties are hateful," he said.

The accumulated excitement of the afternoon made the three-year-old burst into tears. But through his sobs came a sort of Greek refrain . . . "Anyway, Pam loves me!" It was a family joke for years.

This Pam, whose last name James has forgotten, wasn't the one he eventually married. But Freudians might make out quite a case for her being the reason he didn't marry until he met Pamela Kellino.

James was always rather girl-shy. He went away to school when he was nine, so the only time he saw girls was on his brief vacations, and he didn't think much of them. Of course, later at Cambridge, he danced with them at parties, and sometimes they were fairly bright and he didn't mind too much.

By then, though, his real interest was acting. He'd had parts in a couple of plays at Marlborough, his preparatory school. One of them was written by the French master, and James did so well in it that his marks in French promptly went up, too.

At Cambridge, James acted in *The White Devil* first, then later in a version of *Midsummer Night's Dream* set to music. This was a very elaborate production—too elaborate, as it turned out. James was stage manager, and full of enthusiasm.

"There's a chance for a really spectacular scene when Oberon gives the party in the dream sequence," he told the company. "Let's have a cut-out of gauze with the lights showing through it, for a sort of misty radiance. We could make a gauze

drum, too, and lower it over Phoebus, with special lighting inside."

They spent most of their time on the props and setting for that scene. It was designed to knock everyone's eye out.

The great night arrived. The play went beautifully until the moment came when James was to speak the line that cued the scene.

James delivered the line, and the curtain rose slowly on what was to have been a scene of faery beauty. Instead it revealed a wild bustle of activity. Stagehands were doing carpentry work on the bridge, which was threatening to collapse. Electricians were switching lights on and off in a desperate attempt to trace a blown fuse. Phoebus was gazing unhappily up at the gauze drum which was about to descend upon him.

When the actors and stagehands realized the curtain was up, they did the double take of all time. Actors froze into position. The technicians fled, leaving their tools behind them. And the gauze drum engulfed Phoebus crosswise in its cavernous depths without benefit of lighting, while he scrambled madly to get out.

The audience, naturally, roared. "We were right," James said afterward, grimly. "That scene was the hit of the show. But we'll never live it down."

It was his first and last experience as stage manager. After that he stuck to acting. But Cambridge had other things, too, to offer. Rowing, for instance. There's a story afoot that Mason was one of the great University rowers of history. When people ask about his rowing career, James is apt to say modestly, "Oh, I did a bit of it. Nothing to amount to much." And the story continues to grow.

One day his wife pinned him down on this. "Just what rowing did you do, James?" She always calls him James, never Jim.

"Well, actually, I never rowed in any race. Another chap and I used to row about in a small shell, practicing very hard and hoping that one day they'd do some-

thing about us. But they never did."

"James! You never tell people that, and they go on believing that you were a crack oarsman!"

A wicked glint appeared in the Mason eye. "Who am I to go about exploding legends?"

James usually spent his vacations at home, but one year, instead of going to Huddersfield, James took a job as tutor with a family in Germany. He would teach English to the children of the family for six weeks. Then when they paid him off, he would use the money to go to Berlin and really do the town, all by himself.

Unfortunately, he neglected to ask what his salary would be, and after six weeks of coping with small Prussians who hadn't the faintest desire to learn English, he was handed the German equivalent of three dollars! Grimly, he settled for a fourth-class ticket to nearby Oberammergau to see the Passion Play, instead of the trip to Berlin.

When he finished Cambridge, he went to work as a junior draughtsman for three months—long enough to convince him that he definitely did not want to be an architect. He found himself thinking more and more about the theater, and—mainly because he had a friend who worked in radio—he decided that that might be an "in."

James went around to see the friend one day. "Do you think you could get me a hearing of some sort with these people you work for?" he asked diffidently.

"I imagine so. Come around on Tuesday morning—they're holding auditions then and I'll slip you in."

the flying yorkshireman . . .

The audition wasn't nearly as frightening as James had expected. He recited some Shakespeare and then did a bit of very broad Yorkshire dialect that seemed to get over pretty well.

They called him the next day to say they had a part for him. "A Yorkshireman?" he queried hesitantly.

"Yorkshireman? Hell, no. It's a French porter!"

But the theater fascinated Mason far more than the radio. He began to make the rounds of the booking offices. The first question that came up was always "What stage experience have you had?" and the answer was always, "None."

The agents would shake their heads and that would be that. Finally, he answered an ad in *Stage Magazine*, and was hired before he could turn around. No questions at all.

It very soon became apparent that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. In a couple of weeks they went over the edge, and James was fired. But now he had an answer to the "Experienced?" question. He got a job immediately with another group and promptly lost it because the manager didn't consider him a romantic type!

The next play was *Rasputin*. This company, while not quite as broke as the first one, was still operating on a shoe-string. Toward the end of the tour, they ran out of blank cartridges for the scene where Rasputin is shot. James and several others found themselves in the humiliating position of having to shout "Bang! Bang!" instead of firing guns, like small boys playing cowboy.

The company closed just before Christmas, but thereafter James didn't have much trouble getting jobs, and it wasn't long before he found himself actually making his debut in London. The play was

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"Will this be cash or charge, madam?"



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called *Gallows Glorious*. After that he was offered a place in the Old Vic company, with Charles Laughton, Roger Livesey and Flora Robson.

James' first role was that of Yasha, the scoundrel valet in *The Cherry Orchard*. He really went to town on the makeup for that part.

But before the first performance, Laughton got hold of him. "Look here, Mason," he said. "Take that stuff off your face. People like Korda will be coming to see this show. You want to sell yourself as an actor, not a makeup artist! Let 'em see what you look like!"

James washed his face, gave a fine performance, and sure enough, Korda was there. He was not only there, but he promptly signed Mason up to play a comedy juvenile in *The Return of Don Juan*, his next picture.

James went around walking on air and buying drinks for all his friends.

Well, he played the comedy juvenile for exactly six days of shooting. Then one of Korda's stooges came around.

"Awfully sorry, Mason, but you're not right for this. We're letting you go."

No use saying it wasn't a blow. It was a bitter one, but providentially he was offered a part with the Gate Theater in Dublin just about then, and he stayed there for a year.

When he came back at last, he went to a cocktail party which was also attended by Fate. Fate wore a pinstripe suit and had a discerning eye. The eye, which belonged to Director Al Parker, lit on James. After a brief chat, Al signed him up to make a picture called *Late Extra*. It was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted all these years, and a business partnership that has lasted as long, without ever a contract being signed.

It was also the beginning of his romance with Pamela Kellino. Her husband was Roy Kellino, who was photographing *Troubled Waters*, the Parker epic then in production.

James and Roy and Pamela became very good friends. The slump that hit the picture business in 1938 found the three of them in Switzerland together. Pamela was taken sick there, and the two men sat around and worried alternately about her and the slump.

brainstorm . . .

One day she sat up in bed with a temperature of 102 and looked at them. "I have an idea," she said. "Let's make a picture. Just we three. Or practically."

James went over and put his hand on her forehead. "Burning," he told Roy. "The girl's delirious."

"I'm nothing of the kind," Pam said indignantly. "It's a perfectly sensible idea. James is an actor, I'm an actress, and Roy's a cameraman. How much money do we have?"

They humored her. They counted up how much the three of them had, tucked away in bank accounts and old socks. All told, it came to around four thousand pounds.

"We couldn't even hire a studio for that," Roy said, "to say nothing about all the other expenses."

"I wonder," James was looking thoughtful now, his dark eyes intent. "Suppose we shot the picture entirely out of doors? Suppose we wrote the story ourselves . . ."

So he and Pam went to work on the story. It was a haunting tale of a young farmer married to a nagging wife. Eventually, she drives him to murder. While he is trying to escape the police, he meets a girl novelist and they fall in love. The ending is tragic, the excitement intense.

All right. They had the story. But what about equipment? James reluctantly

traded his car for a station wagon, and they mounted their camera on that for trucking shots. The camera itself was an antique which fell apart every time anyone looked at it twice, but somehow Roy achieved wonders with it.

They had written a scene involving a fox hunt, so they had to find a hunt obliging enough to let them photograph it. Then wait—and wait, for decent weather. The hunt was not the chic type you frequently see on the screen, with languid gentry in pink coats cantering about and meeting for a stirrup cup of champagne.

The master of this fox-hunt was a farmer. "Don't know if you can catch a picture of that fox with your camera-dingus," he said doubtfully. "Goes pretty fast, he does. I've got a good picture of a fox over the mantel back at the house, though. Could you maybe use that some way?"

They thanked him warmly but said they'd take a chance on getting one in the field. As a matter of fact, they got a beauty, one of the best shots in the picture.

Their money, unfortunately, disappeared much faster than they had counted on, as the weeks went by. Time after time they faced each other across a pint of beer at some country pub and read complete discouragement in one another's faces. But crazily, stubbornly, they kept on. By the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While waiting on line to make a purchase, my friend and I were discussing screen actors. My friend said, with feeling, "Dana Andrews just about paralyzes me." At that moment, a voice from behind her

chimed in: "Well, in that case, you may not be able to move ahead on line, so would you mind if I took your place?" My friend was certainly taken by surprise when she turned around, for it was Dana Andrews in person!

Marie Cermine
New York, N. Y.

time they got to the last sequence, they were really broke.

They had to get a shot of a barn burning. They had managed to build one of salvaged lumber, but it would burn awfully fast with no time for a lot of repeats.

"You've got to get it the first time, Roy," James said.

Miraculously, everything went off beautifully. The barn burned with a pure, celestial flame, and Roy's photography couldn't have been better.

When they came to marketing the picture they ran into more trouble. Finally, a small, independent company took it over, with theatrically bad timing, just on the eve of the war with Germany. When war actually was declared, a week later, the whole outfit went tearing off to the United States on the first boat, leaving *I Met A Murderer* to its fate.

Early in 1939, Pamela and Roy Kellino were divorced, and soon after she and James married. They had been in love a long time, but their affection for Roy had made it difficult. However, now everything was all right. They were very happy. Pamela is right for James in every way. There is a quality of sweetness about them both which they spend most of their time trying to hide. In spite of their sophistication, they are, more than anything else, two people deeply in love. It's a good way to be.

Pamela approves of James' hobbies of painting and drawing caricatures. Although he has done skillful caricatures of all his friends, his enemies and himself, he has never, to date, been able to do a satisfactory one of Pam, although he has spent days—and reams of paper—trying.

Only once did his caricatures cause any trouble. He did one of an ambitious and very vain young actress, who was thrown into a complete wing-ding by it. Whenever she gets a few cocktails too many, she falls to weeping on the nearest manly shoulder.

"Why did James have to make that wicked, wicked picture of me?" she wails. "It wouldn't be so bad if it didn't look just like me!"

After their marriage, the Masons acquired a house in the country and several cats. Not in that order, actually—the cats made the house seem advisable.

Then James came back to London and embarked on the series of films which were to make him the most popular actor on the English screen.

bobby-soxers' delight . . .

The Man In Grey was his first big hit, but it was *The Seventh Veil* which really made him the bobby-soxers' idol. It also enabled him to command a very large salary thereafter.

By now he and Pamela had acquired another country house—a charming place, just near enough to London so they could get there conveniently, and yet completely secluded. And by now they had also acquired a friend-companion-business associate named Johnny Monaghan, who was living with them. He was a square-jawed, roving-eyed Irish-American, and they had picked him up in a bar. Or rather he had picked them up.

It's quite a story. James and Pamela were touring with a play called *Gashlight*, and the troupe stopped at Salisbury, which was swarming with American soldiers.

"Here's the spot to find a character for my book," Pam announced. The only thing that had been holding up her writing was the character of an American officer.

They sat in the hotel bar and watched dozens of American officers come in and go out. Somehow none of them seemed just the type. There was one solidly built young man who stood at the bar consuming enormous quantities of whiskey and leering happily at Pamela, who tried to ignore him. He wore the dirtiest raincoat in the ETO, and wasn't, they thought, an officer at all.

Finally, the whiskey began to catch up with him and he got truculent. He swaggered over. Would they have a drink with him, or wouldn't they? Oh, they wouldn't? Wham! Two glasses of whiskey landed in the fireplace.

"Those were yours. Compliments of J. Monaghan," he informed them.

Alarmed at a possible crisis in international relations, the Masons explained that they seldom drank, but they were delighted to see him and wouldn't he sit down and have one on them?

He would and he did. He told them all about himself. He was Captain John Monaghan. He came from Pennsylvania, where he had been a member of the State Police. And some day he was going to be a writer. Why, just the other day, coming up on the train, he'd had a terrific idea for a mystery-thriller. Here's this soldier, see, and he's AWOL and he gets involved in a murder . . .

Something clicked in Pamela's mind. A combination of ideas. And from this seedling eventually emerged the script of *The Upturned Glass* by Pamela Kellino and John Monaghan. You'll be seeing it.

(Continued on page 95)

Which Twin has the *Toni*?

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



Miss Ella Wigren of Chicago, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart—can you?" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni* twins."

For your date tonight . . .

give yourself a lovely TONI Home Permanent

Easy? You would never dream it could be so easy to give yourself a permanent at home. Just three simple steps:

1. Roll your hair up on curlers (new Toni plastic curlers make it easier than ever). Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
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Wonderfully simple...and oh, what a

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Even if your hair is gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine it will take a beautiful wave. For Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Try it today.

All leading drug, notions and cosmetic counters feature and recommend the Toni Home Permanent Kit.

Ella, the twin at the right above, has the Toni. Could you tell?

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De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers	Regular Kit with fiber curlers
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Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME GOLD WAVE





"DREADED" DAYS CAN BE ACTIVE DAYS

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

"What a DIFFERENCE

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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

• SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR



LAST MINUTE FLASH: As we go to press, the judges have just announced the winners in the 5th semi-annual MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association Trophy Cup Contest. The winning clubs are: League One (600 members or over): *Nelson Eddy Music Club*, Rita and Jo Mottola, co-prexies. League Two (200 members or over): *Jack Carson Club*, Loretta Verbin, prexy. League Three (under 200 members): *New Stars Club*, Iris Archambault, prexy. Next month we'll tell you all about the winning clubs, the runners-up, and rules for the 6th Trophy Contest which starts right away.

WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES: So many new prexies have asked us for suggestions for a "club project," or worthwhile activity, that we're going to talk about this feature right now. We might even brag a little, if we're not careful, because we're so darned proud of the many important contributions MSFCA clubbers are making to the health and happiness of others. And here's something maybe you've never thought of before. You know, although your star is secretly proud of his club, he's a little embarrassed to talk about it. But just latch on to some good cause, and your club will probably become No. 1 on his conversation list. We've seen it happen!

But let's get down to cases, or in this case, causes (whew!). About the biggest fan club event in recent months was the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund Rally at New York's Palladium Ballroom. With the blessings of Walter Winchell, this rally was sponsored by the Al Lombardy (Jo Rampino, prexy) and Dolores Craeg (Millie Grossi, prexy) Clubs, with valuable assistance from Marybelle Mason's Bob Turner Club, Dolores McMullen's Frank Sinatra Club and Fayreta Sweet's Bob Ryan Rooters. Tickets were \$1.00, and a total of \$500 was turned over to Mr. Winchell. Many tickets were bought by

"sponsors" for disabled veterans! Another Cancer Fund affair was the dance held at American Legion Delaware Post No. 1, in Wilmington. Terry Smith's Skip Homeier Club was behind this one—and at 50c a ticket, it was a huge success!

Putting on a dance or a rally takes a lot of work and know-how, for which small or young clubs are not equipped. But there are other ways to do your share. Many clubs turn over a portion of their surplus treasury regularly to some charity drive. Peggy Pearl's Alan Ladd Club, (Continued on next page)

TROPHY CONTEST PRIZES

This month's winners: **THIS IS MY BEST**, 100 pts. (Prize: Gift package FABERGE Perfume and Cologne to gals; FABERGE Men's Cologne to guys): Cathi Calli, "Visit to U. N."; Glenn's Book (Vernon; McCarthy); Lorraine Capurro, "Help Destroy Juvenile Delinquency." **June's Jottings** (Lockhart); Russ Gordon, "Cornering DeCamp," DeCampaigner (Rosemary); Jerry Rice, "Carsonated," Carson's Collections (Jack); Robert Waste, "Oscar and I," same; John Huelbig, "The Clock Struck One," Skippy (Homeier). **CANDID CAMERA CONTEST** (1st Prize: 100 pts., year's subscription to **FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE**, **SCREEN ALBUM**, plus 4 Dell Mysteries): Paul O'Neill, Sinatra (Bush) C. (Others: 50 pts., surprise package 4 Dell Mysteries): Rose Jane Park, Gene Kelly C.; Ethel Center, Larry Brooks C.; Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Dory Gehrke, Nelson Eddy Music C.; Anne Ling, Sinatra C. **BEST EDITORS**, 250 pts. (Prize: Specially packed assortment of all of POND's Beauty Products) 1. Virginia Haywood, Haymes Herald (Dick); 2. Kit Pritchett, Morgan Memos (Dennis); 3. Mary Jane Grootenboer, Notes On Nina (Foch). **BEST ORIGINAL ART WORK**, 150 pts. (Prize: TANGEE TRIP KIT, filled with cosmetics, for travel) Verna Boyd, Rhythm Roundup. **BEST JOURNALS**, 500 pts.: 1. Autry's Aces (Gene). 2. Carson's Collections, 3. Talent Scout (New Stars C.) **BEST COVERS**, 250 pts.: 1. None qualified, in judges' opinion, 2. Carson's Collections, 3. Great Scott (Elizabeth). **MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES**, 250 pts.: 1. Dick Haymes Associates, 2. (tie) Bill Boyd C. and Shirley Temple C., 3. (tie) Lon McCalister C., Vincent Price C., Richard Jaekel C. and Skip Homeier (Smith) C. **GREATEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP**, 100 pts.: 1. Rex Allen C., 2. Bill Boyd C., 3. Dan Duryea (Maben) C. **BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS**, 50 pts.: 1. Rita and Jo Mottola, Nelson Eddy M. C., 2. Betty Sue Dorris, Pee Wee King C., 3. Jean Crocker, Filmland Fan C.



Rise Stevens poured tea for all her club members at a recent party in New York's Essex House. Co-prexies Rita and Jo Mottola assure us—needlessly—that a good time was had by all.



Ann Lotting, representing Cornel Wilde Club, visits "their boy," shows him club scrapbook.

Vera Pultro, Bev Bush's and Joel Pacilio's clubs for Frank Sinatra all contributed to the Cancer Fund in this way.

Another favorite club project is adopting a war orphan, whose home is in Europe, and sending used clothing and food parcels, small toys and letters to your club "adoptee" for a year or more. Among our most recent foster parents are the Gene Autry Friendship Club, Roberta Gutierrez' Lon McCallister Club and Amena Peacock's Vincent Price Club. This is a project requiring long-range responsibilities, but if your club is prepared to undertake the job, contact any foreign relief organization.

The Red Cross is the favorite charity of many stars, so naturally, their clubs follow suit. Examples: Richard Jaeckel, John Lund (Cook) and Bobby Beers Clubs.

The Bill Boyd and Sinatra (McMullen) Clubs collected clothing for the Texas City disaster victims . . . Britain's Gene Autry Club turned over \$200 to the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital in London . . . Dick Haymes Associates are donating a large collection of first-class best-sellers to the Minneapolis Veterans' Hospital library . . . Shirley Temple clubbers turned over \$80 to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation . . . and Glenna Riley's Jeanette MacDonald Club's favorite project is the Children's Village, in New York. They recently contributed \$35.

So you see, whether your club is large or small, there's something you can do. **CLUB BANTER:** Membership drives, still the most popular form of club contest, are going strong in the Bab's Boosters (Barbara Lawrence), Vic Damone, Sinatra (McMullen), New Stars, Cass Daley, Bob Turner, and Charles Korvin Clubs. If you're a member, how about trying for some of those grand prizes? If you're not a member—well, what are you waiting for, huh? . . . Congratulations to the Humphrey Bogart Club, on its tenth anniversary, and to the new prexy, Jean Crocker . . . Dot Reisser of the James Melton Club is looking for snaps of Jimmy . . . Clubs enrolled in the James Mason Federation are Jo Anna Fitzmorris' and Bev Montalbano's of California, Jean Meyer's, Miriam Strausberg's and Leonie Warschauer's . . . About 30 mems of Allan Jones' Club attended Irene Hervey Jones' first Broadway performance in *State Of The Union* . . . Bill Boyd, singing cowboy star of WRR, Dallas, Texas (not Hopalong Cassidy) gave his clubbers a rare treat. After his regular show, he threw a party for them, including a screening of his film, *Tumbleweed Trail* . . . Members of Viola Myers' Jay Kirby Club were pleasantly surprised to receive announcements of the birth of Jay's baby . . . Arlene Simons asks us to help her out of a real predicament. The address list of her Sinatra club was destroyed by fire. If you belong to her club, please contact her at 163 W. Montana, Detroit 3, Michigan.

Men love hair with this natural glory!

Men know how irresistibly charming is a woman's hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance. Crown of carefree curls, or smart upsweep—it's your natural hair-appeal that captivates men. Women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory . . . quickly . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is a new dainty cream that whips instantly into creamy rich lather in hard or soft water . . . swiftly sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers shining new appeal and obedience to your hair. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo. At cosmetic counters.



Four ounces, \$1.00;
Family 1 lb., \$3.50;
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See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it o hard brushing.



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At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

YOU ARE BOUND TO

"SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT"

IF YOU FOLLOW THESE HOLLYWOOD
HINTS FOR SPARKLING TEETH

By Carol Carter,
Beauty Editor

your smile insurance



■ Hollywood's a happy place. For example, Shirley Temple's animated smile is loved in 48 states. When young newcomers train for stardom they spend hours on acting lessons, diction, make-up—and on smile insurance! Sparkling teeth and fresh breath are "musts!"

BRUSH WORK Cover bristles with paste, powder or liquid dentifrice and s-c-r-u-b! Not a lick and a promise but a thorough, round and round, stimulating motion on each half inch of teeth, upper and lower. Elizabeth Scott likes a workout of at least three minutes. For good measure, put a little of the dentifrice on your finger tips, and massage your gums.

Treat yourself to this workout at least three times a day. Help your brush do a good cleaning job. After every use, rinse it thoroughly in cold water and hang it where the air can get to it.

YOUR BEST FRIEND WILL, very often, warn you about unpleasant breath. But she's not always around! So don't take chances... use a refreshing mouth wash after every tooth-brushing and, if possible, before every social engagement.

A DATE: Keep one every six months with your dentist. He'll clean any crevices your brush may have missed and he'll put a quick stop to any tiny holes that just might become painful cavities.

* * *

How'd you like to know all about "Glamour for the Teens?" It's our booklet that tells about makeup, hair, diet and grooming. Send 10c for it to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



Martha Vickers of Warners owns a smile that is beautifully bright and sparkling.



Even, handsome teeth are another of Elizabeth (Paramount) Scott's charm-assets.



Doesn't she have a pretty smile? Everyone likes Shirley Temple's dimpled grin!

(Continued from page 90)
soon, with Mason starring, and it's quite a picture.

It was Johnny who suggested that they go on an entertainment tour for the American Red Cross. The American soldiers turned out to be the most inspiring audience they had ever had.

After the war, Johnny Monaghan was released from the Army and came to live with them. He has the greatest loyalty and admiration for James and Pamela. When they made their momentous decision to come to America, he was delighted.

"It will show them at home what you're really like," he said. "All this junk they've been reading about you—it's time they found it just isn't true."

For by now the Mason legend had reached fantastic proportions. He was "impossible to get along with in business deals." He "hated the press." He apparently ate seven fans every day for breakfast. All these stories discouraged the bobby-soxers not at all. They formed dozens of James Mason fan clubs and waited agog for his arrival on these shores.

To everyone's amazement, he turned out to be pleasant, well-mannered and fascinated by all things American. He gave polite interviews to the press, went shopping undisguised, and happily consumed strawberry ice cream sodas. He also, with Pamela, appeared in *Bathsheba*.

It was a beautiful and expensive production, but the Masons admit now that it was a bad choice. (The reviews of *Odd Man Out*, the new Mason picture, however, more than made up for it.) The play ran for about six weeks after bad notices. When it was over, they retreated, in some relief, to a house in Riverdale with their cats, to consider their next plans.

These involve, eventually, *The King's General*, which James is to make in Hollywood for Korda. And James may make a picture in New York, which is fast becoming something of a film center itself.

Meanwhile, they're having fun, and in their quiet way, making more friends and influencing more people than Dale Carnegie himself!

M. S. GOES TO PALM SPRINGS

(Continued from page 59)

steak will set you back \$4.50. If you want a vegetable, you pay more. You're paying partly for atmosphere, because the lady at the next table is apt to be Hedy Lamarr.

There are breath-taking private homes in Palm Springs. Raymond Loewy's house has a swimming pool that comes right into the living-room, and his walls are hung with pieces of smooth, wind-swept sandstone.

There is also plenty of night life in Palm Springs, furnished by places like The Chi-Chi Bar, the Lone Palm, and the Plaza. Tourists who start out wanting to see everything Friday night, end up with a terrible headache Saturday morning.

But in Palm Springs, even a headache doesn't matter too much. Because there's always, and above all, the sun, curer of pains, and baker of tired bones.

You'll be walking along Palm Canyon Drive, staring at the expensive shops, and you'll see a girl in white shorts who looks just like Lana Turner, and she'll turn out to be Lana Turner. Down for the sun.

You'll be lying in the sand, and there'll be a couple a little way up the beach who look just like Cornel Wilde and his wife. And they'll turn out to be Cornel Wilde and his wife. Soaking up sun.

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BURT LANCASTER

and many, many more of your
favorite stars

in the new FALL issue of

SCREEN ALBUM

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES—By Howard Sharpe

(Continued from page 51)

picnic today, you know. His class is giving it. He almost didn't get to go.

Sharpe: Why, did he need punishing?

Kris: Not this time. But when he told Daddy about it last night, Stan said, "Fearless Farnum is going to drive us. We're going in his Blue Beetle." So Daddy just said right out that Stan couldn't go.

Sharpe: You've got to admit, Kris, that it doesn't sound very safe.

Kris: That's what Daddy said. (Giggling) He said, "I've been reading about these hot rods and the accidents they get into, and I'm not raising sons to have them scattered all over the highway. The Blue Beetle, indeed!—not to mention Fearless Farnum. I can imagine the way he drives." So then Stan had to explain that the Blue Beetle is the kids' name for their school bus, which is a real old model that won't go hardly fast at all, and that they call the driver Fearless Farnum because he's so safe.

Sharpe: Oh?

Kris: Yes. So then Daddy let him go.

Sharpe: You must be awfully proud of your dad.

Kris: Why wouldn't I be?

Sharpe: Oh, I don't mean just because he's handsome and tall and charming. But he's a famous star, a celebrity. Don't you feel very important when you're with him?

Kris: (She hesitates a moment, regarding her bare toes intently and frowning a little.) I suppose so.

Sharpe: You don't seem too sure about it.

Kris: All right, then. I don't like it. Just look at the other day. Daddy decided to go into town and I asked if I could go along and he said sure. So when we'd parked the car we started walking up the street, and we stopped to look in a store window at some shoes, and all of a sudden a lady said, "That's Dennis Morgan!" And then two other ladies stopped, and in a minute there were about sixty trillion people standing around and hollering, and we had to go into the store.

Sharpe: Did you get a new pair of shoes out of it?

Kris: No, because it was even worse in the store. We had to go out the back way and sneak through an alley and run like anything to the parking lot. Daddy said we'd better let Mama bring me down some other time. That isn't fair. Other girls get to go places with their daddies.

Sharpe: But then, my dear, you have a lot of things other girls don't have, just because your father is a star. You have the best schools, and this nice house to live in; and this pool, where you can bring your friends. You can bring them, can't you?

Kris: Oh, yes. And Stan brings the kids from his school, too.

Sharpe: Well, then. And you live out here in the country instead of in a stuffy city apartment, where you couldn't keep pets or anything.

Kris: Would you like to see the goat?

Sharpe: I'd love to see the goat.

(Kristin leads the way around the

house and points out a spotless, rather large nanny goat tethered under a tree.)

Isn't this pretty close to the house? I mean, for a goat?

Kris: Nanny goats don't smell bad. Only billy goats. Daddy taught us kids how to milk her. Do you know how to milk a goat?

Sharpe: I'm afraid that's a little out of my line.

Kris: Over here are wild mallards. Every once in a while Daddy gets hungry for wild duck, so he hangs a couple of these up till they drip and cooks them with wine and garlic. Mmmmmmm.

Sharpe: Mmmmmmmmm.

Kris: Well, and there's the horse over there, in that stable, and we've got peacocks, too. See them, standing around on the wall?

Sharpe: Pretty proud of themselves, aren't they?

Kris: Yes. They used to like to strut around the fish ponds. We had three ponds, but Daddy had to fill them up because Jimmy kept falling in.

Sharpe: He's getting to be a big boy now, isn't he? Past four, I seem to recall.

Kris: But he still dawdles over his food. Except when Daddy comes home, of course. When he hears Daddy singing in the front of the house he begins gulping everything, even spinach, because he knows what will happen if he doesn't. (At this point, Bruce, the Labrador retriever, stiffens suddenly, listening. Then he dashes off toward the pool.) Somebody's

home. Let's see who, shall we, Mr. Sharpe? (A moment later a husky, grinning twelve-year-old boy with a butch haircut and a sunburned nose comes trotting from the house, wearing swimming trunks. He dives in one side of the pool, swims across it, and climbs out again, dripping. Introductions are accomplished faultlessly by Kristin.)

Kris: I may as well tell you now, Stan. Your principal called Daddy this morning.

Stan: (Paling visibly) What about? I haven't done anything.

Kris: (Enjoying the little sensation she is causing.) Oh, just something he wanted to talk to Daddy about. Something about you and Daddy. I don't get it.

Stan: The father-son banquet next Saturday, silly!

Stan: Oh. Oh gosh. Now I'll have to tell them. The other guys.

Sharpe: What do you mean, tell them? What?

Stan: (Simply) Who Dad is.

Sharpe: Don't they know?

Stan: Just two or three. You see we go to school under our real name—Mornor—and most of the kids think Dad's just another guy.

Sharpe: You mean you don't want them to know your father's Dennis Morgan?

Stan: It makes everything different if they think of me as a movie star's son. I just want to be myself. They'll ask me a million questions, and kid me—you know. I forgot all about this banquet deal.

Sharpe: But Kris just told me that you bring your pals from school over here regularly, for swims and so on. Your dad doesn't hide out all the time they're here, does he?

Stan: Gosh, no! He comes out, and bats the ball for us, and swims, himself. But most of them never noticed—he's just a swell guy, you know, like anybody else's father, and he never talks pictures, or acts like a—a—well—you know—

Sharpe: I think Dennis—your dad, that is—once told me you have most of your recitals here at the house.

Kris: Last time there were two hundred people. And when the next one comes up next week I bet there'll be even more. Daddy calls it a clambake, only we don't have any clams.

Sharpe: You have the recitals here every year, hey?

Kris: It's just that we have the biggest house.

Sharpe: Well, my idea was that all the parents who come to the recital must know that Stanley Mornor, Sr. is Dennis Morgan, and I should think they'd tell their kids about it.

Stan: Maybe they just think the kids know already. Well, (He shrugs) it'll work out.

Sharpe: I'm sure it will.

(There is a short silence, while everyone contemplates the situation. After a time, your correspondent speaks.)

Look, you guys, why don't we all put our heads together and figure out what kind of a guy your paw is? That's why I'm here in the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A couple of years ago, when Barbara Hale had just gotten her first break in Higher and Higher, with Frank Sinatra, the picture was being previewed in Glendale. For some reason, the studio did not want Barbara to be present at the preview, but she was determined to go. So, in an effort to disguise herself, she bound her hair in a turban, left off her lipstick, and wore horn-rimmed glasses. After the preview, Barb escaped unnoticed from the theater, together with another girl and me. We tried to find transportation back to Hollywood, where we lived, but it was after 12 o'clock and the buses had stopped running. For a long time, we tried to find a cab, but had no success, so Barb suggested the only thing to do was to hitch-hike. She stood on the curb (still in her disguise) and extended a thumb. Finally, a beaten-up jalopy, driven by a high school boy, stopped, and Barbara asked for a lift to Hollywood. The boy looked at her, put the car back in gear, and, as he drove off, said: "Sorry, sister. Maybe if you were better-looking . . ."

R. Buckley,
Hollywood, Calif.

first place, and you know him better than I do. Or anybody. How about that?

Kris: What do you want us to say? He's—well, just Daddy.

Stan: Yeah.

Sharpe: Kris, if you were all grown up and married, and your dad was the man around the house, would you think he caused you extra work or not?

Kris: (Looking as matronly as a nine-year-old can manage to look) Well, he does leave his clothes all over, just everywhere. Wherever they drop. And damp bath towels hanging from the backs of chairs. And in the morning he plans everybody's day, including his own—and says what he wants for dinner even before he leaves for the studio. Of course, that's convenient for the cook, I guess.

Sharpe: I guess.

Kris: And when the cook's out, Daddy makes pancakes, and when he comes back from his trips he always cooks the fish he catches, and the game. You know what he likes best if he can't have something he's caught himself? Roast pork with sauerkraut and apples. Mmmmm.

Sharpe: Mmmmm.

Kris: And he likes toasted English crumpets at breakfast.

Stan: It's funny about Dad. He never pays any attention to money, except our allowances and wasting food. But if I leave a hunk of butter on my plate, he gets sore.

Kris: Well, he doesn't get sore when other people eat up all the food in the house. And there are always people here, and they're always eating.

Stan: Dad says this house is Grand Central Station, only he's always liked Grand Central Station. That's why we've got two guest houses, he says.

Kris: It's something to do with the housing shortage.

Stan: Dad says all his friends keep being kicked out of their apartments and homes and can't get any more, and so they come to visit for a day or so, and then it takes so long to get another house that they have to stay on.

Sharpe: What people? Who?

Stan: I don't know. Dad says he doesn't half the time, either. But it's all right. He says they're all congenial people, and that's all that matters. Anyway, he sings for them and they like that, and Dad likes it too.

Kris: There's a car coming up the drive. (A sleek, shiny, Chrysler station wagon purrs to a stop at the front entrance. Lillian and Dennis Morgan emerge from it, arms piled high with bundles. Dogs bark, ducks quack, the goat does whatever goats do, and children laugh. In the background, looking vague, your correspondent hovers.)

Dennis: Oh—there you are, Howard. Make it all right?

Sharpe: Made it fine.

Dennis: Come on into the playroom. I'll be washed up in a moment, and then we can have a beer and get the story.

Sharpe: I'll take the beer with thanks, but you can relax about the story. I've had it, as we said in the army.

Dennis: What do you mean, you've had it?

Sharpe: The story, that is. Kris and Stan have already written it for me. . .



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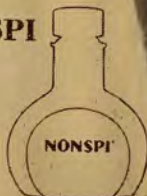
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POPULAR

HOW HIGH THE MOON—**Dovid Rose (M-G-M)

After hearing about 6,789 hot jazz versions of this tune, it's a refreshing contrast to listen to Dove's strictly melodic and lushly stringy treatment. On the back is a very holiday-for-stringsish Rose original, *Gay Spirits*.

I WANT TO BE LOVED—*Benny Goodman (Capitol), *Beryl Davis (Victor), *Savannah Churchill (Monor), Lionel Hampton (Decca), Sy Oliver (M-G-M), Cootie Williams (Mojestic)

This tune and the two below are all examples of how an unknown artist on an unknown label can catapult an unknown song into a hit. The above opus was started by Savannah on Monor; despite its odd lyrics and grammar ("Can't you love me just a wee bit little . . ."), it has become a national menace. The Beryl Davis disc introduces this talented lass from London, whom I first heard over there singing with a band when she was about twelve. She's improved.

I WONDER, I WONDER, I WONDER—*Louis Armstrong (Victor), Jack Carroll (National), Eddy Howard (Majestic), The Four Aces (Trilon), The Vogobonds (Trilon), Van Johnson (M-G-M), Ted Stroeter (Sonora), *Mortho Tilton (Capitol), *Tony Pastor (Columbia), Guy Lombardo (Decca)

This started on the West Coast with the two Trilon versions. Remember another sleeper hit two years ago called *I Wonder?* Well, this one isn't three times as good.

MAH-ZEL—*Artie Wayne (The Hucksters); Art Mooney (M-G-M); Marshall Young (Rainbow); *Benny Goodman (Capitol); The Ravens (National); Louis Primo (Mojestic); Murphy Sisters (Apollo)

Another surprise hit from Hollywood, started by a promising young singer on the shoestring Hucksters label. The Benny Goodman version is recommended mainly because it has no vocal and I can't see the lyrics. . .

YOU DON'T LEARN THAT IN SCHOOL—**King Cole Trio (Capitol); *Louis Armstrong (Victor); *Roberto Lee (Sonora); Rosemary Colvin (Mojestic)

Roberto Lee is the comely chick who sang with Les Brown and Raymond Scott and more recently was a hit at Cofe Society.

HOT JAZZ

JIMMY JONES—*New World A-Coming (Wox) *

CHUCK MACKEY—*Hoppy Blues (Jump)

MEL POWELL—**Lover Man (Commodore)

HAZEL SCOTT—*I've Got The World On A String (Signature)

Believe it or not, Hazel plays some fine, Earl Hines-like jazz piano on this, her best record yet.

CHARLIE VENTURA—*Moon Nocturne (Notional); *Ventura Album (Black & White)

Other albums worth investigating are the Hermon Chittison Trio, jazzing classics on MHR; a Bebop album on Savoy, in which Dizzy Gillespie masquerades as Izzy Goldberg; Phil Moore's drawing-room piano album on Black & White.

FROM THE MOVIES

GREAT JOHN L., THE—When You Were Sweet Sixteen: *Perry Como (Victor)

IVY—Title Song: *Dick Hoymes (Decca), *Woody Herman (Columbia); Jo Stafford (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Beside You: Freddy Martin (Victor)

WELCOME STRANGER—*Album of Song: Bing Crosby (Decca). As Long As I'm Dreaming: *Joe Dosh (Continental); Tex Beneke (Victor)

LOVE AND LEARN—Would You Believe Me: Sammy Kaye (Victor); *Skitch Henderson (Capitol); Eddy Howard (Mojestic)

STRANGE WOMAN

(Continued from page 37)

her. She went over for the sitting and, typically Crawford, was flattered, grateful, and eager to help. "How would you like me to pose?" she asked.

"Oh," answered the photographer, "just idle around that chair there a minute and you'll strike something natural."

Joan idled around the seat a few seconds, then fell into a position she thought he would like—a bit on the glamor side, maybe, but graceful, and she aimed to please. He took a look, lifted an eyebrow and sniffed. "Ah," he said, "Hollywood."

Joan's temper flared right away. "And what's wrong with Hollywood?" she crackled, clamping her jaw. That was the end of the sitting.

Joan Crawford is proud of being a movie star. "It's my medium," she said happily, "and a darned good one." She doesn't want to go on the stage; she doesn't want to do anything but make better pictures, play better parts right where she started.

Jerry Wald, her good friend and favorite producer, practically pushed her off the set after *Possessed*. "Goodbye now," said Jerry. "Go away, lose yourself. Forget Hollywood. Take a nice long rest."

Joan nodded wearily. She knocked herself out, really, on that toughie. She had thought she would drop time and again. On the set she kept repeating like a record, "When this is over I don't want to see, hear or smell Hollywood. I want to go away and sleep for a month of Sundays. If I could *only* have a vacation."

"You have it now," repeated Jerry, "Goodbye."

Two days later Jerry's telephone rang. It was Crawford. She had had her vacation—two whole days. The sight of a bed was driving her wild.

work, work, work . . .

"Jerry," she said, "for heaven's sake, get me back to work. What's my next script?"

Maybe one good reason why Joan is the evergreen tree she is, is because she is still convinced, as she was twenty-one years ago, that she is the luckiest girl in the world to be making pictures. She is still the red-headed unreconstructed movie fan in Hollywood. She droops and sighs when she sees Garbo, Hepburn, or Cary Grant, who top her list of film crushes. She has a projection room in her home since she built it fifteen years ago, and it's a wonder the place isn't worn out. Every Crawford dinner guest knows what's coming after the dessert—a double feature, and probably a Mickey Mouse too.

Joan spends half her spare hours signing autographs. She has been chased and badgered all over the United States by breathless admirers, and she loves it almost as much as Van Johnson does. She can't even get too sore when they step out of bounds and insult her.

The other day Joan was browsing in a village dime store, when a little old lady followed her around the counter, cranning and peering into her face. Joan smiled, and the inquisitive Granny poked her finger right alongside Joan's left eye, felt, and then marveled thus,

"Why, your eyelids haven't been cut open to make your eyes bigger at all. There's no scar or anything!"

Joan's only retort was a good common sense one. "Of course they haven't," she explained. "If I did that, you see, my eyeballs would fall out."

The other day Joan visited her daughter Christina at school. When she came in



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all the moppets began whispering and squirming in their seats. "There's your Mama, Tina," they said. "It's Joan Crawford. Joan Crawford's your Mama, isn't she?"

That night Tina had to know how come they made such a fuss when she visited classes, when all the other mothers caused practically no stir at all. "And there's a boy at school," continued Tina indignantly, "who always yells 'your mother's a movie star, your mother's a movie star'."

"Does that make you mad?" asked Joan. "No," said Tina, "but the way he yells it does."

"Bop him," advised Joan.

Joan was secretly relieved that she was ill and couldn't be on hand to collect her Academy Oscar in person last year. She confessed to a close friend "I would have cried all the way up to get it, and all the way back, and made a fool of myself."

But, get her into a picture and she knows what to do. What Crawford does is get lost. She is like her kids that way—movies are real to her. The only movie Christina has seen Joan in is *Dancing Lady*. Though an old one, Joan thought that it was better to show Tina than *Mildred Pierce* or the very adult *Humoresque* and *Possessed*.

Movies are very real to Joan Crawford. When she made *Possessed* she became convinced, until kidded out of it, that she was a neurotic. When she played the crying scene she couldn't stop when she got home, but bawled half the night.

Joan spent three days at the Los Angeles General Hospital getting atmosphere for that part. Those three nights she couldn't sleep a wink. The first day they were inside the psychopathic ward Joan emerged dripping tears like a sprinkler. Jerry Wald climbed into the car with her and they steamed out the gate. Joan was so blinded by her emotional showers that she plowed right through the red light. A cop hailed her down.

"What's the matter," he demanded, "in a hurry?"

"I," sobbed Joan, "have just come out of the psychopathic ward."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said the cop, diving for the wheel.

Jerry hastily explained what it was all about, and Joan got off with a lecture instead of a strait-jacket.

Joan doesn't stop with tossing herself out into every picture role she plays. It's a habit she has carried into her private life too. Her only perennial complaint about life is, "What can I do now?" She keeps three telephones at home ringing like fire alarms, then clamps the receiver to her ear with her shoulder so she can knit furiously with her hands free. She gardens like mad, and even cut down and sawed up sixteen eucalyptus trees that were in her backyard a few months ago.

She takes care of myriad business affairs every day on the side, and checks all the parcels and goings on about Grosvenor House, her twenty-one unit apartment. She would burst if she didn't have something to burn up her energy. When she goes shopping she leaves a trail of wilted dressmakers and salesgirls in her wake. Joan goes all out for everything.

A magazine called Joan up not long ago. They said they would like to snap a few pictures. "Sure," she agreed, "but I have just time for a few." The photographer left with 106!

Whether this lady's "ball of fire" temperament keeps her young, or vice-versa, no one knows—but plenty of women would like to. She can eat cream puffs all day long, although she likes filet, green onions, french fries, salad and ice cream best, and tosses not an airy thought to her figure. It's as trim and firm today as a

(Continued on page 117)

MALE ANIMAL

(Continued from page 48)

liked that car. He had lowered it, at the expense of the springs, and, properly handled, he could make it spin three or four times on the school lawn.

Then one afternoon he remembered the cinder track on the playing field; if he couldn't spin it at least a half dozen times on that, he didn't know his car. By the time he'd spent an hour practicing on the track, it was a shambles, and an outraged teacher was conducting him to the principal's office.

That gentleman leaned back in his chair and sighed when Rory came in. "My boy," he said, "do you realize you spend more time in my office than you do in class? What are you trying to prove?"

"Nothing," Rory said. "I just like to have a good time."

"Your good times are rather expensive for this school. I thought, by the way, that you were to be in the 200-yard dash and shot-put at the meet day after tomorrow."

"My gosh," Rory said. "I forgot all about it."

"Well, you can refresh your memory and at the same time repair the damage you've done by getting a drag, attaching it to your car, and spending tomorrow dragging the track into its former shape. At your own expense."

"Okay, sir."

"Oh, by the way . . ."

He turned at the door. "Yes, sir?"

"Good luck in the meet!"

That was in Santa Cruz, in Northern California, an idyllic little paradise that might have been designed for an energetic, healthy boy to grow up in. It is on the sea; it has rolling hills, and forests, and a population of tolerant, rather casual people. Nat Durgin, Rory's step-father, operated service stations and, on his comfortable income, provided his family with a nine-room house on three acres of ground. Much of the land had been converted to lawns, which it was Rory's privilege to mow when he might otherwise be occupied in hunting, swimming or riding.

One afternoon when he was seventeen, he stopped the mower beside a shade tree, sat down with his back against the trunk, and surveyed his situation. He was already six-three, as husky as any kid in the neighborhood, and full of beans.

He'd finished three years of high school, and it was simply not to his taste. He was happy only when he was streaking around the country in his jalopy with one of several young ladies who reserved their time for him, or when he was riding on the ranch of a friend, Henry Cowell, or when he was whooping it up with the fellows in town.

the open road . . .

Even then he was only mildly content. What I need, he thought, is to get away, see the country, go where I want and do whatever seems good to do. And as he finished the lawn, his resolve grew stronger.

That night, at dinner, he explained patiently to his parents what he had to do. "But what'll you use for money?" his mother asked.

"I'll work for it. And I've got fifty bucks in the bank, until I find something."

His parents looked at each other. Nat shrugged. Rory's mother said, finally, "Well . . ." And Rory knew he had won.

It was a year later, and in Amarillo, Texas, that he became the proud owner of a 1939 Ford convertible. He had the



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down payment right there in his pocket.

As he drove his shiny new possession off into the hot Texas streets he reflected that, in twelve months, he had come pretty far.

He had left California by bus and, his first stop had been Tombstone, Arizona. He could still smell the dry desert sage as he stood on the lonely road outside Tombstone, hitch-hiking. He remembered how he'd reached a ranch, finally, and remembered the foreman's voice asking, "Know anything about horses?" and his own voice, replying, "I can ride pretty well," and the foreman again: "We'll give you a try, son. The bunkhouse is over thisaway."

Six months of riding herd, patching fences and roisterous pay-day nights in Tombstone had been enough. Now, as he drove through the busy Amarillo traffic, he thought of himself as a young man who had accomplished something.

He had grown up considerably, he had learned a lot about life, as well as ranching and the oil business, and he was having a good time. He had never felt better in his life, in fact; and as this was Saturday, and he had a beautiful new car, he decided it was time to celebrate.

He drove to the best restaurant in Amarillo and ate a top sirloin of gargantuan proportions. Then he set out to find an evening for himself, knowing that no one goes to bed on Saturday night in that country, and that every joint within driving distance would be jumping.

There is, some miles out of Amarillo, a combination barbecue, bar and dancehall, which we will call Mack's Place.

Rory reached Mack's about eleven that Saturday night. He caught the bartender's eye. "Draw one," he shouted, and reached across four shoulders to get his glass of beer. As he turned, someone, a

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

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girl, jostled him and about half of the beer jumped out of the glass and splashed on her dress.

"Oh Lord, I'm sorry," he said. Her eyes were blazing, but as she looked up at the handsome stranger her fury died away and she smiled.

"Why, it's nothing," she said, in a soft Texas drawl. "Just nothing at all. It was partly my fault." She dabbed ineffectually at her dress with the handkerchief he had given her.

Rory looked at this girl. She was very, very blonde. Her clothes were neat, but also gaudy, because she was a gaudy little personality. "Mmmm Mmm," Rory said. And: "Have you time for a dance or do you have to get back right away?"

"Back where?"

"To your guy."

"Oh." She looked him over once more, speculatively this time, "Why I just happen to be alone tonight. Sure, let's dance."

She did that well, too. Afterwards, she told Rory her name. "Sally," she said, and her voice made it sound like a caress.

For the next month or two, Rory seemed

to get into more than his usual number of fights, and surprisingly many of them were over Sally. But it seemed to him to be worth it.

Until, on another memorable Saturday night, he stopped in at Mack's on his way to Sally's, bought some cigarettes, and then decided to wash the dust out of his throat with a beer. It was early, and the bar was almost deserted. Two men he had never seen before were sitting together, talking, and after a moment Rory began to listen idly.

"I just got in town," one was saying, "and went right out to see Sally. She said she's got this guy, a guy she likes, and he don't know nothing about me or any of the others, and she wants me to stay out of the way. How do you like that?"

Rory knocked his glass over with a sudden, involuntary movement. He said nothing. He stood up and walked out to his car. He drove to Sally's house. She was waiting for him, dressed to the eyes, which were sparkling in their frames of incredibly long, mascaraed lashes.

"Honey," she started, but he stopped her.

"Look. That first night, when we met, you said you didn't have a date . . . no ties at all. You came to Mack's with a date that night, didn't you? But walked out on him, didn't you?"

"I told you . . ."

"And all the others. They were guys you knew, guys you'd been out with."

"That isn't so. I . . ."

"Sally," he said, "you're a pathological, perpetual liar. You don't care what trouble I get into, so long as you get what you want." He told her what he'd overheard.

"I just wanted you," she said plaintively. "I've never had anything nice, never known a boy like you . . ."

And the palpable phoniness, the cheap

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"The three of us alone at last!"

B movie histrionics of her act, made him feel at once sick and somehow, scornfully amused. On a sudden impulse he reached out, turned her over his knee, and spanked her as he would a child. When he set her back on her feet he said, "I hope that did you some good, but I doubt it."

After that, there were a few more years to go on his odyssey, before he returned to his home. In the Spring of 1940, he went to Oklahoma and got a job in the oil fields there. He stayed, until, one morning, he blew his top at a foreman who had learned to box in school, just as Rory had.

This time, the outcome was different. Whereupon Rory left abruptly, and went to Mountain City, Nevada, where there was a working mine and a mining camp.

And he stayed there for awhile, until one day . . .

But the story repeats itself. It repeats itself up to 1943—with one outstanding exception. That was when he ate a dish of coleslaw in a restaurant and discovered, too late, that it had a tack in it. The tack punctured part of his intestine and, after it was extracted, he was told that this would always be a tender spot.

The fact is important primarily because it ruined his chances to get into the service when war broke.

In 1943, just before he turned twenty-one, his family wrote asking him to come home for his birthday. It seemed a reasonable request. He was only three days late, in consequence of being held up by a troop train; and in all fairness, he had to admit that home looked wonderful to him again after the open spaces of Arizona and Texas and Oklahoma and Nevada.

He decided to stay. He knew a ranger, Les Gun, who told him of the benefits he might have if he worked for the Division of Forestry in the Santa Cruz mountains. If Rory could pass the proper tests, he could be a truck foreman with five men under him, make \$78 a month, with room and board, and have four days off a month . . . fight fires in hot weather, and live in the manner to which he had accustomed himself during the past four years.

Rory took the job.

a visit to hollywood . . .

But in February of 1944, he had twelve days' leave accumulated, and decided to spend it in Hollywood, visiting his great-grandmother and aunt, who lived in Culver City. And whereas grandmothers and aunts are dear and pleasant to talk to, especially at mealtimes, there are other things to do in Hollywood, too.

One of them is horseback-riding over some of the most beautiful bridal paths in the world. One afternoon Rory did this, and on the path stopped to give assistance to a chap whose horse had picked up a pebble; and the chap turned out to be a representative of the Sue Carol Talent Agency who liked Rory and talked him into taking a crack at the movies.

Soon afterwards Sue Carol and husband Alan Ladd gave a dinner party to which Rory was invited, as was Selznick executive Henry Willson, who had previously discovered Guy Madison.

At the dinner party, Henry could not help noticing that strange young man who stood out in the crowd not only because he towered over everyone else but because all the women present kept drifting in his direction as if drawn by a magnet.

"If this is true in this sophisticated group," Henry mused, "what would happen if the American Girl should see him?" Henry thought he could guess.

So he said to the young man, "Have you ever thought about being an actor?"

"No," said Rory.

"Well, start thinking about it," Henry told him. . .

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WELCOME STRANGER

(Continued from page 35)



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new babies," I said, "I love 'em!"

"Well, come on in and look at her," smiled Bette, with the special proud smile only a brand-new mother can beam. "Isn't she a darling?"

Miss Barbara Sherry certainly is—every dainty, beautiful inch of her. She's healthy and pink and perfectly formed, the right length and the right color with a sweet little round face. "Sherry all over," laughed Bette. "You wouldn't think I'd had a thing to do with her. Look at that widow's peak with a hint of red hair, and those sky-blue eyes." Just then Bill Sherry himself walked in and I saw what she meant. I'd met "Sherry" (as everyone calls him), Bette's handsome husband, before, but in a suit you couldn't possibly guess what a handsome Greek god he is. Now he'd run up fresh from the sea with the water still glistening on his mahogany tanned skin.

"It's absolutely sinful for a man to have a widow's peak and eyes like Sherry's," sighed Bette. "But how a girl can use them!"

"She's a lucky baby," I agreed.

"So are we," grinned Sherry.

"Especially me," said Bette. "You know, Hedda, I've wanted Barbara for so many years I can't tell you. I used to think it was awful I hadn't had her when I was twenty-one. But now I realize how perfect it is to have her at my age. When I was a youngster, I was struggling so hard to get somewhere. Now I've got the time to enjoy her."

I looked at Bette. She was reclining on a big, yellow chaise longue in the small guest house where her doctor put her when she begged to come home.

"You look like a baby yourself," I told her, and I meant it. I had never seen Bette look so well. For the first time that I could remember, she was relaxed and rested. She was in trim black satin slacks and a flowered wool challis blouse that made her look gay and young and pretty and she had on ballet slippers that cut her down to little girl size. She looked incomparably happy, and so did Sherry.

maybe next time . . .

I asked him the question I'd asked Bette before, "Are you glad it's a girl?" Bette'd said, "I am. I can't wait to dress her up. She's just what I wanted." Sherry said now, "I wanted a boy, sure, but you can bet I'm head over heels in love with this one." He smiled. He has an even, confident, ingratiating smile, kindly but masculine as a left hook. "Maybe next time there'll be a boy."

"Don't let him fool you," interrupted Bette. "This is my sole production. She's our family." Bette said she wasn't planning on any more children. "Not," she said, "because I had a hard time. I didn't. Right now I feel better than I have for years. But then," she added, "I ought to. It's the first vacation I've had since I was grown up. And for the first time in years, I'm completely happy. It sounds trite, I know, but I'm at peace at last."

I looked at the bronzed man who bent proud looks on his family, and I thought Bette certainly deserves all this: a happy home, a wonderful husband, an adorable child. She's given the screen unsparingly of her talent, ridden it with all her strength and brains. But inside, she's always longed for just this.

"How does it seem, Bette," I asked her, "to have a big handsome man like this around the house?"

She said one word, "Wonderful!"

Bill looked as if he could drop through the floor. "This is where I duck out," he gasped. He fixed the fire before he left, and Bette and I and Barbara, her sister, had a strictly female session, one of the most pleasant and gratifying I'd had in a long time.

Barbara and Bette have always been very close; there's a strong family feeling in the Davis clan and Aunt Barbara is whom Baby B is named for. Barbara said she'd show me around the house later, pinch-hitting for Bette, who wasn't supposed to climb stairs just yet. In fact, grinned Bette, she wasn't even supposed to be home just yet.

"But I simply hate hospitals," she confessed. "It's a complex. I'd barely come out of the ether when I started begging the doctor to come home. He finally said, 'Okay—if you'll do just what you'd do in the hospital.' So on the fifth day, I brought home my nurse and Sherry fixed up this guest house just like the Santa Ana hospital. I haven't even been in the main house yet. I do everything I'm supposed to—only I'm not supposed to see anyone—and here I am talking my head off to you! I feel very wicked. But," she laughed, "frankly, I'm just bursting to talk about that baby of mine. And you're the very first person—outside of the doctor and my family—who's seen Barbara."

"That's an honor I won't forget," I told Bette. "I'm a grandmaw myself, you know," I reminded her, "and I've just got to hear all about it."

I wanted to know a lot of things. For one, why Bette had decided to have her baby in California, instead of at Butternut Hill, her New Hampshire home, as she'd originally planned. The reason for the change in plans, she explained, was that her country place in the East was sixty-five miles over rough country roads to the hospital where she'd planned to go. She decided wisely that it wasn't worth the risk. Something might happen on that all-important, last-minute ride that might have been serious for the baby. Bette hasn't worried a speck about herself from the day she first expected Barbara. "No, I wasn't frightened for a minute,"

MODERN SCREEN



she answered my question. "Not even when they took me to the hospital. I knew from the start everything was going to be all right. I'd waited for it so long. It just *had* to be all right. Oh," she sighed, "but I'm so grateful she's sound and healthy! I thank God every night for that."

Bette had another reason for having Barbara in Laguna. That's Sherry's home. She knew, too, that she'd resume her screen career sometime this year in California. So she decided to find herself a new home, furnish and fix it up, to keep herself busy during those dull last months before her baby came. She wanted her house all ready to come home to. "So," she explained, "I could enjoy it and the baby together."

It's a dream house, all right, not big, but one of the loveliest I've ever seen on any seacoast. It's fastened to a rocky cliff overlooking Wood's Cove, and from every window there's a breathtaking view of sea and sky. I knew, before "Aunt Barbara" offered to show me around, that, being Bette Davis' house, it would have comfort and charm and homeyness—all her other houses have. I wasn't disappointed. I'd like to tell you about the place where the Sherry family lives.

There's a sweet entrance hall to the main house, paneled in natural wood with old English prints covering the wall. On the right there's a tiny library, covered from floor to ceiling with bookshelves, packed with books. There's a fireplace and a big club chair, a desk and typewriter. Bette uses that as her office, because motherhood won't stop her from running all her own business affairs, you can be sure. I peeked inside this Davis sanctum and then trotted down a hall to the big living room, bathed from windows in the soft North light that artists love. Even this main room is a work room. It's where Sherry paints, up against the huge pane that brings the blue sea right into the room. The walls are covered with his oils—landscapes, marines, still life—beautiful things revealing really superb talent and craftsmanship. On his easel by the window that day rested an unfinished canvas, a winter scene he'd started at Butternut Hill—a lovely view, snowy New Hampshire hills, huge frosted trees, red barn, a church so real it made me homesick.

design for living . . .

Bette's whole house is painted in a lovely restful green. In her living-room the furniture is designed for comfort. By the window there's a great chaise longue, big enough for two to sit in and look at the sunsets. There's a vast easy chair, some antique rockers, and a low, pine coffee table.

The dining room's upstairs, a small, family one, dressed with an old-fashioned walnut table and chairs and the last antique (she loves 'em) that Bette bought before Baby Barbara came. Wide French doors open out to a porch with a wrought iron table and chairs; another porch sweeps around the whole front of the house, and below that a terrace juts out to make a rocky garden splashed with flowers. There's a barbecue patio there, and where the cliffs drop away to the sea, a shallow pool which fills and empties with each tide, perfect for a baby to splash in. Everywhere you look the view is dazzling.

Bette and Sherry's bedroom is on the top floor as their house climbs up the cliff. It's the plainest room in the house—just a huge four-poster bed with barely room on each side for a chair and a chest, and there's a balcony opening out to the sea. The guest room's top floor, too, a cottagey,

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chintz-draped place with twin beds and comforters of soft beige Chinese chinchilla at their feet. There's no finery, either, in the nursery, a pretty pink one with Sherry's sketches here and there and a beauty of a bassinet where Baby Barbara slumbers when she's not in her mama's lap getting her bottle.

I had a hard time pulling myself away from that nursery, though. Because in an old Spanish chest that Sister Barbara found and bought for Bette, were the baby clothes I knew Bette had the thrill of her life assembling for the great event. I'd asked her if I could see them all—I get a kick out of baby clothes still—and Bette said, "Sure you can—but don't look too closely at the ones I made. I do the most appalling things with a needle!" She collected her layette from all over. One prize that took my eye, which came all the way from England, was a short christening robe, with the most delicate lace gathered on the daintiest knitted wool bodice over a lace skirt. A British friend of Bette's sent it, and it's just about the cutest thing I've ever seen. When I told Bette that, she sighed happily. "I can't wait to dress her up in that." Then she laughed, "When my doctor saw all those clothes, he snorted, 'Mrs. Sherry, I hate to disillusion you, but you'll never use them. For the first year all you'll need are diapers and a night-shirt or two.'"

"Don't be too sure about that," I told him. "Whether she needs it or not, I'm going to dress her up—just for myself." And don't think Bette won't; that's part of the fun of having a doll like Barbara, and Bette's set to enjoy every thrilling experience she's dreamed about for years. But I'll bet a couple of cookies she'll never spoil or pamper that baby, no matter how precious she is to her maw. Her third day home Barbara was right outdoors in the sunshine—at only eight days! One thing Bette Davis has always "proved"—that she's got good solid sense. With her there's no glamor about this baby, only thankful appreciation. I asked Bette if she'd got any baby-shower loot from the Hollywood glamor girls. She shook her head.

The only shower Bette had was from some of her and Sherry's Laguna Beach friends—not a movie star, incidentally, among them.

something from the boss . . .

But when I asked what Jack Warner, her studio boss, gave her, she hopped up off her chaise longue like a girl athlete, against, I'm sure, doctor's orders. "Just wait till you see," she cried. She opened a dresser drawer, drew out a jewel box and opened it. There on a gold chain were three lovely large pearls, the start of a necklace for Barbara. It was a wonderful gift and showed, I thought, that the people she works with and for think a lot of the gal.

We were on the subject of presents, so I asked Bette, "What did Sherry give you for having the baby?" And I got a typical Davis reply that said just what she felt.

"He gave me the baby," smiled Bette. "I think that's present enough." And so do I!

When the nurse took Barbara away at last for her beauty sleep, I chatted with Bette about her own plans for the future. I'd heard she was to make *African Queen* next with James Mason—and after that, *Ethan Frome*. Bette said both were out any time soon for pretty obvious reasons. She couldn't make *African Queen* because it's an active part which would have her climbing all over a ship and falling into water. *Ethan Frome*, because it's set in deep New England winter, can't be made until there are tons of snow somewhere.

But Bette promised me she'd be back on a Hollywood sound stage sometime in August—if someone can come up with the right story. Even if she makes one then, she'll have been away from theaters for almost two years before it's released. Because the picture she had finished just before she stopped for the stork, *Deception*, was quickly released.

"Just think," she considered, "by then I'll almost be a new face on the screen. I wonder," she mused, "if they'll like me? You know, Hedda," said Bette Davis, "I've always wondered what it would be like to start all over again. Maybe I'll find out."

"Don't count on that," I warned her. "There are a lot of people who'll have pretty long memories about Bette Davis."

There are a lot of other things that Bette and Sherry and the new family have plans for, namely some trips in their new trailer—a beautiful deluxe job to whisk them off into the woods and mountains. Sherry's strictly an athlete who loves the outdoor life and Bette is pretty determined to share those pleasures with the man she married. Right now the super-trailer's parked on the Warner lot, but they'll get it moving, soon as they can.

oh, to be in england . . .

They've got definite plans, too, to go to England. Sherry's dying to paint the English countryside and Bette, I know, is dying to make a British picture, for she feels that the British are making Hollywood productions look pretty silly right now. Her conscientious brow clouded, though, at her own hopes.

"Tell me, Hedda," she asked, "when you were over there last year, did you feel like you were taking food out of the mouths of the people?"

"I certainly did," I confessed, "every minute."

"That's how I'd feel, I'm afraid," she fretted. "But maybe by the time I can go things will be different."

I don't think things will be particularly different, though, with Bette Davis, as a Hollywood star, since her happy marriage and motherhood. Bette's still a rugged individualist, canny about her career, but I know that around their home there's just one boss—that's Sherry. And Bette loves it. I don't think, however, that Sherry will ever lift a finger to interfere with Bette's Hollywood decisions. That's a thing apart from her home, a thing Bette can take care of beautifully.

In fact, come to think of it, Bette Davis can take care of almost anything else she sets her mind to—even her baby's birthday. I think one of the most typical Davis sidelights on Barbara's birth is that Bette brought her into the world exactly when she said she would! Two weeks before the stork came, a rumor got around that Bette's baby would arrive the very next day. I checked with a friend of mine and Bette's in Laguna.

"Don't you believe it," she said. "Bette's planned on having a May Day baby and that's when she's going to have it—May first."

"Now wait a minute," I protested, "you just can't call blessed events that way!"

"Well," said our mutual friend. "You know Bette—"

Well, that's when Bette Davis had her daughter, May 1, 1947, as advertised. And sunny and sweet as a May day she is, too, that Baby Barbara. As I waved goodbye to Bette, I remembered the name of a certain picture Bette Davis made once. I'm not much of a one for prophetic omens or things like that—but if any star ever made a title come true for herself, it's Bette Davis. Because that's just what she's got today—what she's deserved for a long, long time—All This and Heaven, Too.

POISE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

(Continued from page 69)

and only important luxuries cluttering my existence. How many bedrooms do you need anyhow?"

"One, if single," Myrna said, "one-half if married."

"Married or single, I need a room of my own," Gene told her. Then he turned to her suddenly. "Darling," he said, "what do you say we stop all this nonsense and get married?"

"Well, darling," Myrna said, "I think it's a splendid idea."

Gene looked at his wife-to-be thoughtfully. "Can this be the girl who sixteen years ago felt I was too worldly for her uninvolved tastes and experiences?"

"Not quite the same girl. I've grown up a bit, in your direction. And you have—shall we say 'simplified' in my direction. We are both adult, I think." Her smile was warm, exciting. "And now," she said, her throaty chuckle breaking through, "suppose you tell me more about the house we will have . . ."

During that first year in the tiny Connecticut salt-box he found on the outskirts of the Uplifters' Club in Santa Monica, Gene and Myrna settled easily into the kind of life they had envisioned for themselves.

The house, compact and of classic design, was a focal point of that existence. It had a comfortably large master bedroom, for Myrna, and a smaller room and two baths upstairs; a study, living room, kitchen and service rooms downstairs. Over the garage there were quarters for the two Filipino stewards Gene had brought with him from the Navy.

They furnished the place in comfortable Early American, of course, except Gene's room. "It should have a certain austerity, if you don't mind," he directed. "I'm used to ships' quarters. No frills."

ship-shape . . .

So Myrna put in a boxy single bed that looked like an oversized tailored couch by day, and books from floor to ceiling, and a desk and cabinets for filing papers, and his pet boxing prints. She had brought to him, as a dowry, one of the finest wine cellars in California—although she never drinks herself—and they dug a concrete-lined cave in the hillside behind the herb garden to house it.

It took only a month or so for Gene to discover that the "perfect" wife of the screen was more than that outside the studio.

He discovered that she was a magnificent cook, for one thing, with a library of some 94 cook books and a natural flair for the sort of dishes he liked.

She was never in a hurry, but she was always on time, and while other people spluttered and grew red-faced and irritable she accomplished minor miracles of efficiency calmly and without apparent effort. When, as he often liked to do, he brought home male acquaintances of diversified backgrounds, she always managed to select a menu to their varied tastes.

He found a deep and abiding respect for her as one of the two or three actresses who gave up their careers entirely during the war in order to do a service job. Hers had been a majestic assignment: Assistant to the Director of Military and Navy Welfare, North Atlantic area, for the Red Cross. Her area had covered the entire North Atlantic seaboard.

She told him a little about it, one evening. "I wasn't always as perfectly efficient as I'd have liked to have been," she

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said. "There was one incident that still bothers me. It was in Atlantic City, in that hospital for amputees and the blind, and malaria cases. In 1945, that was, one day when I took time off for a personal visit to the wards.

"There was that one chap on the sun porch. A big fellow, tall and nice looking, with blue eyes and a butch haircut and a wary smile. 'How do you do, Miss Loy?' he said. He had impeccable manners.

"In the face of his poise I was a little disconcerted. My mind wasn't clicking too well, but I was determined not to bring forth the usual clichés. I said, 'Gosh, where did you get that tan?'

"It was a 'tan' derived from South Pacific diseases and atabrine, of course. He answered, without malice, 'Ma'am, you mean when did I get that tan.'"

They were sitting together on the rear terrace, watching the changing color of the hills and not speaking, relishing the time of day and their lazy mood and the quiet intimacy of the moment. The cat, coal black from nose to tail, came slowly out of the dusk and walked toward them.

This cat was, or at least had been, in obvious trouble. It had not eaten anything much for some time, nor was it decently groomed. It looked battered by fate, and its eyes said as much.

"Don't get up," Myrna said warningly. "You might frighten him. Let him decide."

They sat waiting, and after a moment the cat came up to the terrace and stood there, a tentative look about its ears, and with melancholy tail.

"Kitty?" asked Myrna.

The cat did not budge.

Gene got up, walked over to the cat, lifted it and cradled it in his arms. He stroked his head. The cat began to purr. "I guess he's going to stay," Gene said. "This chap's had a bad time up in the hills. Look, his left ear's gone. And the scars on his back..."

"he's" having kittens...

Myrna accepted the scrawny animal from him and held it close. She felt suddenly protective. Then, intrigued.

"We've been calling this cat 'he,'" she said.

"Of course."

Gene looked closely at the cat again. "You women," he said.

"We must make her a warm bed, and feed her up. She's eating for two."

"You mean for five or six," Gene said.

While they were fixing a bed in an orange crate for the new cat, Gene said, "I've learned a few things about you since our marriage. It might amuse you if I told you about them."

"Yes."

"Well I've learned that although you have a superb acquired taste for clothes, you pay no attention to them. Where's your wardrobe?"

"Upstairs, silly."

"And you have a few trinkets, to wear when you dress up."

"Yes."

"To be perfectly honest, you have a superb collection of jewels."

She raised her left eyebrow at him. "What're you getting at?"

"Only that I've never seen you in anything but peasant skirts and blouses. You usually look as if you lived in a Mexican fishing village."

"We very nearly do."

"I see. It's a matter of comfort—silly to wear that wardrobe for this kind of a house." He added hastily, "I like what you wear. Naturally. I was only curious."

She sat staring into space, expressionless.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"You know what's the matter?"

"I don't."

"That trade paper. Listing me as a Communist."

His laughter was composed of relief and derision. "Are you kidding?"

"I won't have it."

"No one will pay any attention to that sort of untrue thing about you."

She stared at him in disbelief. "You've lost your perspective, then. People do believe what they read. I'm a liberal. But I'm not subversive. I'm not a Communist. I couldn't be. Nobody can say that about me."

He looked at her silently for a long moment. Finally he said, "You really are sore!"

"Yes," she said, simply, her superb control straining to hold her anger.

"It's the first I've ever seen you really angry."

"Then this is the first time. I tell you I won't have it. I've already called my attorneys, and I'm going to sue."

"I've always said that the great thing you had was excitement with tranquillity."

She spoke quietly. "You turn a neat phrase, Gene, to quiet me. But this anger is more than excitement. I shall sue these makers of false information. Then I can find tranquillity. I'm glad it pleases you."

When, a few days later, the excitement was over, and retractions printed, and The Great Rage of Myrna Loy had been satisfactorily calmed, Gene told her his plan for their belated honeymoon.

"Originally, I thought of India," he said, "but we couldn't get there before the hot weather sets in. How about Cairo? We'll stop at Shepherds. You've never been there and Egypt is fascinating. We can even take a barge up the Nile, if you like. Do you like the idea?"

"It sounds perfect to me," Myrna said equably. "We'll have a lovely time, and I'll ride a camel."

"You don't sound too excited at the prospect."

"I am excited," she told him, "but to tell the truth, I'm so happy here in this little house, with the cat and dog and the lime trees, that I can't jump up and down over the prospect of leaving. Still, it'll be so nice to come back to."

"We don't want to like home so much that we turn into sticks-in-the-mud."

"Why not?" she asked, with a smile that said more than a thousand words.

After a moment he said, smiling back, "Darling, you have me there."

MODERN SCREEN



WHO, ME?

(Continued from page 46)

"H-Heavens no," sobbed Betty. "You were wonderful. I'm crying because I'm—wah-wah—so h-h-happy!"

Larry sighed with relief and looked around the big room. "Say," he exclaimed, "you know where we are? This is the Board of Directors' room! Imagine us," he laughed, "picking this great big place for a family cry!"

Betty dabbed her nose and grinned. "It's a g-good place," she said, "It's a great big occasion."

Since then everything that's happened has proved Betty Garrett right as the rain in her face. It was indeed a great big occasion—for Larry Parks, for Betty and for Columbia Studios, whose inner sanctum that pair pinched for an emotional moment. *The Jolson Story* went right out from there to bust records in every theater it played, to make more money than a Columbia picture has ever made—\$7,000,000 so far and they're betting it eventually rivals *Gone With the Wind*—to play first runs on Broadway twice for the first time in history, to revive a whole lost era of songs, make a new career for Al Jolson—and to make Larry Parks a 1947 screen swoon combo of Van Johnson, Guy Madison and Frankie Sinatra, all rolled up into one—the new star-of-the-year, whether he believes it or not.

Not long after, Larry rolled regretfully back to Hollywood from his too brief reunion with his across-the-Continent-wife. Betty Garrett got a call backstage one night before the *Call Me Mister* curtain went up.

"This is the manager of the Radio City Music Hall," a voice explained. "Can you come over tomorrow afternoon? We've got a job for you."

Betty was baffled. "I've already got a job," she protested.

"This one's for your husband," chuckled the Music Hall boss. "And I think you'll like it."

ladder of success . . .

When Betty showed up, they asked her if she'd like to climb a ladder out front and change the letter-lights on the marquee around a little. They read, "*The Jolson Story* with Larry Parks," at that point. "For the first time in the history of this house," said the manager, "we'd like to switch things around and give a star front billing. Think you can change that to 'Larry Parks in *The Jolson Story*'?"

"Watch me," grinned Betty, scooting up the ladder.

One of the swellest things about the long-delayed break and success of this dark, wavy-haired Parks guy is that he's had the girl he loves around to share it. Betty's just about the best builder-upper a sensitive fellow like Larry could have. Larry admits that without her he's the type to slip into deep sulks and take a dim view of this and that. "I'm just a mean and nasty man," he smiles slowly. "Betty's the ray of sunshine." Larry's the type to crease a wrinkle in his brow at the height of his triumph and start worrying about what comes next. Even after *The Jolson Story* proved all his worry warts about it were fakes, Larry couldn't relax. He made *Down to Earth* with Rita Hayworth and then *The Swordsman*, a couple of exhausting Technicolors—bang, bang like that—because he couldn't stop after the grinding job of imitating Al Jolson for eight long, night-and-day months.

Right now he's trying to take it easy—for the first time in six years. Sometimes

Who would know better than the girls in white?



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he's happy; sometimes he's blue. He's a black Irishman that way, with a touch of melancholy Teuton. One minute he's glooming that these last two pictures don't measure up to *The Jolson Story* for him. The next minute, he's full of youthful enthusiasm. "The next," he says, "just has to be better, or they'll say I'm a freak!"

Larry was dead sure he didn't have a chance to get an Academy Oscar at last February's awards. He'd been nominated for Hollywood's highest honor—sure—but so what? He was still a Hollywood nobody, he figured, fresh out of the rut of Westerns, whodunits and the odd quickie jobs he'd been doing for years, where if you dropped dead they kept shooting right over your prostrate body.

Larry had no idea he'd land in the finals until the morning he shuffled out on the front porch in his mules, as usual, and picked up his paper. There he was on the front page, nominated for the best performance of the year. He shuffled back into Betty's kitchen and almost poked the percolator off the stove with the paper. "Hey," he marvelled. "Can you beat this?"

"I'll bet you get it," stated Betty pronto, sparkling sunshine right away.

"Are you crazy?" gasped Larry, shocked at the very idea.

Well, the night of the Award shindig, Larry and Betty, Cornel and Pat Wilde, Glenn Ford and a few close buddies circled a table and everyone was on an expectant edge—except Larry. He felt like a ringer, like a guy in on a pass. All the great star names of Hollywood suffocated the room with glamor and greatness. That had never bothered Larry Parks before, but he'd never been stacked up against it before, either.

They read off the nominations at last and flashed the brief best scenes of each on a screen. All were as short as a wartime shirttail but when Larry's turn came, his scene ran longer than any of the rest. They picked the "Mammy" number and the whole song reeled off. The applause, too, was longer, and louder. For a split second even Larry Parks wondered, against his convictions, if maybe he didn't have a chance. The hearts at his table, especially Betty's, beat like snare drums until the final announcement came, that Fredric March was the lucky winner.

couldn't cut "mammy" short . . .

But on the way out, Betty ran into a Hollywood director who was on the award committee. He grabbed her hand. "Did you see?" he asked. "We left your fellow's scene on longer than anybody else's. Nobody on the committee had the heart to cut that marvelous 'Mammy' number short—it was too good. Frankly," he whispered, "I thought Larry should have won the award."

When Betty told that to Larry he only shook his head. "You must have misunderstood him," he said.

"You're just hopeless!" sighed Betty.

It's taken a flock of potent signs and portents to halfway convince Larry Parks that he's anything extra-special, even after he's seen the evidence piling up: weekly headlines in the trade papers about the whirlwind success of *The Jolson Story*, floods of critical rave clippings that still pour daily into Columbia, the stacks of fan mail that are putting humps on Hollywood postmen's backs, interviewers hot on his trail with pad and pencil, offers for radio jobs that swamp him every week, urgent pleas from other studios all over Hollywood to star him in the biggest productions with the most glamorous lady stars.

All those things seem a little unreal to a steady working veteran of a pot-pourri of 34 pictures before he ever got this break

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last July, while passing by the Paramount Theater, I saw a group of people gathered around a very attractive young lady, asking for her autograph. Suddenly, a man staggered up—

visibly under the

influence of alcohol. He pushed his way through the crowd, pushed a \$50 bill in the star's face, and asked her to sign it. As she did so, he asked the crowd, "Who's she, anyway?" The star glibly answered, "Oh, I'm Ginny Simms." He walked away looking very confused—for the autograph on his \$50 bill read, "Dinah Shore Montgomery." Dinah handled that situation very well, I think.

Lucille Mayer,
Brooklyn, New York

he'd never dreamed of. In all that time the only fuss that had ever been made about Larry Parks was in his home town of Joliet, Illinois. "Joliet's Own Larry Parks" bannered every picture he made that came to that loyal home town, whether it was a shoot-em-up boss opera or a two-line bit in ap A. But in Hollywood nobody looked twice at the little white bungalow where he lived with his mother. The neighbors dismissed it with "A fellow who acts in the movies lives there, Parks his name is, I believe—ever hear of him?" Everybody has neighbors like that in Hollywood. Larry'd come and gone about his business for the last three or four years without any rubbernecking or curiosity about his private life. He'd trotted in and out of the gate at Columbia, too, getting "Hi, Larry" or just "Okay, Bud."

The first indication that changes had been made smacked him the week *The Jolson Story* opened in Hollywood, a smash hit from the start. Larry was making *The Swordsman* then. He breezed in the gate one day as usual. "Good morning, Mister Parks," said the gateman.

Larry stopped. Something sounded funny. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Good morning, Mister Parks."

"Oh," rallied Larry. "Good morning." It sort of embarrassed him. He just wasn't used to that treatment.

And out in Nichols Canyon, where he lives, he was just as slow to comprehend the spotlight that started to beam right away on his front door. The houses along the canyon are just a hop across a concrete ditch conveying a stream runoff from the Hollywood hills. Larry's windows are so close to the street that cars driving by can look right in. But he'd never paid much attention to the cars that whizzed up and down the canyon.

He didn't get it at first when they stopped whizzing, and drove very slowly up and then very slowly down, with people peering at his place excitedly as if it were on fire or something. Sundays it looked like a funeral procession. "What's so funny about this house?" he asked Betty.

"Three guesses," replied Betty. "You."

"Oh," said Larry.

Then there was Norma, the ten-year-old girl next door, and her sudden popularity. Norma had always chased around with the neighborhood kids her age. Suddenly her girl friends seemed awfully old for Norma—fifteen and sixteen. They crowded her front yard. Larry observed naïvely one day, "Betty, why do you suppose Norma

likes to play with such grown-up girls?" Betty gave him another of those indulgent it's-time-you-were-told looks. "They don't come to see Norma, you silly," she enlightened Larry. "Who lives next door?"

"Well, I'll be darned!" laughed Larry. What really made him blush, though, and still does, is a troupe of teen-aged fans who, Larry thinks, must have seen *The Jolson Story* at least a hundred times. They roll up in a group of jalopies, park out front and serenade him with scenes from the picture. "Hey, Larry," they yell. "What do you want today—Mammy or 'The Anniversary Song'? How's about doing the balcony scene?" And they rip it right off, so good that he can't help getting a kick out of it. What makes Larry blush is the fact that the kids remember the scenes more perfectly than he does!

One reason Larry is slow on the up-take with his new glamor is that at heart Larry Parks is just naturally as cautious as a cat. He's got his feet pretty solidly clamped to *terra firma* and his handsome head's hard to turn. His long years knocking about Hollywood taught him all the answers and made him pretty much proof against the vagaries of movie fortunes. By now, Larry believes it only when he sees it, and even now that he's seeing it, he's not one to go all a-flutter or to sail off into astral spaces. Under his magnetic screen personality, the Parks is the type to shun the spectacular and startling. There's a conservative side to Larry that's almost late George Apley.

Betty's favorite story of her best beau is about the day they went down to the Los Angeles Hall of Records for their marriage license. Betty and Larry's romance was pretty much a case of love at first sight. They'd met long before in New York when they were both kids trying to crack Broadway. But they really got to know and love each other when Larry, producing an Actors' Lab play in Hollywood, cast Betty Garrett for a fill-in part. Betty had just left an Olsen and Johnson show on Broadway for a three months' California vacation, and found herself with time on her hands. So she'd hunted up that select group of Hollywood players who stage plays at the Lab just for the satisfaction of doing something artistic for a change. Larry was a charter member of that gang (who put on some of the finest acting in America these days) and Larry still is. But Betty Garrett took his mind off art the minute he saw her.

caught in the act . . .

Anyway, they both knew what they wanted and right away. So one September morn, almost three years ago now, they dropped into the license bureau to pay their two dollars for that fatal slip. When they signed up, a newspaper reporter sniffed a story in Larry's occupation, "screen actor" and "singer." He started asking questions.

"How long have you and Miss Garrett been engaged?" he wanted to know.

"Five years," replied Larry promptly. Outside, Betty asked Larry why in the world he'd told a fib like that, when they'd really only been engaged one short month.

"Oh," said the proper Mr. Parks, "I didn't want people to think this was a fly-by-night marriage!"

Another good excuse for Larry Parks' calm in the face of Fame's sudden favors is the fact that he bulldogged his break in *The Jolson Story* so tenaciously and thoroughly that he wore himself to an emotional frazzle making it the great performance it was. Now the let-down is overwhelming, and he admits it robs him of some of the high-riding joy he'd have experienced if he hadn't been so wrapped up for so long in his job.

It's hard to believe, but Larry Parks

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on contact—

Absorbine Jr.



made his first test for *The Jolson Story* two months after he and Betty Garrett were married. That was two-and-a-half years ago. From that time until the last scene was finished, he thought of practically nothing else. Long months of rehearsals preceded the actual shooting of *Jolson*, months made longer for Larry because Betty was away in New York, following her own musical comedy career. "But it's just as well she wasn't here," Larry believes today, because he wasn't much of a damsel's delight to live with all that time. He was up at six o'clock and often home at midnight, working Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. He was tense as a watch spring, couldn't half eat, sleep or give anyone a decent answer. He lost weight and his brain whirled with ideas. He thinks it's lucky Betty was 3,000 miles away. "Else," he smiles a little ruefully, "she'd probably have divorced me!"

Except for a week snatched here and one there, between shows when Betty could fly out to Hollywood, the new Parks family had no home life in all that time. Larry lived with his mother in the little white cottage in Nichols Canyon. He wonders how she ever put up with him the whole route, he was so lost in never-remitting problems of how to be Al Jolson better than Al himself. Maybe the most solid tributes he's had about his work, incidentally, came from her and their maid, Ola Thomas, the two who sweated it out with him.

a mother's tribute . . .

Larry's mother passed on last winter. But, happily, before she died, Larry had the pleasure of taking her to see the results of his greatest effort and she had the gratification of seeing her son a star. The Parks family, including his mother, had never been convinced that Larry did the right thing when he abandoned his plans for medicine after graduating from college. They were always, he sensed, just a bit disappointed in him. His dad died while he was still running around Broadway, early in his attempts to get started acting. His mother had watched him make a certain modest place in Hollywood, but Larry felt she never believed he had done right to abandon the M.D. degree. After seeing *The Jolson Story*, she told him, "I'm proud of you, Lawrence. You were right to take up acting, because I'm sure you were meant to act." That meant more to Larry Parks than anything the critics or millions of fans could ever say.

As for Ola, who had to put up with Larry's mealtime moods all those frantic months, she saw the picture the first day it opened in Hollywood. "Well, Mister Larry," she sighed that night, "I guess it was all worth it!" Which, in its way, Larry Parks considers a mighty high compliment, too.

The greatest happiness Larry Parks has drawn from his success in *The Jolson Story* is not the fame, because, like I said, he doesn't quite believe that yet, or get impressed; it isn't money, either, because he's still on the same old Columbia contract. His big reward is settling down to some home life with Betty, and having a vacation for the first time he can remember, since he signed a studio contract and went to work.

Larry started *Down to Earth* during his final two weeks on *The Jolson Story*, finished that on a Saturday and started *The Swordsman* the next Tuesday. After that, he flew to New York and brought Betty, her red setter, "Mister," (given her by cast-mates in *Call Me Mister*) and "Pepper," the blue Persian cat, all back to their Hollywood home. Betty's M-G-M screen contract started, luckily, right at that time. She's not booked for any movies right

away, though, so they've both had time on their hands for the past six months and a chance to get solidly acquainted at last. They're both finding it fun playing house like a couple of newlyweds.

Larry came through with a beautiful square-cut diamond engagement ring for Betty, to celebrate the reunion, because, as he explained, "After being married two and a half years, I think it's time we got officially engaged." They hadn't had time before they were married to pick one out!

The Parks' are going in heavy for home life right now because—in spite of their double careers—they're both "hearthbound hicks at heart," as Larry puts it. Larry has always been in Heaven when he's had something to build with his hands. When he was hard up around Hollywood years ago, he teamed with two other pals, carpentered a house and sold it for a tidy profit to keep eating. He's relaxed from the strain of those three straight Technicolors by repairing and staining the roof of his Nichols Canyon place, making shutters, painting the chimney, building a doghouse for "Mister," putting in a back lawn and trimming his 20-year-old avocado trees clean as whistles. Betty painted and wallpapered the whole inside, stitched curtains, got her grandmaw's old china unpacked, sewed drapes and, generally, the pair of householders knocked themselves out so that, on top of their acting let-downs, they collapsed for one whole week of sleep—no kidding!

They started one Saturday night by falling in bed at nine o'clock. The next morning they dragged out at eleven, had breakfast and climbed back at noon to sleep all afternoon. That went on, with variations, for a week. Larry gained five pounds which he had to sweat off the next week at Easton's Gymnasium, but he remembers "The Big Sleep" as a stretch of pure unadulterated bliss.

They haven't been playing possum all the time, of course. Betty, for one thing, has been taking a course in cooking from Ola—concentrating on the specialized care and feeding of Larry Parks. For an actress, she's turned into a pretty nifty pot-and-panner, by the way, whipping up Larry's favorite beef-a-la-Stroganoff and steak-and-kidney pie just like his mother used to. The improvement from their first home-cooked meal the day after their marriage is pretty noticeable.

They had one month together back then, as bride and groom, before Betty flew off to Broadway and a new show. The day

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Some while ago, when my sister was a student at the University of California, she got tickets for a school play, called *Rain From Heaven*. The play didn't go over very well, but after the last act we went backstage

and got the leading man's autograph. Since it was the first stage production I'd ever seen, I went around showing the autograph to everyone, and telling them how wonderful that actor was. Mother, who'd seen the play with us, didn't agree. "That leading man was horrible," was her verdict. But now we both treasure that autograph, because it was Gregory Peck's—and even Mother thinks he's quite good now.

J. R. Smeeton,
Oxnard, Calif.

after their church wedding, Larry chased off to Columbia to work on *Counter Attack* and Betty rolled up her sleeves to cook THE dinner, their first as Mister and Missus. Well, that night when Larry came home he hopped off his motorcycle like a bee had buzzed under his seat. Smoke billowed from the Nichols Canyon cottage and distressed screams of the Little Woman filled the air. Betty's fried chicken, mashed potatoes and peas were scorched cinders when he arrived to throw open the windows, and Betty was half asphyxiated. She knows better now—lots.

That motorcycle is still the outdoor love of Larry's life. The only way he's blown himself, to celebrate *The Jolson Story* success, was to send to England for a new Sunbeam, with all kinds of fancy foreign gadgets. Betty's inherited the old Velocette and Larry's taught her to be a pretty good motor buster.

Larry and Betty Parks aren't the frivolous, show-off type of Hollywooders at all, which accounts for why you don't see them crouched over smoky tables around at Mocambo, Henri's and places like that. Betty's an athletic Venus who takes body building at the gym right along with Larry—although in the women's class, of course. And both of them match up on the serious side of their art. Larry has his week nights pretty well filled up as committee member of both the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund; he's still a board member in the Actors' Lab and the Parks family ambition is to put on a full length play there together, and after that, one on Broadway—Lunt-and-Fontanne style. Their night time pals for coffee and conversation are people like Cornel and Pat Wilde, Lloyd Bridges, Joe Bromberg, Lee Cobb, Kirk Douglas, Jeff Donnell, Glenn Ford, Phil Brown, and the whole Lab gang.

still doing their bit . . .

Betty Garrett has lured Larry into another new big interest in his life—the constructive kind he goes for—entertaining at veterans' hospitals. Betty had the reputation, in New York, of playing more GI hospital wards than any other entertainer on Broadway—and better, too. She's just the type a bedfast GI longs to look on—pretty, peppy, bright and breezy as a May day, and she loves to work when it's appreciated. Betty sings and dances like a dream—but Larry, well, all he's been able to do so far is to chauffeur Betty around, since she's transplanted her hospital circuit to the West Coast. That has been burning him to a crisp. Being no entertainer, all he could do was walk in, grin and say, "Hello, guys." After all, he couldn't play a scene by himself.

While M-G-M has been trying to size up how best to debut Betty Garrett, testing her more times than an allergy doc, she's kept her hand in, studying with a vocal coach. The other day she talked Larry into taking voice lessons, too. For one thing, they want to work up a strictly entertainment song-skit for their hospital audiences. And here's another wistful reason behind Larry's yen to learn to croon.

Everybody knows that Larry didn't sing a note in *The Jolson Story*. The socko voice was the inimitable Al's. That doesn't take an iota of credit away from what many people consider the toughest, most tediously achieved, incredibly accurate impersonation ever brought to the screen.

But ever since his own acting triumph, Larry Parks has had a yearning—hard to explain—to stand up there and make with the pipes himself.

"Maybe I'm scared," sighs Larry, "that somebody, somewhere, sometime will flash a spotlight on me and ask me to sing 'April Showers.' What would I do then—wire Al Jolson?"

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JEEPNIC

(Continued from page 40)

A jeep is even better than a horse."

"Hm," Elizabeth said. "A horse is pretty nice. When would we go?"

"Saturday. I'll tote my gun. There are jack rabbits—"

Elizabeth, who is anti-hunting, sniffed. "I'll take my paints—"

And MODERN SCREEN, tipped off a couple of days later, said, "We'll take a photographer—"

Saturday came up hot and bright. The sky was blue, lunch was in a basket, and the jeep ate up the miles from Hollywood into the desert.

The kids drove through the giant Joshua trees on the very edge of the desert, and suddenly they stopped, and stared in front of them.

"There must be a thousand acres of poppies," Elizabeth whispered. "Out of that old yellow ground. And look at the hills—all white!"

Marsh nodded. "Those are the Sierra Polonas. Come on, let's unload."

But she was already gone, flying through the fields, and he grinned to himself, and loaded the stuff out of the jeep onto his back, and followed her more slowly.

She'd found a little patch of purple, and she was studying it gravely. "That's lupine, I think—and that yellow, that's wild mustard, and the white stalks on the hills are Yucca."

Marshall flung down the bed roll, and parked. "You must have read a book, small fry."

She parked beside him. "I did," she said with dignity, "and I'm smart, besides." She

was pulling off her shoes. "I want to feel the grass with my bare toes."

Five minutes later, she howled with pain.

"You're smart, huh?" said Marshall. "How come you don't know enough not to step on a cactus?"

She put her shoes on, chastened. "I forgot it was desert ground. Can we eat now?"

After lunch, they talked lazily, until Elizabeth pulled a poppy. "I think I'll trim our basket."

Marsh sat bolt upright. "No, no, no! They charge you a million dollars and send you to jail for that. It's against the law!"

"You're kidding," Elizabeth said, plucking another poppy. Then she took a look at his face, and decided he meant what he said.

She pinned the two flowers in her hair, got out some paper, and started to rough in a sketch of the foothills.

Every so often, Marsh would take a drink from the water bag, and slop water all over his chin. Then he'd look amazed.

"You know what, Liz? The air evaporates the water on my chin—it feels like ether."

Liz giggled. "If you poured some on your head, I could call you numbskull."

Sighing, he settled back. "You're a mean child."

It was much later, when the sun was fading, that they strolled to the jeep.

Elizabeth's light laugh spread in the air. "And you didn't kill a single rabbit," she was saying smugly.

PAIR OF ACES

(Continued from page 43)

topcoat bulges indicated three loaded automatics.

The men kept on looking.

One chewed coldly, pensively on a dead cigar. He stared around the room. "Casing the joint," it's called in detective fiction.

Somebody was going to die.

Young Mr. Stewart knew it. So did young Mr. Fonda. Neither one was fond of the idea.

Then the tallest of the gangster trio turned on his heel and walked out. So did the other two heels.

"I think," Jimmy said, "we can start breathing again."

Henry said, "Yeah."

Up from the street roared the nasty bark of an automatic doing business. A machine gun burped harshly.

Henry Fonda found himself staring down into the dimly lit street fourteen floors below. Jimmy was at the other window, which needed washing.

"Those three guys who were just here," Henry mumbled, "have found what they weren't looking for."

Jimmy said, "Yeah."

Three sightless pairs of gangster eyes stared unwinkingly up toward the place to which they weren't going.

That's life in the Big City.

It's also death.

And drama.

Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda have seen a lot of that, before and since. A lot of fun, excitement, romance and some hell around the edges—Stewart in the skies over Europe and Fonda in the South Pacific.

Getting down to cases, Hank Fonda knew he was going to be an actor. He found that out while studying journalism and working around the Community Playhouse in Omaha. He built scenery, ushered, brought the curtain up and down. He understudied the actors, and every time he walked on the stage, he was scared to death.

"They finally began to pay me," Hank remembered. "I guess I earned about \$500 in a year, but I figured if I could earn one dollar in the acting business I could do better some day."

He did better, going the stock player route through Washington, Baltimore and East Orange.

This was in 1928. And Hank, who went from high school in Omaha to the University of Minnesota, from which he had been graduated, soon learned that it isn't only Princeton graduates—like Stewart—who can almost starve to death.

Hank didn't know Jimmy then.

Jimmy was still at Princeton, making like an undergraduate.

Hank latched on to the University Players Guild. He did summer stock at Cape Cod. Did it good; according to the local reviewers.

Broadway was warming up a little when Jimmy and Hank finally met.

The famous Princeton Triangle show hit New York for its annual performances at the Metropolitan. Hank was out front with Josh Logan and "Windy" (Bretaigne Windust) a couple of other guys with theater in their corpuscles.

They liked the show.

One young fellow was darned good. He

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fooled around with an accordion and made some jokes.

This was Jimmy Stewart.

"I'd like to have you come along with us to Cape Cod this summer," Logan told Stewart, backstage.

"Ah-awr," Jimmy replied in that unspellable drawl which to this day is his prelude to a decision. "Sure. Sure. I'd like that."

Jimmy shook hands with Hank and said he'd see him at the Cape.

He didn't. Hank had himself a job in a road show, and he was working hard at the acting business, while Stewart, not convinced that he could take himself seriously, turned in a couple of good jobs.

That winter, Josh Logan said, "Four guys could live pretty reasonable if they pooled their money."

Hank Fonda agreed.

When he moved into the apartment and sat down, Jimmy Stewart came in and draped his lanky frame in another chair.

I'm not absolutely sure of it, but, think one or the other of them said, "Hello."

Talking too much is a bad habit Stewart and Fonda have not fallen into.

Both of them hate quotation marks.

Henry broke down into a positive rash of words, though, when I interrupted the brick work he was doing on the front porch of his ranch home on Tiger Tail Road.

"I remember," Hank said, "that Jim would land a small part in a show. He'd have three minutes on the stage, speak four lines and get five laughs. The show would run about ten weeks and fold. Jim would say he guessed he'd go home. We kept trying to talk him out of it."

"I figured the theater would get inside him, and eventually it did. He went into *Divided by Three*. Windy, Josh and I went to see the play on opening night.

Afterwards, we went backstage, and it was Windy, I think, who said:

"Why, you secretive so-and-so! Where have you been hiding that talent? Don't you ever say you can't act."

fonda won't talk . . .

Fonda finished digging out the last brick. We went inside the house and located a couple of davenport to hang our legs over.

"You guys must have had some interesting romances in those early days, what with all the show girls floating around Broadway," I suggested. Hank didn't bite on that. He went on as if I hadn't spoken.

"I meant to tell you—Stewart and I were never on the stage together. I figure that was lucky for him. When the role is right I can pound home a pretty good job, but that guy is class all the time." Hank got a faraway look in his eye, and then he said—

"I think it's interesting that Josh Logan, who was doing everything but sweep out the houses learning to be a director has come up this year with three smash hits on Broadway—*Annie Get Your Gun*, *Happy Birthday*, and *John Loves Mary*. Windy (Bertaigne Windust) has, among other things, done *Finian's Rainbow*, *Life with Father* and *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Jim and I absorbed a lot of experience and ideas just by associating with these fellows, who later began to contribute so much to the theater. I don't want to sound arty, but you see what I mean.

"We finally wound up with the Madison Square Hotel as our last Broadway headquarters. Those were good times. We'd plan a dinner before we took off for the theater. Then we'd fall to and cook it when we got back and polish the whole thing off with a cold bottle of beer."

"Did Stewart do the cooking at the apartment?"

"Seldom. Confidentially, I think he's a lousy cook."

"That's right." Stewart loomed up



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through the early American dining room that leads into the Fonda living room. He looked at me with a certain severity.

"Talking about somebody?" he asked. "Yeah, you. I caught Fonda in a weak moment, after John Ford whipped him through *The Fugitive*, and I'm making him talk."

"*The Fugitive*," Jimmy volunteered, "is going to be one hell of a good picture. As long as we have to go through with this you'd better tell your editor not to cut out *The Fugitive* credit. I'd like to take direction from John Ford some time."

"And I'd like to work for Frank Capra," Fonda broke in.

"You guys never get together, do you?" I asked.

"Sure," Stewart said, "There's a little thing called *A Miracle Can Happen*. We're in that one together. First time."

Between them, in characteristic short takes, they told me about it. It seems that for years Jim and Hank have been whipping up skits. They've always hankered to do a thing about musicians.

Musicians, it seems, are never shown on the screen quite the way they are. As Fonda explained it, the movie audience looks AT the musicians. They don't sit down in the band and get a load of what these characters are really like.

So along comes a deal for them to do a picture together.

They sat down and mapped out a story, roughly. Then John O'Hara went to work on it. It wound up as the darndest, slapstick comedy that's come down the pike for years.

After the two finished explaining their combined effort, Stewart got up to leave. He tossed a parting shot—

"I always knew that when we got around to doing a picture together, it would be real art."

When Jimmy had gone, I went to work on Hank again.

"Tell me about your Hollywood break," I urged.

"Oh, that! You know how the breaks come when you least expect them. I got a call from my agent in February, 1935. He wanted me to fly right out to Hollywood to meet the producer, Walter Wanger. I wanted to stay in Omaha; but he told me I could go right back.

fine how-do-you-do! . . .

"I went to Hollywood and met Walter Wanger at the Beverly Hills Hotel. He didn't know me, and certainly I didn't know him. To me, he was a perfect stranger; and when he stuck out his hand for the introduction, his first words were: 'I'll give you \$1,000 a week.'

"That really floored me. We shook hands on the deal and I went back to New York. June Walker suggested me then for a role in the stage play, *Farmer Takes a Wife*. At the same time, Jim got *Page Miss Glory*. As a result of *Farmer*, I got my first screen offer. It was from Twentieth Century-Fox, and they wanted me to play my lead role in their movie version of *Farmer*."

Stewart's break came four months later, as the result of Billy Grady's insistence that Metro sign him. Jim got off to a somewhat slower start at \$250 on a three months' option deal, but after playing a small part in *Rose Marie*, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, he kept moving on up steadily.

One day Hank Fonda came home from work to find Stewart sitting in his apartment. Jim hadn't wired him. He never does wire or write, unless it's to his family.

They figured it would be nice to have a house, so they rented a Mexican hacienda from Hal Rosson. \$200 a month it cost them, and neither one of them could get over the extravagance. They had a couple

for servants and referred to them as "the staff."

As usual, the front door was always open. The old friends from Broadway migrated out one by one—Logan, Johnny Swope and all the rest. It was good living, while it lasted, but a sudden turn of events doomed the bachelors' paradise to short life.

Hank went to England to do a picture. He met the lovely Frances Brokaw and spent some time wondering whether he'd lost his mind or his heart. He settled on the latter and seven days later they were married, with old friend Josh Logan as the best man.

Jimmy was tied up in a picture and didn't get there for the big event, much to his disappointment.

He's more or less a part of the family though. When Colonel Stewart returned from the wars to take up the business of being Jimmy again, his own home in Brentwood had been rented to friends and Jimmy just couldn't turn them out.

One day Hank walked around the swimming pool and into his guest house. Jim Stewart was sitting there. He looked up at his long-time friend and said, "Looks like you've got a boarder for awhile. What time is dinner?"

Jim stayed several months and resumed his vast friendship with Hank's children, Jane, aged 9, and 7-year-old Peter.

"Is Jimmy thinking of getting married?" I asked Hank.

"You know he'd kill me for venturing an answer to that one," Hank said. "I think he'd like to. But he's wary."

That he is. Wary, and sensible. Personally, I think Jimmy Stewart would rather not marry an actress. He's seen too many marriage failures, and he plays his love and loyalties strictly for the long haul.

One of these days, he's liable to show up at Hank Fonda's front door with a girl who's never been mentioned in any gossip column.

"Hank," he'll say, as that slow grin begins to ease across his face, "I want you to meet Mrs. Jimmy Stewart."

I can't think of a better climax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



About six years ago, at a dinner-date at the Coronado Hotel, I was going up the steps to the powder-room, when a stunning girl stepped aside to let me pass. Since she wore a half-smile and I have a tendency to forget names, but not faces,

I said, "I know we've met, but I just can't think of your name." With a twinkle in her Irish eyes, she replied, "It's Maureen O'Hara." Though her very sweet manner did much to ease my embarrassment, it returned two-fold when I returned to my table and noticed that for the greater part of the evening, Miss O'Hara had been sitting at the very next table. She was with another beautiful girl who, for a long time had been carrying on a telephone conversation (over one of those plug-in phones they have in restaurants) with someone they called "Dizzy." The girl who was talking to "Dizzy" was none other than Lucille Ball—and the party on the other end of the phone was, of course, Desi Arnaz! Celebrities at my elbow, and I turn my back!

Mrs. Mercedes Dames,
Village of St. John, Mo.

STRANGE WOMAN—By Eric Bishop

(Continued from page 100)

schoolgirl's. She is 125 pounds on her bathroom scale, with everything where it should be. She wears suits, her favorite rig, without any girdling gear, and buys hard-finished suitings at men's tailors. Joan has bi-weekly massages when she works, but not for her figure, just to relax—if that is possible. All in all, everything most gals past thirty wistfully sigh for, Joan has in the physique department because she burns up her talent.

Joan tackles everything with the same whirlwind determination that marks every phase of her life and interests. She always did give the swimming pool in her garden a beating, which doesn't hurt that streamlined figure any—and this year she decided it was high time she played good tennis. Eleanor Tennet, the former champ, is "Teach" to her, and after fourteen lessons, she gave Joan a gold pin of a lady player swinging a racket wildly. "You are one of the club now," said Teach. "You have earned it—but I'm a wreck."

The only casualty she suffers outdoors is persistent freckles (she's a redhead), and her only sporting weakness is her tender heart.

One fall Joan was up in the New Jersey Poconos decked à la Abercrombie & Fitch from head to toe. She had been asked on a pheasant shooting party and sallied forth bravely. But when she flushed a cock ringneck and got a bead, she just stood there. Her host was puzzled.

"You had him," he protested. "Why didn't you pull the trigger?"

"I couldn't," Crawford confessed, "he was so darned pretty."

Like most actresses, Joan Crawford is emotional in unpredictable ways, and as sentimental as a southern belle. She keeps all her old love letters tied up with different colored ribbons. She's like a kid about birthdays, whether around the studio or her own house, and spends half her time consulting a little book of dates.

Joan had a precarious home life as a girl, and that's why her home and the life there hurts her over the heart today. She has lived in the same house for fifteen years,

which is staffed today by a cook, a nurse, a gardener, and a cleaning woman, who come by the day. Joan checks on every department pretty thoroughly, but nobody seems to mind.

But the real bosses of Joan Crawford's Brentwood house are her two blond beauties, Christina, 7, and Christopher, 4. Joan has had them since they were ten days old, and her heart is pretty well split in half in their direction.

To get them off to school (Chris is in kindergarten, and Tina goes to Public School), Joan dives out of bed at the terrifying hour (to an actress) of 7:00 a.m. They have breakfast together, and a ride in Joan's Cadillac to school. When she's not acting, Joan brings them home for lunch too, and, unless there's some beau or other coming around, it's a date with the kids for dinner at six, and a walk up the road in the dusk. Sunday, beau or no beau, Joan drives her joys to Sunday School, and then a picnic.

Joan doesn't get around nearly as much in Hollywood's night life as she used to. Sometimes a couple of weeks slip by without her leaving the house at night, but then she'll agree to go out with some superb dancer like Greg Bautzer, and she will have quite a fling, because the early love of her life, dancing, is still tops with Joan for indoor sports. She is as good as ever with one slight exception—where they used to have to usher her out of places like the Grove and the Troc, now a Crawford date knows that at 10:30 the latest, he pays the check.

The other night she made a rare appearance at a large Hollywood cocktail and dinner gala. Joan likes one daiquiri before dinner—and that's all. This affair turned into a prolonged drinking bout, while Joan nursed her lone daiquiri and got hungrier and hungrier. Dinner finally was served around ten, and when it was over Joan promptly rose.

"Excuse me," she said.

She headed toward the Powder Room, but she didn't go there. She went home.

Joan talks dreamily of a farm someday

with cows, and chickens and horses and all that—a real one—and she wants it not so much for herself as the kids. She is always planning trips, fishing excursions in Canada, yacht cruises in South America and such. Some of those "vacations" she threatens hypocritically knee-deep in a picture, but knowing Joan Crawford, I would say her luggage will just gather dust, and it will be strictly a map tour as long as there is a picture around the corner to be made; and there is one to be made, *Daisy Kenyon*, that Joan's itching to start.

That's a love story for Joan—a welcome change after so much character drama. But it's coming at a time when there is nothing to match it in her private life. That's sad but true, Joan will tell you, although, as in her screen career, she is not looking one foot backwards for romance, but straight ahead with the same expectant Crawford eagerness. No one can say that Joan Crawford hasn't had enough unhappy endings to her own private love stories, but they haven't nipped her confident faith in romance one particle.

The other night, Joan was dressing to go out and trying to explain at the same time what had happened to a member of the family, one "Pupschen," a dachshund, lately deceased. As usual, her shadows, Christina and Christopher, were kibitzing on the party process, begging to button a button or spray on some of her favorite Zenza perfume. "Pupschen" was Joan's pet for fourteen years, and the kids had known him all their lives. It was a solemn moment. "Pupschen" was blind and old and he had to be put to sleep. Joan explained all this to Christina.

"I am going to bury him," she said.

Four-year old Christopher missed the word.

"Who are you going to marry, Mommy?" he demanded.

"Nobody, Chris," replied Joan, "nobody at all."

But she wasn't telling the truth. Some day, Joan hopes, when the right man comes along, she'll marry again.

HONEY CHILE—By Rosemary Layng

(Continued from page 62)

he crushed his cigarette, and said, "This is ridiculous! I can't understand one word you're saying; you couldn't possibly do a test, unless you had an interpreter." He kept looking at her.

"But the face," he said. "And the figure—they don't need any translation. We'll do a straight interview test." Which is just what they did.

She was sitting in a chair, dreaming, the day Beatrice came in with the letter. It was from the Coast, and the envelope looked impressive.

Slowly, Ava ripped the envelope, and then she sat up straight.

"A contract, it says here. Three months, fifty dollars a week!"

Already, Beatrice had their suitcases in the middle of the floor. "If you're not too tired, honey," she said, "start packing."

Ava wasn't too tired, for once . . .

For a solid year, in Hollywood, she did mostly extra work, and concentrated on losing her Southern accent.

She married Mickey Rooney and quit work for a year and a half.

A couple of days after the wedding, one of Ava's sisters back home had a baby, so

the boy was named Michael.

Michael and his Aunt Ava have never met each other formally, but the family has shown him lots of pictures.

Last time Beatrice was down visiting, Michael approached her with a movie magazine. He pointed to Rita Hayworth. "Is this Ava?"

Beatrice shook her head. "No, dear."

He went on to the next actress. "Is this Ava?"

Another "no" from Beatrice.

Michael frowned. For several minutes, he turned the pages deliberately, and finally returned to Beatrice in triumph. He had a stocking ad in his fist—it was nothing but two legs, and a caption. "This I know is Ava," he said proudly.

Ava got to be friends with Peter Lawford when she was married to Mickey. Mickey and Pete were old pals, and Peter'd come over to the house and sit around, and one night, when the radio was going, he asked Ava to dance.

They took about three steps, and he stopped in surprise. "Hey, you're good!"

She laughed. "Hey, you're better."

Neither of them has ever had any reason

to revise that first snap judgment.

After Ava split up with Mickey, if you remember, she went back to work.

One more year, and she was in love again. She married Artie Shaw, and stopped working for the second time.

When that marriage broke up, in 1946, she returned to M-G-M, where they were beginning to regard her as a transient guest. Now that she's really going places (she could have been there and back, if she'd tried), the studio's big problem is to keep her from falling in love.

With Ava, love comes in the door, and Ava turns around and goes on out with it. Out of M-G-M, that is.

She's too busy to fall in love right now, she reassures Burnsie, her anxious dramatic coach, and Burnsie just looks wise.

Actually, she is pretty busy. She gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and bitterly resents it. She trots on over to M-G-M, and maybe she does a scene with Clark Gable, for *The Hucksters*. The resentment stops there.

She's also started *Singapore*, at Universal, with Fred MacMurray, and she plays a great lady, which is a little out of her line.



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She's been a gun moll (*The Killers*) and a brassy dame with a heart of gold (*The Hucksters*) but never a cultured, refined creature with table manners, before.

When she's not at the studio, she's usually at her dressmaker's. Every other week, she hauls over her eighteen skirts, and all her suits and all her dresses. Sometimes she wants 'em let out; sometimes she wants 'em taken in.

She loses and gains weight erratically, depending upon whether she's in love, whether she's unhappy (she stops eating altogether, then) or whether the studio says, "Put on a few pounds."

The dressmaker glared at her, the last time she came in. "I'm so sick of looking at these clothes, I could die," she said flatly.

Ava thinks maybe she'd better buy some new stuff.

Though where she'd put it in that thimble-sized apartment—

Every so often, in a burst of optimism, she goes shopping for a house. Just a small house, she wants. She saw a doll of a house, sitting up on a hill. It was cute, but not palatial.

"That's for me," she told herself, forthrightly, and went on up the hill.

The people wanted forty-three thousand dollars for it. "That's not for me after all," she told herself just as forthrightly, and went down the hill again.

Back to her little apartment. The place is so crowded, she has clothes stacked in the corners, and in suitcases, and people come in and do takes. "Where you going, Ava?"

"Nuts," says Ava shortly. "Throw my slacks off the chair, and sit down."

In all fairness to the apartment, it should be noted that one of the reasons there's no room for clothes in the closet is simply that the closet is full of shoes.

She's got a passion for shoes that nothing but shoes can satisfy. If she sees a style she likes, she says, "I think it would be pleasant to have these shoes in many colors," and straightaway has them.

Some day, an enterprising shoe manufacturer is going to set up an Ava Gardner Day.

Incidentally, there already was an Ava Gardner Day in Wilson, North Carolina, where the Gardners live. *The Killers* was premiered there, and every store that advertised in the newspapers ran a little picture of Ava, in the ad.

my day...

Mrs. Gardner, who's terribly proud of her daughter, almost split her seams. Mrs. Gardner has definite ideas about what constitutes proper behavior from Ava, and last time Ava was home, she scolded her severely. "You go around the house without makeup, and those filthy saddle shoes," she said. "Suppose someone came to the house?"

"Suppose someone did?"

Mrs. Gardner raised her eyebrows. "Certain things are expected of people in your position."

Later that day, she borrowed her sister's car, and after she'd been driving for a few minutes, stopped for gas.

The man in the gas station looked her over.

"Five gallons, please," she said.

The man took his cap off, and scratched his head. "You know who you remind me of?" he said. "The actress... Whatzer-name—Ava Gardner. Come from right around here, too, she did."

Ava sounded unimpressed. "I don't think she's very attractive."

This was too much for a North Carolina man to take. He told Ava off. About what a great little old actress Miss Gardner was, to say nothing of her having been a local girl, and besides, who did she think she

was, anyway, talking like that about Ava. "Ava Gardner," she said sweetly.

That gas station man should have seen her last New Year's Eve, in Hollywood, if he'd wanted to be dazzled.

She was wearing a white satin evening gown, strapless. The top was dotted with green bugle beads, and the skirt was draped, and she carried a green satin bag with big white pearls.

Peter, who came to call for her, grinned, and mopped his brow. "Wow," he said quietly. "Wow."

When she does it up, she does it up right. The green eyes shaded, and the lashes dark and mysterious. The gown smooth, and tight. The perfume heady, the lady star-touched.

Everywhere they went that night, people felt it. As she and Peter took the floor, other couples edged away, and stood there watching for a few minutes, because this girl was really spectacularly lovely, a girl to make you wonder.

On her more down-to-earth, sweater and skirt days, there's a whole gang of kids including Mel Torme and Bob Wells, who go roller-skating, and bowling, and howl at old silent movies.

Weekends, she plays badminton with Jay and Ruth Rosenthal, her lawyer, and his wife. She shows up for work on Monday lame and halt, and winces if anyone mentions muscles.

The thing you've got to understand about this girl is that she isn't easy to understand. You expect her to be a slinky siren, and she turns up talking badminton. It doesn't prove anything, particularly. She can still slink, and if you've ever seen her in the middle of a rumba, you know. She doesn't remind you of your mother.

She went through a time when she was miserable, and she got too thin, and she stayed out too late, with too many people. That's over now.

She's still young enough so this present healthy, outdoors routine may also be a temporary phase, of course, but from the way Ava tells it, she's become a happy-medium addict.

As far as men are concerned, she likes them. No denying that. She says there's no big mad love in her life at the moment; she's going around with a man named Irving Reis, who's a swell egg. He's intelligent, he's honest, he's fun. Ask her any more, and she gives you a polite grin.

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On the set and in her work, she's co-operative. She takes direction easily, because she feels she needs it, and that's what the man's getting paid for. He's trying to make her look good, and she knows it. Ava developed a healthy respect for Clark Gable, while they were making *The Hucksters*, too.

For one thing, he's got no temperament. There was this scene, a simple scene—

Ava opened the door and said, "Hello." Gable was supposed to say, "Hello," and give her a once-over. The old Gable take, long, intimate, and loaded with charm.

They must have shot that thing twenty times, and Ava kept thinking, why doesn't he get mad?

He never said a word.

He used to tease Ava about the way one of her low cut gowns was fastened to her skin with toupe tape, for benefit of the Johnston office.

"They taped my ears back with that stuff, a long time ago," he said, grinning.

Every once in a while, some character will come on the set and go up to Ava with a gleam in his eye. "What's it like to kiss Gable?"

She's toyed with the idea of telling them. It would go something like this: "Well, first you think about the lights. And then you think about whether it's your good side or your bad side. And then the camera starts rolling, and you think about your makeup, and the whole kiss is faked, anyhow."

She never says it, though it's true. She just looks at the questioner, and smiles shyly. "It's very nice to kiss Mr. Gable."

She's quite a kid, this Ava Gardner. In *The Hucksters*, she plays Jean Ogilvie, the singer, who's in love with the hero. She came from the wrong side of the tracks, and she has all the answers, and she's a nice babe who knows she's beaten before she even begins.

There's one place where Gable comes up to Ava in the picture, and asks her where she's singing now.

She tells him the name of the place. "Why don't you drop by, later on?"

Clark shakes his head. "I don't think so."

"Oh, don't be that way," Ava says. "You won't find anything better than me between now and then."

The fadeout comes, at that point, but as Mr. Gable walked off the set, he was heard to remark, "You're so right!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Robert Alda was doing a personal appearance at the N. Y. Strand Theater and my friend and I were very comfortably settled in the front row. Mr. Alda went through his rehearsed routine of singing, telling

jokes, etc. Then he announced suddenly: "I will now do an impersonation of Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson." He had gone into the wings to remove his coat, when, from the other side, two men strolled casually to the center of the stage. The screaming and laughing of the audience soon became deafening. For the two men on the stage were actually Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, both of whom were in town and had decided—as a lark—to surprise Bob Alda—and the Strand audience.

Lee Garber,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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LITTLE MAGGIE COMES TO TOWN

(Continued from page 67)

The day of Margaret's visit, what had been a sane and respectable publishing company completely lost its head.

All the editors brought their children to work. All the artists did the same. The President of the company knocked off at four o'clock, and tore out of his eleventh-floor office crying, "Corsage!"

He'd run down two flights before someone pointed out that the elevators both worked. His mind was on an orchid for a lady.

It was like the mad tea party from Alice in Wonderland. It was a place of business turned into a howling, teeming kindergarten. It was, in miniature, what had happened to the entire city of New York. For Margaret set the old town on its ear.

Take the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria. If you dare. The Waldorf-Astoria (where Margaret and her mother and her aunt stayed) was expecting Mexico's President Aleman one afternoon, and officials began methodically to clear the lobby.

They probably swept out any number of Vanderbilts and Astors, but they stopped at Margaret. "You may stay, Miss O'Brien."

Miss O'Brien beamed broadly, showing braces.

One half hour behind schedule, President Aleman arrived, with a dozen nervous F.B.I. men in tow.

He was heading for the elevators, when he caught sight of Maggie, and he veered.

good neighbor policy . . .

For ten minutes, he talked to her in Spanish, and she was so flabbergasted, she couldn't say a single word, even though she knows a few.

Margaret caused more traffic jams than you could shake Mayor O'Dwyer at. Every time she came out of any place, a million kids would fall into a sort of Pied Piper march and follow her.

She saw *Finian's Rainbow*, one day, with M-G-M's Bill McCormick, and after the show, they hailed a cab.

As they drove off, Bill pointed out the back window. "See the kids in that next cab? They're following you."

"Oh, dear," she said, like a little old lady, "I wish they wouldn't waste their nickels on me." And then, not at all like a little old lady: "They could buy candy with that money!"

Bill's the man who used to get forty phone calls an hour asking if Margaret would pose, or make a speech, or say she ate spinach. If the request was for charity, he could be pretty sure Margaret would go along.

She's done a lot of work for the New York Infirmary Drive; she did a radio show for Catholic Charities, she appeared for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, and one night when she was walking down a hall in the Waldorf, someone asked her if she'd mind stepping inside for a picture to help a Wayward Boy's fund, and she stepped inside gladly.

But there were actually a few days, back before the news spread, when Margaret roamed around New York unrecognized. It all started with a pair of glasses—

Margaret's a fan of a series of magazine stories concerning a child named Violet. Violet is difficult. She's precocious, and intellectual, and she even goes to a psychiatrist, and drives him crazy.

Violet—to get to the point—wears horn rimmed spectacles.

And on this trip, Margaret intended to play Violet. When she got off the train on Saturday, she held her mother firmly by one arm, and her Aunt Marissa firmly

by the other.

"Glasses," she said.

They hied them to one of the oldest, finest places in the city, for taking care of such matters, and Margaret spent some time studying frames.

Finally, she settled on the ones she wanted, and the courtly old gentleman who was helping her smiled paternally.

"These are twenty-five dollars," he said.

"In that case—" began Gladys O'Brien, and Margaret hastily searched further. After she'd chosen some compromise horn-rims, the old gentleman said, "And now, your prescription—"

Margaret shook her head. "I haven't any prescription. I just want the rims. You see," she said gently, "I'm being Violet."

At that stage, the old gentleman wouldn't have cared if she was Infra-red. He wrapped up the frames pathetically. The world is in bad shape, when little children come in and—

Sunday, the day after Margaret's arrival, she went to the circus in Madison Square Garden.

She was still Violet, with her glasses on her nose, and a painfully prim expression on her mouth. The circus people had turned the President's box over to her, but nobody in the audience realized who she was, except for one couple sitting directly in back.

They wrote a note: "Are you Margaret O'Brien?" and when she said yes, some surrounding kids caught on, and they bought Margaret some ice-cream.

After that, she bought them pink circus candy.

Once the circus was over, Aunt Marissa studied her closely. "How do you feel?"

"Fine, thank you."

"You had six pink cotton candy sticks," Aunt Marissa said. "I counted them. And you had a hot dog, and half a soda-pop, and a box of crackerjacks. Your mother's going to throw me into the street."

Margaret closed her eyes dreamily. "I think I love Emmett Kelly."

Emmett Kelly's the great clown, and for him, she took off her glasses.

monkey-shines . . .

She also took off her glasses for the monkey man, but that was to intimidate him. The monkey man comes out in an ape-skin, and climbs up the boxes, scaring the occupants out of their wits.

When Margaret saw him approaching, she grabbed off her disguise. "If he thinks I'm in the movies, maybe he won't pick on me," she said trustingly.

He didn't, either.

Death-defying acts that made other people bury their heads held no terror for Margaret. Since her mother had been a circus performer, she kept up a lively commentary on circuses in general. Every time a new act came on, Margaret would scream. "My mother used to do that!" Her tone implied, "Only better."

The very next day, Margaret—or rather, Violet—was strolling along Fifth Avenue, when she noticed a familiar face. Hysterical, too. When the face composed itself, and approached, she saw it was attached to her good friend, George Murphy.

"Hey, Grandma," he said. "What big eyes you have! And such circles around them!"

"Mr. Murphy," said Margaret, changing the subject in a dignified manner, "don't you just love to ride on those high-top busses?"

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Two blocks further along, she bumped into Harold Lloyd. "Young lady," he thundered, "I like you very much, but you can't use my trademark!"

That was just about the end of Violet. By then, New York knew Margaret was here, and New York was in full pursuit. The syndicate which is going to publish Margaret's column, "Growing Up," gave a big party at the Waldorf.

It was a lovely party, and Margaret showed off her new portable which unfolds into a typewriter, a tripod to set it on, and a little side table.

One of Maggie's next-door neighbors at the Waldorf was a man named Collett Solberg. He's charming, lives in Rio, and is a director of the Socoma Engineering Company (which built the Natal airport.)

Mr. Solberg, talking to his four children via long distance phone, happened to mention that Maggie was breathing the air of the very same hotel, and got a somewhat frantic reaction.

"If you don't meet her," the children said, "you needn't bother to come home."

So he met her. And he spoke to the kids again, a couple of days afterward. "I met her," he said.

"Buy her a present," chorused the children. "From us and you."

The present he bought looked like a red leather shoulder strap bag, but the bag part is really a radio.

singing with bing . . .

Radios are a big thing with her, lately. She guest-starred on Bing Crosby's program, and suddenly she's a musical devotee. She's given up "Superman" for concertos.

It began when they told her she was supposed to sing on Bing's show. She'd never sung a note in her life—but she's agreeable.

The show was being worked over in a suite at the Waldorf. A lot of people were sitting around; some writers, a couple of musicians. And when Margaret tried to sing, she was pretty terrible.

Her mother thought she might be nervous. "Maybe if everyone would leave me alone with her—"

Fifteen minutes later, Margaret was okay. Now she's interested enough in singing so that she may study voice.

Some of Maggie's New York high-points were getting an autographed baseball from Mel Ott, and going backstage after the Fredric March play, and catching Carmen Miranda at the Copacabana's early show.

Half-way through Carmen's act, Margaret forgot she was enjoying herself, and began to sigh.

"What's the matter?" Gladys asked her. Margaret sighed again. Dolefully. "She's not wearing her banana hat."

Next day she got an apologetic telegram from Miss Miranda.

This is an exciting year for Margaret. After New York, comes Bermuda, and then, later, England, to do a picture.

It's *The Secret Garden*, with Claude Jarman and Dean Stockwell, and Clarence Brown's going to direct it.

Maggie pesters her mother frequently. "When we're in England, can we go to Ireland? May we go to Ireland, I mean? And see our relatives?"

"Surely," Gladys says tolerantly, wondering if Margaret really wants to see the relatives, or if she's going to investigate the legend about leprechauns. With Margaret, you never know.

There was a man from the London Daily Pictorial who found that out, when he interviewed her at the Waldorf.

"What do you want most to see in England, Miss O'Brien?" he asked.

Without batting an eye, she told him. "The crown jewels and Vivien Leigh. Vivien Leigh first."



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"JESSIE" FOR SHORT

(Continued from page 54)

off on tour. His contracts, made months in advance, couldn't be cancelled except by an act of God. Ordinarily, Betty and Vicki would have gone along. When it comes to parting, the Jameses might still be honeymooners...

But since travel was out of the question, Betty consoled herself with plans. Plans to surprise Harry. The ranch house had never been papered. She'd have that done—buy some new furniture—get the old stuff re-upholstered. Make the Beverly Hills place shine. All neat and methodical, everything down on a list where you could check it off. On such a day the cleaners would pick up the drapes. On such a day the rugs would be gone over, and the floors waxed. When all that was finished, she'd buy the baby's outfit, and be ready to welcome Harry without a thing on her mind.

Vicki had been born prematurely. They'd taken Betty off in an ambulance. This time would be different. "This time," she said, "I'm going like a lady—"

mamas always know...

For Monday, May 19th, her list read: REPLACE LINENS. She and her mother drove to a Beverly shop and whiled the afternoon away among tablecloths and sheets. Betty felt fine, but Mrs. Grable was taking no chances. Call it a hunch. For a week or so she'd been staying all night at the James house.

The evening passed uneventfully. They listened to *Inner Sanctum* and *The Whistler* while Betty pasted family snapshots into an album she'd bought that afternoon. By 10:30 the household was asleep. Next morning the nurse washed Vicki's hair, Betty rolled it up as usual, and Vicki—as usual—sat herself under her little dryer with a magazine. Just like the other ladies.

Betty'd made an appointment to have her own hair done later. "How do you feel?" Mrs. Grable asked.

"Wonderful."

"Then I think I'll run home and attend to a few things, and I'll see you later."

"No hurry, Mother. It'll be a quiet day. Just the hairdresser, and tonight some of the girls are dropping in for gin rummy."

It was 9:30 when Mrs. Grable left. It was 11 when her housekeeper answered the phone, and came running. "Betty says please hurry. She thinks it's the baby."

Where she'd left peace, Mrs. Grable found turmoil. They'd phoned Dr. Harris. They'd been told to call an ambulance and get Betty right down to Cedars of Lebanon. Meanwhile, she'd been trying to reach Harry, who was staying with a friend near Atlantic City. He'd just left the house. "Please see if you can't find him," Betty was half sobbing into the phone. "Tell him I think the baby's coming—"

The face she turned to her mother was bathed in perspiration. But it wasn't the pain that worried Betty. "Oh, Mother, what'm I going to do? The ranch isn't finished and everything here's in a mess and my hair's so dirty—and my poor baby!" Her voice broke on a wail, "He won't even have a shirt to come home in."

Pretty soon even the shirt didn't matter. With Vicki, the ambulance had bowled along at 40. This time they hit 70, while the sirens screamed. Up front, Mrs. Grable nearly lost her mind. On top of everything else, they seemed to be hurling motorists right and left. She hid her face in her hands, and the yell of the driver failed to soothe her. "Think nothing of it, Mrs. Grable. One of these days I'll take you on a real joyride—"

At Cedars, only husbands are allowed on the surgery floor, and Betty's mother was obviously no husband. She's a small person and the soul of good humor, but when they tried to stop her, she became a lion...

"I never met a good rule that didn't have its exception. Harry's out of town and Betty's all by herself. Somebody's got to be there, and that somebody's me."

She made her point. For three hours, barring a couple of intervals, she stood at the surgery door. Now and then she'd go down to report to Mr. Grable, waiting on the floor below. At 1:15 Harry's frantic call came through, demanding the doctor.

"He's all ready to operate," she told him, trying to keep the quavers out of her own voice. "Said to tell you everything's fine, and it'll be about an hour."

Exactly one hour and five minutes later a nurse appeared with the baby. "It's a girl."

"How's Betty?"

"Okay, but don't expect her out for a while."

Before she could more than peek at her new granddaughter, Harry was on the line again.

"Well, Jessie James is here," Grandma announced.

"No kiddin'!"

"I haven't seen Betty yet but they tell me she's fine."

An audible gust of relief from Atlantic City. If Harry'd wanted a boy, you'd never have been able to guess it. "When can I talk to my wife?"

"Call back a little later and I'll let you know."

But that final hour before they wheeled Betty out seemed the longest of all. She was conscious, though groggy. "It's a girl, Mother. Did you see her?"

"Yes, and she's beautiful."

"But Harry wanted a boy."

"I've talked to Harry. All he gives a hang about is that you and the baby came through it."

Her lids fluttered with weariness but the blue eyes smiled. "No kiddin'," Betty

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In September of 1945, I was on my way home to Hawaii from a hospital in New York, when I stopped over in Minneapolis, Minn., to pay a short visit to George Grim, popular radio commentator and

news columnist. In Mr. Grim's office, we were talking of things in general, when a beautiful girl—charming and sweet—walked into the room. I was flattered to be introduced to Vivian Blaine. Gladly, I joined in the conversation. About 15 minutes later, Miss Blaine said goodbye and gracefully floated out of the room. Then, Mr. Grim asked me, "How did you feel—talking over the radio with an actress?" "You mean—you mean—I was talking over the air with Vivian Blaine?" I stammered—and nearly passed out!

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whispered before she finally fell asleep.

She was still sleeping when Harry called back, so he talked to the doctor. "Shall I fly home?"

"What for? Betty's fine, the baby's fine, Mrs. Grable's looking after things, you'd only have to turn around and fly right back. Finish your job and then come home."

Next time he called, Betty was awake, but still weak enough to shed a couple of tears. "I'm so sorry I didn't have a boy for you, darling."

His answer is off the record, but it brought a lovely radiance to her face. Cradling the phone, she stole a glance at her mother. "I've got news for you, Mrs. G. Your daughter's married to the sweetest guy in the world."

Right off the bat the papers started yelling for pictures, but Twentieth said nothing doing for two weeks. Betty herself wanted pictures of the baby, "Just for Harry, else he'll never know how she looked when she was born."

She's only five days old as this is written. Though she came ahead of time like her sister, she couldn't have been quite so far ahead. Because Vicki was born bald, whereas Jessica's pate was covered with blond fuzz. She weighed the same, too. Her mother grew quite indignant with one of the papers that put her down as 6:04. "They knocked ten ounces off my baby," she protested.

They haven't washed Betty's hair yet, so she wears it braided and looks like a kid herself in the high necked, long sleeved shorties she gets from Juel Park—rose and blue and white with red piping. The room is drowned in flowers. From Tyrone Power came a basket of rose buds, with a little wooden gun sticking out. "To one Jessie James from another Jesse James." All alone on the dresser stand the red roses Harry sends his wife every day. Twice a day he phones. Each night Betty marks off another date on the calendar, bringing her closer to June 11th.

That's how things stood when this was written. By the time you read it, Betty's hair will be shining and her home spotless. Jessica will be snug in the nursery, her trousseau complete, and Vicki moved to what once was the upstairs music room. Even the ranch house may be finished by then.

"By then," Mrs. Grable laughs, "the Jameses will be together again, and the rest won't matter."

MIRAGE IN MINK

(Continued from page 53)

or less free. She figures she still has a long way to go before she's a completely well-rounded and delightful human being, but at least she's on the track.

Up until recently, she hadn't time enough to analyze herself anyway, she'd been working so hard.

Here's a vague resume:

She made *You Came Along*, and *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, and then went to London on a publicity jaunt. She flew back from London to New York, hopped a plane in New York for Los Angeles, had a generally horrible trip, and got in seven hours late, at six a.m.

At ten the same morning, she was to report to Columbia for *Dead Reckoning*.

She reported all right, but her mind wasn't with it. Her mind kept formulating ads to be run in the lost and found columns, concerning her stomach.

Like this: "Stomach—Come home. I will treat you right."

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Dead Reckoning turned out to be delightful, however. Partly because it had Bogart. Bogart was good for Elizabeth. He likes people, and he'll dig around to find out what's motivating them. Besides which, he's a fine actor, and a helpful one.

The bad actor on the *Dead Reckoning* set was Elizabeth's wisdom tooth. Every so often, Elizabeth would check in all swollen up, and some wise character'd jeer, "What happened, you walk into a door?"

"No," she'd say sweetly. "Mr. Bogart's been beating me."

The pain used to come and go, and after a while it just came and stayed, and Elizabeth had to take three days off and get the tooth pulled.

She spent the time away from the studio making a present for Bogie. In the picture, his name was Rip, so she got a little tiny coffin, and put the wisdom tooth in it, and printed R. I. P. on the cover. She thought it was rather brilliant of her.

The day she reported back for work, she walked onto the set, and was immediately approached by Bogart, and John Cromwell, the director.

They advanced toward her, brandishing the biggest, ugliest saber tooth she'd ever seen. It took both of them to hold it, almost.

"We got something for you," they said proudly. "We thought you might like to keep your tooth as a souvenir, so we went over to the dentist, and he let us have it."

"He let you have it!" Elizabeth said, awe and hysteria mixed in her voice. "I ought to let you have it—"

Then, meekly, she held out her little gift. "Have an anti-climax."

Bogart roared.

skin of her tooth . . .

Elizabeth proceeded to get the whole cast and crew's autographs on her saber tooth, and afterwards, she had it shel-lacked, and she now displays it on her mantel, where it looks simply hideous.

It was a good thing Elizabeth enjoyed *Dead Reckoning*, because she certainly lived with it. At the end of the day, when other actors were going home, she was going off to wardrobe, to have fittings, and test fabrics. At lunchtime, when other actors were eating, she was going off to wardrobe some more.

She'd rationalize, wildly. "Eating makes you fat; is for children." By the end of the picture, she could have enjoyed being fat and childish.

Two days after *Dead Reckoning* wound up, she went into *Desert Fury*.

Desert Fury featured Burt Lancaster and John Hodiak, but while Elizabeth admires them both, she goes around talking mostly about a boy named Wendell Cory, who was a Broadway hit in *Dream Girl*.

It was during *Desert Fury* that Burt Lancaster was married.

Elizabeth talked it over thoughtfully, with a friend, some time later. "In the morning," she said, "he had to make a passionate love scene with me. In the afternoon, he went off and got married."

"Well?" said the friend.

"But it's happened to me before," Elizabeth persisted. "Bob Cummings and I had a passionate love scene in *You Came Along*, one morning, and that afternoon, he went off and got married. What is there about me that drives men to other women's arms?"

"Garlic?" The friend said significantly. "In the ads, it's almost always garlic."

Elizabeth was brooding. "Next, I made a movie called *I Walk Alone*. You think it's spite-work?"

When *I Walk Alone* was finished, Elizabeth sat back and talked nastily to herself. "Are you crazy?" she said. "Yes, you're

crazy. You need a vacation."

As Groucho Marx once observed, "It's pretty hard to be wrong, when you answer your own questions."

The next thing Elizabeth did was announce to Paramount that she was going to Mexico City.

After which she took off for New York.

She spent ten days in New York, before she broke down and called up the studio, and by that time, she'd had enough of the city.

She'd seen her old friends, who'd married, and had children. Once, they'd all traveled the same casting-office-to-Walgreen's-to-casting-office route together, and now here they were with one kind of life, and here she was with another.

There was the night one of the girls looked at her wistfully. "You're lucky," she said. "You got what we all wanted. What's it like?"

And Elizabeth, trying to be truthful, spoke slowly. "It's nice," she said. "I don't want to kid you, or myself. When you work hard, it's nice to get paid off. But in a way, I envy you. I'd like to be married, and have a family. I get lonely—"

The girls smiled. "You can be lonely for more than people—"

MODERN SCREEN



"I lost my gum."

"But never as much," Elizabeth said.

It was a strange ten days. She walked along Fifth Avenue, and the sleek, bright windows that had haunted her were simply sleek, bright windows now.

The excitement was gone.

She remembered the dramatic school, and the pavement pounding, and the place called Piazza, where you got bread, spaghetti and coffee for twenty-five cents.

If you didn't have the quarter, you smiled at the man, and paid him when you could.

Elizabeth wondered whether the Piazza was still going, but you can't say to people who are taking you to El Morocco, and the Stork, "I know a little place where there's spaghetti."

To be truthful, the whirl was enjoyable. Elizabeth dated Helmut Dantine several times. He'd been in the Tallulah Bankhead play, which had just closed, and they were old friends.

As a matter of fact, last year, some columnist said they were about to be married.

"They'll get one look at us together, and claim we've been married the whole time," Helmut decided.

They were walking down the street, and

Elizabeth laughed. "I wouldn't marry you, my good man!"

"Nobody asked you," said Helmut. "But why?"

She stopped short, and gestured behind them. There was a whole flock of young girls scampering at Helmut's heels, making adoring noises.

"Too much competition," Elizabeth said. "From your claque."

Elizabeth herself collected a following one afternoon. She was going from the Gotham, where she stayed, to the Sherry Netherlands, for cocktails, and the first thing she knew, she had a howling entourage.

It embarrassed her. She'll sign autographs when she has time, but she can't figure out what possible pleasure anyone gets from studying her name.

And while she doesn't approve of fans trailing actors around the pavements, she thinks fan clubs are wonderful, and that the kids put out fine magazines, and work very hard. She has lunch about once a month with her own fan club in Pasadena, and she says it's thrilling.

In New York, Elizabeth had a reunion with her mother, and her sisters, and they all talked at once, gaily, the way families do, and later, when Elizabeth was alone with her mother, the conversation got more serious.

"Are you happy?" her mother said.

Elizabeth nodded. "Quite happy. And I'm still trying to learn things."

Her mother looked puzzled, and Elizabeth went on. "A long time ago, you told me whatever I learned, I'd have in myself, and that was the only thing I never could lose."

Her mother smiled. "That's strange. I don't even remember."

"I do," said Elizabeth. "Now come see my chartreuse blouse."

That blouse was the only article of clothing she bought in New York.

She had gone to Saks Fifth Avenue in search of a chartreuse blouse, only it had to be a very particular one, and nothing that she saw pleased her.

The saleslady trotted out the handsomest stuff in the place, and Elizabeth shook her head. "No, thank you. I think not."

bargain hunter . . .

And then she caught sight of a rack packed with clothes, and the sleeve of what was surely a captivating chartreuse blouse dangled invitingly from the middle of the rack.

She made a dash.

"But Miss Scott," said the saleslady plaintively. "That's a reduced rack!"

"I love bargains," Miss Scott murmured soothingly.

Elizabeth caught a few of the Broadway shows. She saw *Joan of Lorraine*, and the Helen Hayes play, and *Finian's Rainbow*, and she loved them indiscriminately.

Still, toward the end of her visit, she was anxious to go home. A holiday is lovely, but it's no way to live.

At home, when Elizabeth's working, she's up at 5:30 a.m., home by seven p.m., finished eating, and in bed, shortly thereafter. She has a maid who fixes dinner for her three nights a week, and she herself is learning to cook, because she thinks it's important.

It's part of the new personality development course she's set for herself. Along with cooking go French lessons, and ballet lessons, and voice lessons.

She lives in what she calls "half a house," and she wears long cotton skirts instead of slacks, when she's loafing, and she wishes she'd meet a man she really wanted to marry.

Since she always gets what she wants, it shouldn't be long now.

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