

oct. 1 15c

modern screen

MAGAZINE •
ALL
MAGAZINE •



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PER.

LIZABETH SCOTT

SEP - 6 1947.

Joan Leslie discovers

New Improved

Drene

So new! Different!

The Miracle Shampoo
that lets your hair
Shine like the Stars!

It's new, new, new! It's a better-than-ever Drene that means shining hair for Joan Leslie . . . and for you! Truly a miracle shampoo that now lets your hair shine like the stars.

As Joan Leslie says, "It's marvelous the way new Drene keeps hair shining!" For this wonder-working shampoo now makes *quicker, richer, more active* lather. Brings out ALL the sheen now hidden by dulling soap film. Far more sheen—by actual test—than you get with *any* soap shampoo.

Drying to hair? Never! Instead, new improved Drene actually helps avoid dryness from shampooing. Yes, leaves your hair softer—smoother—far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Begin now to use this miracle shampoo of shining stars in Hollywood. Ask for new Drene today.



Joan Leslie

Star of Eagle-Lion's

"REPEAT PERFORMANCE" says:

"I simply adore new Drene—
it brings out more sheen in my hair
than I ever believed possible!"

First Shampoo ever to bring you
ALL of these Beauty Miracles

- ★ Reveals ALL the sheen in your hair
- ★ Never dries out your hair
- ★ Leaves hair far easier to manage
- ★ Marvelous hair conditioning action
- ★ Luxurious instant lather
- ★ Removes unsightly dandruff
- ★ No acid after-rinses needed
- ★ Flower-fresh fragrance



Now! Better for
ALL Types of Hair

New improved Drene is at
your dealer's now in the fam-
iliar blue-and-yellow package.



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt attends a Hollywood première

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

In a class by itself is the 1-Minute Mask Mrs. Roosevelt uses. Unlike the stiff, smothery masks of old, it's delightfully feather-light on your skin. Cool, fragrant, infinitely refreshing. And you have no twenty-minutes' wait for results! Pond's 1-Minute Mask re-styles your face in *one minute!*



MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT, lovely wife of the youngest son of America's best-known family, has charmed West Coast society with her honey-blond beauty. Like many distinguished young social favorites, Mrs. Roosevelt is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"It's marvelous to have a really infallible way to brighten up your

complexion at a moment's notice!" Mrs. Roosevelt says. "Right away, after a 1-Minute Mask, my skin looks finer-textured and clearer. And it *feels* wonderful! Smoother all over! Make-up goes on *perfectly*."

Have a 1-Minute Mask *surely* whenever you want to look your prettiest. Send to Pond's, Dept. 9-K Clinton, Connecticut, for free sample—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask!

*For more glamorous evenings—
this quick, easy Beauty re-make*

1. Give your tired "end of the day" complexion a quick beauty re-styling! Smooth a cool white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.
2. Quick work! "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and dissolves off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. After one minute, tissue off.
3. You're lovelier—all in one minute! Your skin looks lighter, clearer, more wide-awake—feels much *smoother*! You're ready for a wonderful evening—looking your sweetest!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Every few years we get the Ten Best craze. You know—What ten books would you like to take to a desert island? What ten films? What ten girls?



The last time we had it was when "Mrs. Miniver" was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

Now we've got it again. We've seen M-G-M's "Song of Love" and we're going to tell you about it. In turn, when you've seen it, we want you to tell us.

We want you to list the TEN BEST LOVE STORIES EVER PRODUCED. And then we want to see where you classify "Song of Love".

To us, "Song of Love" is the ten most exciting love stories melted into one. It's almost the story of love itself—the kind of love that sings in the heart.

Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are in it. Katharine plays a gifted piano virtuosa; Paul and Robert are two young composers. For her ears both wrote immortal music; for her heart both would have given their lives.

M-G-M has caught the tenderness and the joy, the inspiration and the intimate details of their three-way friendship. Caught them, and set them to unforgettable music.

There's a wonderful supporting cast: Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, and others.

Clarence Brown, who brightened your life with "National Velvet" and "The Yearling", is both director and producer. Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey did the screenplay.

You're invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include "Song of Love" or not.

We think you will.

—Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your "Song of Love" started:

A Farewell to Arms	Jane Eyre
A Guy Named Joe	Kitty Foyle
Camille	Mrs. Miniver
Cavalcade	Random Harvest
Dark Victory	Rebecca
Flesh and the Devil	San Francisco
Gaslight	Seventh Heaven
Gone With The Wind	The Philadelphia Story
It Happened One Night	White Cliffs of Dover

OCTOBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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DESIGNED BY LESTER BEALL

Miss Scott's suede ensemble by Sils & Co. at Seidenbach's, Tulsa, Oklahoma

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They're playing that **"10 BEST"** game again!

Everyone's listing the Screen's Most Exciting Love Stories! Try it! It's fun!



We think **SONG OF LOVE** will be on your list when you've seen it! Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are its romantic stars. It tells the story of a mad genius and the woman who gave him her love. Set to magnificent music that will sing in your heart. Many will say it's the 10 Most Exciting Love Stories rolled into one!

★ To help get your list started, here are some all-time great love stories from M-G-M:



"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



"SAN FRANCISCO"



"GONE WITH THE WIND"



"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"



"MRS. MINIVER"



"RANDOM HARVEST"



"A GUY NAMED JOE"



"WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"



"GASLIGHT"

Yes! We could go on . . . but you get the idea! Get up your list of 10 favorite Love Stories . . . and send it to **M-G-M**, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you!

M-G-M presents

KATHARINE HEPBURN • PAUL HENREID • ROBERT WALKER

Song of Love

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION with LEO G. CARROLL • HENRY DANIELL • HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by IVAN TORS, IRMGARD VON CUBE & ALLEN VINCENT & ROBERT ARDREY • Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



At the premiere of Arthur Ronk's British import, *Black Narcissus*, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery ("expecting" in December) teased the Edgar Bergens about Ed's amorous mortician role in *I Remember Mama*.



John Payne and Glo De Haven were squelching divorce rumors again at the *Narcissus* opening. Most effective "squelcher" was the pair of diamond-and-pearl earrings Glo is wearing—a birthday gift from John.



After the premiere, invited guests, including Cornel and Pat Wilde, reassembled at the Chanteclair Restaurant, to honor producer Rank. Soon after, the Wildes separated—"far reasons beyond their control."



The star of *Black Narcissus*, Deborah Kerr, and her husband, Tony Bartley, sat with the Bill Doziers (Joan Fontaine). Joan has asked a mere \$350,000 to make *Victoria Grandolet*, but Mike Curtis said "no."

louella parsons'

Good news

■ The plight of Judy Garland has deeply touched the heart of Hollywood, where many tragedies occur, but few as sad as her story, which seems so unnecessary.

Only yesterday, she was a little girl singing and dancing up the ladder of fame with Mickey Rooney.

Today, she is fighting desperately to get back her health and happiness—a victim of the sleeping pill habit, caused by nerve-racking insomnia.

Judy has never been a physically strong girl and the endless "white nights" proved too much for her. She completed *The Pirate* with Gene Kelly, and then collapsed.

From the beginning of that picture, the



Evie and Van Johnson, who rarely miss an opening, arrived early. Sentimentalists, they're already planning to postpone the birth of their baby (by Caesarian) until January 25, their wedding anniversary.



The Walter Wangers came "en famille"—permitting our photogs a rare shot of the beautiful Bennett daughters—Melinda and Diana. Didja know it was Joan who started the craze for diamond-studded glasses?



It's Durante, the well-dressed man, who lures all the gals. That's Marjorie Little on the left (gossips say she'll be Mrs. Jimmy), and the gorgeous distractions are Janet Blair and Esther Williams.



Promoting Anglo-American relations at the Rank party were Peter Lawford (who split his toe playing tennis), Jean Coyne, and Keenan Wynn. Keenan's enthusiastic about playing Parthos in the new version of *Three Musketeers*.

people working with her knew something was wrong. She had spells that lasted from five minutes to an hour. The climax came with an overdose of sleeping tablets—not intentional, but in a heartbreaking struggle for rest and sleep.

For awhile, it was believed that Judy might not make another picture, ever again. But reports are so encouraging no one still believes that.

Vincente Minnelli, her director-husband, has been a lamb throughout her trouble. He told me, personally, the only rifts they had ever had were due to her poor health.

Now everyone is hoping that when she is completely well it will solve her marriage

problems, and that Judy, Vince and the baby will be happy together.

Get well soon, Judy. We're pulling for you with strings straight from the heart.

The same month that brings sad news about one former child actress, brings glad news about another. Shirley Temple is going to have a baby!

If you happen to be over twenty-five, this may make your bones creak. But it is the most wonderful thing in the world to Shirley and that good-looking young husband of hers, John Agar.

I'm delighted for the youngsters—but I'm still wondering why, just a few weeks before

the Agars made the news official—Shirley's mother almost hit the ceiling when I asked her if it were true.

Mrs. Temple said it was absolutely false, that Shirley had a very full picture-making schedule, and that the Stork wasn't anywhere in the plans. The next time I think I'll believe my pipeline, which was certainly correct in this case. But I'm not fussing. I'm too happy for Shirley.

She is already at work knitting pink and blue things. She says she wants the very first things her baby wears to be made by herself. The nursery will be pink AND blue, which certainly takes care of the boy (?)—girl (?) problem.

louella parsons'

Good news

Following the reception for a few intimate friends, the newlyweds spent a one-day honeymoon in their remodelled home in the San Fernando Valley.



Virginia Maya and Michael O'Shea were married on July 5, at the Little Church of the Flowers. Virginia's gown was grey chiffon over pink satin.



Here, old friends Cathy O'Dannell and Farley Granger propose a toast as Virginia's mother (Martha Jones) smiles approval. The bridal couple met four years ago while working together in *Jack London*.

The girl in Mark Stevens' life is loudly rumored as Hedy Lamarr.

Ever since Mark separated from his wife he has had eyes only for Hedy, and I'm telling you, this news-some two-some is more serious than most people think.

Hedy's divorce from John Loder is very recent, too, which is probably the best reason Hedy and Mark tried to be so secretive about their dates. For awhile they patronized only the quietest corners in the quietest beach cafés.

I hope, if Hedy is really in love with Mark, that this will be the solution to the blue funk she's been in for the past year.

If ever there was an unhappy glamor girl, it was Hedy. She couldn't seem to snap out of feeling sorry for herself or thinking that

her troubles were the woes of the world.

Maybe Mark will change all that. She's too beautiful, and has too many things to be thankful for, to be on the verge of melancholia.

All right, so I'm a traitor to my sex. Men host the best parties! I don't know what the secret is, but everytime I've attended a Hollywood party given by men, it's been a whale of a fun night.

History repeated itself in a recent grand affair tossed by two gentlemen of distinction, Fefi Ferri, the well known agent and man about the world, and "Prince" Mike Romanoff, who gets around a bit, himself.

At one time, Fefi owned the Monte Carlo Casino, so he should know how to stage a

good party. He furnished the birthday, and Mike furnished the house and adjoining tent.

I sat at the same table with Elizabeth Scott, more familiarly known as Liz, and I was amazed at the change in her. She glittered and sparkled conversationally and sartorially.

When she first landed here, she was so frightened, so jittery and so nervous I thought we would both have a nervous breakdown before I could get an interview out of her. But success has brought Liz poise and a nice salty humor. (She knows some cute stories!)

Cary Grant came along, which seems to be a good old habit with him, lately. Why am I saying "good"? When a man is as attractive as Cary, this is a bad habit.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck (Continued on page 8)

*maddening kisses-
stopping her cries-stopping her breath!*



Too much between them for anger!
Too much between them for love!
Emotion as violent as the era
that spawned them!



The pages of
a best-seller
pour their violence
and excitement
onto the screen!

The Foxes of Harrow



Starring

REX HARRISON · MAUREEN O'HARA

with

RICHARD HAYDN · VANESSA BROWN · VICTOR McLAGLEN · PATRICIA MEDINA

GENE LOCKHART · CHARLES IRWIN · HUGO HAAS · DENNIS HOEY

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL · Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER · Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock
Based on the Novel by Frank Yerby

20th
CENTURY-FOX

I Hate Wimmin!



WISH I HATED EM!
THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT
YOUR SISTER'S
HANDING ME WOULDN'T
HIT ME SO HARD!

I'M IN BAD WITH SIS, TOO.
SHE WANTS YOU TO
SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT
BAD BREATH. BUT WHEN
I SAID I'D TELL YOU—
SHE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!



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!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—
Thanks to
Colgate
Dental Cream



HER KID BROTHER'S TIP-OFF SHOWED ME HOW
TO GET THE TREATMENT I'M GETTING NOW!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



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

**louella
parsons'**

Good news



Red Skelton and Ed Gordan took cover after doing their bit of Music For The Wounded Benefit at Hollywood Bowl.



Jimmy Durante, Ed Gordan, Frank Sinatra and Donny Kaye joined the veterans on the sidelines after the Bowl benefit.

had a dress out of this world—black lace, very tight fitting, sort of like the dresses worn by our grandmothers—and underneath she wore tight fitting pantalettes trimmed with green ribbons. The bodice was laced with tiny green ribbons—the whole effect cuter than the proverbial bug's ear.

It was a night for the Rex Harrisons to be unusually gay. Sometimes, they seem to sit in corners without mixing in much—but this wasn't such an occasion. Rex told me he was in the mood to celebrate because he had just finished Foxes of Harrow and he and Lilli would soon be heading for England and home, where he will make Escape.

What is Norma Shearer's secret formula for staying young and beautiful? It's a shame she can't make up her mind to return to the screen. She was wearing a gown with what looked like a gingham bodice. On her it looked good—but I can't imagine anyone else wearing it.

That fascinatin' Frenchman, Louis Jourdan, was the center of attraction. If I may be so bold, and I shall be so bold, I would say he is our next big star.

His boss, David Selznick, was in an animated conversation with his estranged wife, Irene. I noticed Jennifer Jones was not there. Two ladies huddling all evening were Mrs.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Van Johnson—both expectant mothers. Van is so happy and adoring these days. I used to think parties bored him, but he really seems to have a good time now with Evie by his side.

Immediately after dinner Lana Turner said, "I've got to go home. I'm working, and I have to get eight hours' sleep." I can well remember when Lana didn't feel that way—but Tyrone Power has certainly changed my little Lana. She is really in love and "minds" Ty with her heart in her eyes. For a girl who used to be so thoroughly independent with her beaux, Lana is a revelation. I'm betting strong on this romance to end in marriage when Tyrone is free.

I came home with the Sam Goldwyns and showed them my new projection room. It was completely dark getting there—but Sam was a good sport. He was very interested in our new set-up for seeing pictures to tell you fans about.

Don't let anybody kid you that Joan Crawford will ever forgive Don "Red" Barry, the cowboy star, for loading her down with gifts of diamonds and furs—most of them unpaid for.

Soon after I broke my exclusive story about this romantic (Continued on page 10)

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!

HERE FOR ALL!!
ALL THE HAPPINESS
OF THE PLAY THAT RAN
LONGER, THE LAUGHS
THAT WERE LOUDER THAN
ANY KNOWN BEFORE!



starring
WILLIAM POWELL ★ IRENE DUNNE

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

From the original play by

HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE

EDMUND GWENN • ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by

ROBERT BUCKNER



A Feminine Weapon



In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers . . . door keys . . . paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious and well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night . . . They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember—

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out



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



Errol Flynn (here at Ciro's with wife Noro) may have to undergo a foot operation as a result of a tennis accident. When he's on his feet again, he'll build a hotel in Jomoico, West Indies.

louella parsons'

Good news

debacle, another commentator aired the "news" that this romance was still on. Nonsense.

It was too humiliating an experience for a girl of Joan's prestige for her to easily forgive and forget. I take my hat off to Joan, though, for refusing to be the "fall girl" and for returning the gifts to the merchants to whom they belonged.

Joan told me, "Later I decided I wanted some of them, and decided to buy and pay for them myself!"

I bet one she got back for herself is that beautiful diamond necklace.

Everybody went summer-theater nutz this year.

Little theaters, with ocean splashing through the dialogue, sprang up like freckles in Laguna, La Jolla and other vacation spots.

Gregory Peck had his sleeves rolled up most of the summer launching his pride and pet, the La Jolla Playhouse. It didn't bother him in the least that an audience of ice-cream-cone eaters usually had their heads stuck backstage during rehearsals.

Greg didn't happen to direct *Dear Ruth*—but it was a big hit with Diana Lynn and Guy Madison. Guy is much improved over his last summer's stock performances.

Close-up of Linda Darnell: She bruises easily. Heroes, kissing her in love scenes, have to be careful . . . Her last movie *Forever Amber* is not her favorite role. Her

first, *Hotel For Women* is . . . She has a brunette, dusky personality but prefers herself as a blonde . . . She talks her native Texas out of a face by Rubens . . . She sounds off and pops off and loves a hot argument . . . Her studio pals are not the other stars. Usually her dressing room is crowded during lunch time with hairdressers, prop boys, electricians and wardrobe women airing the latest studio "gripes" . . . She thinks her husband, Pev Marley, has one of the most interesting male faces she has ever seen, and is constantly sketching him. She's an uncommonly good artist . . . She used to have an inferiority complex. But not anymore—she's a queen now and she knows it . . . She puts on weight if she is caught in the same room with a piece of pastry. But taking off weight too fast made her very ill . . . Her pet of all pets was a chicken named "Weedy." Weedy had the run of the house until she died . . . When she reconciled with Pev after a six months' separation, she swore they would never be parted again. But when vacation time rolled around and he was working on another movie, Linda took off for Europe, alone . . . She's a postcard sender and marks the spots in hotels where her room is . . . She's also a gum-chewer, a Coke drinker, a foot tapper, a doodler and an all around swell gal.

British movie magnate, J. Arthur Rank, may be Hollywood's (Continued on page 12)

OH-OH-OH WHAT A GAL!
What a Man! What a Musical! What a Mix-up!

...When two hungry showfolks get
 a seven billion dollar bite on the
 U.S. Mint...and can't let go of it!



EDDIE CANTOR · JOAN DAVIS in

"If you knew Susie"

with **ALLYN JOSLYN**
CHARLES DINGLE · BOBBY DRISCOLL

Produced by **EDDIE CANTOR** · Directed by **GORDON M. DOUGLAS**
 Original Screen Play by **Warren Wilson and Oscar Brodney**



Hear these
 Song Hits!

- "If You Knew Susie"
- "What Do I Want
 with Money"
- "We're Living the Life
 We Love"
- "My, How the Time Goes By"
- "My Brooklyn Love Song"



VIRGINIA
MAYO

What a
heavenly
body...
coming
to
you...

OUT OF THE BLUE

Eagle-Lion Films presents

GEORGE BRENT • VIRGINIA MAYO
TURHAN BEY • ANN DVORAK
CAROLE LANDIS in VERA CASPARY'S

"OUT OF THE BLUE"

with ELIZABETH PATTERSON • JULIA DEAN • RICHARD LANE • CHARLIE SMITH
Produced by Isadore G. Goldsmith • Directed by Leigh Jason
BRYAN FOY in Charge of Production



Laurence Olivier, with his hair dyed for *Hamlet*, leaves Buckingham Palace with wife, Vivien Leigh, immediately after he was knighted by the king.

louella
parsons'

Good news



"It's MODERN SCREEN's Fon Club Trophy—and it's ours!" Kothryn Smith explained proudly to her honorary, Nelson Eddy, of the Fon Convention.

greatest movie competition, but you would never have guessed it the way the red carpet was rolled out for him.

He even got in on a typical Hollywood premiere—for one of his own pictures, *Black Narcissus*. It's a beautiful picture, but I don't care for the theme.

Be that as it may—after the big affair at the theatre, Hollywood, en masse, moved on to the Chanteclair, the new night spot on the famous Sunset Strip, where the Ranks were guests of honor.

Roz Russell not only looked lovely in rose colored chiffon, but she was one of the lucky ones who was able to get a choice seat. There were more guests than the Chanteclair or any other average café could possibly accommodate—and it was something to see the top stars waiting around for a place to sit!

Deborah Kerr, the British beauty J. Arthur would give his eyeteeth to get back, was the only woman at the Rank table. Which put no one's nose out of joint because she's the star of *Black Narcissus*. She's also a charming person. Deborah told me she had changed her mind about going back to

England to await the birth of her baby. Of course, at the last minute, she may change her mind again. Her husband is the only son of Lord Bartley, and family pressure may prove too strong.

Ida Lupino, who is expected to marry Collier Young, Warner literary editor, as soon as his divorce is final, was with him, natch. Ida is one of the most vivacious actresses in town and I think she's getting better looking all the time. A few nights previous, I had seen Ida and Collier at this same place, chatting affably with her ex, Louis Hayward, and Louis' new wife, Peggy.

Greer Garson made just a brief appearance with her flame red hair because she was leaving immediately for Pebble Beach where she has her summer home. It seems pretty definite now that Greer and Richard Ney will not reconcile. Several times he's gone with her to Pebble Beach, but these trips never seemed to help.

Claudette Colbert came with the William Goetzes—who were the host and hostess of the party. It was almost Claudette's swan

(Continued on page 83)

H E A V E N



**SO GREAT...
SO HAPPY...
IT'S *Heaven!***

Your heart will glow to the wonder of this story... and to "Mr. Mike"—that wonderful man with the heavenly ideals... but some very down-to-earth ideas!



O N L Y



Seymour Nebenzal presents

ROBERT CUMMINGS · BRIAN DONLEVY

in *"Heaven Only Knows"*

with **MARJORIE REYNOLDS** and **JORJA CURTRIGHT**
and **Bill Goodwin · Edgar Kennedy · Stuart Erwin · John Litel**

Screenplay by Art Arthur and Rowland Leigh

Produced by **SEYMOUR NEBENZAL** • Directed by **ALBERT S. ROGELL** • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



THE PICTURE WITH AN EXTRA
SOMETHING!
...SOMETHING THAT WILL
MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD
ALL OVER—ESPECIALLY
AROUND YOUR
HEART!

K N O W S



Danny, as Walter Mitty, dreams he's a dashing sea-captain.



In another sequence, he's Maestra Mitty, a great musician.



Here he imagines himself as Kit Mitty, hero of the Wild West.



A quick flight of fancy, and he's a French hat-designer.

dorothy kilgallen

selects

"the secret
life of
walter mitty"



■ Samuel Goldwyn, an extraordinarily talented fellow with a length of Technicolor, has taken a sad, funny, wistful, satiric little story of James Thurber's, pumped it full of lavish blondes, additional scenes, orchestrations, expensive sets and Danny Kaye, and achieved a veritable confection in the department of screen musicals. This is *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, and while, unquestionably, it is somewhat more rococo than what Mr. Thurber had in mind when he wrote the innocent tale of a Milquetoast with bravura dreams, it is nevertheless a dazzling bonanza for moviegoers, and in its expanded and bedizened form, a perfect showcase for the Kaye versatility.

It gives the star an opportunity to play around with characterizations of a terribly brave, frightfully casual RAF ace, a genius of a surgeon, a dauntless sea-captain, a hard-riding, hard-fighting, fast-shooting cowboy and a gallant, nerveless Mississippi gambler—and yet remain Walter Mitty, timid and meek as an Easter bunny. The male creature who goes through life on tiptoe is, I suspect, the favorite character of Danny Kaye.

Virginia Mayo, who looks like a great big peach ice cream soda with whipped cream, and seems to have been destined at birth to appear in Technicolor pictures, is becoming to Danny Kaye what Dorothy Lamour is to Bob Hope—a trademark, and indispensable. So, naturally, she is the girl of Walter (*Continued on page 116*)

**TORRENTS OF EXCITEMENT
ROARING OUT OF THIS
VALLEY OF VIOLENCE!!**

A kiss from a stranger
led to strange dangers!
Here's adventure to thrill
---and love to enthrall!

IDA LUPINO

DEEP IN LOVE!

DANE CLARK

DEEPER IN DANGER!

WAYNE MORRIS

BORN FOR VENGEANCE!

Warner Bros. Present

"DEEP VALLEY"



WITH **FAY Bainter • Henry Hull • Jean Negulesco • Henry Blanke**
DIRECTED BY
SCREEN PLAY BY SALMA VIERTEL AND STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY FROM THE NOVEL BY DAN TOTHERON MUSIC BY MAX STEINER





High school graduate Betty Grable first meets song-and-dance man Dan Dailey when she attends a San Francisco show with girl friends Anabel Shaw and Vanessa Brown. On a dare she takes a job with the show.



In time, Betty becomes Dan's partner and wife. Daughter Connie Marshall is proud of her folks, but Mona Freeman is ashamed of their vaudeville background—far she's fallen in love with a society boy.



movie reviews

by Virginia Wilson

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

At least one Betty Grable musical in Technicolor should be buried in a corner-stone of our civilization. And if that's going to be done, my vote goes to *Mother Wore Tights*. Its gay good humor and easy melodies are a perfect example of America's favorite type of entertainment.

Its heroine is Myrtle McKinley (Betty Grable), who graduates from Oakland High School in 1900. Myrtle plays the dancing lead in the school musical, and exposes a good two inches of leg doing it. Grandma (Sara Allgood), with whom she lives, is considerably shocked, but Grandpa (George Cleveland) is heard to mutter something about "them that has 'em shows 'em."

Myrtle is supposed to go to business school after graduation. Instead, she gets a job as chorine in a San Francisco revue house. One of the performers on the same bill is Frank Burt (Dan Dailey). It doesn't take Myrtle long to decide that she is going to be Mrs. Frank Burt, but it does take her quite a while to sell Frank the same idea.

The average male, exposed to those gams, and love besides, would have leaped at the chance. Not Frank. He's been around a long while, and he isn't planning on getting married, hardly at all. He even lets Myrtle go off to Los Angeles without admitting he's in love with her. But she weakens and comes back, and before he can remember not

to show how glad he is to see her, they're married.

Myrtle retires to have a couple of babies—Iris and Mikie. She has no intention of going back on the stage. But Frank needs a partner, and Grandma has some caustic things to say about any wife who would let her husband tour the country with a peroxide blonde. So the old team of Burt and McKinley return to vaudeville, with the McKinley legs in their blue sequin tights more beautiful than ever.

It isn't until Iris (Mona Freeman) and Mikie (Connie Marshall) are growing up that Myrtle realizes the problems created by a mother who wears tights.—20th-Fox

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

JUNE HAVER

star of
20th Century-Fox's
technicolor picture

"SUMMER LIGHTNING"



"You try my Beauty Facials—
they give skin fresh new
Loveliness!" says this famous star

"Before your big date, treat your skin to a gentle Lux Soap facial," says charming June Haver. "Just work the fragrant Active lather well in. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold. As you pat gently with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance! June Haver's beauty care will make *you* lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



Another
fine LEVER
product



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it _____

-that Always-Fresh look



says **JANET LEIGH**, co-starring with Van Johnson in "**ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE**" a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"My beauty-glow cleansing"

"For skin that's fresh-lovely, silken-soft... try my *clean, clean* cleansing... with Woodbury Cold Cream! Smooth it on... and quick, your skin glows beauty-clean!" Woodbury contains *rich oils*! It's really deep-cleansing... frees skin of clogging make-up. Girls, it's Woodbury Cold Cream... for that "Always-Fresh" look!



Janet's glamour hits a high! "Woodbury is my fresh-up magic! It's *rich* cleansing smooths my studio-dry skin... brings back fresh sparkle!" Yes, Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin wondrously. Right! For satin-glow skin... try Woodbury Cold Cream.



-with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM—rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks dewy-fresh, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It melts—takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!



Deep Valley: Lonely, neurotic Ida Lupino falls in love with an escaped killer, Dane Clark.

DEEP VALLEY

How much you like *Deep Valley* will depend upon how believable you find the two main characters, played with somber conviction by Ida Lupino and Dane Clark. The theme is tragic, the story suspenseful. Libby Saul (Ida Lupino) is a strange girl in strange surroundings. She lives with her mother (Fay Bainter) and her father (Henry Hull) in an out-of-the-way cabin in the California mountains. Mr. and Mrs. Saul haven't spoken to each other for years. Libby, as the go-between of bitterness, has developed a psychotic stammer, a terror of people, and a love for the deep and silent woods.

A new coastal highway is under construction now, not far from the Saul cabin. Jeff Backer (Wayne Morris) is in charge, and one of the convicts working on the project is Barry Burnett (Dane Clark). Jeff meets Libby and finds the frightened, neurotic girl curiously attractive. Libby has no interest in him, but she is fascinated by Barry whom she has seen just once. The unhappiness and rebellion on his face strike an answering note in her own heart.

When she hears that Barry has escaped from the camp, she is secretly glad. And when they meet in the dim, shadowed woods, she is not afraid, although she knows he is supposed to be a killer. He is suspicious of her offer to help him until he learns what her own life has been like. Then, quite suddenly, he knows that he loves her—loves her as part of himself. Libby, happy for the first time in her life, loses her stammer. They begin plans for their future.

The first thing is to get Barry some other clothes, then get him away over the mountains. Even now, a sheriff's posse is searching the woods, but Libby is sure she can hide him temporarily in her father's barn. It is only his violence she is afraid of—not against her, but against what threatens their happiness. He has killed once. Driven to the wall, he will kill again. And Barry, even as he promises her he is through with violence, knows in his heart that he cannot keep that promise.—War.

BODY AND SOUL

You've seen "punchy" prizefighters, haven't you? Stumble-bums, they call them when they've reached that stage, and they aren't very pretty. Here's the story of a fighter who comes close to ending just that way.

When Charley Davis (John Garfield) is just a big-muscled kid, he wins a fight in a lower east side political club. He meets a girl that same night named Peg (Lilli Palmer). A nice girl. That should have been a good omen, but things happen in a funny way sometimes. Especially to guys like Charley, who let other people do their thinking for them.

He hooks up with a small promoter, Quinn (William Conrad). Anything to get in the fight racket. Anything to make money. Charley wants money for his mother (Anne Revere), but she'd rather see him dead than a fighter. He wants money for Peg, but she cares only for him, not money. He wants money for himself, but when he gets it through "fixed" fights, he doesn't like himself any more.

Still he goes on. Lets Quinn decide things for him. After Quinn, a big-time promoter named Roberts (Lloyd Goff). Same kind of deal. Bigger fights, bigger box-office, but about the same average of fixes. Only now they're coming Charley's way, because he is the Champ. He has a new girl—a Broadway type. Alice (Hazel Brooks) tells him he's terrific, and yells "Kill him, Charley!" at the ringside during the fights.

Peg never yelled "Kill him, Charley!" She used to bury her face in her hands. What kind of girl was that for a fighter? He's lucky to be rid of her. Only he can't forget her. There are other people, too, whom he can't forget. Shorty (Joseph Pevney) who was his best friend. It wasn't Charley's fault if the guy got run over by a truck one night, was it? Just because he was mad at Charley, and wasn't looking where he was going?

Then there's Ben (Canada Lee), who got hurt in a fight. Hurt bad—at Robert's orders. Ben's going to die soon, but what the hell, everybody's got to die sometime. Haven't they? If only Charley could go back and talk things over with Peg. If only she would understand.—U.A.



My date's
a steady-
because I
steady-date
with **Mum!**

That's a bright girl! You'll never let it be said that fun and romance pass you by because you fail to guard your charm... because you didn't stay nice to be near.

Remember, your bath takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safe for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

Mum safe for skin

No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

Mum 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.



Body and Soul: Canada Lee can't talk money-mad John Garfield into quitting the ring.

Joan Bennett tells *how to Encourage Love*

"First move toward romance," says Joan Bennett, "he holds your hand. Is it a nice soft hand—very feminine? Then he's thrilled—and encouraged. Such sweet, soft hands are no problem for you with Jergens Lotion hand care."



JOAN BENNETT STARRING IN THE DIANA PRODUCTION
"SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR"—A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Two guesses—what hand care does Joan Bennett use? Of course... she's sure of darling hands—she uses Jergens Lotion.

And the other Stars—7 to 1, they, too, use Jergens Lotion hand care.

You, too—be happy with even softer, smoother hands today. Lovely! Jergens Lotion is finer than ever now, thanks to recent research. More protective, too. Contains two ingredients, so tops for skin-care that many doctors use them. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this even-finer hand care. No oiliness; no stickiness.

For the softest, love-inviting Hands, use

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Try-it Bottle
of this
finer hand care
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Mail coupon now to Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
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Something in the Wind: Donald O'Connor murders a song for disc jockey Deanna Durbin.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND

If you could get paid a million dollars to stop doing something you weren't doing anyway, would you take it? That sounds a little confused. Maybe I'd better explain.

Here's Mary Collins (Deanna Durbin), a girl disc jockey, minding her own business and earning an honest living. Arrives Donald Read (John Dall), a very stuffy young man, who thinks she's had an affair with his millionaire Uncle Henry, now deceased, and wants to keep her from suing the estate. As if Mary would have an affair with anyone's Uncle Henry! Of course she hotly denies the whole thing.

But the Read family are hard to convince. They make it a policy to think the worst of everyone, especially people who are likely to cost them money. And someone named Mary Collins was definitely the love of Uncle Henry's life.

Young Charley Read (Donald O'Connor) isn't a bad guy. He takes Mary aside and tells her it might teach the family a lesson if she took them over for a million or so. Also, it would be nice if she broke up Donald's dull romance with a gal named Clarissa (Helena Carter) whom Charley would like to marry himself.

Mary thinks it over. It would be amusing to unstuff the stuffy Donald. So she inveigles him to a fashion show where she manages to give everyone, including Clarissa, the impression he is buying her a complete and expensive wardrobe. She sings love songs to him. She even kisses him. By the time she gets through, not only is Donald in love with her, but she is in love with Donald. That's the kind of thing that can happen to a girl if she doesn't watch out!

For a while Mary even thinks she's going to marry Donald herself. But Grandma Read (Margaret Wycherly) disposes of that idea. And if there hadn't happened to be a black sheep (Charles Winninger) in the Read family, love's young dream would have ended right there!—Univ.

OUT OF THE BLUE

I've never thought of George Brent as a hen-pecked type, but in *Out Of The Blue* he certainly gives a good imitation of a Caspar Milquetoast husband. You know—the kind who isn't allowed to smoke in the house.

His name, of course, isn't really Milquetoast, even in the picture. It's Arthur Earthleigh, and his wife is Mae (Carole Landis). She is forever nagging at Arthur. Right now the argument is about a dog belonging to the artist (Turhan Bey) who has the neighboring terrace. The pooch, Rabelais, has, it seems, jumped over the fence and committed a slight indiscretion on Mae's immaculate floor.

Mae is going away over the weekend to visit a sick sister, and she wants to be sure Arthur will "take steps" about Rabelais while she's gone. "That David Ridges and his dog, and the parade of women going in and out of his apartment!" she says malevolently. "They ought *all* to be thrown out."

"They're very beautiful girls." Arthur's tone is slightly wistful. "And he says they're his models." Mae gives him an indignant stare.

When he finally gets her off on her train, Arthur drops into a bar near home for a quick one. Through circumstances beyond his control (he keeps telling himself), he has some drinks with a woman he meets there. Her name is Olive (Ann Dvorak), she's very drunk and she comes home with Arthur, in spite of his protests.

Meanwhile, David, next door, is in a fury. He's had a letter from Arthur's attorney saying Rabelais must be sent to a kennel. Also he's having trouble with his favorite model, Deborah (Virginia Mayo), who admits she's in love with him, but refuses to do anything about it.

When Arthur puts what is, apparently, Olive's "corpse" over on David's terrace, the artist reaches the boiling point. For the next few days that's the most active "corpse" you ever heard of, and almost everyone lands in jail on account of it.

You'll find this amusing, if not startlingly original.—Eagle-Lion



Out of the Blue: Turhan Bey surprises model Ginny Moyo and G. Brent with a corpse.



Your eyes
tell you...
what
your skin
has
always
known

There is only one Kleenex



Hold a Kleenex* Tissue up to a light! You won't find lumps, or weak spots. You'll see Kleenex *quality* come smiling through! Each tissue always the same . . . with that special quality of softness . . . strength . . . you *depend* on in Kleenex, your favorite of all tissues.

And only Kleenex gives you the Serv-a-Tissue Box. You pull a *Kleenex* Tissue, and up pops another!

America's Favorite Tissue

Liked best in a nation-wide survey
by 7 out of 10 tissue users.



Two-piece beauty in the new longer length. The dress that puts

you in the center of the stage—and gives you the confidence to walk away with the show. Expensively made of sleek rayon faille. Double-breasted and double-buttoned, with a full peplum that puts allure into your every move. White cuffs on the sleeves and sweeping white revers highlight your face into loveliness. In Mink Brown, Forest Green, Royal Blue, Deep Purple, or Magic Black. Sizes 9-11-13-15 or 17. All this is yours, an exceptional value, for a mere \$7.98!

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Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman \$7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

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SENT ON APPROVAL



Wild Harvest: Alan Ladd has a new "racket"—farming! It sounds tame, but with pals Lloyd Nolan and Bob Preston, he runs into plenty of trouble!

WILD HARVEST

I'll bet you never thought you'd see the day Alan Ladd would be playing a farmer! Of course, he isn't exactly a farmer in *Wild Harvest*, but he's head of a crew who harvest wheat for the farmers.

It's a new racket for Madigan (Alan Ladd) and right now he's stuck down in Texas with a freight bill due on the machines he uses. His Army pal, Davis (Robert Preston), comes to the rescue with enough dough to start them off again. But Texas seems to have them hoodooed. They run into a wheat-field fire which comes close to finishing all their problems—and them, too.

They have competition in the form of a gang, run by Alperson (Will Wright), who's had more experience than Madigan. Alperson offers to buy them out, but Madigan isn't selling. He has a feeling he's really got something here, if he can learn to manage it right.

They move on to Kansas, sending ahead a young farm kid, Mark (Dick Erdman), to do a salesman's job. By the time the slow moving trucks and "combines" get there, he has plenty of work lined up for them. It's more bad luck that the first farm they work on should have a beautiful farmer's daughter, Fay (Dorothy Lamour), just waiting to cause trouble.

She makes a play for Madigan, first. He isn't immune by any means, but he makes it clear that when he moves on he won't be taking Fay with him. That isn't the way she wants it. Her main idea is to get out of the home town. So she switches her attentions to Davis. Between trips to town for a few drinks, fights with Alperson's crew who have followed them to Kansas, and Fay's not too subtle lure, Davis hasn't much time for work.

Madigan would like to throw him out. But Davis marries Fay and says, "Here we are, what are you going to do about it?" There isn't much Madigan can do about it. Davis' money is in the venture, and Davis is an expert mechanic whom they need badly.

Fay continues to make trouble. And then, like most women of her type, is very, very surprised when it comes home to roost.—Par.

THE LONG NIGHT

Barbara Bel Geddes comes from Broadway to play opposite Henry Fonda in *The Long Night*. The girl can act—she even steals a scene or two from Vincent Price, which is expert stealing.

The story is told in a series of flashbacks, so it opens when Joe Adams (Henry Fonda) shoots a magician known as Maximilian (Vincent Price). We learn the reason for the shooting from the flashbacks. . . .

Joe is a worker in a steel factory, when he meets a pretty little florist's assistant named Jo Ann (Barbara Bel Geddes). Falling in love is, for Joe, a simple, instinctive process that occurs on almost the first date he has with her. Jo Ann is so small and sweet and appealing. He finds himself wanting to take care of her, to marry her.

It's a shock to him to find that she herself is not so certain. That there is another man in her life. "I'm not really in love with him, Joe," she explains breathlessly. "Just sort of fascinated. The way he talks, and everything. You know."

Joe does know. Because by now he has seen Maximilian, the magician. Has listened to his golden voice mesmerize a whole audience. Has seen his long, white fingers touch Jo Ann's arms in an intimate gesture that makes Joe want to break him in two.

He has heard about Maximilian, too, from Charlene (Ann Dvorak), who was part of the magician's act for years. "When he gives with that fancy double-talk, you believe anything!" Charlene explains. "But I'm out from under the spell now, baby. What I want is a nice, simple guy like you."

Charlene is like that. Direct. Probably, Joe would be better off with her than with a crazy, dreaming kid like Jo Ann. But love makes up its own mind, not waiting for instructions. And Joe is already on the path which is to lead him to murder.—RKO



Merton of the Movies: Skeets Gallagher assures Red Skelton nobody will laugh at his dramatics.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

Did you ever hear of a would-be actor who wanted to be a comedian? Certainly not! They all want to play Hamlet, or anyway, Henry the Fifth. And that's the way it is with Merton Gill (Red Skelton).

Merton lives in Tinkerton, Kansas, and he works for a general store during the day and as a movie usher at night. This is the era of silent pictures—of epics, starring Lawrence Ruppert (Leon Ames) and Beulah Baxter (Gloria Grahame). Merton has just finished a correspondence course in acting and spends the long winter evenings trying to make like Ruppert.

Comes the night—ah, fatal night—when Ruppert's train breaks down while passing through Tinkerton. Merton happens to be at the station so he meets his idol. In fact, he is allowed to supply him with a glass of gingerale, into which the great man empties the contents of his silver flask.

"Medicine," he explains kindly to Merton, who is dope enough to believe him. Merton even believes him when Ruppert, fractured to the eyebrows, says, "You must look me up in Hollywood some time."

Six weeks later. Merton is now in Hollywood. Has been for a month, without being able to contact Ruppert or convince the picture industry that it needs some new faces, especially his.

If it hadn't been for Phyllis Montague (Virginia O'Brien), he probably would have quietly starved to death. Phyllis has been a trouser since she was five, and she recognizes the symptoms of frustrated genius and malnutrition. She gets Merton some "extra" work.

Something strange happens. Merton can do the most serious scenes in the world and people die laughing. But he can't stand being laughed at so he quits. It's only when Phyllis and producer Baird (Charles Brown) pull a very fast one on him that Merton becomes really "of the movies."—M-G-M

VARIETY GIRL

Paramount has taken a dime size plot, and put every star on the lot to dancing on it. The result is a slightly confused but merry melange of comedy and music. For me, the

(Continued on page 123)

For lovely hair all men adore!

How sweetly feminine is the appeal of a woman's lovely hair to men. Hair gleaming with natural highlights—sparkling with silken softness—inviting with clean fragrance. For though your hair-style be formal or free as the wind, it's your natural hair-appeal men love. And more and more women are learning that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that offers new glamour, wonderful obedience, to your hair! Try Lustre-Creme—The Cream Shampoo for The Hair Men Love. At all cosmetic counters.



Four ounces, \$1.00
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Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.



See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ARE RUSSELL AND MADISON MARRIED?

■ For weeks now, various interested (this is another word for nosey) parties have been calling up the Paramount publicity department.

"Is Gail Russell married to Guy Madison?" they demand.

You can almost hear the Paramount publicists shrugging on the other end of the phone. "Ask Gail Russell," they say, muttering under their breath, "Not that she'll tell you."

They're so right. Ask Gail Russell, and she leans engagingly. "It's a free country; believe what you please."

All she'll admit is that she isn't disinterested, and that's not exactly news.

There are certain facts from which you can draw your own conclusions, however.

There's a picture of Guy in Gail's room. "Procrastination is the thief of time," it says.

Procrastination?

And Guy has a picture of Gail with the legend: "From this day forward—" (Continued on page 73)



Guy and Gail (above, at the Little Theater production of *Skin Of Our Teeth*) won't confirm they're married. But here's a clue: Guy's bought a house—unfurnished. He and his brother Wayne are living in it—and sleep on the floor!

GAIL AND GUY WON'T TALK . . .

BUT WOULD HE SWIPE HER CIGARETTES, AND WOO

HER WITH A BEAT-UP ROSE—IF

THEY WERE ONLY GOING STEADY?

by Valerie Sloan special Modern Screen reporter



*Very
personally
yours*

You answer appraising eyes with a smile. With complete composure: always one of your charms, and *very personally yours* wherever you are . . . whatever the time of the month. Of course. For you're so confident that no one will know, because the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

Nor will you know one moment's discomfort, with Kotex to befriend you . . . to stay soft while you wear it. To give you the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. And to offer you the freedom of choice that only Kotex provides, with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex.

Yes, with Kotex for your ally you can meet trying moments, assured. As gaily as you doff your mask, you can laugh off care with a peace-of-mind that's *very personally yours*.

More women choose Kotex
than all other sanitary napkins*



✓ To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives, you'll want a new Kotex Belt—adjustable—snug fitting—all-elastic.

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

—says fascinating

Joan Bennett

Star of
Ernest Hemingway's
THE MACOMBER AFFAIR
A Benedict Bogeaus Production
Released thru United Artists



"With Beau Cake, the make-up
sponge is in my compact—
not loose in my purse."

"With Beau Cake it's easier—
quicker—simpler than ever
to apply cake make-up."



All Hollywood agrees! The new sensation in cake
make-up is Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake. *Different—*
because it has its own make-up sponge right in a moisture-proof
compartment. As clever Joan Bennett says: "It's a honey!"
As soon as I open Beau Cake—the sponge is ready for
action." Let Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake impart glamorous,
smooth-as-silk finish to *your* skin; give it radiant, young
color. Tiny blemishes fade from sight, and the
finish lasts for hours and hours. No wonder Hollywood
stars rave over Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake.

Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake \$1.50
PLUS TAX

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

Lady in Retirement

For months Greer Garson hid in seclusion, refusing to discuss her tottering marriage. Now, for the first time, she explains what happened to her in those desperate weeks.
BY VIRGINIA MCPHERSON

■ "I've pulled myself out of the dumps—completely. I'm a new woman now. My troubles are all solved—well, almost all—and nothing is ever going to worry me again."

Greer Garson talking. A brand new Greer—happy and vivacious. Far different from the melancholy girl who dropped out of circulation when her separation from Richard Ney made front page headlines last year. It was her first interview in months, and she skipped . . . not walked . . . down the winding stairs of her English-style Bel Air home to greet me.

"Hello, Virginia," she said, fluttering a white hand through her red curls. "Lunch will be ready in a minute. Come and pick some water cress with me in the creek."

Since last February, Greer has been living a quiet life of semi-retirement. She had packed some clothes in a bag, scooped up her poodles, hopped into her shiny Lincoln, and driven up the (Continued on page 69)





CHRISTOPHER KANE

HOLLYWOOD - CALIFORNIA

Memo on a madman!

Dear Al and Henry:

I quit. I've lost my faith in men as a form of life. I spent the whole afternoon on Republic's "The Red Pony" location with Robert Mitchum, and all I got was a blister on my heel so big it's going to have little blisters any minute now, and a story you can't possibly use.

Not unless somebody goes out with an axe, and hacks Mitchum's tongue loose from his cheek.

The first glimpse I got of Mr. M., he was sitting on a mess of hay, chewing a straw, and looking insolent. The straw-chewing is part of his characterization for the picture. The looking insolent comes natural to him. He looks insolent something wonderful.

"I'm from Modern Screen,"
I said meekly.

He contemplated me for a minute or two, and then (continued on page 64)



Bob and Peter Miles are pals



his favorite pastime

the sinatra set

Frank learned how to do an acrobatic dance and handspring for *The Kissing Bandit*, his latest costume picture. Little Nancy isn't impressed, but Bobby Burns, his manager and pal, is interested.



Hank Sanicola (left) used to bang out songs for Frank, and even financed his wedding. Later, Frank staked his music business, and now everybody, including Toots Shor, is happy.



Frank's going to write a book with Carrall Carroll titled, "Boys and Girls Together," urging tolerance among kids. Here, he looks over a new tune with his arranger and bandleader, Axel Stordahl.

"We're not ashamed
to love him," his pals say
about Sinatra—and
really mean it. Because,
for Frank, they'd
even give up their ulcers!

By IRENE GREENGARD



The joke's on Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante, but he seems to be enjoying it. Phil Silvers, Frank and Danny Thomas are the guys behind those imitations.

■ Phil Silvers had been studying the funny little patches of sunlight on the rug, and when he heard footsteps, he looked up dully.

Frank was standing in the doorway. "I've been chasing all over after you," he was saying. "I've been thinking about you and Rags opening in New York next week, and boy, how I envy you bums!"

Then he noticed the greyness in the man's face, and put out his hand. "Rags'll be all right, Pappy—"

Phil Silvers moved his foot from one patch to another. "He's dead," he said,

and got out of the chair like a tired old man.

After a while, he began to talk. "There was an act we used to do in burlesque—" The words trailed off. "We were a pretty good team—"

Later, it was Frank who talked Phil into going on alone; it was Frank who went to New York with him, and appeared with him that opening night at the Copacabana.


They did the "My Buddy" number Phil and Rags had always done, and took their bows, and then Phil went out alone for the last one, and spoke to the

wild, cheering house, in a quiet voice.

"I'd like to take this bow for Rags," he said, and over in the corner, his and Frank's friend, Bobby Burns, was sitting with Toots Shor, and the tears were streaming down Toots' wide, red face, and the room was so quiet you could hear the people crying.

A month later, Phil Silvers showed up at Frank's house, and stuck a tiny package into Frank's hand. "For you," he said shortly.

The package had a cigarette lighter in it. There were the first few notes of "My Buddy" (Continued on page 119)



on a note of triumph

"From the moment
you spoke, you had us all at
your command," said
Anthony Eden to Rita Hayworth . . .
and from Brussels to Paris
to Prague, school-
girls and statesmen re-
echoed his tribute.

by lola leighter

as told to john powers

■ Rita Hayworth and I stood at the deck rail and giggled. "I'll never believe it," Rita gasped. "I shall *never* believe it. Two weeks ago I was a landlubber thinking of everyday things like marketing and motherhood responsibilities—and now, bing! I'm a sailor!"

"Bing! Me too," I said. "And isn't it fun?"

This incredible business had started one bright spring morning in Hollywood. I was minding my own business out in the garden, when the phone rang, and it was Rita.

"Hold the phone, Lola," she said. "I'm having a brainstorm." I held the phone and—knowing Rita very well indeed—I held my breath too.

"Let's go to Europe—now!"

I said, "Sure, sure," the way you do, and we both laughed like idiots. Even when Rita had talked it all over with the studio, even when we were both packing like mad, I don't think either of us really thought it (*Con't on page 110*)

In Brussels, Rito was a guest of honor at the International Film Festival, where films from all nations were shown. The Mayor himself introduced her to foreign dignitaries!

The man who happily awaits Rito's autograph is no less a personage than M. Vermeylen, president of the Film Festival, Belgian Minister of the Interior—and Hoyworth, for!



It's an old Brussels custom (as well as a smart idea) for the Mayor of the Town to kiss a charming visitor. Rito liked it fine, too!



Maybe he *was* built for open skies, instead of stuffy drawing-rooms. But for Rocky, Gary Cooper would balance the daintiest teacup—and like it!

“coop”

by Hedda Hopper



The star of *The Unconquered* escorts his women-folk to the St. Martin's Charity Fair. Twelve-year-old Morio is fortunate enough to look like both Rocky and Gary.

■ I couldn't understand why everybody was laughing. It was one night during the war and I had a real scoop movie star on the stage at the Hollywood Canteen. Gary Cooper had balked when I first asked him to appear. Shy and embarrassed as always, he'd protested, "Those GI guys don't want to see me, Hedda. They want some pretty gals. What in the world can I do?"

"Now, Coop," I soothed, "leave it to me. I'll just ask a few questions and you follow my lead. They'll love it."

I'm not exactly Bob Hope and Coop's a plenty tough subject. I did my best but what Gary mumbled back was short and not designed to lay anyone in the aisles, either. That's why I couldn't understand it when that gang of boys began to snicker, then laugh and then roar out loud. I was wearing a big hat with a long feather in it, and I remember shaking it, puzzled at the panic we were handing that audience.

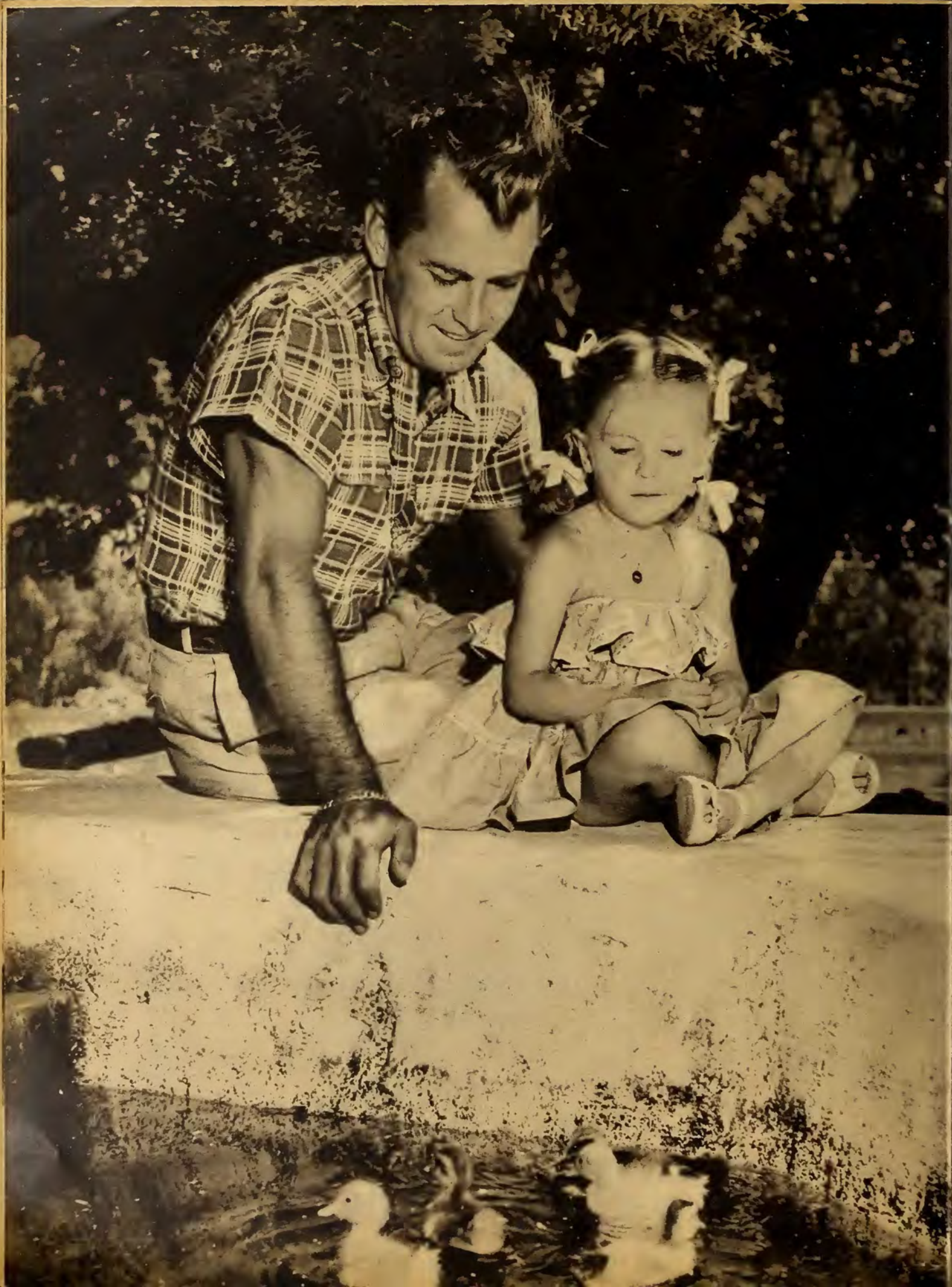
I wound up and turned around just in time to see Coop spit out a mouthful of feathers, while the Canteen rocked. My poor hat was as bare as a plucked chicken. All the time I'd been knocking myself out for laughs, Gary had quietly stolen the show by nibbling the feathers right off my best bonnet!

I'd never in the world have guessed Gary Cooper would come up with a natural bit of sly comedy like that. It was worthy of Victor Moore or Jack Benny. It doubled me up—and that's something in the face of a ruined hat, you can bet!

Charles Laughton once called Gary Cooper the greatest actor in Hollywood. "Because," explained Charlie shrewdly, "he acts from inside." Sometimes it's buried marrow-deep, and you'd never in a million years suspect what goes on. But then—out it comes. And you like it.

What makes me sore at (Continued on page 101)





LIFE HAS LOST ITS CHARM FOR
 MODERN SCREEN REPORTER CHRIS KANE.
 BECAUSE AFTER A WEEK-END
 WITH THOSE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY LADDS—
 WHAT'S LEFT WORTH LIVING FOR?

By Christopher Kane



This is the neorest Chris got to a horse, but reolly, she loves 'em. Loter, she got much closer to the feed-boord (right) where fried ham, biscuits ond meringue pie waitted.



■ "Listen," I said to Al and Henry firmly. "Never mind with all that stuff."

They'd been telling me about the Alan Ladds' brand of gracious hospitality, and I was cynical. (Being born in Brooklyn is what does it.)

"You've been invited for a weekend," Al went on. "You'll find out for yourself."

Henry only glared. "And please keep your shoes on at the table. They've always thought well of MODERN SCREEN."

"Hmph," I said. "The way you talk, their red carpet must look tattle-tale grey from being rolled out so much."

I forget who threw the ink bottle at me, but I left. I know when I'm not wanted.

(Continued on next page)

WEEKEND
 AT
 THE
 LADD'S





Four-year-old Lonnie sticks like glue to her colt's saddle. But her Mom was afraid she'd topple off the upper deck of the bed, so she got the lower, while Chris took her chances.



Alono has a yellow cat and three large sheepdogs for playmates. Her favorite, though, is a colt named Jimmy, so the hobby horse is really kid stuff to Lonnie, who's being nice to the photog.

WEEKEND AT THE LADD'S



Chris' host showed her plans for a new three-room house the Ladds are building to take care of their enlarged family. Meanwhile, baby David and nurse are living in the town house.



Alan wanted a boy, and he got almost nine pounds of one when David was born. Lonnie nicknamed him Butch, but maybe if he becomes an actor like Dad (in *Wild Harvest*) he'll change it.

(Continued from preceding page) And here I am publicly apologizing. Because I spent a weekend at the Ladd ranch, and I never had more fun. Every good thing movie magazines say about the Ladds, you can double and underscore in purple ink.

Their ranch is in a place called Hidden Valley, and two rows of pepper trees edge the drive up to it.

Alan, who was having a brief interlude between *Saigon* and *The Long Grey Line*, met me beyond the pepper trees, and took my bag. He has a smile that would melt a heart of solid rock, and mine is only gravel, to begin with.

I was thinking to myself, "Hmm, good," (just like the Campbell's soup ad) when a small blonde child came up with a yellow cat in her arms.

The small blonde child was Alana Ladd, more commonly known as Lonnie.

"Hello," she said, stretching the yellow cat a little.

"Hello," I said back. "What's the cat's name?" (I have a theory that children like to answer questions, and it never works, but I go right on pushing it.)

Lonnie gave me a scornful glance. "This cat has no name," she said. "This cat is just kitty-cat."

"I beg your pardon," I said feverishly. "I hardly know any cats. I'm a stranger—"

Which was when I heard this soft-pitched laugh. I turned around, and a dark-haired girl with huge eyes and a heart-shaped face was standing beside me, looking amused. It was Susie Ladd, and she's so much prettier than her pictures that I must confess, I stared.

"Maybe you prefer ducks," she said. "We've got some over here."

I followed her across the grounds and near a haystack, we found a duck, a drake, and six babies, all making various duck noises.

"One of them got sick the other day," Susie said. "And I nursed it so carefully. But it died. I even pried open its little bill and tried to force it to eat hard boiled egg with pepper."

"Did it ever occur to you that hard boiled egg and pepper may have killed it?" Alan interrupted. "Poor little (Continued on page 116)

20
LIVING



"Only 100 pounds, June is fine for carrying over thresholds. Three times and I'm not even tired yet."



"This is my favorite picture of my wife. I'm looking for a place to hang it."

OS OR.
TURE
TH

BR.



"The neighbors may make complaints about my singing in the shower, but June doesn't."

ENTRANCE
GARDEN

COVERED
PASSAGE

L
STUDY

AGE

IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY
WITH THE POWELLS. SO
DICK CHOPS DOWN
EVERY OTHER TREE, BOR-
ROWS ONLY HALF
OF JUNE'S ALLOWANCE—
AND NEVER STARTS
AN ARGUMENT SHE
CAN'T FINISH

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

BY DICK POWELL

■ A while back I suffered a passing slander in a magazine called MODERN SCREEN. In cold type, surrounded by quotes, was the statement that I had a pointed head. "Bless his little pointed head," I think was the line.

The only reason I didn't run to the telephone, call my attorney, and tell him to start going round and round with the publisher, is that it was my wife who made the remark. It would have been necessary for me to sue her, too, and due to the community property laws in California, I would have had to pay off half of whatever I won in the case.

Besides, when you get through with a lawsuit, the lawyers buy a home in Bel Air. For the time being, I forgot about the insult and bought a home in Bel Air, myself.

Despite some good arguments to the contrary, I'm nobody's fool but my own, and I can prove it.

Take the time when I and my wife, whose name by the way is June Allyson, kept all our money separate. I was being pretty wise and cagey (Continued on page 85)



the case of autry **vs.** **rogers**

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY CASE—EXCEPT THE
AUTRY-ROGERS FEUD. 'CAUSE GENE AND ROY ARE SLUGGING
IT OUT COWBOY-STYLE—AGAINST THE GOSSIP-MONGERS.

by Carl Schroeder



There's always a nurse and vet on the set of *The Last Roundup* for Champ, Jr., Gene told author Carl Schroeder.



■ Gene Autry and I were sitting on a fence one hot afternoon, on a ranch outside Newhall, California.

I was wearing one of Gene's sombreros, furnished by the wardrobe department.

This made me feel like a character out of the Old West, so I said, "Podner, what is this here all now about the bitter feud between you and Roy Rogers, podner, you-all?"

Gene gazed out over three ranges of mountains. In his eyes was a look of infinite indulgence. Also a vague suggestion of irritation.

He said, "If you leave out the accent you picked up from a 1918 version of a Western script-writer, *pardner*, I would like to know about that feud myself."

I looked out into the cornfield and felt like one of the pumpkin heads lying there.

"You know," I went on, "all this stuff about you and Roy battling it out to find out who is really King of the Cowboys. I want to know about that. Do you and Roy skulk around the corner of Hollywood and Vine nights, with six shooters half drawn, waiting to mow each other down? On Hallowe'en will you sneak into (Continued on page 114)

glenn ford life story

The first time he saw Eleanor,
all he could manage was a half-shaky
"hello." Then, one beautiful day, she
found he could say brilliant things, like "Let's get
married." • (Conclusion)



Peter and his Dad aren't sissies, but if the rag dolls in Pete's room get thirsty, the least a guy can do is give 'em water.



Among other things, Glenn's a whiz at target practice. Here, he and his pet cocker spaniel take time out on a hunting trip to view the timber and enjoy a snack.



Glenn (*Man From Colorado*) collects rare stamps and records, but he enjoys fishing best, especially casting for salmon.



■ "King Arthur and His Knights?" Glenn's mother asked. "You mean you're in another school play?"

"No, I'm producing this one myself," Glenn replied. "A matinee out back in the barn. David's going to play his clarinet."

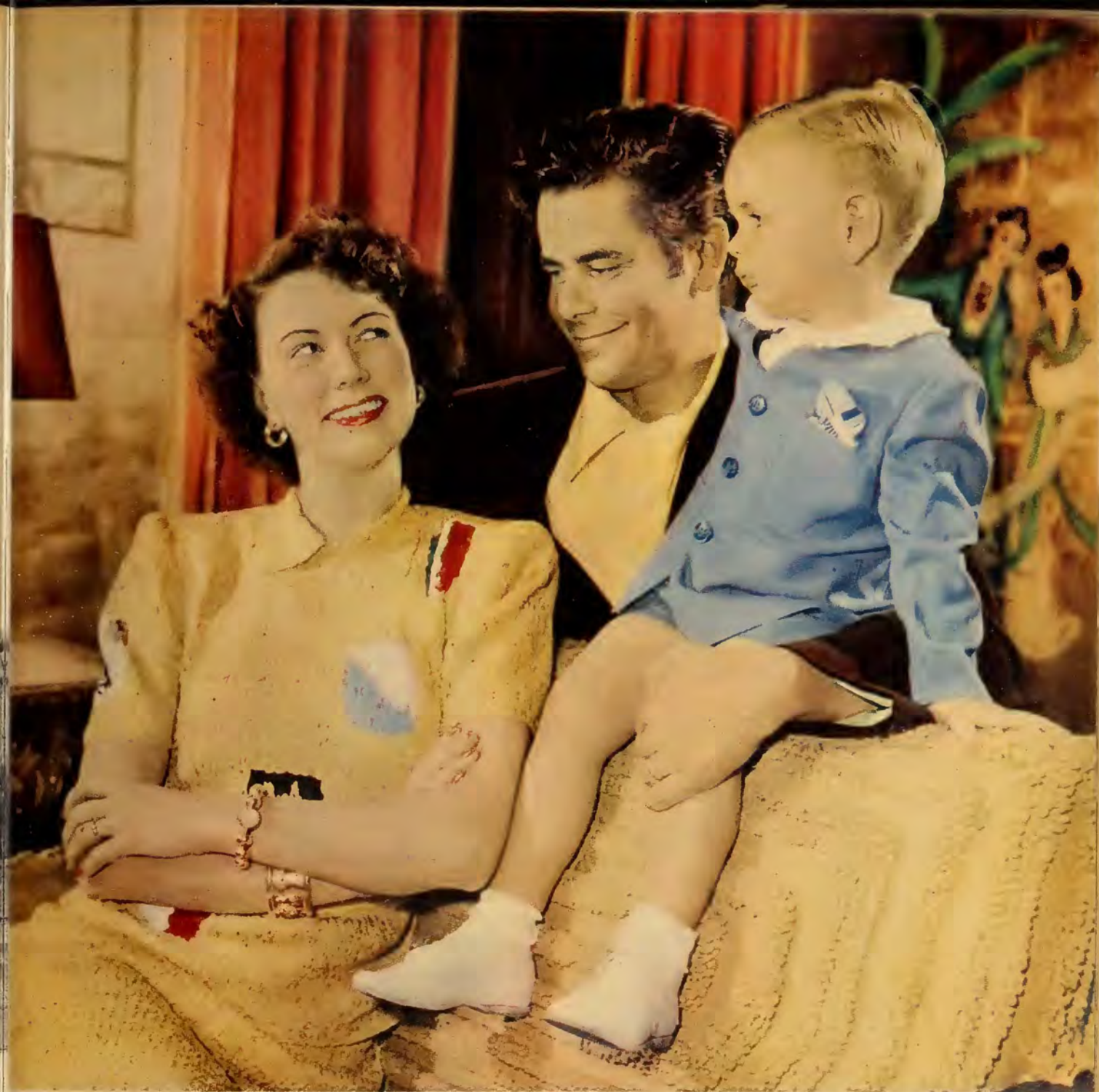
"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she said. Then she added thoughtfully, "Did they have clarinets in King Arthur's time?"

"What difference does it make? We

have to have music between the acts."

King Arthur—as it was written, produced and directed by Glenn in the Ford's leaky old barn—was a masterpiece of improvisations. The costumes—the medieval suits of armor, that is—were fashioned from the household's kitchen utensils. The setting was built from old apricot crates. In fact, everything was make-shift, except David's clarinet.

Mrs. Ford just had to go to the per-



formance which went along pretty smoothly until a climactic point in the second act, when King Arthur's Castle was subjected to siege. Right on cue, David, clarinet in hand, dashed to the top of the set, and began to blow the charge signal on his horn. Then it happened. With a splintering crash, the set collapsed, and David, blowing a sour off-key toot as he fell, pulled Glenn and the rest of the cast down into the wreckage with him.

Fortunately none of the cast was hurt. But David's clarinet ended up in four pieces. The audience got up from their seats—buckets and boxes dragged in for the occasion—and went home convinced that they had seen the season's most unorthodox presentation of medieval life. The cast went home with David to help him explain to his mother about the clarinet.

That ended the barn theater. And for a while, Glenn did not immediately

get any recurrent ambitions to be an actor. Among other things, there was his running feud with a neighborhood boy, named Grant, who lived across the alley. Fighting with Grant was no new thing. It had started a number of years before, when for lack of something better to do, the two boys picked the figs off the trees in Glenn's back yard and plastered them at each other. When figs were out of season, they progressed to clods. Then *(Continued on page 104)*

the awkward age

■ Mrs. Garner was explaining to visitors about the restrictions on her daughter's social life. "After all, Peggy Ann is only fifteen," she went on, "and we simply don't believe she's old enough to be going out on solo dates. But we live near Beverly Hills High School, and she's allowed to go to all the school games and school dances."

Mrs. Garner sounded like any mother of a fifteen-year-old—and Peggy Ann sounded like any girl her age, as she began a fervent rebuttal, winding up with "Probably when I'm a hundred and two years old, you'll finally say, 'All right, Peggy Ann, you're old enough to have dates now.'" Her voice rose to a falsetto squeak on the last sentence.

In spite of their disagreements on that subject, the two are great pals, and Mrs. Garner goes out of her way to make sure that Peggy Ann has plenty of social jollifications. Every Friday night is open house at the Garners' pleasant middle-sized home, and the neighborhood kids pour in for parties that bend the walls. Sandwiches, cokes, games, phonographs, the radio, and furious dancing keep everybody busy.

A few youngsters from the movie studios occasionally turn up (*Continued on page 99*)



Peggy's mother thinks she's still too young for solo dates, but Friday night is open-house and the walls bend . . . especially when Roddy McDowall does imitations of Carmen Miranda and Tallulah.

THE WALLS ROCK, THE RADIO ROARS AND PEGGY

ANN'S MOTHER REELS, BECAUSE THAT GARNER GAL'S

STOMPING THROUGH THE AWKWARD AGE—ON HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

by Keith Monroe



Scatty Beckett provides music for the ogany charus. Barbaro Whiting, Betty Sullivan, Coral Klingstedt and Gearge Shelton join Peggy in singing all the latest hit-paraders.



Peggy wants to go to Northwestern U with her best pal, Barbara (under the bridge with Gearge) of *Junior Miss* fame. Harry Macy clasps Peggy's hands to make a sturdy orch.



Peggy can memorize her lines almost at a glance, and never forgets them. Before she goes to bed she studies her script for the next day's shooting of *Daisy Kenyon*.





■ Inside the Balboa Yacht Club, a baffled crew of Bogie Bogart's and Lauren Bacall's California sailing pals puzzled over a cryptic wire from Mexico:

"REGRETTING FROM HONOLULU RACE I WITHDRAW MORE TIME EXPECTED THAN PICTURE TAKING MEXICO TREASURE SIERRA MADRE. HASTA LA VISTA AMIGOS. BOGIE"

"It's scrambled like an egg," one said at last, "but I get the idea. Bogie can't sail. That's tough. He had his heart set on this race." They headed gloomily for the bar.

Down in San Jose Purua, Mexico, Humphrey had sent the telegram off with a few pesos and a prayer. All messages from the United States, he knew, had to be translated into Spanish, switched back to English, and butchered by interpreters all along the line before they reached him. He knew it was vice-versa, too. "I hope the boys understand," he sighed to Lauren. "What a swell crew we had! I'd give something important, like a bottle of Scotch, to be hauling anchor on that one." He grinned crookedly.

"This is better," Betty said.

"For you, yes," kidded her old man. "I work all day—you sleep all day. *Muy bueno*, no?" Betty ducked.

They hadn't planned to be making a movie in Mexico—*The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*—when they started overhauling the boat away back (Continued on page 107)



Sierra madre

The romance . . .

the charm of old Mexico—ideal for the Bogarts' second honeymoon. Until Bogey stopped the bull-fight, knives started flying and Betty left him—for a donkey!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



A. Bogey made "aficionados" (that's Spanish for "fans") by the score, on location in San Jose Purua, Mexico.

B. The Mexican urchins would delight Bogart by rot-tatting imaginary guns at him, onnauncing gleefully, "You're dead!"

C. Bogey is made up to look like a tough Sierra Madre Mountain gold-miner, while Director Jahn Hustan explains the shot.

D. Ever try to get a stubborn burra to drink water? After hours of coaxing, the donkey wasn't thirsty, but Bogey was!

Crew of *Treasure of Sierra Madre* lunch together, around a pail of soda pop. Here's Bogey, hairdresser Betty Lou Delmont, Walt Hustan and Tim Holt. Wives Lauren Bacall and Evelyn Keyes (Mrs. Jahn Hustan) went along, too.



MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

by David Charnay

■ This is the story of Emma Matzo. A girl whom you know better as Lizabeth Scott. We have told it simply, by merely printing the hasty notes of N. Y. Daily News reporter, David Charnay, exactly as he jotted them down. We have preserved this simple form so that you could share with us, the editors, our thrill in watching a great reporter at work—unlocking a secret that had been kept until David Charnay went to Scranton. It is the secret of an obscure girl, daughter of foreign-born parents, who carved herself a big hunk of fame before she was 25. Perhaps as much as anything we have read, Emma Matzo's story reaffirms the perennial magic of American opportunity . . . the miracle on Main Street. Hers is a story told sometimes with high pride—and sometimes grudgingly. In either case, it is a story we Americans never tire of hearing!—THE EDITORS.

■ 9:30 a.m. Just got into Scranton. Stopping briefly for gas and directions to 1001 Capouse Ave. where Liz Scott's family lives. This is a big, sprawling, dusty town, and there's a familiarity about it even though you've never been here before. The bare-legged gals in red shoes and ballet slippers and loafers, the small boys with comic books and ice cream cones. The noise and laughter in the streets. This is Big Town, U. S. A. Gives you a good feeling to know that a kid can be born on the wrong side of the tracks in a town like this and grow up to be somebody.

9:40. This is the house—a two-story brick job on a quiet street. Doesn't look as if it harbors a mystery, and yet it does. There've been so many conflicting stories about Emma Matzo's (that was Lizabeth's name) background. Was she a hat-check girl, a debutante, a coal-miner's daughter? The real story's been so hushed up, you begin to suspect something sinister in her past. That's what I'm here to find out about.

10:30. Something screwy here. A friendly tow-headed (Con't on next pg.)



Sister Justine, 19, shown here with Mrs. Matzo, looks like Liz, is a student of Syracuse U. The mahogany piano is one of Liz's generous gifts.



Author David Charnay (right), spoke to Liz's cousin, Mike Munhak, in his own café, next door to his father's undertaking parlor. "She was a good kid. Lots of fun. I'll buy her a drink any time," he said.



In this modest, two-story house in Scranton, Emma Matza (now Lizabeth Scatt, star of Hal Wallis' *Desert Fury*) grew up. The store facing the street, neighbors reported, was once her father's grocery.



Harry Spiegel, district manager, Commerford-Public Theaters, threw some light on why Liz didn't attend the Scranton premiere of *You Came Along*.



Mrs. Irene Golden, Liz's school chum, remembers her as a quiet girl—always acting. "Why doesn't she come home?" she queried our photographer.

(Continued from preceding page) boy answered the door and called for his mom. When she appeared, my first impression was of a kind-faced, motherly woman. Second look showed steely, executive eyes, an unsmiling mouth, strong Slavic features. I told her I was a reporter and she barred the door with a sturdy arm. Hands obviously work-worn. Happened to mention I'd heard that Mr. Matzo was a coal-miner. She lowered her arm immediately. Said, "You come in here. I would like to explain a few things." I followed her into the house.

I studied the living-room for clues to Liz's past. No pictures of her as a child. No family-type photos at all. Just two glamor shots, one bearing her height, weight, waist, hip and bust measurements, as of August, 1944. Good mahogany piano stood out like a sore thumb among modest furnishings. Liz's sister Justine joined us. Tall, stunning blonde, studying journalism at Syracuse University. Got a chance to jot down information Mrs. M. gave me while she went upstairs to change her dress before we photographed her. "My husband was never a miner," she told me. "We have lived in this corner building ever since Emma—Lizabeth—was a little girl of two. We live upstairs, but downstairs on the Ash Street side, my husband for many years owned a grocery store. He retired a few months ago. His health is not so good." (Continued on page 94)



At 7, Emmo (Liz) went to John Adams Public School and started dancing and elocution lessons. She performed regularly in school plays.



By the time she was old enough for high school, Liz knew she wanted on acting career. At night, she'd rehearse for hours, strengthening, perfecting her unusual voice. "I won't play unless I'm a star," she'd insist to girl friends.



(Top) Mrs. M. Deon, of Kelly's Corner, and daughter Zito recalled that Liz once worked in her dad's grocery. John McColligon, 14, goes to school with Liz's youngest brother.

MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

Above, the bare exterior of Wolfgang's Bakery, where Liz's dad now drives a delivery truck. Mr. Matso disappeared mysteriously when Modern Screen's reporter showed up.

everything happens to joan!



■ "No," the producer said firmly, settling back in his chair. "There's no sense in your reading for that part; you couldn't play that part—"

It was an argument Joan Leslie was weary of. If you came to Hollywood when you were fifteen, and you never bothered to put on purple nail polish and tight skirts, you stayed fifteen to everyone.

Here she was twenty, and the only roles they threw at her were sweet, shy jobs. She wanted a change of pace.

She wanted, in short, to test for the dramatic part of Bessie Watty, the cockney tramp in *The Corn Is Green*.

All the producer wanted was for her to go away and not make him laugh. "Why, I've seen you ride past on a bicycle with an apple in your mouth—" he said.

She grimaced. "You make me sound like a roasted pig—and I'll sell the bicycle. Only give me a chance—"

He gave her nothing, so she went away, but she came back a couple of days later, dripping cockney accent.

"It's good," he said finally. "But Joanie, baby—" Short pause: "This girl *steals purses*, and she *flirts!*"

A little bitter, a little amused, Joanie baby went home to mother. "I was supposed to recoil in horror," she said. "What kind of a prissy young stuffed shirt do they think I am in this town? Maybe I've been sweet (Continued on page 118)



Joan looked chic and confident, as she and Maggi McNellis ran through the script of Maggi's radio show, broadcast from New York's Latin Quarter. Actually, mikes scare her.

"Nothing ever happens to me," moans Joan Leslie, who goes to Coney with New York's Mayor, wears a lily pad for a hat, and has a season pass to Ebbets Field!

By NANCY WINSLOW SQUIRE

Wise Maggi led her radio guest through the back door—to avoid the crowds. When a member of the audience asked, "Is your hair naturally red?" Jaan snapped, "Yes, and I have the temper that goes with it."



The fashion show the Latin Quarter staged that afternoon was sheer joy to Jaan, who wanted clothes advice from the models. The models wanted—her autograph!



Getting into the spirit of things, Jaan applauded John Frederics' latest "creation"—a Good Luck hat for Maggi, to launch her first luncheon show over WJZ from the stage of the famous night club.



In the dressing-room, Jaan, who's just started *Northwest Stampede*, watched the models dress up. "I've always wanted a feather duster hat," she confided to them.

Courage Susan Peters
had. But for her kind of
victory, she needed
something more:
Timothy's teething pains,
a stranger's kindness,
and—above all—the strength
of Dick's love.

DEVOTION

■ In the too-small living room of their too-small apartment, the young Richard Quines were attempting to work, and in work to forget the housing shortage. Susan, ensconced in her glistening chrome wheel chair, thumbed earnestly through a pile of scripts. Dick pecked angrily away at a small portable typewriter which he held on his lap.

In a corner cluttered with toys, Timothy, aged sixteen months, ran a small red motor car with rubber tires up and down the spine of Thunder, the family Great Dane, who could have swallowed his little master in one gulp.

After a while, Thunder stood up, stretched, went over to Dick and put both enormous paws on his shoulders. Dick, chair and typewriter went over backwards under Thunder's 135 pounds.

The Dane was amused. He washed Dick's face with a tongue like a side of beef, whereupon Dick swore quietly.

"Why Dick!" Susan said. "You haven't used words like that since . . ."

"It's enough," he shouted, disentangling himself. "We're going for a drive. What do you want to wear?"

Meekly, she told him. While he was fetching a jacket and an extra lap robe, she collected purse and cigarettes from a table. Then, picking her up lightly, he carried her down the outside flight of steps to the car.

A woman, watching from the window of her apartment in the adjoining building, turned to a companion. "I can't understand why the Quines live in that tiny apartment. And *upstairs!* How many times must he have to carry her up and down those steps every day?"

"Several, I should imagine. But don't forget there's a housing shortage, dear!"

The woman's eyes snapped. "I'm going to do something about that." She watched them get into the car. (*Continued on page 91*)

by
howard
sharpe



A young man's fancy



Visiting in Conn., Frank dropped in at the Ox Ridge Hunt Club. Members Larno Mickle and Adele Boehr—on horseback—added a new twist to outograph hunting.



Frank lends a helping hand to Virginia Mickle as she sights Long Island Sound. They're on the landing of the Yacht Club in Dorien, where he spends his week-ends.



Frank likes to do his thinking down near the water. Sometimes he gets a good idea . . . like the one about buying a house in New York. His friends can hardly believe it, but he located an old brownstone and is going to decorate it himself.

One of the reasons Frank trots home to Conn. so often is his fondness for home-cooking. Here, his mother presides at the waffle iron, while his step-dad rates "seconds." Frank's sister, passing the plate, had a baby the next day.



If you don't have a stage handy, just drop to the living room floor. That's what Frank is doing, as his mother plays leading lady and his sister directs the scene. He's writing an original screen play with his best friend, Mike De Vincent.

Frank Latimore's fancy turns to many
things like houses, writing and
naturally—love. All of which leaves
him broke, sleepers—but happy!
by Virginia Wilson

■ Being in pictures is fine. When you love acting as Frank Latimore does, it comes right out of your heart, and you couldn't stop it if you wanted to. But you have to plan your life ahead. There are gaps between pictures and it's no good just sitting around with nothing to do. Which is one reason why Frank decided to be a part-time writer. Meeting up with Mike De Vincent is the other reason.

Mike is a character straight out of Saroyan whom Frank met in Hollywood last year, when they were both playing in *To The Living*, at the Actors' Lab there.

One evening after a rehearsal, Frank and Danny, the director of the Lab, were sitting in a restaurant around the corner. A thin man with black hair and a black mustache came in and threw himself gloomily into the other chair at the table.

"Danny," he said dramatically, "I haven't a roof over my head. Not even half a roof. I'll have to sleep in the Park tonight."

"Is that so?" Danny, unimpressed, went on stirring his coffee. "Frank, this is Mike De Vincent—Frank Latimore."

"Hello," Frank said with his shy smile. "I've seen you around the Lab."

"Yeah. Danny, I guess I'll sleep at the Lab tonight."

"You could come home with me," Frank suggested diffidently. "But it's way out at the beach. It might not be very convenient for you."

Mike howled like a banshee. "Convenient, he says. He rescues me from the gutter and asks if it's convenient for me!"

So Mike came to stay at the beach house, and they've been together ever since. The house used to belong to Al Jolson, and was all done up like a Christmas tree in July. Mike's room was red, white and blue and he said it made him feel sacrilegious, as if he were sleeping on the American flag. Frank's was like a boat's cabin, with portholes and a feeling of built-in sea-sickness. When Frank moved into town, Mike (Continued on page 70)



Everything with a **K**iss

■ Modelling would be a lot easier than this, Meg Cole, messenger, thought, as she hurried across RKO's back lot with another adrenalin-charged memorandum from an executive.

Her feet hurt. And she was a long way from Cary Grant's ice box, where the kids had stashed the cokes. If there were any more school teacher tourists today, she decided, she would steer them onto the Grant set and grab a cool drink while they goggled.

Really a nice guy, she thought as *(Continued on page 86)*

Cary Grant would give the shirt off his back to anyone who needed it—but first, he'd make sure it was the right color.

BY CAMERON SHIPP

New Cutex—longest-wearing Cutex ever— stops traffic with "Pretty Gay!"



Just how ravishing-red can red get?
Just how wonderful can your hands
look? You'll know when you see
"Pretty Gay."

It's the shade to make a man's eyes
go Blink, Blink! Make his heart go
Thump, Thump! Make him stop . . .
look . . . and love it!

And *all* new Cutex polish is so won-
drously improved.

Now! Cutex wears longer than
even high-priced polishes. A new mir-
acle ingredient, found only in new
Cutex, defies chipping and peeling.
Dries extra-fast, too!

Try "Pretty Gay" polish for pretti-
ness' sake. Try all the other exquisite
Cutex hand-care products too, for the
same attractive reason.

Another New! 5 Cutex Lipsticks

created to harmonize with all polish shades.

Now—so easy to choose
your lipstick and polish "go-
togethers."

Cutex Blue Pink lipstick
makes sweet harmony with
any cool pinkish shade. Clear
Red "clicks" with any bright

true red. Blue Red lipstick is
lovely with *any* of the many
blue-toned red polishes on the
market. Try it with the new
Cutex "Pretty Gay" polish—
pretty devastating."

All Cutex lipstick is so

creamy sm-o-o-oth, too. Stays
put—stays radiantly lustrous
for hours. And—surprise—only
49¢* for this luxury lipstick.
At your favorite cosmetic
counter. Northam Warren,
New York. *Plus Federal Tax.





Mr. and Mrs. Fontaine seal it with a kiss at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian church where they were married by Dr. Kenneth Roberts.



Did you ever see a
vision walking? Well,
Johnnie did. Her name was
Barbara Lawrence . . .
Until he changed it to Fontaine

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

VISION IN



HITE



Babs and John greet Don Dooley, who is storred with her in *Give My Regards To Broadway*.



Barbaro is one gol who hos her coke and eats it, too . . . at her reception in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

■ All brides are beautiful, they say, but the new Mrs. John Fontaine (Barbara Lawrence) just plain took your breath away—her tan young skin glowing against the pure white of her wedding gown, her eyes soft with happiness. There wasn't one of us at the Beverly Hills Presbyterian Church that June night who didn't gasp a little when she came in on her father's arm. (He's Morris Lawrence, and he flew in from Oklahoma to give her away.) Her dress was classically simple, white lace with long puff sleeves and a sweetheart neckline, and the halo hat trimmed with lilies of the valley was (Continued on page 112)

MEMO OF A MADMAN by Christopher Kane

(Continued from page 29)

he spoke. "I hate other people's women," he said. "They're no good to me. Now, have you ever scrambled me so much as an egg?"

"Mr. Mitchum," I said severely, "I have come to do a story. Now, the story will be this way. The story will be that although you've always been given tight-lipped roles, you're really a warm, human man, and this animal picture is wonderful for you—and—"

"Why don't you go home and write it, honey?" he said. "You've got it all figured out; I don't see what you need me for. Reminds me of the time a guy comes up and says, 'We're going to do a story on what you owe your wife.' Know what I told the guy, honey? I told him it was none of his damn business what I owed my wife—"

I was beginning to get scared. "Mr. Mitchum," I said, "wasn't there something interesting about the way you got this part? I mean, didn't a lot of people think you couldn't play this part, and you showed them?"

He looked bored. "Kid, at six o'clock one night, I was given two scripts, and I was supposed to pick one by noon the next day, and I picked this one."

Desperately, I pursued the animal tack. "You were raised on a farm, weren't you? You had animals, didn't you?"

Now that I look back on it, I realize he was trying to shock me so I'd go away. "I had a dog," he said cheerfully. "Had to shoot it through the head; it was eating chickens."

He chewed a little harder on his straw. "I can take animals or leave 'em alone. I don't see why people don't spend their energy on children, or other people, or promoting the peace. Hell, why clutter up your life with Pomeranians?"

"Down with Pomeranians," I cried hysterically, trying to curry favor with this madman. "And do your children have any pets?"

I guess I was running the thing into the ground, but I swear, I didn't know what to say, next.

"Eight cats, a dog, and four guinea pigs," he said. "Seven of the cats have never been out from under the front porch; they're half-blind, and wild." He leered at me evilly. "Have to steam 'em out with cyanide some day."

Suddenly, I got it. He was having himself a ball. Some nut comes up and asks you a lot of damn-fool questions, so you give 'em back a lot of damn-fool answers, was his attitude. And like I said before, his tongue was so far in his cheek, it looked like mumps.

After that, I just gave up asking questions. I figured as long as I was already out there on the location, I'd simply stick around and observe the habits of the man.

It was absorbing.

He sings while the make-up man is putting on his grease-paint, for one thing.

He and the makeup man had a classy duel going that day. Something about, "Where shall I go, when I go, where I go—"

all's Welles that ends Welles . . .

They also had a tepid sort of argument about Orson Welles. The makeup man was anti; Bob was pro.

It ended in a draw, and they dropped it. "You still working so hard?" the make-up guy said. "Weren't you doing three pictures all at once a while ago?"

Mitchum laughed bitterly. "With a slight case of pneumonia, besides. You know, I finally took off for Catalina one day, and I was sitting in the middle of some water, staring at the bottom of the boat, because I didn't really believe I was there, and by God, some little boat pulls up next to me and says, 'You're Mitchum, aren't you? You'd better get back; the studio's got a call out for you.'"

He sighed. "Last night, a guy phones me. 'Got a swell picture,' he says. 'You'll love it.'"

"When?" I say.

"Laid in Oregon," he says. "Beautiful location. You can hunt and fish—"

"When?" I say.

"Studio'll send a car for you, too," he

says. 'Get you a house. You can take your family—'

"I'm a patient guy. I'm still sitting there saying, 'When?'"

"Loretta Young, too," he says.

"I blow up. When?"

"The day you finish *Red Pony*," he says."

Mitchum got out of the makeup chair.

"What'd you tell the guy?" the makeup

man said.

"I told him plenty," Bob said very brightly.

He walked out of the fake ranch house where production planning and makeup were housed. He was singing, "Don't you wish your baby had big fat legs like mine?"

The little boy, Peter Miles, who's playing John Steinbeck's child hero, Tom, in *The Red Pony*, came running up to him.

Mitch (who of course plays Billy Buck, the ranch-hand who was "half-horse, and the horses knew it") broke a switch off a nearby tree with an easy sweep of his long arm. Then, staring at Peter, he began to whittle on the wood.

"What are you doing?" Peter asked politely.

"I'm getting this in shape to beat little boys with," Bob said seriously. "I beat my own sons every day."

Peter laughed uproariously, and I had to grin, too. Apparently, it wasn't only interviewers who got the tease technique. And a little child shall show them how to take it, at that.

"I met Josh," Peter said. "He doesn't look like you beat him."

"I make him wear long pants," Bob said, "to cover up the scars."

Josh had been out on the location one day, and somebody'd wanted to take a picture of him on the red pony, but he'd turned the offer down brusquely.

"Naw," he'd said. "I'd rather stick around and watch the kid work—"

"The kid" (Peter) is nine, and Josh is six, but Josh is a Mitchum, which ought to explain it.

Josh also thought the red pony looked an awful lot like Bill Boyd. "All that white hair," he said.

competition for Lassie . . .

I made the acquaintance of the red pony myself. His real name is Flash, but he's Gabilan, in the picture, and he may be a bigger star than Lassie, before he gets through.

I also met his stand-in, an almost white pony, and Bob advised me not to get too close.

"Killed two men last week," he said sadly. For about two and a half seconds, I even believed that.

Finally, it was time for me to go home, and I set my face determinedly, and said, "Please, Mr. Mitchum, just answer me one thing straight. What are you anxious to do after this picture winds up? What about your future?"

"Okay," he said, "I'll tell you. I haven't had a vacation for seven years; I haven't had a day off since before I went into the army. I haven't been any place where a phone couldn't reach me at four o'clock in the morning."

"What would I like to do when this picture winds up? I'd like to go to jail, and sit down for a week!"

So you see, fellas, why I haven't got a story? Couldn't you have asked me to interview Director Milestone? Or Myrna Loy? Or the makeup man? Or even the darn pony? Anybody but that big, muscular, loud-singing, crazy Mitchum.

MODERN SCREEN





INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

Welcome back Don Taylor (above with ye Info Desk), who just signed a Mark Hellinger contract and draws the lead in *The Naked City*. Don (the memorable Pinky of *Winged Victory*) was born in Freeport, Pa., Dec. 13, 1920. He's 6'1½" tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has brown eyes and sandy hair. Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif., for a picture, and if you'd like a story on him, vote for him on our poll. You'll also see him in *Song of the Thin Man*.

ANNE SARGENT debuts as Don's wife in *Naked City*. She was born in Pittston, Pa., on Nov. 18, 1924. Is 5'4" tall, and has hazel eyes and brown hair. Scored on the N. Y. stage opposite handsome John Heath in *Boy Who Loved Twice*. Is unattached. Can also be reached at Universal.



You loved **HOWARD DUFF** as Soldier in *Brute Force*, you'll see him next in *Naked City*, and you can hear him in the lead on "The Adventures of Sam Spade." Howard was born in Bremerton, Wash., on Nov. 24, 1917. Is 6' tall, weighs 175 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Unmarried. Lots of mail sent to him at Universal will help give him the stardom he deserves.



ROBERT KENDALL was Hassen in *Song of Scheherazade*, and this cute 18-year-old newcomer was born in Battle Creek, Mich. He's 5'7", and has dark hair and eyes. Welcomes fan mail at Universal, and Joan Eucker, 3915 Carpenter Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., has his fan club.



You have the questions! I have the answers! Let's get together. It's Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Don't forget the self-addressed stamped envelope.

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They're shade-mates in new Jergens Matchmates. Just achingly lovely together — on you. Fragrant new powder — even newer lipstick — velvetized for closest cling. Both yours (if you dare) in Matchmates, for \$1.00 (plus tax). See Matchmates — in 6 other rapturous shade-pairs, too.

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GLORIFY YOUR HAIR



How to flatter
your newest hair-style
by keeping your
tresses as sparkling
as a movie star's!

BY CAROL CARTER,
BEAUTY EDITOR

■ Movie girls have new hair styles with each picture, and only *healthy* tresses can take these studio demands. Joan (Northwest Stampede) Leslie keeps her red-gold hair always shining. It's professionally dressed when she's doing a picture; otherwise she cares for it at home. Washes her own locks and "marvellous," says she, is the way her new miracle shampoo keeps hair in condition. You have no studio demands, but re-styling is fun. Like Joan's, your hair should be in condition. Begin with the right shampoo, such as the new liquid one that cleans in a jiffy and shines hair like a Hollywood star's.

Before: Brush, brush, brush. Twist your wrist so that hair is swept outwards. Often wipe the brush on a towel to remove excess dust. When scalp is a-tingle, begin a warm oil treatment. Apply the oil with a pad of cotton to scalp and hair ends, and massage until your arms call "quits." Wrap your head in a towel and read for an hour while the lubrication gets in its good work.

For fast sudsing, wet your hair before applying shampoo. Use both hands for a vigorous "suds scrub." To clean the ends, add a drop or two of fresh shampoo and squeeze the suds through the strands as you would through a piece of cloth. Now rinse until every trace of suds vanishes down the drain.

After: Remove all possible moisture by towel-drying your hair. If it needs the lubrication of brilliantine or hair cream because of an unusual amount of "fly," now, while hair is still damp, is the time to apply it. After the toweling, everyone should brush hair almost dry.

Roll curls in even strands and carefully pin them in the shape of a cinnamon bun. While they set, tie your head in a pretty net. The new hair-do will soon be ready, made very glamorous by the texture and sheen of your hair!

Revlon's ^{NEW} "Fashion Plate"

The only cream wafer face make-up in the world!

Not a cake!

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No sponge!



Beauty ideal of all time... Today's goddess wears the make-up of tomorrow . . . Revlon's new "Fashion Plate"! Like a wonderful hat, it brings instant *change*. Cream Wafer needs no water, no sponge . . . makes everything else old-fashioned! Your own fingertips . . . *magic* with "Fashion Plate" . . . quickly stroke on the radiant illusion of poreless-as-porcelain perfection! 12 Revlon Genius-Colors, including the very latest, "Cinderella's Pumpkin."

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Touch it...
Feel the difference!
Stroke it on...
See the difference!

RAWLINGS PHOTOGRAPH • JEWELS, JOHN RUBEL
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The Jack of Hearts Stole some Tarts...

Cookies *and* Tarts! They taste so wonderful my Dad says they take every trick in the deck. My Mom says of course it's the KARO® Syrup in them. I've noticed myself that KARO does something pretty special to everything you use it in. How are things at *your* house? Anybody hungry for some extra special cookies?

the KARO Kid



CURRENT LEMON TARTS

1 recipe pastry

2 teaspoons corn starch	2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
½ cup sugar	⅓ cup melted butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon salt	1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red Label	1 tablespoon lemon juice
	1 cup currants or raisins

For large dessert tarts, roll pastry ⅛ inch thick. Line tart pans with pastry rounds, cut to extend ½ inch up side of pan, making a shallow shell. Mix corn starch, sugar and salt; add egg and blend well. Add remaining ingredients, mixing well. Fill tart shells with this mixture. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 15 minutes longer. Remove tarts quickly, while hot. Makes six 4-inch tarts.

For tea tarts, as shown in photograph, follow same recipe, but cut pastry in 3-inch rounds. Line muffin pans; extend pastry ¼ inch up side of pan. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Makes 30.

© C. P. R. Co. 1947

DATE AND NUT CHEWS

2 eggs	1 cup dates, finely cut
¾ teaspoon salt	1 cup chopped nut meats
½ teaspoon almond extract	¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar	⅓ cup confectioners' sugar
½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label	

Place eggs in large bowl. Add salt and almond extract. Beat until light. Gradually beat in sugar and KARO Syrup. Add dates and nut meats and mix well. Fold in sifted flour. Pour into 2 greased 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from oven and while still hot, cut into 1½-inch squares. Shape at once into small balls. Roll in confectioners' sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

These cookies keep remarkably well when stored in tightly covered box or jar.

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Company, New York, N. Y.

NUT DROP COOKIES

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour	½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label
½ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon vanilla
⅓ cup shortening	¾ cup coarsely chopped nut meats
½ cup brown sugar	
2 eggs	

Sift together flour and salt. Cream shortening; add sugar; cream until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add KARO; beat well. Stir in vanilla, nut meats and sifted dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from pan at once. Makes 4 dozen.

If desired, place ½ pecan on each cookie before baking.



LADY IN RETIREMENT

(Continued from page 27)

winding coast highway to her tiny little house in Del Monte Forest, overlooking the Blue Pacific. And there she has spent most of her time, preferring not to talk to anyone. She has insisted on working out her problems in the quiet beach town where the people mind their own business, and treat her as a neighbor instead of a star.

It was quite a problem to reach Greer. There's no phone in her house in the woods. When she has to call Hollywood, she climbs out of her bathing suit, and into tailored slacks and blouse, hikes down to the phone in the corner drug store, and stands patiently in the booth while \$1.70 in nickels, dimes and quarters make a symphony of chimes as the coins clink into the box. It was on that phone that I finally reached her, via one secretary and umpteen calls, and she agreed to talk with me for MODERN SCREEN, when she came back to Hollywood.

Two days later, sitting in her comfortable, luxurious drawing room, and looking slim and cool in a dazzling white suit, Greer was radiant about her new happiness. It was enough almost to confirm those rumors that she and Dick are reconciling.

"Well, I don't know, Virginia," Greer said with just a suggestion of a twinkle. "Discussing something you're trying to work out is bad, at least until you've reached a decision."

But Greer's eyes were twinkling. Sitting in the living room with warm California sunshine turning her titian hair to fire, she looked like a little girl dreaming about a bright new toy, which she was afraid to touch for fear it might not be there when she reached out her hands.

"I feel wonderful," Greer laughed, ruffling the top-knot on the small, black French poodle, and sinking back into a sea-green couch. "Up in the country, I've been rusticiating—taking long walks, gardening, climbing rocks, driving along the craggy coastline—and thinking a lot."

At this point, Joseph, her white-coated butler, announced luncheon, and we continued our talk over scrambled eggs, sliced tomatoes, and hot biscuits.

"Other than that," she said, as we were sitting down, "I've taken up horseback riding again, which required a rare kind of mental courage with me, because I'm frightened to death of horses. But now I can spend two hours on horseback without tiring. I have taken my first fall, too, so I am not so scared any more. Yes, I practice in the ring, but I enjoy more the ride up through the forest. No, I'm not up to jumping yet."

The rustication was almost a complete retreat. For the first couple of months, while she was recovering her health, Greer spent almost every morning sitting under the umbrella chairs on her porch.

After she began to feel stronger, she swam and then took up horseback riding, wearing a brown riding outfit. Only once or twice a week did she go into town.

Back in Hollywood, Greer was seen occasionally with a group of friends that included Richard Ney. The gossip columnists pounced on the possibilities of a reconciliation. But then Greer had just tossed her bright curls and said nothing. "You know," Greer said, momentarily forgetting the delicious food on her plate, and with a brooding look in her eye for a minute, "about the separation, I felt as if it weren't anybody's concern but Dick's and mine. When one of the columnists phoned me, I returned her call because she was a friend of mine. But I didn't want to. I didn't think it was any of her business. But later, my business manager said, 'Yes, it is, Greer. It IS her business.' And I guess he was

right, at that. So I gave out the story."

Her admission of a rift in the Garson-Ney household was brief and dignified. Her statement to the press read:

"This is not an easy or a hasty decision. But like many other married couples, we have had personal problems and difficulties. Unfortunately—at this time—they seem to make continuation impossible."

That was all. But, although the newspapers were anxious to print any item referring to her private troubles, and several spurious "quotes" were printed, they didn't get any facts from Greer herself.

"People would send me clippings of little squibs and hints in the papers about us," Greer admitted over a tasty dessert of fruit cup. "I used to feel a quick stab of dismay in my tummy. Things like that bothered me terribly at first. But after all these months up there by the ocean, where life is calm and peaceful, I've worked out a new philosophy. Now, when I hear about those items in the gossip columns, I just chuckle. I don't get upset any more. And I'll probably live a lot longer."

All during this personal struggle, Greer's professional life hasn't been running any too smoothly, either. Her less considerate critics used columns of space to point out that after one bad picture, *Adventure*, Miss Garson was having script trouble with her next. They picked a familiar phrase to harp on: "There's nothing wrong with Greer Garson that a good picture won't cure."

"It's certainly true, isn't it?" said Greer, with a chuckle. "What I went through on *A Woman of My Own* was really something. First, we worked three weeks and then they switched leading men. I was doubtful about doing the picture, but yielded. Then the director was ill for weeks; the censors changed the story around until the basic plot was weakened. During a location trip, I was almost swept out to sea in an accident that ruined my health for six months; and, finally, when we previewed the results . . . well . . . !!"

Director George Cukor admitted rue-

fully to her that the people in the theater weren't "emotionally involved."

"If you mean they laughed in the wrong place," Greer grinned, "you're quite right!"

The studio bosses, who had threatened, pleaded, argued and finally ordered her to make the picture in the beginning, allowed that her original fears had been justified and said they'd make amends.

"It had turned out just as badly as I said it would in the first place," Greer sighed. "But we made it over—and now it's much better. We had another preview and the audience liked it. That's one of the reasons I'm happier. Another is that I have my health back."

Another trial has been the so-called "feud" between Greer and the new British star, Deborah Kerr, which is supposed to exist. Greer still hasn't figured out who dreamed that up out of the blue.

"I've never feuded with anyone, either privately or professionally. Why should I be feuding with Deborah?" she demanded, her blue eyes ablaze. "She's my fellow countrywoman. She's also a very fine actress and a nice girl. But that's no reason for me to get huffy. Heavens! M-G-M's big enough for both of us!"

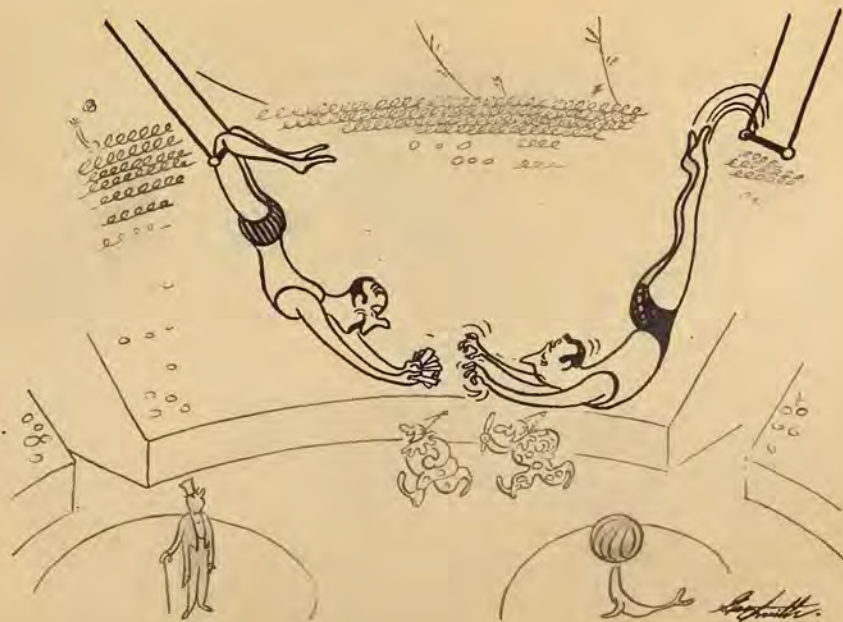
"One can't expect a masterpiece every year. No one can hit 100 per cent all the time. I'm really very lucky. I had a lot of good breaks for a long time."

"I don't know what's ahead in any department," Greer added, "but I know this, I'm not going to waste an hour of any lovely day in worry or negative thought. I'm not looking back. I'm looking ahead."

Just as I was leaving, Greer had a phone call. After a brief—but intimate—conversation in hushed and excited mumblings, she returned to walk me down the graveled driveway to my car.

She looked like a girl who had just received her first bid to a prom. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes sparkled. I drove away thinking there might be something to the rumors of her reconciliation with Dick. Who knows?

MODERN SCREEN



"Pick a card—any card."

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

(Continued from page 59)

came along.

The new house was charming, in its individual fashion. It had a huge living room with a fireplace the size of a neanderthal cave stretching all across one end. There was a balcony along two sides of the room and the bedrooms opened off that. Only thing was, the stairs were outside.

Mike surveyed it dubiously. "I can see I gotta stay sober, if I'm gonna live here."

Frank, who only drinks "cokes," merely grinned. "Good for you to stay sober."

They soon found that the enormous fireplace, while decorative, simply devoured wood. One cold night the wood ran out and they sat there shivering for awhile. Then Frank went to the door and stared out reflectively. It was a moonlit night with everything silhouetted neatly against the sky.

Gradually, Frank got the look of bright mischief on his face that only his very best friends have seen.

Mike groaned in alarm. "Now, Frank, take it easy. Not that picket fence next door—she'll have you arrested!"

But Frank said, "I've always thought those pickets were too close together. They'd look a lot better a little farther apart." And he vanished out the door.

He was back in half an hour with enough wood to last the rest of the evening. And the lady next door apparently never even noticed that her fence pickets were spaced differently next day.

It was while they lived here that Frank and Mike began work on the picture script which is so important to them both. Mike had written a short sketch about a character who fascinated him. The guy was strictly a grifter. The kind who goes into a restaurant alone and broke, and comes out with a free five-course dinner inside him and a blonde hanging onto his arm. A smooth talker and a fastworker and no good for anything or anybody.

Mike had thought the piece might do as a script for a short. But he hadn't gotten

around to doing anything definite about it, and one day he put it in a heap with some other stuff he was going to ship East to get out of the way.

"What's this?" Frank asked, leafing through it idly.

Mike explained, but Frank wasn't listening. He was reading, and when he'd finished, he said seriously, "Mike, this is terrific. Why don't you really go to work on it and make it into a picture script?"

"Will you help?" They had written a radio sketch not long before, so Mike knew Frank could write.

"Sure. I'll bet we could really make something out of this. Let's start tonight."

That was the beginning. Gradually the original idea was expanded, and changed and hopped up till it was hardly recognizable as the little character sketch. Frank would lie awake at night, thinking about it. At three or four in the morning he would suddenly jump out of bed and run into Mike's room.

"Mike, wake up! I've got an idea!"

Mike would open one eye. "Listen, kid, have your ideas in the daytime."

"Oh, get up, will you? This is important!"

For the next couple of hours they would go over and over the thing, brooding about angles, arguing approaches, with Mike, by now as enthusiastic as Frank, acting it out.

Finally Frank would say, "Let's call Greg in New York and see what he thinks."

"Greg" is Frank Gregory who works for Twentieth Century-Fox in New York. He never gets excited, which is why he's such a good critic for the other two. He gives his honest opinion, good or bad, and Frank accepts it with respect for Greg's judgment. They are very good pals those two, having been through a few adventures together. When Greg first got out of the Army, he came to see Frank in Hollywood, a gleam in his eye.

"You've got a car, and I've got some saved-up cash burning a hole in the pocket of this nice, new civilian suit. Let's take a trip to San Francisco."

They left that night. The jalopy creaked and groaned, but it did all right for the first thirty miles. Then tires started blowing out with the regularity of machine-gun fire. Fortunately, it was a bright, moonlight night but even so, changing tires got a little monotonous.

"We ought to have some of that sea-sick medicine your mother fed you on the boat that time," Greg said, grinning. "Remember—she's always telling about it?"

It's one of the Latimore family's favorite stories. When Frank was about five years old his mother took him to Europe with her. She was afraid the boy would be sea-sick so she took along some medicine which a friend recommended very highly.

"They give it to mountain climbers for altitude sickness," the friend said, "and it's wonderful for sea-sickness too. One pill three times a day."

That was fine. But little Frank, exploring their cabin the first day out, found the bottle and thought those pink tablets looked just like candy. Down the hatch they went, the whole bottle of them, and his mother almost died of fright when she found out about it. She got the ship doctor, and he said Frank would have to work them off by doing mountain climbing, to counterbalance the effects. Of course there aren't any mountains on ships, so five-year-old Frankie was set to work climbing around the cabin. Up on chairs, climbed Frank, over the bed, chinning himself on the bureau, getting rid of the excess energy generated by the pills. And they certainly would have been a fine thing to have along for stimulation in changing tires!

cross country trek . . .

After the boys left San Francisco, they drove cross-country for about five hundred miles. How the car held together through that is the mystery of all time. They found an old deserted mine on the top of a mountain when they were exploring a country road, and had a fine time wandering through its labyrinths.

When they came out of the mine, they sat and sunbathed in the nude to get a complete tan, secure in the belief that they were twenty miles or so from civilization. It was a considerable shock when they got their clothes back on and walked half a dozen yards in the other direction to find a farmer's wife placidly hanging out clothes on a back porch which they had thought was part of the abandoned mine!

Frank's next adventure after that trip was falling in love. He's only twenty-one and while he had had plenty of girls, he'd never been serious about any of them before. This girl was attractive and charming and—well, they fell in love or thought they did. Long telephone calls, dates almost every night, that warm happy feeling when they knew they were going to see each other—the works!

But then Frank had to go to Canada to make scenes for 13 Rue Madeleine, and somehow things looked different. Oh, for a while he spent most of his time and all his money on the long distance telephone, trying to persuade the girl to come and meet him in New York and get married. Fortunately she wouldn't, and it was just as well. Because in a couple of months they had both decided that maybe that moonlight and roses feeling wasn't the lasting kind—that it had been fun, but there were a lot of other people in the world they wanted to meet before they settled down to any one of them.

A few months ago, Frank was called

MODERN SCREEN



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Discover SweetHeart's *Floating Lift* Beauty Care! Night and morning, massage your face one minute with SweetHeart's *extra lather*. Rinse with warm—then cold water. Skin is *cleansed ... stimulated ... more radiant!*

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• For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's *extra lather* with its *floating lift* is simply marvelous!

• "It pays me to choose truly helpful complexion care," says beautiful Jeanne Decker. "And this amazing SweetHeart Care is simply divine. It leaves my skin soft, smooth, and radiant."

You, too, will rave about this beauty care! For pure, mild SweetHeart Soap gives up to *twice as much lather* as average beauty soaps. And this soft, billowing lather has a *floating lift*. Pictures taken through the microscope *prove* this amazing, gentle action on the skin.

Countless bubbles bathe the outer pore openings...*lift off—float away—dirt and rough skin flakes*. Your complexion looks smoother, fresher, lovelier—for its true beauty is revealed!



East to consider a part in *Bathsheba*, the James Mason play. Mike, whose wife and baby were staying with her family in Brooklyn, decided to come along and get a job in New York.

"Not an acting job, an eating job," he explained. "I can't get my family out of that three meals a day habit, and acting doesn't seem to be paying me very well these days."

The *Bathsheba* deal fell through, but there were various other things in the offing to keep Frank in New York. He took a room in a hotel and weekends he went out to Darien where his mother and step-father live. He had gone to school in Darien and there were plenty of his old friends around.

He used to take walks along the sandy shore of the Sound. It was good to be by yourself sometimes and think about what you wanted to do with your life.

just a cheap little house . . .

It was during one of those walks that Frank decided to buy a house in New York. A cheap house. And when the boy makes up his mind to something, he is pretty definite about it. He only grinned at his sister Trista when she said he was crazy, that there was no such thing as a cheap house in New York. Strangely enough it was through her, actually, that he found a house at last.

"Why don't you go and see Charles Hopkins at Pease and Elliman," she suggested. "He's an ex-actor, you know, and a very nice guy."

Pease and Elliman are one of the biggest real estate firms in New York. Frank could imagine the shudder of horror with which they would greet his announcement of the low price he wanted to pay.

"Thanks," he told Trista, "but I guess I'll look around for awhile myself." And that's what he set out to do.

The "looking around," was conspicuously unsuccessful. At last, in desperation, Frank paid a call on the imposing offices of Pease and Elliman.

Mr. Hopkins turned out to be a pleasant gentleman with a ready smile and a sympathetic ear for Frank's tale of woe and despair.

Amazingly, incredibly, the first house he showed him was *The House*. Oh, not that it was any dream home! Just an old brownstone in an unfashionable neighborhood on West 95th Street.

But the house itself was solidly built, and managed somehow to have a quality of dignity about it that appealed to Frank. He could visualize it with some of the partitions removed to make bigger rooms. With one big, wide window across the front on each floor. With a combined living room and work room and "little theater" all in one. There were four floors all together—plenty of room for Mike and his family, too.

his best girl . . .

Frank is crazy about Mike's little four-year-old Carol Ann. She interrupts their work, and demands to be taken to her uncle's ice cream parlor for chocolate cones, and just as the flame of genius is burning bright, Carol Ann is likely to decide she wants to sit on Frank's lap. But she's a cutie, that one. She is convinced that Frank's last name is Ratamorgue, and nothing will keep her from calling him that. With an elfin smile that never fails to enchant him.

One of these days he'll probably meet a girl and it will really be love and they'll marry and have some little Carol Anns of their own. Meanwhile, you can go on dreaming about him, because he's heart-whole and fancy-free, and the best looking twenty-one-year-old male you ever saw in all your life!

ARE RUSSELL AND MADISON MARRIED?

(Continued from page 24)

What day?

Furthermore, Gail used to be a moody, strange character who'd cry at the drop of a hat, and if you didn't drop the hat, she'd cry anyhow.

Suddenly, she's warmer, and more friendly, and a lot more hilarious.

Guy seems more relaxed lately, too.

Besides which, they act happier together. No more battles, no more walking out on each other. Peace, it's wonderful. Is it permanent?

Guy and Gail date every night; that much is known. They've reconciled all minor habits of taste which might make trouble. He likes to dine early; she can't stand the sight of a lamb-chop until half-past eight.

"You don't live a healthy life," he used to say.

She'd stare at him. "Don't be dull." And that would be the signal for an argument.

repeat performance . . .

Now he eats at four in the afternoon, and then again at nine with her, and they couldn't be more delighted with the arrangement.

"You drink too much coffee," he used to tell her.

"I like too much coffee," she'd say.

Now she's cut down on coffee terrifically. "Just leave me enough to keep my pesky eyes pried open," she begs, and that much he leaves her, and she struggles along on it as best she can.

Once he was the most tardy man in town.

Now, if he stops to have his shoes shined, he's on the phone apologizing. And if he's out on studio business at night, he calls Gail every fifteen minutes to describe the atmosphere, the surroundings, and his personal opinion of how long it can possibly last.

And Gail, who always refused to be caught dead or even half-dead at any social function she didn't crave to be caught at, now listens when Guy says, "You really should, you know," and they go to the thing together, arm-in-arm, smiling through clenched teeth.

He's been wonderful for her that way. "So you're bored," he'd say. "They're paying you good money to be bored."

"Okay, Moe," she'd say. "Okay."

There are small tendernesses between them that friends seem to feel are fraught with meaning.

They remember the last Academy Awards, and Gail mentioning to Guy that

STARDUST—\$5 WORTH

Starry October skies are beautiful, we admit. But the walking stars of Hollywood cast a glow all their own—wherever they go. If you've seen one in your town, we'd like to hear about it, but only if they do more than twinkle. You'll know what we mean if you glance through our "I Saw It Happen" boxes, because there the stars walk and talk just for you. We'll toss a handful of stardust your way for every short, amusing and true anecdote we use. Five dollars, that is, if the stars are with you. Send your anecdote to the "I Saw It Happen," Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Star gazing? How about giving us a peek?

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she'd never won anything. "Not in my whole life," she said mournfully digging one toe in the carpet.

Shortly thereafter, he brought her a tiny gold Oscar, delicately engraved. "For Having a Heart," it said.

She must have bawled for half an hour, and loved every minute of it.

Guy worries about her health, and makes her drink water, and swipes cigarettes out of her hands, and brings her one old beat-up rose every night. "We gotta save money, honey—"

This is to tease her, because she used to complain when he came in with armloads of expensive flowers.

But whether they're saving money because they're busy being a responsible married couple, nobody knows with any degree of certainty.

It's peculiar how mysterious situations like this one originate. In the beginning, when Guy and Gail started being serious, there was trouble with their respective studios.

protection . . .

It wasn't anybody's fault. Studios have to protect their own interests, and while the romance was good publicity for both Paramount and Selznick, a marriage would not have been. At least, that's the way the studios had it figured, and they're fairly good at figuring.

They feel until young stars are very firmly established, they're better box-office if they're single.

Then some fairly ugly rumors broke. "Guy's going around with Gail to grab space in columns."

The same thing was said about Gail.

It wasn't conducive to mutual trust and affection.

Afterwards, the stories came out about their being engaged, and there were more embarrassing repercussions, and for a while, Gail and Guy just stopped seeing each other.

Now they're back together again, obviously in love, and possibly married. If they are married, it may be they feel they're protecting themselves and their marriage by keeping it secret. They've had too many big fuses, and flashy newspaper stories, and bad feelings to risk getting hurt again.

So there you are, and where are you? You can safely say Guy Madison and Gail Russell are an extra-handsome young couple, crazy about each other, and having a wonderful time. But if you want to do any guessing beyond that, you're strictly on your own.

Ava Gardner . . .

soon to be seen in MGM's important picture *The Hucksters*. When we lined up beautiful Ava for a fashion shot, we couldn't make up our mind whether to photograph her with up-hair or down-hair—she looked so ravishing both ways.

But we had no trouble at all deciding the suit Ava was to wear. Naturally, we chose the heavenly royal blue with the silver nailheads—cut, as anyone can see, to say awfully nice things about your figure.

It's 100% Pacific wool. Also in grey, forest green, or black. Comes in sizes 10 to 18.

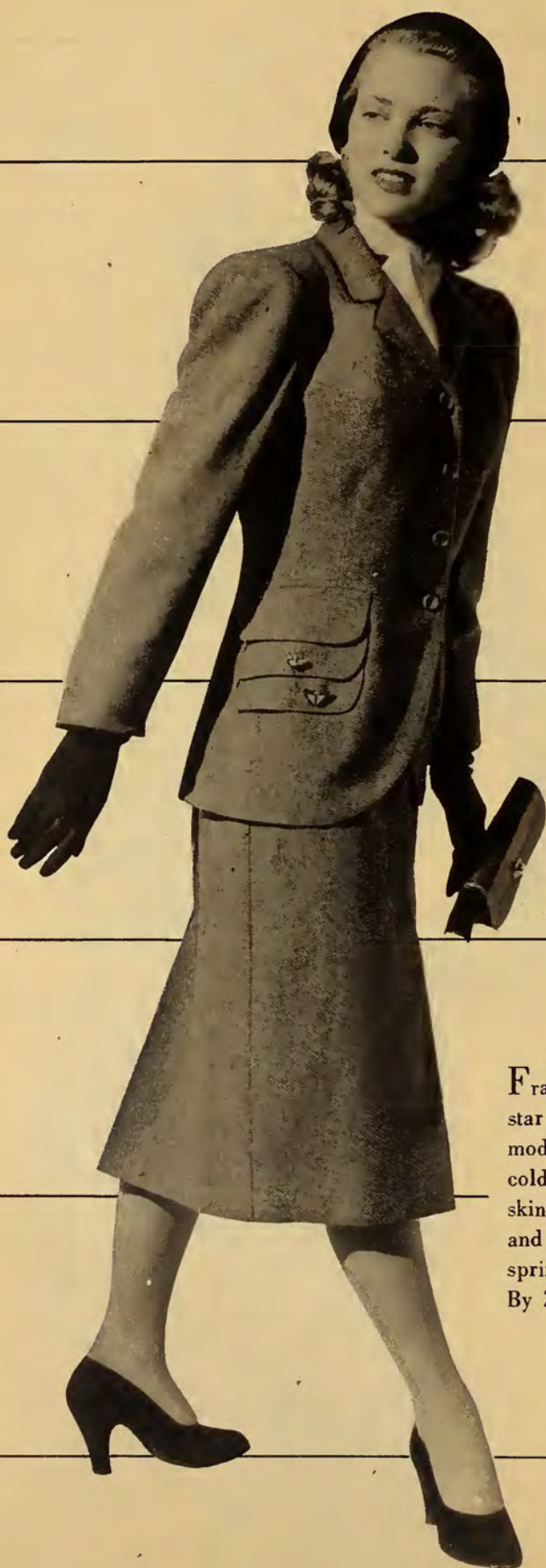
A Colleen Original About \$25

To find out where to buy this suit, please turn to page 88.

modern screen

fashions





W

hen leaves fall

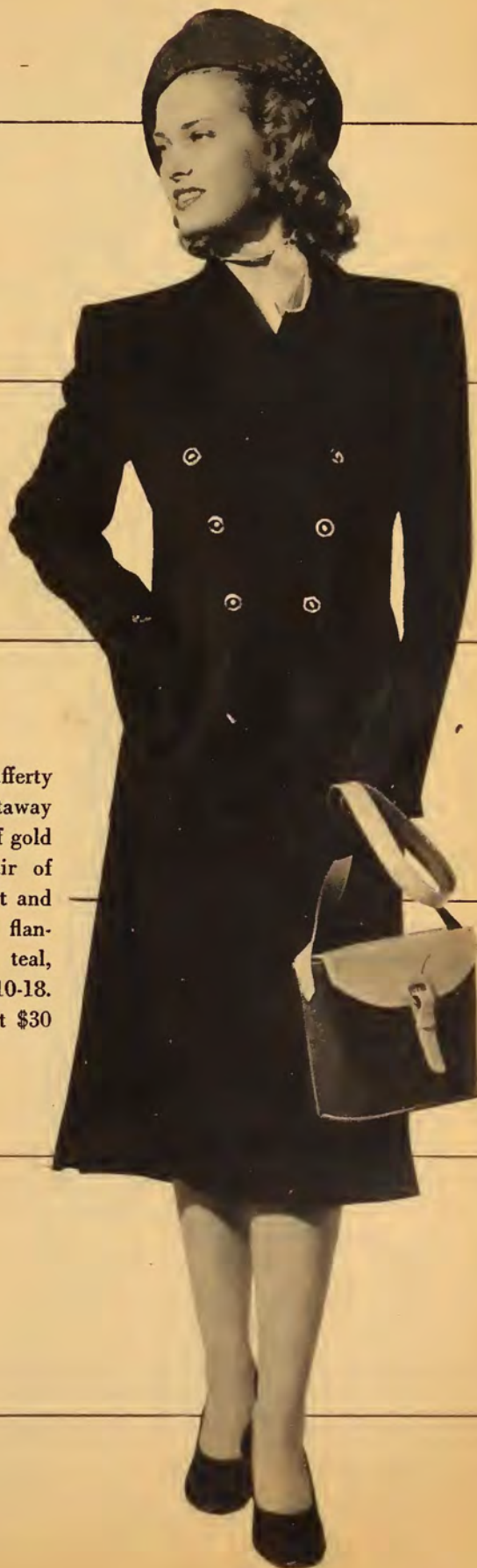
By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor

Frances Rafferty, Eagle-Lion star soon to appear in *Kenny*, models a suit to meet the first cold snap. It's a crisp wool shark-skin with a trio of pocket flaps—and you'll love it from now until spring. Grey or tan. Sizes 10-18. By Zimco About \$20

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88

you want a new suit

Eagle-Lion's Frances Rafferty poses in a sophisticated cutaway suit with a double march of gold buttons, and a general air of ready money. In that smart and beautiful fabric—all wool flannel. Black, brown, grey, teal, others. It comes in sizes 10-18.
By Joselli About \$30






W

hen leaves

turn vivid

Teen-agers, you never had it so good! Who else can wear a glad plaid like this—tricked up with velvet collar, cuffs, weskit peplum? Red and navy; black-green; brown-blue, in Deering Milliken's wool mixture. 8-16. A Teentimer OOriginal \$8.98





'Teen-agers, you never had it so easy! Who else can wear a gad-about gabardine like this—decked with a silver chatelaine? Red, grey, royal, kelly, teal, aqua, in Labtex rayon. Sizes 8-16. Designed for teens by the teens' own Grace Norman. A Teentimer OOriginal \$8.98

you want a bright dress



FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88





The knitted suit is news

Frances Rafferty, Eagle-Lion star, models a suit that's *knitted*—big fashion news for fall. Fits dreamy, never wrinkles, has a gold pocket—what more can you ask of a suit? Rose, wine, green or brown wool. Sizes 9-15; 10-18. By Lofties . . . About \$25

FOR WHERE TO BUY
turn to page 88



DD

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draped dress by the inimitable Doris Dodson!
Sophisticate... YOU at your "party prettiest"...
in Mallinson's Whirlaway rayon crepe;
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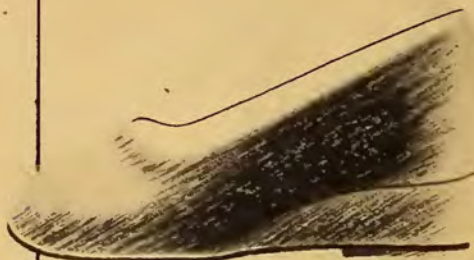


JUNIOR ORIGINALS

Love to be in your shoes



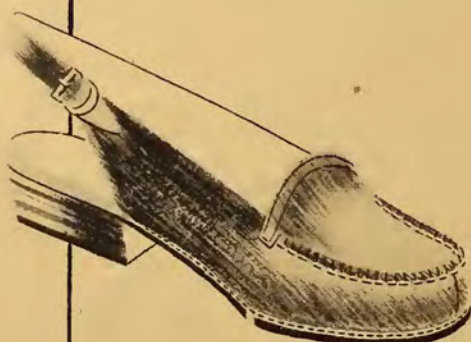
• Love the glint of gold piping on your open-work pumps. Black, brown, green. Suede or calf. Open or closed back. Styl-Eez by Selby About \$9.95



• Love your flats—crazy about platforms. Closed heel-and-toe runabouts—in green, blue, grey, black or brown suede. By Sandler of Boston About \$7.50



• Love that graceful lattice vamp—never saw your legs look so pretty. Wine green, brown or black suede. By Carmelletes About \$8.95



• Love the comfort of moccasins—plus the oomph of a sling-back. Black suede or brown calf with cute white stitching. A Connie Shoe About \$6

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

song socially for the next two weeks. Right after this she came down with a bad attack of old-fashioned hay fever which, in Hollywood, we swankily call an allergy.

But then as I told you, everyone was there—the young generation of stars, too. I spotted Peter Lawford who seems to go out socially more than any other young man I know; June Allyson, cute as a button, was with her Dick Powell. How she loves him, and I must say he returns it. How could he help it, she's so adorable. I think that Dick is glad that Joan Blondell, his ex-wife, married Mike Todd. Joan has been so unhappy over this romance (hers and Mike's, I mean) and we are all glad to see her bright and happy again.

One reason Bette Davis and her husband, Sherry (William Grant Sherry, to be exact) are so happy is because Bette is just as interested in his career as he is in hers.

When Sherry was just about ready to exhibit some of his best paintings at the Laguna Art Show, it was Bette who selected appropriate frames, and then did the job of framing them, herself. Believe me, everyone was interested in seeing them.

Say what you will, there's nobody like Clark Gable. With his charm, it will be a long time before the King is displaced. Younger men have come along to dazzle the gals, but none has yet hit with the force of a Gable.

Oh, sure—there have been times when Clark has miffed me, and long periods would go by when we didn't see one another. But it is impossible to be in his company more than a split second, and not fall under his fascinating spell again.

Not long ago, he came to see me and we had a grand time drinking coffee in the garden and talking over old times, and new ones.

When he raved about Ava Gardner in *The Hucksters* I accused him of having a weakness for the girl. "Nope," he denied. "If I fell in love with every girl I admired, I wouldn't have time for fishing and hunting. Those are my two real loves, Louella."

I believed him. And sad though the word may be, I think Clark will never marry again. There's an unforgettable shrine in his heart, marked CAROLE LOMBARD, that goes too deep.

And now it is time to say "That's all" again this month—but I never feel I lose contact with you because your letters are so interesting. Let me know if you are as enthusiastic about Louis Jourdan as I am—after you see him in *The Paradine Case*. Or—do you think Larry Parks has slipped since *The Jolson Story*? How do you like Burt Lancaster in his he-man portrayals in such movies as *The Killers*? Too realistic—or just right? I'll have a close up on Burt for you next month. Until then—So long.

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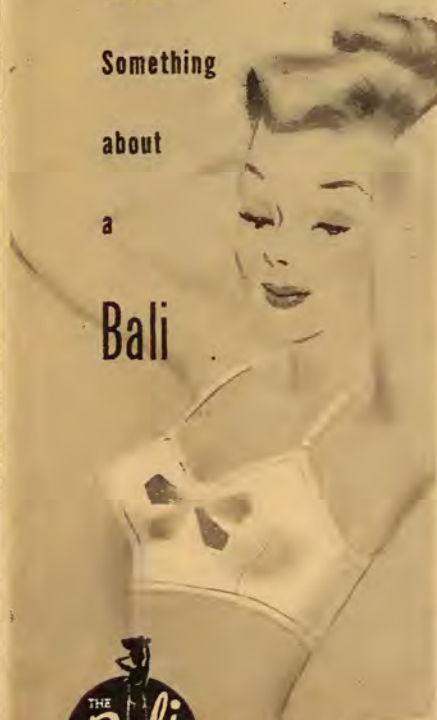
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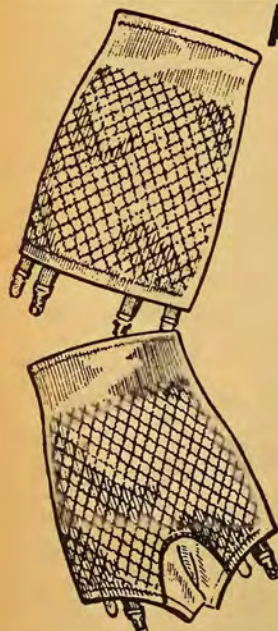
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Button, button, who has the button? La Made has plenty of them for you to make charm bracelets, necklaces, headbands—even sew them on baby-socks. These are part of a Sherlock Hames set. 75c ea. A. & S., Bklyn.

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from page 41)

at the time, figuring that this would prevent arguments, even though my wife kept insisting that everything we earned, borrowed or swiped in the way of things like hotel towels, should be shared and shared alike.

I finally gave in.

"Okay," I said. "We'll lump it all together, but from now on in, young woman, you are going to live on a strict allowance of \$25 a week, and don't let me hear about needing more, because you asked for this."

June Powell (I am going to drop the Allyson billing, even if she is the most important star on the Metro lot) looked at me with that great big liquid stare and murmured, "I promise."

That was all very well and good. Except that every day or so June would come barging in and exclaim, "Honey, let me have a dollar, will you? The man is here about the faddif turner and I have misplaced my purse."

So I would shell out the dollar or the fifty cents or whatever; because even great, great grandpa Powell back in Arkansas was never a heel about his small change.

I. O. U. plenty . . .

So there came a day.

I was alone in my home, surrounded by knotty pine, and the books I intend to read some day, when the doorbell rang. A man wanted \$125 for a couple of cans of movie film the master of the house had ordered. But the master of the house had no money. So he went to the secret panel, twirled the combination and looked inside.

There, neatly stacked in envelopes, each containing \$25 in untouched bills, was my wife's complete allowance. I, who after all am Mrs. Powell's husband, share and share alike, took out the necessary \$125, paid the man, and put in an I.O.U. for the amount I had borrowed.

When Mrs. Powell returned home that evening, I told her about the I.O.U.

And, oh brother, did I catch hell!

Well, maybe for a family journal it was just the dickens. Anyway, Mrs. Powell looked so cute standing there and dressing me down, that I forgot all about how she had been tapping me for fifty cents here and a dollar there all this time. I could do nothing but take my bawling out gracefully. Then I turned Mrs. Powell over my knee and spanked her, and that was that.

Except that I don't dip into those envelopes any more.

There are just under a thousand reasons why a fellow like me married a girl like June Allyson whose latest picture is *Virtuous*, with Van Johnson, and a very good one, too. One reason that is very good goes like this—

Mrs. Powell says to Mr. Powell, "Tell the folks why you are glad you married me."

Mr. Powell says to Mrs. Powell, "I'm glad I married you because you always wake up smiling."

Then, some cynic who is well aware that a paralysis sets in on the smiling muscles of the average bride after a few months says, "Does she go to sleep smiling, too?"

She does. As an author of this piece, and the only known living authority on the subject, she does.

Sometimes, in a pensive mood, I get to thinking what a narrow escape I had. But for one exceedingly brilliant thought, I might never have been a part of this long-term matrimonial deal with Mrs. Powell.

About three years ago, I was dating this

(Continued on page 122)

"Fringed Flatterer"

\$6⁹⁵



A dress to catch any man's fancy! Tailored of full-bodied Spun Rayon with contrasting wool and cotton fringe on shoulder tabs, pocket flaps and cuffs. Has a snug set-in belt, push up sleeves and softly pleated skirt. Gay gilt metal buttons. Sizes 9 to 17.

Colors:

Brown with Green Fringe
Aqua with Brown Fringe
Grey with Red Fringe
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Send me the "Fringed Flatterer" Dress. On arrival I'll pay the postman \$6.95 plus postage.

SIZE—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐

Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice

Brown ☐ Aqua ☐ Grey ☐ Red ☐

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Cinderella
of Boston

59 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON 11, MASS.

EVERYTHING WITH A KISS

(Continued from page 60)

she hurried on past Stage 10, really a guy. Funny how absent-minded he was about some things—had to give the keys to his Ford to his stand-in, because he'd be sure to lose 'em. And the dinner party, that must have been a four-alarm riot for laughs. Special guests for dinner, and Mr. Grant forgot to tell the cook. They say he called a restaurant, though, and had food sent over, and the people thought it was charming, and had a very wonderful time. Just like him.

"Hi, Mary," she said.

Mary Wise, best friend, fell in beside her.

"Almost six o'clock, Meg. We'll have to hurry and eat to get to the theater. *Night and Day*. Ought to be good. With MISTER Grant!"

The girls hurried, punched the time clock for messenger girls, and emerged on Gower Street, wondering which would be the best way to get to the theater, and if there would be a soda fountain near by, well supplied with snacks and malteds.

"Trick or treat?" said a familiar voice.

"Hello, Mr. Grant," said Meg, reverently.

"Ride?" asked Mr. Grant.

"The Lincoln Continental today. Wow!"

"We're going to try to get into line for—"

"Hop in. Don't tell me you're going to that opening?" (Grant never goes to premieres, especially his own.)

"Oh, sure."

"You're a bit early. Where are you eating?"

"Well, we don't know."

The Lincoln Continental took off with the smooth roar of a great French train.

"Tell you what. Have dinner with me."

"OH! We couldn't!" Both girls indicated their sweaters and short skirts. "Besides," said Meg, "you have a date."

Cary looked at them slant-wise. It has always been a matter of abiding mystery to him how everybody in Hollywood seems to know when he has a date, with whom, and why.

"Why, yes, but that's okay. Come on."

bobby-sockers' heaven . . .

Romanoff's was jam-packed with directors trying to impress producers, actors trying to impress directors, actresses trying to impress actresses, and everybody trying to impress waiters.

Miss Betty Hensel, the St. Louis girl, who has apparently impressed Cary Grant, thought it was perfectly natural for Cary to bring two messenger girls in sweaters. She was friendly and relaxed, and the girls finally descended from Cloud Seven to approximately Cloud Three, and ate their dinner. They had nine things Meg had never heard of.

Then they drove to the theater, where Grant dropped them off among the arc lights pencilling into the sky, the bleachers, and the autograph hounds, and they descended from the Lincoln Continental, and walked in on the red carpet, with Grant's tickets.

Cary Grant is no enigma to Meg, and there is no particular reason why he should be to anybody.

He became thoroughly acquainted with the messenger girls, the telephone operators, the gatemen and the rest of the so-called "little people" on the RKO lot, not through any conscious affectation of democracy, or even by deliberately setting out to make friends and influence back lots. During the war, Cary had no telephone.

When the great folk at the studio sug-

(Continued on page 89)

dressing for junior

■ If you're a junior mother-to-be, all agog at junior's expected arrival—you're fashion's pet. When a designer bends over her drawing board to whip up a young maternity dress—she has a gleam in her eye like a doting aunt. And she remembers that you still take a junior size—and want a junior style—even if your waist *isn't* getting any slimmer.

The big thing about junior maternity clothes is that they've got zing—snap—pep. They're styled just like your usual clothes—with plenty of fashion and plenty of appeal. The only difference is that naturally they have room



A junior-sized Infadorable maternity dress in black with blue, brown with aqua, or taupe with gold. Crepe. Sizes 11-17. By Doris Dodson \$14.95 Stores on page 88.

for expansion—and they usually make a point of calling attention to your happy face. But the expansion feature is so capably concealed that more than once an unsuspecting gal has actually tried to buy a maternity dress without even being eligible. They're that cute.

So if you're counting the days until the big adventure—you can spend the day with the girls—and have dates with your husband—looking your usual pretty self. Right up until you take off for the hospital. The soft-shouldered, bow-brightened Infadorable above is a perfect example of what we mean—a maternity dress to make you look like somebody—instead of just somebody's mother-to-be.

—Connie Bartel

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Enjoy the comfort of this slimming "Perma-lift"* Pantie Girdle. All elastic leg sections comfortably control hips and thighs. Best of all, this wonderful pantie won't ride up. Deftly styled—the magic inset prevents rolling over, wrinkling, entirely eliminates the annoying discomfort of bones. Yes, it **STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS**. "Perma-lift" Panties, Girdles, and Foundations—at your favorite corset department—most styles \$5.95 to \$12.50.

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WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout the country)

Gladdy Colleen suit with silver nailheads worn by Ava Gardner in the full color photograph
(Page 75)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Third Floor
Boston, Mass.—Jay's, Inc.
Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co., Ready-to-Wear, Second Floor
Indianapolis, Ind.—The Wm. H. Block Co., Budget Shop, Second Floor.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Gown Shop, Third Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co., Town and Country Dresses, Fourth Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Dress Department, Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—B. F. Dewees, Inc., Cosmopolitan Court, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop, Misses' Dresses, Third Floor, Main Building
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss-Hirshberg Co., Dresses, Second Floor

Maben bag, about \$3, shown in the full color photograph
(Page 75)

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co., Handbag Department, First Floor
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's Basement Accessories
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Basement

Zimco sharkskin suit with pocket flaps worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 76)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc., Misses' Sportswear Department, Basement
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Annex
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Subway Fashion Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Sportslane, Basement

Joselli gold buttoned cutaway suit worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 77)

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Budget Shop
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon

Madcaps hat, \$5, shown with suit
(Page 77)

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Both Garay bags, \$5 each, shown with suits
(Pages 76 and 77)

New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Handbags, Street Floor

Teentimer OOriginal plaid dress with velvet peplum and collar and cuffs
(Page 78)

Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengerer Co.
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., High School Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, High School Shop, Fifth Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., High School Shop, Fifth Floor

Teentimer OOriginal silver chatelaine dress
(Page 79)

Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse-Martens Co., High School Shop, Fourth Floor
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co., Teen Shop, Second Floor

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Wm. H. Block Co., High School Shop, Third Floor
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods Co., Younger Crowd Shop, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, High School Shop, Fifth Floor
Wilmington, Delaware—Crosby & Hill Co., Teentimer Department, Second Floor

Lofties knitted suit with the gold pocket worn by Frances Rafferty
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Sportswear Department, Third Floor
Scranton, Pa.—Rice's, Sport Shop, Main Floor
Vallejo, Calif.—Rosee Bonderow, Sportswear, Main Floor

Madcap hat \$5, shown with knitted suit
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Garay bag, \$5, shown with knitted suit
(Page 80)

New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Handbags, Street Floor

Connie shoe with white stitching
(Page 82)

Ashtabula, Ohio—Carlisle Allen Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co., Downstairs Store
Fort Worth, Texas—Meacham's, Budget Shop
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith & Sons, Downstairs Shoe Department

Sandler of Boston shoe with closed toe and heel
(Page 82)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh, Shoes, Fourth Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—C. H. Baker Shoe Co.
New York, N. Y.—I Miller & Sons

Styl-Eez by Selby shoe with gold piping
(Page 82)

Baltimore, Md.—Wm. Hahn & Co., First Floor
Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Misses' Shoe Salon, Fifth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Selby Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Shoe Salon, First Floor
Washington, D. C.—Wm. Hahn & Co., Second Floor
Same shoe with platform \$11.95

Carmelletes Shoe with lattice vamp
(Page 82)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm's
Same shoe with platform \$10.95

Infadorable maternity dress with bright bow shown in the Shopping Column
(Page 85)

Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—The M. M. Cohn Co.
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., Junior Shop, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

If no store in your city is listed write:
Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149
Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(Continued from page 86)

gested that a bit of influence might get him one, Cary thankfully declined. And since there was no way to reach him at home, he had to report to the studio daily to see whether he worked or not. Being interested in every phase of production, Cary hung around, asked questions, kidded the people, and made friends. There is probably not an actor in Hollywood, save perhaps James Cagney, who knows more technicians, second-assistant makeup men, hairdressers, and errand-runners by their first names.

These ladies and gentlemen do not find Cary hard to understand. In fact, they have some precise information about him. For instance:

Cary doesn't like to eat at regular hours. He is convinced that the time to eat is when you are hungry, whenever that is, and as often.

He is a neat man, known as an ash-tray emptier and pillow plumper-upper.

He deplores bad manners. He is courteous, and expects other people to be courteous.

He is extremely afraid of hurting other persons' feelings. And he's ultra-thoughtful.

There was the time, last Christmas, when one of the studio girls was away for the holidays, and Cary overlooked getting her a gift. He was enormously embarrassed when he saw her several weeks later, assured her that he would get something for her.

Several days later, when the California climate was coming down by the tub-ful, in walked Grant, lugging an armful of hard-to-get records. He had gone to the trouble of learning that this girl had just acquired a new record changer.

the Grant hotel . . .

Cary lives in one room of a handsome house in Bel Air, next door to Charles Brackett, the producer. He lives in one room for several reasons.

"It's a sort of boarding house," he says. "I never know who'll be occupying the bedrooms. What with the housing shortage, people in New York who have friends coming out, tell them, 'Don't worry about a hotel, just drop in on Cary, he has a house and he's a bachelor.' So the bedrooms are usually full."

"I like to sleep down here."

Down here is his den, or study, a large room decorated with pictures of horses and seascapes, mostly by Boudin. At night, Cary pulls out a Hollywood bed and piles in.

"Saves going upstairs," he grins.

His own enormous bedroom, with its dressing rooms large enough for a studio wardrobe department, seems never to have been used. Barbara Hutton Grant's bedroom, next to this, also has an un-lived in look, spanking new and shining with the tasteful decorative scheme, mostly black and white, which he ordered just before the separation.

The upstairs of that large house would be a lonely place for a bachelor at that. Perhaps that is why Cary sleeps downstairs.

His house is immaculate, tended by three servants under the supervision of a quiet, efficient Englishman called Dudley, who has been with Grant for five years, and before that, was with Frederick Lonsdale, the British writer, a close friend of Cary's. In the study there are only three photographs: one of Freddie Lonsdale, one of Barbara, and one of Lance, her son. Cary was very fond of the boy, and the two are still firm friends. He will say this much:

"Barbara is a wonderful girl, and most misunderstood. Our only differences lay in our two ways of life. She loved travel and



Perhaps you saw
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE in *LADY IN THE DARK*... *PYGMALION*... *PRIVATE LIVES*.
Did you watch her hands? They're like white flowers in a summer wind...
Eloquent, feminine, utterly alluring.



"I'm positive that CREAM is the thing for your hands, just as it is for your face!" says **GERTRUDE LAWRENCE**



PACQUINS is the hand cream of this flawlessly groomed star. She prefers it to all other hand preparations of all types!

HAVEN'T you noticed how many chic women everywhere are changing to cream for hand care? And how many more use Pacquins than any other hand cream?

Miss Lawrence advises: "Every woman who wants smooth, lovely hands should cream, cream, CREAM! Pacquins, I mean."

Smooth on a dab of snowy-white, flower-fragrant, quick-vanishing Pacquins. You can feel the dry roughness of your skin respond! You can see your hands change!

Sticky? No! Greasy? Never! A 12-second Pacquin hand massage morning and night is all your hands need.

Change to Pacquins cream! Ah, how quickly you'll notice the difference.



VIRGINIA KENT, R. N.:

"I wash my hands thirty to forty times a day. That's murder! So, it's Pacquins for me!" (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally created for nurses and doctors.)

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Fitch's

SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



I'm sedentary, now."

In Dudley's quarters, off the butler's pantry, is an autographed picture of Barbara and Cary on their wedding trip. Those are the only photographs in the house, with the exception of a large pile in the basement.

In Cary's library are books about the history and the appreciation of art, books which he almost conceals, because he modestly avoids the impression of going high-brow.

His dining room is superb in dark wood, but Dudley has a word about that:

"You notice the white rug and the white seat coverings on the chairs? That was the ex-Mrs. Grant's idea. She gave the house a lot of its touches."

plans for one world . . .

Cary's plans today are explicit. He has just completed *The Bishop's Wife*, in which he plays the part of an angel—a difficult part to make believable, playing it straight—and his *Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer*, with Shirley Temple and Myrna Loy, is doing happy business all over the country. His next serious move, following a trip to England to confer with Sir Alexander Korda, will be to make a series of pictures in an attempt to sell Americanism to the rest of the world.

"People in foreign lands look on America with wonder and awe," he explains. "But they don't understand us. Americans fail to appreciate the age-old customs and traditions of other countries."

"I want to make a series of pictures about an average American—that'll be me—and his adventures in different countries. His efforts to understand the customs will get laughs, I hope, and make Europeans like Americans better."

For the information of the would-be well-dressed, Cary Grant's tailor is De'Gez, and his address is 544 Fifth Avenue, New York City. De'Gez is an expensive tailor, catering to society folk and a few theatrical people. He makes all of Cary's clothes—and regards his celebrated client with a rolling and distressed eye.

Mr. Grant does not wear suspenders or a belt, because those things are nuisances. He has the trousers made so that they will stay up, his waist-line being good enough for that. He does not wear garters, he does not wear undershirts, and he does not wear hats.

"Feller was out here the other day to interview me about clothes," said Cary, grinning happily. "I told him those things and he departed in disgust. No story. I've been getting rid of surplus garments for years. Damn nuisance, aren't they?"

You going to make an enigma out of a feller like that?

The novel that made
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
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THE SHEIK by E. M. Hull

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was waiting to enter a reception given for Peter Lawford, I noticed a tall young man with a pipe clamped between his teeth, struggling through the crowd. He stopped suddenly, faced a young girl, and stretched out his hand to remove a cigarette from her lips. Then to her surprise, he exclaimed, "This isn't for young folks but only for old people like me." Leaving the girl open-mouthed with amazement, he walked away. The man with the pipe was the one and only Keenan Wynn.



Charlotte Minsky,
Jackson Heights, New York

DEVOTION

(Continued from page 56)

"Heavens," she murmured, "isn't she lovely."

"You know," her companion told her, "she's Susan Peters, the movie star who was hurt in that hunting accident a long time ago. . ."

It happened on New Year's Day, 1945, and a dozen versions of the accident have been told, but never—until now—have the full details been revealed.

The Quines were duck-hunting with Dick's cousin and his wife at Lake Cuyamaca (about 60 miles from San Diego), having a heavenly time and a lot of luck. Especially Susie, who had bagged more ducks than any of them. At one point during the day, Dick's cousin and Susie decided to go into the woods after doves. The cousin broke the .22 caliber rifle he'd been using for target practice and hid it under a bush, meaning to pick it up later. Apparently, he made a mistake and shoved another shell into the breach.

the hidden rifle . . .

Both he and Susie completely forgot the rifle until they were all on their way home. They went back and the cousin searched the bushes without success. Dick and Susan climbed out of the car to help. A couple of minutes later Susan shouted gaily, "I've got it," and Dick turned in time to hear the small, whispered report of the .22. Susan toppled to the ground, and Dick was beside her in an instant. "I'm shot," she told him, and her voice was quite calm. He pulled off her skirt, found her bleeding very slightly from a wound under the right breast, and from the small amount of bleeding he knew she must be hemorrhaging internally. He put her into the car, held her on his lap as his cousin drove like lightning toward San Diego. On the way, Susan mentioned that she had no feeling in her legs, and Dick figured then that her spine must be injured. They stopped at the first town they came to, and Dick's cousin dashed into a drugstore to see if there were any doctors around, but the doc, of course, was out of town. The druggist, however, phoned on ahead to San Diego's Mercy Hospital, told them they were on their way in. A police car was dispatched their way, and it met the party half way to San Diego. Susan and Dick transferred to the police car, which was equipped with a two-way radio. They talked to doctors at the hospital who suggested possible first-aid, and listening to descriptions of Susan's reactions, they were able to prepare the operating room so that 1½ hours after the accident, Susan was in Mercy Hospital receiving plasma.

She was in the San Diego hospital for one month, then hospitalized in Los Angeles for five more, and somehow, through it all, she hung on to her sense of humor. She could even kid about the accident, and when Dick brought her a book called "How to Shoot Ducks," she howled. Did I say sense of humor? That was sheer guts.

But getting back to Los Angeles and the housing shortage, the woman who had observed the young Quines from the window got busy and that same evening, Dick had a call from his manager. "Guess what?" he said, a note of wonder in his voice, "I think you may have an apartment coming up. It's still being built, but it'll be finished in about a month, and if you'll go over to this address on Olympic Boulevard. . ."

Dick, looking over the unfinished apartment the next afternoon, turned to the woman who owned the building (the same, of course, who had been at her window

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A new Hair Beauty Treatment
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P.S.

A MARVELOUS NEW shampoo-treatment for lifeless, summer-dulled hair. Brings back natural softness and romantic "lovelights"—even to split-at-the-ends, problem hair!

A BEAUTY BATH with real egg! Generations of beautiful women have used egg for natural hair loveliness. Now the egg is right IN the shampoo.

YOU'LL LOVE THE WAY this distinctly finer shampoo goes to work on your hair. See how that egg-enriched liquid creme caresses the split ends, coaxes your hair back to soft, natural radiance.

NOT A SOAP. Non-drying. Instead, Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo is a soft, gentle liquid creme that rinses out quickly, thoroughly, and is a delight to use.

Dollar Special!
A trial kit of the new Richard Hudnut Hair Beauty Ritual is yours for only \$1.00 (plus tax). Contains generous-size bottles of Egg Creme Shampoo, Creme Rinse, Dandruff Treatment and Creme Hair Dressing.

At your drug or department store, \$1.00 for the big family size.



Exclamation points



Dr. Ellis nail polish

JUNE PREISSER, now starring in Monogram's "Teen Agers" musical "SARGE GOES TO COLLEGE".

Exotic, brilliantly accented nails . . . perhaps he won't notice them, but he'll see that your hands look lovelier when you wear Dr. Ellis Nail Polish. See the exciting new shades-of-the-season at 5 & 10's and drugstores . . . only **10¢** plus tax.



the day before) and said regretfully, "It's just what we wanted—on the ground floor and all—but you see it just isn't big enough. Only two bedrooms. With Susan and me, and the maid, and Timothy and his nurse, we just have to have more space. We'd need the equivalent of both these apartments on this floor, and since that's out of the question—"

"Why is it?" the woman asked. "You can have both of them. The one next door has only one bedroom, but with the living and dining space that would be enough. We'll knock doors between the two and use the other living room as a nursery. Besides, that way you'd have another kitchen and bath, so you could keep the child's food separate."

Dick stood staring at her, mouth agape. "You'd do that?"

"I can think of nothing that would make me happier."

He was telling Susan about it that night, at dinner. "You wouldn't believe it," he said. "I didn't. In Los Angeles, one of the worst housing spots in the country, this angel of mercy appears of her own volition and offers us the works. Have you been saying your prayers lately, or something?"

The maid came in. "A Mrs. Ackerson to see you, Ma'am." Their new landlady, carrying a great roll of blueprints in her arms, looked flustered. "I didn't know you were still at dinner," she said, "but I was looking over the designs for the building and I thought—"

"We'll all have coffee in the living room," Susan told her. "I adore looking at blueprints."

And then she said it, this miracle woman. "I thought," she said, "that since you're going to live in the building you might not care for some of the structural design and would want to make some changes. There's still time."

There was that, for them to remember to their dying day; and there was the morning when she telephoned early to say, "The painters are here. What color would you like?"

"We've already decided on our colors and hired our own decorators," Dick said. "They'll do the painting themselves."

"I'm not talking about your apartments," she said. "I mean, what color do you want on the outside of the building?"

There was the afternoon when she came

over with her very newest idea. "Children of Timothy's age must have plenty of sun, and room for outdoor play. Besides, there's Thunder to think about. So I've decided to fence off that nice wide space between the garages and the building, and that will be Timothy's own private play yard!"

The next day she was back. "I've been thinking about that play-yard of Timothy's. You'll be out there a great deal with him, and there's a balcony from that rear second-story apartment that overlooks the yard. So you had better choose the people who will move there. Or, if there's someone you particularly like who needs an apartment . . ."

And again, "I noticed how much brass and copper you use in your decorative scheme—all the trays and boxes and so on—so I took the liberty of having them take out all that brushed chromium hardware and replace it with brass," and, "What are your favorite flowers? Shall I have the landscape man call on you, or do you want to tell me what varieties you like, and where they should be planted?"

About the rent: "The OPA decided how much I should charge and I think it's outrageous. I'm really so sorry. But we'll make it up some way."

Finally, "Now you children run right along. I know you have things to do, and it's so tedious waiting for people to arrive with furniture and all. I haven't a thing to do and I'll just wait here and let them in when they come."

Thus was the housing shortage of the Richard Quines solved for them, and joy and peace reigned in their household. As much joy and peace, that is, as can reign in any house containing a baby, a Great Dane, and two restless young moderns.

It is amazing how little that hunting accident has interfered with the plans Susan and Dick had made for their life together. Timothy, of course, was the first consideration.

After that, there was the business of getting back to work. Naturally, any picture Susan made would have to cast her as a girl in a wheelchair; and when she announced she was well enough to make a picture again, the scripts began pouring in.

All of them had one particular fault. The heroine was in a wheelchair all right, but it was perfectly obvious that she had

MODERN SCREEN



"Fresh!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



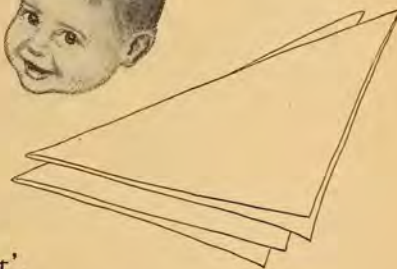
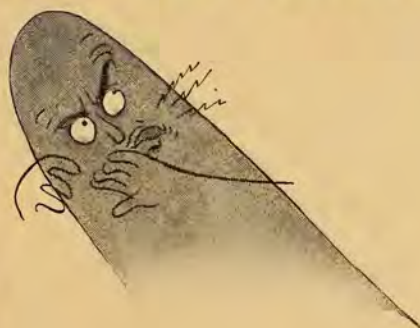
The hotel dining-room was nearly deserted when three elderly gentlemen entered quietly. They took a little table in the corner, across from mine. One of the men, recognized as Lauritz Melchior, wore his

makeup, including a long white beard, as he was going to make his appearance on the stage of the opera very soon. As they were ordering dinner, two women entered the dining-room with a child of about three. Although the three men were almost inconspicuous in that corner of the room, the little girl ran over to their table and cried, "Look, Mommy, Santa Claus came back!"

Louise Joyal
West Warwick, R. I.



All in favor say...
FELS-NAPTHA!



When it's a choice of laundry soap, millions of families vote the straight Fels-Naptha 'ticket'.

For work clothes and play clothes; white shirts, linens and towels; for delicate underthings—and of course for Baby's things that must be *extra clean and soft*—there is nothing like the thorough cleaning action of gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha's blend of good, mild soap and active naptha assures whiter washes with less work. Be sure to mark *your* shopping 'ballot' Fels-Naptha—Bar and Chips.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MIRACLE ON MAIN STREET

(Continued from page 52)



(Must check this. It sounds odd, somehow. No sign of husband.) She gave this account of her daughter's career.

"Emma was always fond of make-believe. Even as a little child, she was always imagining things and leading the other children. She would make each one take part in little plays she got up, or in acting out stories they'd heard or read. After she started at John Adams Public School, I had her begin taking dancing and elocution lessons. Singing and piano lessons, too. I felt that she had great talent, even at 7."

"She took part in Christmas recitals both at John Adams and Central High School. I thought she was good, but others did not recognize her talent then. After high school, she went to Marywood Seminary here a while, and then to New York."

"In New York, she studied at the Alviene School of the Theater. Peggy Ann Garner and Fred Astaire went there, too."

She mentioned briefly Liz's career as a model, then trouping in a road company of *Hellzapoppin'*, understudying Tallulah Bankhead in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, landing the lead in the same show in Boston, and finally Hollywood.

stranger in the house . . .

Extremely reluctant to talk about her other children. Hesitated before giving their names and ages. Gave Emma's age as 23. (Contradicting Paramount's biography which says she'll be 25, September 29.) John, Jr., is 22, an engineer, just back from the Navy. Marcia is 21. Justine, 19. When I asked her about the youngster who opened the door, she said hastily, "Oh, he's just a boy we took in to live with us." (This is odd. Will look into it.)

Flustered, when I asked when Lizbeth had been home last. Couldn't seem to remember. About four years ago. (How come? Why wasn't she at Scranton's world premiere of *You Came Along*? What's behind her reluctance to visit her home town?) Most of mom's replies to questions delivered with a poker face, but a couple of times warmth and affection were there between the lines. Like when she said, "Emma phoned last week that she had just made a new picture, *Desert Fury*. She said, 'Mom, you'll love it.' She told me, 'I'm working mighty hard. I get up at 5 a.m. to go to the studio.' Then she said, joking, 'Mom, why don't you tell me to take care of my health? I haven't been drinking enough milk lately; why don't you tell me to drink more?' I said, 'I don't have to tell you such things now. You're a big girl and able to take good care of yourself.'" Another time, Mrs. M. spoke in that same warm tone. "Emma's brought us a lot of happiness, and she's very nice to us. She phones once a week wherever she is, and she writes, but not too often." Wistfully, she said, "Last time I saw her was in April at the Gotham Hotel. I spent the week with her and had a wonderful time."

Before we left, got Mrs. M. to talk about her relatives, hoping there'd be some in the locality that I could interview. Discovered that the family came from Ungvar, Czechoslovakia, and that among Mrs. Matzo's own relatives are a sister, Helen, teaching in Cleveland; another sister, Barbara, a music supervisor in Cleveland; and a brother, Joseph, a priest of the Greek Orthodox Church in Barnesboro, Pa. Lizbeth's Scranton kin include Mrs. Anna Munchak, a sister of Mr. Matzo. Anna's husband, John, has an undertaking establishment at 406 South Washington Avenue, and the family lives overhead. Next door

at 402, is Munchak's Café, run by the Munchaks' son, Mike.

12:10—Stopped at Kelly's Confectionery for a soda before tackling the Munchak family. Tried to collect my impressions of my visit with the Matzos. They are all hiding something. You can see it in their guarded sentences, their wary eyes. Is it something about the father, or the little boy, or Lizbeth herself? Eager to get on to the Munchaks, but delayed briefly, chatting with people at Kelly's. I asked a youngster next to me, who identified himself as John McColligan, 14, if he knew Lizbeth Scott. "Sure," he said, "I know her little brother, Augustin. He's in the seventh grade and I play with him all the time." (So the lad who let me in was Lizbeth's brother.)

Mrs. Margaret Dean, large and friendly, was running the store during Uncle Tom Kelly's vacation. "I knew Lizbeth Scott from her childhood," she said. "We bought our groceries at her father's store, and Lizbeth helped wait on the trade. She had a lovely speaking voice and was always trying it on the customers."

"Everybody around here knows the Matzos. There's Lizbeth, John, Jr., Marcia, Justine, Helen and Augustin. We're all very proud of Lizbeth, though she hasn't been in town in a long while." A girl at the end of the counter piped up, "I remember when Emma was a little girl, she said she was going to be in pictures. She said she wouldn't play, either, until she was a star. We all thought she was crazy."

Mrs. Dean went on, "I know she used to practice a lot nights. We could hear her rehearsing, testing and strengthening her voice. We didn't know why then, but look what it led to!"

Someone said, "Yes—but it hasn't changed things much around here. Did you know that her father drives a bakery truck?" I asked for the name and address of the bakery company and jotted them down. As we were leaving, Mrs. Dean asked, "Why don't you interview Lizbeth's sister Helen on the way? She's a schoolmate of my daughter's, and she's working for the summer as a salesgirl at Lerner's."

the mystery deepens . . .

This really throws me. Why the secrecy about the two youngest kids, Augustin and Helen? And why the fake steer on Mr. M.'s job?

12:45—Off to Lerner's to see Helen.

No soap. "Helen Matzo was just called home by her mother," the store manager told us. On to Wolfgang's Bakery and met Miss Janet Wolfgang, manager. Mr. Matzo, we learned, had likewise been called home. Miss Wolfgang told us that Liz's pop had been driving for the firm four years. "He's an even-tempered, handsome, very likable man. We don't talk about his daughter."

1:30—One more stop before proceeding to Munchaks'. Almost forgot to make the phone call to Marywood Seminary. No one in the office of this fashionable school could remember the actress as a former student. By either name.

2:00—On to the Flats, Scranton's Polish-American colony. Liz's aunt, Anna Munchak, was home over the funeral parlor, and she repeated the story of Liz's school-days in an accent stronger than Mom's. So many questions I wanted to ask her, but you've got to be careful. One false move and you shut someone like that up like a clam. You could see the aunt was crazy about Lizbeth. She'd hung around there a lot as a child. After a while, she said to me, "You go down to the café and

see my son, Mike. He'll tell you about her."

3:05—One look at Mike, and you know he's a guy who'll give it to you straight. He's a big, genial chap with a baseball cap on sideways, a sport shirt and paint-spattered pants. He looks like a bartender in a movie. I told him who I was, and he began to talk right away.

First, he named the Matzo family—six children, not four—and then he spoke of Lizabeth. "She was a good kid. Lots of fun. We used to see her at our house a lot. She's doing good for her family now, shooting dough into it. She's doing good where she is. If she don't want to come home, that's her business. I'll buy her a drink any time."

She sends money home—I'm glad of that. Now if someone can explain to me why she didn't show up for that world premiere, I'll feel a whole lot better. Decide to talk to Scranton's chief movie exhibitors, the Comerford Publix Theaters Amusement Corp.

4:40—Byron Lynn, publicity director, and Harry Spiegel, district manager of Scranton theaters, throw some light on things. Seems the world premiere of *You Came Along* was held jointly in Scranton and St. Louis. L. was told to attend the St. Louis opening. She sent a transcription to the Scranton affair, apologizing that she couldn't show up, and talking of her school days in Scranton. Lynn said, "I'd say her pictures did a little better than average here, but we never hold them over like some other films. It seems there are two crowds here—those that don't care where she came from, and the I-knew-her-when crowd. The last has been picking on her. Wondering why she never comes back here like Scranton's other celebrities, Gloria Jean and Allan Jones."

Spiegel put in, "Her family has been strangely uncooperative. The mother refused to accept tickets to the premiere. She refused to give us any information for publicity releases."

the last clew . . .

Going around in circles after my talk with the movie chaps, but gradually a solution to this thing is forming in my mind. One more person to see. Wonder if what she tells me will jibe with my idea.

5:15—The last interviewee was Mrs. Irene Golden, wife of Walter Golden, a reporter on the Scranton Times. She's 25 and the mother of a seven-month-old child. Speaking of Lizabeth, she said:

"She was a quiet girl, but there was something in her manner that always made you feel she was acting. She's a big mystery in this town, today, partly because she never comes home, I guess."

"What surprises me most is her family, who should be so proud to talk of her success. Instead, they go around close-mouthed, like some other folks would act if they were trying to hush up a scandal."

It all adds up. When I have time to sort out all the evidence, I'm sure it will make perfectly good sense.

10:00—Home again, to re-read my notes, to re-live this day. Dusk was settling over the anthracite country as we rode out of Scranton. Vague, black outlines of tipples and plants slipped by. But I kept seeing a girl with a glorious shock of pale, tawny hair, smouldering eyes and THAT VOICE.

A girl of stardust. Girl of dreams. Girl of rare gifts. Girl going places. Make-believe girl with the practicality and drive to make make-believe come true.

A girl blessed, too, with a mother who believed in her, who saved up her pin-money for Lizabeth's early lessons in dancing, elocution and music, and who staked her for the big New York venture. A mother still trying rather confusedly to help a star who's already arrived.

(Continued on page 97)

I want to
make a point...



"RC
tastes best!"

says

LIZABETH SCOTT

Starring in

"DESERT FURY"

A Hal Wallis Production
in Technicolor

A Paramount Release



"The taste-test proved it!" says Lizabeth. "I tried leading colas and picked RC best-tasting!" Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!



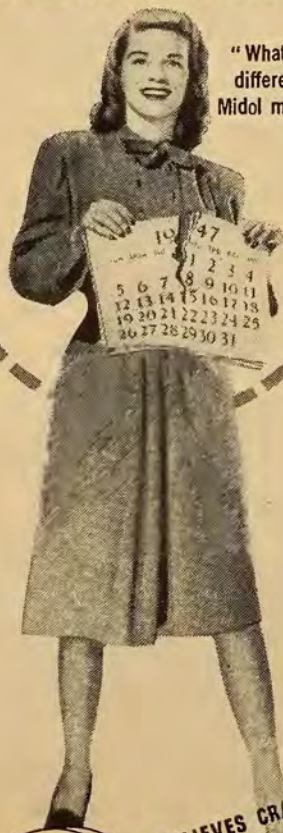
LIZABETH TAKING THE FAMOUS TASTE-TEST



"SAD" DAYS CAN BE GLAD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



"What a
difference
Midol makes"



the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

EDITORIAL: Reports keep pouring in from all sources on the results of the Fan Club Convention and the unanimous opinion is that, considering the unfavorable circumstances under which that highly selective group of fan club representatives met and carried out their Hollywood mission, the clubbers have scored a smashing victory for their side. We salute all those who worked so hard for the success of the Convention—and particularly those stars who supported the clubs in defiance of powerful opposition: Nelson Eddy, Janis Paige, Gale Storm, Gene Autry, Charles Korvin, Farley Granger, Ross Hunter, Jack Carson, Dave Willock, Eddie Ryan, Harry Lewis, John Ridgely, Richard Travis, Marshall Reed, Marilyn Maxwell, Joel McCrea, Joseph Calleia, Charles Bickford, Reno Brown, Robert Scott, Alan Ladd, David Street and Keenan Wynn. We have a feeling that there's going to be a Convention next year, too—and that the list of stars will be too long to print.

WORDS TO THE WISE: A club membership expires not at the end of the year, but only after the member has received all the journals, pics, pins, cards, etc., you prexies so generously promised when the member sent in his dues. If the member has received every club benefit due him at the end of one year, then it's time to renew. BUT, if he's received only one journal—and you promised three—that dollar has a long way to go. 2. Be guided by this rule: if you've a four-issues-a-year club, each copy of your journal should cost no more than 25 per cent of each member's annual dues. If your mimeographer is charging more than 25 cents per 15-page journal, (some do a grand job for less), you're being cheated! (Continued on page 121)

TROPHY CONTEST WINNERS

Second Lap: (The following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices between June 16 and July 15.) Individual prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a glamorous gift combination of FABERGE Perfume and Cologne. Best editors receive a generous, specially selected package of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist receives a handsome, practical TANGEE Trip Kit for Travel. First prize winner, Candid Camera Contest, receives a year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, year's sub. to SCREEN ALBUM and four Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, surprise package of four Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes are substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Mary Jo Young, McDowall Magazine (Roddy); Glee Engel, Pete's Paper (Cookson); Martrice Johns, Fulton's Frolic (Joan); Jo Rampino, Bouncin' With Lombardy (Al); Pat Massa, Keenan's Klippings (Wynn); Mrs. Ellen Wolf, Billetin (Bill Williams, Chandler). **Candid Camera Contest:** First prize, Alice Meyers, Ken Curtis C. Others: Amena Peacock, Vincent Price C.; Bev Bush, Sinatra C.; Irene Ashcroft, Ronald Reagan C.; Vera Savenko, Betty Grable C.; Myron Welge, Movieland Fan C. **Best Journals:** 1. Reagan Record (Ronald); 2. Live; 3. (tie) Corvinus (Charles Korvin); Dan's Diary (Duryea, Grant), Lon's Party Line (McCallister, Becker). **Best Editors:** 1. Anna Hreha, Jane's Journal (Wyman); 2. Annette Russell, Three Stars Review; 3. (tie) Ginger Bagnall, The Whistler (Jack Berch), Helen Norbeck, Sirocco (Errol Flynn). **Best club artist:** Tessa Piper, Jeannette MacDonald C. (Farrington). **Best covers:** 1. Shooting Star (Nelson Eddy Music C.); 2. Live; 3. (tie) Aladdin's Lamp (Ladd, Kee), P. L. Post (Peter Lawford, Cohen), Don's Doings (Richards), Ginni's Journal (Field), Talking To Teddy (Walters). **Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Gene Autry C. \$400 to Cancer Fund; 2. Jeannette MacDonald C. (Riley); \$25 to Children's Village on Jeannette's birthday; 3. Edward Ashley C. (Sent food, clothing to their adopted French orphan). **Membership Increases:** 1. Alan Ladd C. (Spungin); 2. Bill Boyd C.; 3. Barbara Lawrence C. **Best correspondents:** 1. Lorraine Rutkowski, Ronald Reagan C.; 2. Mary Susan Leonard, Intern. Shirley Temple C.; 3. Betty Petrie, Charles Korvin C. (Also, 100 pts. for each regular edition of club journal received between June 16 and July 15.)

Leading so far: League 1: R. Reagan C., 700 pts.; June Allyson C., 600; Nelson Eddy International C., 450. League 2: Bob Crosby C., 850; Temple Intern., 750; Joan Crawford C., J. MacDonald C. (Riley), 600. League 3: Charles Korvin C., 750; Dan Duryea C. (Grant), 700; Arthur Kennedy C., Lon McCallister C., 600.



Those smiles mean only one thing: the Jack Carson Club is the winner of the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Assn. Trophy, League 2. They belong to Jeanne Morgan, v.p., Jack and Lorry Verbin, prexy.

(Continued from page 95)

I have seen Elizabeth's home and her family, her neighbors and her school chums. And one thing, at least, is evident. There is nothing sinister in her background. There is no scandal. Why then the mystery? There can be just one answer and it is this. The price Elizabeth Scott has had to pay for fame is high, for it has apparently meant the complete renunciation of Emma Matzo. A well-meaning studio has deemed it wise to keep Liz's humble origin from being known, and so a devoted mother must seal her lips, lest she injure her daughter's career. She must refuse tickets to a world premiere, lest photographers ferret her out, and the photos not measure up to her talented and beautiful first-born. She must even deny that she is the mother of six children, large families being supposedly unglamorous. And Elizabeth, for her part, must see her mother in New York City, rather than risk the undesirable publicity attendant upon a visit home to the unsuitable surroundings of Scranton's Flats.

pride and prejudice . . .

About the secrecy surrounding Mr. M.'s job, one can but surmise. His present job with Wolfgang's Bakery is probably considered unsuitable for publicity purposes, so poor Mrs. Matzo must keep that a secret, too. Why he continues to work hard and his wife, too, with Liz in the chips, is something else again. It is largely, I suspect, a matter of pride. Mike Munchak said that Liz gives her family money. The beautiful and expensive-looking piano, that good-looking blue suit Mom posed in, Justine's college education, reaffirm that fact, and yet her parents continue to work. Why? Because they are people of integrity, who would consider it outrageous to be supported by a prosperous daughter, as long as they themselves were capable of earning their own bread and butter.

There, then, is the solution to the riddle, and the whole thing makes you stop and think. Maybe there was a time when the American public liked to be kidded about the background of its stars, and to believe they sprang from exotic surroundings far different from the everyday scene. But we're more mature now. We want the truth—the whole truth.

There's a greater lesson and inspiration for every ambitious youngster in the true story—which we're glad to present—of Elizabeth Scott's self-sparked rise from the grocery at Capouse and Ash, with Mom's backing, than in a thousand deceptive biographies dreamed up in studio press offices. The story of Emma Matzo is the story of American democracy.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A busy afternoon at the Veterans Administration was disturbed by an exclamation from my friend, Flo. She had hit the jackpot—Alan Ladd's insurance payment. Flo wrote his receipt with great precision and



as an afterthought, she wrote her own name into a corner and sent the case through. Then, much later, when the incident had almost been forgotten, Flo was called to the timekeeper's desk and was handed a package. It was a picture of Alan Ladd and on it he had written: "To Flo. Lots of Luck. Alan Ladd."

Dorothy Simenson
Brooklyn, New York



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Sensational value. Full, rich tone on radio and records. Automatic record changer. Handsome Walnut console. See the new Philco 1262 at your dealer.

*Price slightly higher Denver and West.



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Stay Sweet with

Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air. But LEAF Gum time is all the time... 'cause LEAF's delicious minty flavor is longer lasting.



THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

LEAF
CHEWING GUM

**Your Shoes
are Showing!**



Embarrassing, isn't it?

**YOU
NEED SHINOLA**



1 Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

2 Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada It's 2-in-1.

**HOLLYWOOD STUDIO
STYLISTS USE**

Hair Mist

**TO KEEP EVERY HAIR IN PLACE
NOT A LACQUER**

• Hollywood stars set hair with Hair Mist. Just spray it on. Over 3½ million bottles sold. Insist on it at your beauty salon, drug or department stores... or mail (\$1.00 tax & postage paid) to 645 N. Martel Ave., Hollywood 36, Calif.



Exclusive plastic atomizer is the secret of perfect application... allows you to spray invisible net over coiffure... one with every bottle.

ANN MEREDITH'S

HAIR MIST

**sweet
and
hot**



By **LEONARD FEATHER**

****Highly Recommended**

***Recommended**

No Stars: Average

POPULAR

ALL MY LOVE—*Andy Russell (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Al Jolson (Decca)

APPLE BLOSSOM WEDDING—*Buddy Clark (Columbia), *Hal Derwin (Capitol), *Joe Dosh (Continental), Eddy Howard (Majestic), Sammy Kaye (Victor)

Compare the way different singers handle this tune (lyrics written by England's ace songwriter, Jimmy Kennedy). Maybe you'll agree with me that some of the less famous singers put more feeling into a song than some of the big names who become stale through making too many records. Or is it my imagination?

CLASSICS IN BLUE—*Lena Horne Album (Black & White)

Two blues, two spirituals, a Phil Moore original, and Gershwin's *My Man's Gone* from *Porgy and Bess*, all well done by Lena (who just re-signed with M-G-M), but the highspot is the two-sided dramatized version of *Frankie and Johnny*, which sounds like a movie sound-track.

BING CROSBY, DICK HAYMES & THE ANDREWS SISTERS—**Show Business, *Anything You Can Do (Decca)

Unfazed by the idea of giving a competitive crooner a break on the same disc with him, Bing teams with Haymes for a triple-threat that takes Decca's two star-combining policy a step further. All I want now is a record featuring Crosby, Jolson, Haymes, Astaire, the Mills Brothers, the Andrews Sisters and the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEAR'S EVE?—*Kay Kyser (Columbia), Art Lund (M-G-M), Margaret Whiting (Capitol)

HOT JAZZ

CHARLIE BARNET—**Darktown Strutters' Ball (Apollo)

A hilarious satire on corny Dixieland jazz. Great!

KING COLE—*That's What (Capitol)

After Ella Fitzgerald's conversion to bebop singing comes Nat Cole with something in the same Gillespie-inspired vein. Best Cole disc in a year.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Blues Album (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN—*Tattle Tale (Capitol)

BILLIE HOLIDAY—*Album (Columbia)

FROM THE MOVIES

DEAR RUTH—Fine Thing: *Les Brown (Columbia)

HUCKSTERS—Don't Tell Me: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Les Brown (Columbia); Helen Forrest (M-G-M); Margaret Whiting (Capitol)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Sweet Marie: Jack Smith (Capitol)

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—You Do: *Vic Damone (Mercury); *Georgia Gibbs (Majestic); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Larry Douglas (Signature); *Bing Crosby-Carmen Cavallaro (Decca). Kokomo, Indiana: *Bing Crosby & Skylarks (Decca); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Victor Lombardo (Majestic)

Vic Damone is a very promising 18-year-old—catch his Saturday night air show and this good wax debut. Victor Lombardo's band sounds exactly like brother Guy's, which means millions will like it, present company excepted.

ON THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL—Title Song: *Andy Russell (Capitol); *Kay Kyser (Columbia); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Art Lund (M-G-M)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—If I Should Lose You: June Christy (Capitol)

Very disappointing solo record bow by the pretty blonde ex-Stan Kenton songstress. Shouldn't have been released.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND—The Turntable Song: Andrews Sisters (Decca); Jack Smith (Capitol)

THE AWKWARD AGE

(Continued from page 46)

at these sessions, too. Roddy McDowall is one of the great favorites. "He used to be very, very quiet," Peggy Ann says, "but you should see him now! A one-man riot. He does imitations of Carmen Miranda and Tallulah Bankhead. He ties us in knots, we laugh so hard." Others who drop in range from striplings like Claude Jarman, to oldsters such as Marshall Thompson, Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor. "You should see those two dance," Peggy Ann says of the latter two. "Wow! As for me, I stick to standard steps like the Stanford Stomp and the Crestline."

Peggy Ann's bosom friend, Barbara Whiting, of *Junior Miss* fame, entertains at her own home every Saturday evening, and Peggy Ann is usually on hand. "Did you know," asks Peggy, "that George Seaton, the director of *Junior Miss*, discovered Barbara at one of her parties? He went because he was planning this production, and wanted to hear how school girls talk. Barbara was the perfect example."

Lon McCallister, who gives Peggy Ann her first screen kiss in *Bob, Son of Battle*, is another pal of hers. "Quiet, but nice," is the way she sums him up. "He and Barbara and I have a lot in common—we all like classical music. He took us to the Ocean Park amusement pier and we went on the rides. It was wonderful." She gave a squeal of laughter. "Wonderful for him, too—Barbara sat on his glasses. But nothing bothers Lon. When we were on location in Utah, we put a lot of salt in his bed. He just laughed—and the next night we found some water in ours."

peggy ann—movie fan . . .

Whenever she is with acquaintances who seem interested in hearing about movie stars, Peggy Ann will chatter endlessly about them. "Dick Haymes? Sometimes I think I like him best of all. He's loads of fun. Once he took Barbara and me to the circus, with dinner at Romanoff's first. At the circus, we were watching one of the side shows when two small boys saw Dick. Their eyes got as big as baseballs. One of them nudged the other and said, 'Look—there's Bing Crosby!'"

Peggy Ann is usually escorted to parties and dances by Beverly Hills boys who have no connection with the movie industry. Sometimes, however, she goes with young actors, and of these she remembers Marshall Thompson most vividly. "What a character," she giggles. "I met him at a party once, and he asked me if I'd like to go to another party at a friend's house on the 29th. I said I would. But he never called up to make any arrangements, and on the 29th he didn't show up. I saw him a few weeks later, and he went on with a long story about how he'd had to go to Catalina on short notice, and didn't have a chance to call me. He's sort of nice."

The fact that Peggy Ann wasn't even irritated about being stood up is a good clue to her character.

Nothing really irks her but her school work. "Other kids ask me where I go to school, and I say 'The studio school at Twentieth Century-Fox,'" she says. "Then when they ask me how long I'm in school every day, and I tell them three hours, they say 'Gee, what a cinch!' But it isn't a cinch at all. Remember, we don't have any gym, or any study periods. We just sit and work like fiends for three solid hours without stopping."

"It's pretty lonesome, too," she adds wistfully. "There are only two of us in the school, Connie Marshall and I. And the

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final examinations! Oh, they're horrible. All the pupils from the different studios go down to the Board of Education building in Los Angeles, and we take one long exam that lasts from eight o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon!"

In spite of the horror which exams hold for Peggy Ann, she does well at school, and has almost invariably gotten straight A grades. She is what theatrical people call a "quick study"—one who can memorize almost at a glance, and she has never been known to forget a line on a set.

Her favorite subjects are English and History, and Latin her worst bugaboo.

Peggy Ann is looking forward eagerly to the time when she'll be ready for college. "Oh boy, I'm going to a coeducational college, I'll tell you that right now," she predicts, emphatically. "Northwestern University, I hope!"

One milestone on the road to adulthood has just been passed. Peggy Ann has now acquired her driver's license, and at last is allowed to drive the family car—a newly-purchased, black Buick. Already the typical problems, about who gets the car when, are stirring up the typical family debates. Mrs. Garner says ruefully, "I seem to have the car about two days a week. . . . Oh well, maybe we'll be able to get another car as a gift for Peggy Ann next Christmas, and we'll have some peace in the family then, I hope."

Peggy Ann's father, William G. H. Garner, is a former government attorney who was a captain in Army Intelligence during the war. Consequently, his wife and daughter didn't see him often, and his visits home were gala events. (This was before Mr. and Mrs. Garner were divorced.) One visit had colorful consequences, due partly to Peggy Ann.

After coming home to spend the Christmas holidays with the family, he was recalled suddenly on the evening of New Year's Day. His return to camp caused considerable comment—because his face was covered with bandages, and one arm was in a splint. "Hmmm—must have been a dilly of a New Year's Eve," his comrades remarked. They guffawed when he insisted that he had received his injuries by falling off a bicycle. Yet, that is what happened, as Peggy Ann will swear.

"Barbara and I wanted to go bicycling on New Year's Day," she relates. "And Daddy decided he would come cycling, too, just to look after us. Well, he seemed to enjoy it a lot. Pretty soon he got going fast, and I couldn't keep up with him, and after a while I came to the top of a hill and looked down, and there were Daddy and the bicycle at the bottom, tangled together, and covered with blood. Makes you wonder, sometimes, just who is at the awkward age around here!"

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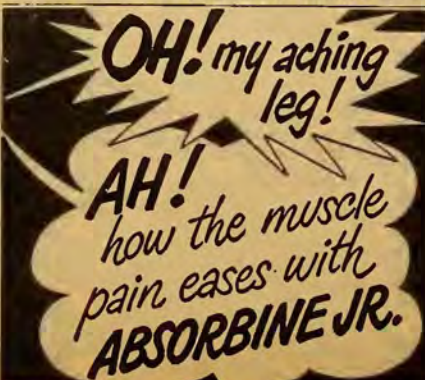
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I SAW IT HAPPEN

While in Valogna, France, shortly after the invasion, I had the pleasure of seeing Bing Crosby in a U.S.O. show. During the performance, a low flying airplane zoomed towards us. Both the actors and the audience were scared, for enemy planes were numerous. "Worried, Bing?" queried the stooge. "Yes," Bing replied, "It might be the stork again." Hundreds of voices roaring with laughter dispelled all fear.

James Kennedy
Dayton, Ohio.



"COOP"

(Continued from page 34)

myself is, I ought to know by now that Gary's as full of surprises as a Christmas stocking. I've known him almost since the world began, it seems. I played in the second picture he ever made—*Children of Divorce*—in which Gary's job was an All-American high in Hollywood miscasting.

The set was my swank Park Avenue apartment. The characters were super-sophisticated Manhattan youths merrily going to Hell. Gary was a New York man-about-town, the script said. And only a few months before he'd been riding the range in Montana!

Even in that miscast part, his scenes revealed something so terrific that they fairly shouted, "star stuff!" You couldn't put your finger on what it was—and I suppose you can't now. It's pure inner power that Coop has. I heard a director who ought to know—C. B. DeMille, no less say, "If Gary ever let loose all the power inside him, he'd blow up the screen!"

young in heart . . .

Coop let some of it escape later on, and it made unforgettably real roles for the screen, like *Sergeant York*, *Lou Gehrig* and *Mr. Deeds*. In person, though, he holds it in with a boyish shyness which he's never capitalized on in his acting, as Jimmy Stewart has, for instance. I can't help thinking of Coop as still a boy, even though he's in his middle forties.

I was walking down the street in Beverly Hills not long ago, when I heard a shout. "Hey, Hedda—look what I just got!" I thought it must be a letter from the President or something equally sensational. Gary stuck out his wrist. He had a new watch, one of those waterproof, shockproof, everything proof kind that tells when it's going to rain and practically all the saints' days. Gary could buy one, if he wanted to, I'm sure, every day in the week. But he'd run across the street like a kid with a new B-B gun to show me his prize. He stopped traffic for me another time, right on Hollywood Boulevard—and he hates a scene with a crowd—just to glow over a new buggy he'd bought. I remember not long ago when a foreign automobile, one of those sleek hand-made English jobs, broke up a perfectly good party at Merle Oberon's house. A British pal of Merle's rolled up in it and from that minute on us gals—including Rocky, Gary's pretty wife—sat in the house and twiddled our thumbs. Gary kept his head poked under the hood all day investigating the works.

Gary wasn't exactly fresh off the range when his wife, Rocky, met and married him. He'd had the rough ranch edges rounded off by Clara Bow and Lupe Velez, the Countess Di Frasso and his other bachelor-day girl friends. Come to think of it, darned if I didn't promote Gary's first date with Clara! Gary liked fun girls. Lupe Velez, bless her memory, was as gay a personality package as Hollywood ever knew. Gary unlearned and let go around her. But he always remained at heart the wild West kid he'd been. He used to give all his best girls animals.

Lupe got an eagle—a wild one Coop had caught. It flapped dismally around her big house for months and she thought she knew why it had the blues. "Eee needs a mate, Gay-ree," she explained. "Get one."

Gary got one, all right. I've forgotten how many scratches it cost his sun-tanned hide, scrambling over the cactus-spiked hills of Catalina Island to do it. But he got that eagle.

Gary presented Dorothy Di Frasso with



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They met back East once when Gary was fancy free, and pretty soon Rocky was out on another Hollywood visit—but this time set to stay a while. They said she had plans for a Hollywood career herself: her step-dad, Paul Shields, a Wall Street financier, had some tie-up with a studio and Rocky rated a contract try. I don't think she came out to be an actress. She came out to marry Gary—and that's what she did.

Gary and Rocky make an annual pilgrimage back to Southampton, Long Island, to visit her mother, Mrs. Paul Shields, and to keep in touch with the Eastern non-Hollywood upper crust. Last

He's every bit as kind and courtly to

his daughter, Maria, a big girl of twelve, smart, pretty and talented. Maria's a perfect fifty-fifty combination of Gary and Rocky and Gary's simply wild about her. She goes to Marymount, a convent school nearby the Cooper house, and because she wanted to be raised as a Catholic, Gary and Rocky, who were married in the Episcopal church, took Catholic instruction.

I hope I haven't given the impression that Gary and Rocky Cooper's marriage is one-sided, because that's not the truth. I'd say Rocky's the domestic boss of the team, but since becoming Mrs. Cooper, she's learned to enjoy the things Gary likes, and she's darned good at them, too.

They're forever taking trips, that pair, because Gary loves trips. Sun Valley's the favorite spot, and if they don't fly they roll up in the deluxe station wagon Henry Ford II had made for Gary. Gary loves hunting better than anything, and next to that, plain skeet shooting. Rocky's taken up both, so now, half the time, she beats her old man. The only time I had any trouble pinning Gary down to doing something I wanted was when I nabbed him in the middle of a hunting expedition.

He was up near Sun Valley with Rocky and Ernest Hemingway and his then new bride, Martha Gelhorn, and I wanted to make a short movie subject of the dove and jackrabbit hunt they were on. As usual, when I wired Coop, he replied "Sure, Hedda, anything for you." The cameraman I sent up had to track him down like a coyote to pull him away from those doves and rabbits. But when he finally did, Gary delivered not only himself but the elusive Mr. Hemingway who'd said, "No," at first. It made a wonderful film, with those two expert hunters and celebrities and it was just one of the many favors Gary has done me through the years.

the master at work . . .

Sometimes, when I haven't seen Coop for a long time I suddenly get the urge to check up on him in person. The other day I spied Rocky at a luncheon party.

"What's Gary up to?" I asked.

"He's painting," smiled Rocky. "Why don't you come see the master at work?"

I hurried right over the next day. Rocky led me through Gary's abandoned gun room and outside. "In here," she indicated.

"Why," I gasped. "It's the doghouse!"

"It was," grinned Rocky. "But it's Gary's studio now. He's off on a new project."

Inside I found the same gangling Gary I knew years ago—maybe a touch of gray and a line or two—and a familiar bell rang in my memory. The last thing he looks like is an artist, but before he landed in the movies, Gary traveled around, door to door, selling his own Western sketches to keep himself alive in Hollywood. "Hi, Hedda," he said, daubing busily away. "What color's a nasturtium?"

"Red," I said, trying not to look too surprised, "some are yellow, some orange."

"I've tried mixing 'em," he sighed. "And all I seem to get is a nasty brown."

True enough, it wasn't Cézanne on the canvas, but it was his first try at oils. "I'm going to lick this," swore Gary, hitching up his Levis, "if it takes all summer." Well, summer's almost over and I haven't seen Coop's masterpieces yet. I don't expect them to be any Rembrandts for a lot of reasons, including the fact that Gary's been busy with *Good Sam*, his next film.

But I'm staking out a spot on my wall to hang one—to remind me always of my April fool favorite star—and I'll bet it's good. I've watched Gary leap up the ladder from the awkward cowboy to an Oscar-winning actor who's worth \$500,000 for every movie he makes. I'd bet on Gary Cooper to travel far in any direction he picks. He's got mighty long legs.

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GLENN FORD LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 45)

finally one Christmas, Grant turned up with a new weapon... an air rifle.

Glenn wasn't made aware of this new development in their armament race until one afternoon a few days later when he was working on his tree house. Suddenly, he heard a splat and looked down to find a B-B pellet in the limb he was sitting on.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" he yelled.

"Shooting," Grant yelled back. "Some gun, huh!"

Then he shot again, and the next B-B hit Glenn on the forehead, where he still has the scar. Glenn was furious. He chased Grant across the backyard, into his house, and then into his bedroom, where he proceeded to beat the daylight out of him. Then he broke Grant's B-B gun and went home. And that ended his fighting with Grant. Fists and clods were O.K., but that gun did it.

Then things became pretty placid in Glenn's life. He concentrated on his studies at Santa Monica High School, and managed to sandwich in an appearance in the Junior Class play, *The Thirteenth Chair*. He graduated into the midst of the depression—it was 1934—and discovered that he hadn't made any definite plans about what to do with his life.

For a while he thought teaching might be okay. Then he gave some thought to the diplomatic service. Lots of traveling, see faraway places, meet interesting people. It sounded like a good thing.

Then an idea hit him. What's wrong with acting? Certainly every play didn't have to be staged in a leaky barn, with settings built out of box wood. But when he presented the idea to his parents, they didn't seem to be burning with the same combustible burst of enthusiasm.

"We don't want to tell you what you must do," Glenn's father said. "But isn't acting a pretty risky business?"

"I guess anything's a gamble these days," Glenn replied, logically enough.

"But do you really want to be an actor?"

Glenn frowned seriously for a moment, then smiled, "Yes sir. I'd like that just fine." And that was the end of teaching,

and of adventures in far-away places with the diplomatic service.

Santa Monica's current little theater group was then holding forth in the basement of the Public Library, and the group's director, Harold Clifton, gave Glenn a chance to read, was impressed, and cast him in a comparatively minor part. Then began a friendly association that has lasted until today. Harold is now dialogue director at Columbia Studios and works on all of Glenn's pictures, the most recent being *Man From Colorado*.

As it must to all such ventures, death came to the Basement Players. But Harold and Glenn went from one little theater to the next. Some 100-odd plays later—in which Glenn's roles were mostly small—Harold began to size Glenn up.

"You've been around long enough," he said. "It's about time I gave you a good part." Glenn smiled, and for the first time began to feel that his perseverance was paying off.

Then, after a session of fairly good roles in everything from *June Moon* to the sombre *Hamlet*, Glenn got a call from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for an interview. He talked to Oliver Hinsdell, then the studio's dramatic coach, who motioned Glenn into a chair and sat looking him over in silence.

"You're certainly not the pretty boy type," he finally said, with a smile.

Glenn smiled back. "No, sir. I hope not."

"Maybe that's just as well," said Hinsdell. "But right now, we're looking for pretty boys." Glenn's stomach did a loop, then a dive.

"However, I'll see what I can do for you," Hinsdell went on, "I'll keep in touch with you."

While waiting for "the touch," Glenn went back into the Santa Monica Community Players. Then, one night, when he was playing the lead in *Journey's End*, a Paramount talent scout spotted him. He called Glenn the next day and offered him a small role as the M.C. in a short subject entitled *Manhattan Serenade*.

"You have a tuxedo, of course," the scout mentioned matter-of-factly.

MODERN SCREEN



"Well—what do you want?"

"Oh, sure," said Glenn, enthusiastically, but untruthfully.

"Fine, then. Come by the studio tomorrow and pick up the script."

By borrowing a little here and there, Glenn managed to scrape up thirty-five dollars, the cost of renting one.

The picture was shot on Easter Sunday, and of course, except for the stern policemen at the gate, Paramount Studios was deserted. But even the silence impressed Glenn. Because all important production was stopped for the day, Glenn was assigned to a star's dressing room.

When the day's shooting ended at six o'clock, Glenn walked off the sound stage into the dark and roamed aimlessly around the lot until nine-thirty. He went home with the firm resolve to become an important movie star.

But came the dawn . . . and the facing of cold facts. He had torn the rented tuxedo, and with the repair bill, the outfit had cost him fifty dollars. And his paycheck for the one day's work totaled only twenty-five.

For the next few days, Glenn more or less forgot acting, read some new novels and swam at the beach. Then one morning, he dashed down to breakfast, gulped his coffee and headed out the door.

"What now?" his mother called after him.

Over his shoulder he yelled back, "Casting a new show in L.A. See you tonight."

Such were the first days of Glenn's struggle for a chance. A lot of time passed, Glenn was doing *Parnell* again in one of Santa Monica's little theaters, when fate moved in again. This time it was personified by Tom Moore, an old silent star who was now working as the talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox. He believed that Glenn was not only a good actor, but potentially a valuable studio property. He risked his job and his own career to prove it.

that first test . . .

The first test Tom arranged was a corny affair. In it, Glenn opened a door, sat on a couch, kissed a girl, lit a cigarette, and then walked out of the room. And, of course, the makeup men had dabbed Glenn with the lipstick, eye-shadow and pancake makeup then favored by the standard pretty boys.

When the studio executives saw the test, there was a lot of coughing and uncomfortable moving about. When it was over, one of the top men turned to Tom Moore with a glum look, and exploded, "You're hired by this studio to find talent. If he's your idea of talent, you better start looking for another job."

"I think the kid can act," Tom said stubbornly.

"So what?" the executive replied. "He looks like everybody else. No sex appeal."

"But he has an interesting face," Tom answered. "Besides, since he can act, he can look like any character he has to portray. What's wrong with that?"

"You'll find out," the man boomed back, "if you don't start doing a better job."

Tom didn't give up, however. After seeing Glenn playing in *Reunion in Vienna*, he tried to sell him to the studio again, without much better luck. Then, just before Glenn was about to leave for New York to do a small role with Tallulah Bankhead, Tom called him.

"I've got another test for you," he exclaimed.

"Thanks a lot," Glenn said. "But I've almost cost you your job twice. Let's forget it."

"Glenn, make this test. It might be different."

"Okay. But let me wear some old clothes and no makeup. I'm not an Arrow Collar man and don't want to look like one."



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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.

The test brought a role in a picture called *Heaven with a Barbed Wire Fence*. The picture, to put it politely, was a choice flop. It almost made him quit movies for good.

Then Columbia saw something they liked about Glenn, and signed him to a contract. At last, he was on his way.

My part in Glenn's story started one evening in 1942, when my mother and I went to see a Dietrich picture at our neighborhood theater. When it was over, the title of a Penny Singleton film flashed on. There was a fellow named Glenn Ford in it. He had a quality that was intriguing. Sincerity, I guess you would call it. On the way out, I said to mother, "We'll have to watch that boy." I married him in October of 1943.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Pat O'Brien was largely the reason we did meet. He had been trying to make a two-some of us for some time, and finally introduced us at a swimming party.

Our initial conversation wasn't exactly electrifying. It went something like this:

Said I, "I think you have the makings of a fine actor."

Said Glenn, "Thank you. And I've always enjoyed your dancing so much."

I smiled, and that was that. Or so I thought, until about two weeks later when Glenn called me up and asked me to have dinner with him.

"Why not come over to the house," I said. "We've a wonderful cook and the refrigerator's full of food."

He came, and brought a healthy appetite. It wasn't long before we were married. We had ten days for our honeymoon before Glenn was transferred to Camp Pendleton, near San Diego, and I was almost simultaneously offered a chance to earn \$40,000 at the Radio City Music Hall. I was faced with a big decision... whether to follow my career or my husband. Suddenly, it wasn't a problem. I went to La Jolla.

For \$60 a month, we rented the servants' quarters over the garage of an enormous beachside estate. I marketed, cooked meals in a rush, and grabbed every fleeting moment I could with Glenn. I loved it.

Glenn and I learned a lot about each other during those first few weeks together: that we had fantastically different standards, but that basically we were the same. That we both displayed our nervous energy and that we were both innately active people. In short, we built the basis for happiness during those rushed days.

And there you are. Glenn, for my money, is the most lovable guy in Hollywood. And the best looking. And certainly a great actor. And—as for his status as husband and father—you don't hear me complaining, do you?

What more can a gal ask out of life?

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Who are your favorite stars? We'd like to know, so that we can feature them in future issues of MODERN SCREEN. The first 500 of you who answer the questionnaire below will receive a three-months' subscription to MODERN SCREEN *absolutely free*. So hurry up, and be among the lucky 500 who'll get the November, December and January issues as a gift from us to you.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>Are Russell and Madison Married?</i> (Gail Russell, Guy Madison) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Awkward Age</i> (Peggy Ann Garner) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Lady In Retirement</i> (Greer Garson) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>On A Note Of Triumph</i> (Rita Hayworth) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Memo On A Madman</i> (Bob Mitchum) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Glenn Ford Life Story</i> (Conclusion) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Weekend At The Ladds</i> (Alan Ladd) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Miracle On Main Street</i> (Elizabeth Scott) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Sierra Madre</i> (Humphrey Bogart) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Everything Happens To Joan</i> (Joan Leslie) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Sinatra Set</i> (Frank Sinatra) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Devotion</i> (Susan Peters) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"Coop"</i> (Gary Cooper) by Hedda Hopper .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>A Young Man's Fancy</i> (Frank Latimore) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Case of Autry Vs. Rogers</i> (Gene Autry, Roy Rogers) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Everything With A Kiss</i> (Cary Grant) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Wife's Husband</i> (June Allyson, Dick Powell) .. <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Vision In White</i> (Barbara Lawrence) .. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> .. <input type="checkbox"/> |

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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SIERRA MADRE

(Continued from page 49)

when Bogie and Betty (as he calls her) were making *Dark Passage* together. Their plans were more on the sentimental side then. "For a second anniversary comes up a second honeymoon, Baby," suggested Bogie. "It's only right and natural. What do you say we celebrate with a spin to Honolulu in the Cup race?" Bogie has been boat-happy since his Navy days in World War I. He'd dreamed about the Cup race since coming to Hollywood.

The bills added up to \$6,000 before they got the "Santana" in racing trim. Caulk this and sand that, paint that and polish this. Bogie and Betty rode their prize hobby furiously for the Big Event and counted the weeks.

Then up came an event that was even bigger. It was another one Bogie had planned away back—five years ago, to be exact, when Director John Huston handed him a book, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." The story was about hidden gold in the Mexican mountains, and about desperate men who went after it—and what that gold did to them. It was crammed with action—strictly male struggle, fights, hairy chests and jaws, dirt, sweat, muscle and blood—the dramatic stuff Bogie loves. He stayed up all night to read it. The next morning he told John, "That's for me."

So now, on the eve of his second honeymoon cruise, came up the production he couldn't miss. He told Lauren the bad news. "It's Mexico for me and back to the grind," he said. "No cruise, no anniversary, no second honeymoon."

"I'm going with you," she said. "We'll have it down there."

"This is strictly stag. No place for a lady," vetoed Humphrey.

the look . . .

Betty's lower lip slid out stubbornly and she gave him the look. "Careful what you call me," she grinned, "but remember, if you ever want me—just whistle." Bogie has worn a silver whistle on his key chain ever since *To Have and Have Not*. He gave it a toot. "Okay," he said, "but you won't like it."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," drawled Betty Bacall, "but what's an anniversary without a husband?"

They took off for Mexico City in a DC-4—all the cast principals herded together in the big plane—Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Bruce Bennett, Tim Holt, Barton MacLean, Director John Huston and a couple of wives—Evelyn Keyes, John's bride, and Lauren Bacall. By the time they landed, Lauren began to think maybe Bogie was right.

It was 3:30 a.m. when they roared in over Mexico City, after eight hours in the air from Hollywood. The field below was inky, blacked out by mist. They made five passes, swooping and zooming up again while the safety whistles wailed eerily. There's a law in Mexico: after forty-five minutes circling a field you move on. They got the signal, "Try Vera Cruz." They had trouble there, too, fighting soup over the mountains clear down to the coast. "Maybe with this picture the fade-out comes first," cracked Bogie grimly when the gas got down to 20 gallons and there still wasn't a hole to see land. They found one just in time. Bogie hopped out and kissed the ground. "Viva Mexico!" he said.

"Viva terra firma," added Betty fervently. "I'll never leave it." But she did pronto. After coffee and gas for the ship they hopped off in the daylight to the City.

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The news had spread by then and they got a real South of the Border welcome—with vaqueros, gardenia girls and a band right at the airport, before they piled into the Reforma Hotel and put out the "Don't disturb" sign—in Spanish.

Two days later they were winding over the green tropical spine of Mexico, whizzing across gorges and skittering along cliffs down to San Jose Purua, the mountain spa John Huston had picked for his Sierra scenes. But before they left the Reforma, Bogie and Betty had their first battle with Spanish—and they lost.

Before he headed South of the Border, Bogie boned up on the *tourista* Spanish he figured he'd need. First he mastered the strictly set lingo. (In Mexico a Hollywood company, by law, has to hire a complete crew, man for man, to match Hollywood's labor imports.) But he and Lauren didn't stop there; they craved to fling their English-Spanish dictionary lore around a little more.

They were having dinner at the hotel the night before the location departure. A waiter poured Lauren some coffee and, flashing her new accomplishment, she said, "Basta!" The way her book read, that meant "enough." But pretty soon they saw the waiter over in the corner beating his breast and shedding tears to the head waiter. In a minute, the dinner captain bustled over.

too much...

"Is something wrong?" he asked Bogie. The Bogarts shook their heads. "Heavens no!" replied Betty. "I just had enough coffee so I said 'enough'—'basta,' she added proudly.

That made the captain swat his brow "Basta" means 'enough,' all right," he explained, "but in a way you don't like. Like 'Get the heck out of here!' or 'Scram!'"

Humphrey Bogart's such a favorite below the border that he couldn't get by with any privacy in Mexico City. The day he stepped outside the door of the Reforma, a little kid bounced up with a stick and gave the uh-uh-uh-uh-machine gun rattle that kids all over the world love. "You're dead!" he announced. Crowds of *aficionados* (that's Mexican for "fan") followed Bogie and Betty around wherever they went in the capital, and even the taxi drivers raced Bogie around extra recklessly when he climbed in their hacks, just to show off. Later on, Bogie met many Mexico City officials, and before he came home to Hollywood he was thoroughly impressed and in love with our busy Southern neighbor. But this first week of work he wasn't so sure. There were some things he had to get acclimated to at San Jose Purua—such as snakes, machete-swinging Indians and burros—particularly burros.

San Jose's a picturesque hot springs set in the state of Michoacan—a Mexican beauty spot where upper crusters go for the baths. There's a huge 200-room hotel there, gardens, fountains and all the luxuries of a pleasure resort. There's a swimming pool, a bar, a billiard room (and Lauren's a pool shark), even a bowling alley to work out on at night, where Bogie made six straight strikes the first time he tried it. But only a few miles away at the *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* location, it was a different story.

The first set was on a rocky hillside tangled with green jungle growth. When he stepped into his scenes, Bogie spotted a squad of native Indians padding around on the shadowy perimeter of the lights, swatting the bushes. For his first scene he had to squat on a rock. He started to sit down. The Indians leapt forward and whacked all around him furiously. "Wait, Señor," said one, "the snakes."

"The what!"

"The cascabels, the corals, Señor," the Indian explained. "The rattlesnakes, the monsters—they like the rocks. You seat down—whee—you daid. A moment, pleez." And he whacked around with his long knife.

Bogie's no sissy, exactly, but he felt the chills creep up his spine. He got more used to them after he'd seen Indian machete's lop their heads off right and left a few times. He never did get used to the burros, however.

He had a scene where he led his jack to a stream for water. The burro was supposed to drink thirstily but—well, you know that old gag about horses; it's the same with donkeys. "I know," said Bogie at last, "we'll trot him up and down the trail until he's so darned thirsty he'll have to drink!" Bogie dragged his partner up and down for an hour. It wasn't such a terrific idea. At the end the jackass was cool, collected and still definitely not interested in water. Bogie was dying with thirst and had to call time out for a beer!

Betty's idea to make the burro wake up and live was strictly a feminine trick. After Bogie had tugged away most of one morning, she said, "Why don't you run a lady burro up ahead of him? He'll follow." When they tried that, Humphrey's donkey only yawned and dug in his hooves. "They aren't human," decided Bogie. The only time he and Lauren came near a lovers' quarrel on their Mexican second honeymoon was when Betty fell in love with one mouse-gray, rag-eared little jenny. "I want to take her home, Bogie," she said. "Please buy her." Bogie was firm. "Buy all the silver, baskets, pottery, dresses, jewelry—whatever you like," he decreed, "anything except burros. That's where I put it down—the foot!"

Even Bogie's crusty heart melted, though, the day he took Betty to a bull fight. It wasn't exactly a big league event, just a dusty little ring in a tiny nearby town called Zitquaro, and the "bulls" were not much more than half-grown calves. This trip was the first in Mexico for both Humphrey and Lauren and like all tenderfoot Mexican tourists, they had to see at least one bullfight. Zitquaro rallied to stage one for the Hollywood company. They dedicated a bull to the Bogarts—that's quite an honor—but seeing the first one killed was enough for Bogie. When "his" bull came up for the knockout, he stopped the fight. "Hey," yelled Bogie, "I pardon the bull! Let him go!" He bought him and gave him away to some hungry citizens.

suckers for kids...

What got to Bogie and Betty Bacall's hearts most in Mexico, even more than burros and bulls, were the appealing little waifs who tagged around after them, barefooted and ragged. One little guy from Jungapeo got himself a job carrying cokes and beer to the bunch at San Jose Purua and became the pet of the camp. Bogie bought him a pair of shoes and Betty stuffed him with goodies every time she saw him. He was an orphan with a rugged time growing up behind him, but so sunny and attractive that John Huston's and Evvie Keyes' hearts grabbed on to him for keeps. When they left, they brought Pablo—his name was Pablo Alvarron—back to Hollywood with them to raise and educate.

Lauren surprised even herself with a rash of domesticity down in Mexico. They all ate at the San Jose Purua hotel, which proudly boasted a Viennese chef, but pretty soon the *Americanos* got sick of fancy sauces, pastries and fluff. "I'm getting cream-puffed to death," groaned Bogie one night. "Can't somebody show this guy how to make something simple

like corned beef hash and beans for a change?"

"Sure," said Betty. "I can." She waltzed out into the kitchen and then and there took over, after a noisy second battle of Vienna. She was never too sure how the other guests appreciated her effort but she knew what Bogie and the Hollywood gang thought. They cinched her position as supervising chef for the rest of the stay. Another job she took on was nurse assistant to the camp medico, Dr. Raoul Herrera, a saint-like Mexican physician, who's devoting his life to caring for the rural Indian people. Another homeless waif, a pin-boy at the bowling alley, got his leg smashed and infected with a ball. Dr. Herrera had to operate on the spot in San Jose, and Betty stayed up all night to help pull him through.

When Bogie and Lauren's wedding date rolled around at last, the *Sierra Madre* location scenes were almost finished and John Huston had a surprise to hand them. "You're through, Bogie," he said. "We'll stick around here another couple of weeks and shoot patch-up stuff. But for you, school's out." That night the crew whipped up an anniversary party to end all parties with a native *mariachi* band, guitar players serenading Bogie and Betty all around the hotel grounds, a feast and dance, polished off with tequila toasts and presents for the anniversary pair. Next morning Bogie and Betty roared off in a hired buggy on their second honeymoon tour.

couple of tourists . . .

They covered the beauty spots of Mexico—Tuxpan, Acapulco, Fortin, Garci-Crespa, the silver mines of Taxco, the palaces at Cuernavaca. They did all the first time tourist tricks, and visited at least a thousand (Bogie swears) Mexican bazaars to judge from all the loot Lauren shipped home to their Beverly Hills shack. One of the best times they had was a ride on a Mexican bus in the country, with Betty holding babies on her lap and Bogie riding with a chicken perched on his shoulder. The proudest accomplishment Humphrey collected was the ability to pronounce one town, Chichimiquillas, so that even the natives knew what he meant. And the only regrettable habit he latched on to was a taste for barbecued goat!

Otherwise, and all in all, there isn't much the Bogarts would trade their anniversary in Mexico for, the way it worked out. They came back to Hollywood with mahogany tans, a carload of souvenirs, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* in the can for Bogie, and memories of a pleasant, hospitable land they can't wait to hurry back to.

Before his third anniversary rolls around, Humphrey Bogart plans to have another picture finished—the first one after all these years that he'll produce himself in collaboration with Mark Hellinger. It might be *Fifty Grand*, the Ernest Hemingway thriller.

For that third anniversary event they're already plotting the racing cruise they had to skip this time—a crack in the "Santana" at the Honolulu Cup, and down on the boat, where they hurried the minute they landed back in Hollywood, the cabin's already littered with navigation charts of the Great Circle route and such nautical lore. When any visitor sticks his head down the hatch these days to interrupt the relaxing Bogarts, he gets a strange greeting from Bogie in a foreign tongue—and unless he's hep to his Spanish it's baffling. But the tone is not.

Barks Bogie, when he's escaping Hollywood and such a rude interruption occurs, "Dejame en paz!" Liberally translated, Humphrey Bogart-wise, that means, "Beat it—I'm busy!"

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY IS HE WRITING TO ANOTHER WOMAN?

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ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 33)

would happen. And now we were aboard the S.S. Veendam, watching the tugs shoving us away from the pier, watching the upturned faces at the dock growing smaller and smaller.

Rita turned to me with a complacent smile. "And the best part of it all is that almost everyone on this boat is Dutch, and no one will pay any attention to us."

She'd hardly mouthed the words when a small towhead approached her timidly, autograph book in hand. "Please, Miss Hayworth," he said, proffering the book.

"But where's your pencil?" Rita asked him. At that instant, the youngster grabbed her hand, his self-consciousness completely forgotten.

"Hey, Miss Hayworth," he cried. "Look at the Statue of Liberty!" Whereupon he dashed off to get a better look. The group at the rail overheard the conversation, and in just about eight minutes the amateur photographers were begging her to pose with the New York skyline as a backdrop. When the excitement subsided I started to ease Rita down to our stateroom muttering, "No one will pay any attention to us," she says. I'm laughing."

Rita didn't say anything. She looked preoccupied. "You know," she said finally. "The Statue of Liberty really meant something to that little fellow who wanted my autograph. Did you see the look on his face?" She was so impressed by the Dutch child's obvious devotion to our country that she fetched a pencil and tracked him down, so that she could put her name in his book.

After that one flurry, the passengers took Rita in their stride, and we had a really heavenly voyage, playing deck tennis and shuffle board, reading (Eric Sevareid's "Not So Wild a Dream" and Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night") and sleeping. What made everything absolutely perfect was when Captain Peter Legaay, the gracious septuagenarian skipper of the ship, broke his precedent of not fussing over shipboard dignitaries by honoring Rita with a cocktail party! After it was over, she said to me, "If Holland is anything like its people, I'm going to be mad for it!"

tulip time . . .

We did love it, too. Loved every second of our two-brief four-day stay. We arrived on Tulip Day, which is the first Sunday after the first bloom of tulips, and driving from Rotterdam to Der Haag, we felt as if we were riding through tulip fields: all the cars, wagons, bicycles—even people—we passed on the road were bedecked with multicolored tulips. We stopped for a look at Scheveningen, the famous Dutch sea resort, then on to Der Haag for lunch. That night, Rita attended a birthday dinner for U.S. Ambassador Herman Baruch. It was a small formal party with several Dutch Parliamentarians, the head of the Dutch Red Cross and Baruch's aides. Before the main course, with an apologetic bow to Rita, the Ambassador announced the guest of honor. Whereupon a succulent turkey was ushered onto a side table by two chefs who promptly carved and served it.

Next day we headed for Volendam, a small fishing village not far from Amsterdam. All tourists are directed to this village, which is painstakingly kept picturesque by the Dutch Tourist Bureau. Here we busied ourselves photographing the tidy brick houses along the dike, and the inhabitants in their Dutch costumes, all of whom seemed to be old hands at striking postcard-like poses. Later on, we lunched at a wharfside restaurant, watch-

ing the small fishing boats, lulled by the lap of the water.

"The peace of this place," Rita marvelled. "Not a bobby-socker for miles around." Our pretty young waitress appeared then with a great bowl of boiled potatoes (Holland's national dish). She took one look at Rita, put down the dish with a clatter and whipped out an autograph book from her starched white apron. Rita signed it with a straight face, but when we were alone again, we guffawed into our napkins. There are apparently bobby-sockers in every language!

Our biggest sightseeing thrill was Amsterdam, that fabulous city laced with canals. Rita was being guided through the city museums, some three-century-old houses and other points of interest, when she learned of a hospital for wounded men of the Dutch underground. She asked to visit them provided she could do so alone and without fanfare. That was her only public appearance in the Netherlands, spent in Koal with forty Dutch heroes.

what's new with grable? . . .

Rita listened intently to their reminiscences of war. She was impressed by the serious-eyed boy who hoped that America, by continuing to play a strong role in world affairs, could prevent the development of another war. And she was touched by the smiling youngster with a battered face who wanted news of Betty Grable!

After the quiet of the Netherlands, France was very, very exciting indeed, and I don't suppose that either of us will ever forget the welcome Rita's Parisian fans gave her. When we stepped off the train at the Gare du Nord Station, three thousand of them, as excitable as if they were watching a close finish of a bicycle race, brushed the gatemen aside and swarmed down the platform to greet her. The police tried to hold them back, but somehow I, too, was carried off in the surging crowd. Believe me, it was a terrifying experience, and when I finally arrived at Rita's suite at the George Fifth Hotel, I was cut and torn and minus my best cigarette case. "Rita," I practically wept, "let's hope this never happens again." Fortunately, it didn't.

Our second morning in Paris, Rita sprang a surprise on me. "Lola," she announced, "I've got to buy some clothes."

"But heavens," I protested, waving vaguely at her trunk and three suitcases. "What about all those?" She was sort of embarrassed opening them up to show me, and I did a double-take when I saw that most of the space was taken up by bags of sugar and flour, and cans of every sort of food. "How come?" I asked her.

"It's for the hungry kids over here," she said quietly.

The shopping spree was fun and netted Rita seven stunning day dresses and two Christian Dior and Jacques Costet. The next couple of weeks were hectic for Rita. While I scooted around seeing all the sights, she was involved in press conferences—conducted through an interpreter from Columbia Pictures—and picture sittings.

"Can you imagine it, Lola," she said to me one evening. "Paris in the spring and I haven't seen a bit of it. Not even the Louvre. Gosh, everyone sees the Louvre!"

Eventually we escaped to a wee hotel at Beaulieu-sur-Mer on the French Riviera, where for ten beautiful days we played tennis and swam in the warm blue Mediterranean. We'd almost forgotten she was a famous movie star by the time we started back to Paris, and then a waitress at the

inn where we stopped for lunch reminded us.

In French she whispered to Rita, "Made-moiselle Hayworth, I have something to show you." She took Rita upstairs, and there on the wall of her bedroom was a faded Hayworth glamour photo, which she asked Rita to sign.

Back in Paris once more, there was the gala premiere of *Gilda* and then we set off for the film festival at Brussels.

Brussels was such fun! It is actually the gayest city in Europe today, and it was in holiday mood for the film festival. All along the flag-bedecked Boulevard Marche Aux Herbes (Brussels' great white way) various theaters were showing the outstanding international films of the year. There was a party for each visiting film star, and Rita's party was the daddy of them all.

an official request . . .

Something funny and rather cute happened during her guided tour through the town hall. After the stately burgomeister, who was her guide, had proudly pointed out the works of old Flemish masters, tapestries, and heraldic emblems of the long dead past, a reporter asked him if he had any request to make of her, thinking perhaps that the dignified old fellow might like an autograph. Instead, with a twinkle in his eye, he said, "I wish only that she place a kiss on my cheek." Whereupon Rita promptly bussed him.

Rita's next scheduled stop was Zurich, in Switzerland, and after a brief rest in Paris we motored there. Like most tourists, we were charmed by the neat picturesqueness of Swiss towns and countryside.

We both longed to spend more than four days in Switzerland, but Rita had promised Major General A. R. Bolling to visit the American Occupied Zone in Germany. In our ten days in Germany, we travelled through most of Bavaria, taking in the cities of Nurnberg and Frankfurt; with Rita sleeping upon Army cots, eating with GI's and officers, appearing at numerous camp shows, and playing soft ball. When I asked her for a brief description of her activities during those days when I didn't see her she replied, "Mostly I'm in and out of jeeps."

July sixth, following a mammoth Fourth of July celebration with out-of-this-world fireworks, we left for a week in Prague. Gosh, what a beautiful city, with its baroque buildings and the great Hradcany Castle.

Rita's public appearances were few. She visited Czech film studios and attended a dinner given in her honor by Ambassador Steinhardt. Her press conferences with Czechoslovak journalists was probably the most unique she had yet encountered. Instead of the usual queries on her reactions to Europe, life in Hollywood and what she ate for breakfast, they quizzed her on political matters. What did she think of the Truman Doctrine? Would Congress support the Marshall Plan? etc., etc. Rita parried the questions with finesse and got the interviewers talking about politics in Czechoslovakia!

At the end of the week, we boarded the famed Orient Express train for Paris hoping to get a good night's rest. No such luck, between requests for our bread tickets, our railroad tickets, and other credentials. Finally, in the small hours of the morning we were both dozing off beautifully when there came a loud knock on the door. It was two GI's of the American Border Patrol.

"Everything okay?" they inquired sheepishly. Rita nodded sleepily and smiled. The smile evidently did it, for instantly they were pushing two autograph books at her to sign. At three o'clock in the morning, no less.

"Now we never will get to sleep," I

wailed, after the soldiers had gone. No answer. "Will we?" I said. No answer. My glamorous chum was dead to the world.

We packed our bags in Paris and were off for England the very next day, accompanied by Dennis Lyons of Columbia's London office and our two maids—annexed in Paris. At least we thought we were accompanied by our maids. We sent them on to the station with the luggage, after extracting their solemn promise to report to us before train time. We'd barely boarded The Golden Arrow—the boat train between Paris and London, when it started to pull out of the station. Rita hastily looked into the next compartment to see that the maids were comfortably settled—and there wasn't a sign of them! Nor of the luggage. Dennis was frantic at the thought of Rita en route to the biggest opening of her European trip (the premiere of *Down to Earth* in London) minus her wardrobe, knowing that there was no hope of replacements in clothes-hungry England. But the thing struck Rita and me as being terribly funny. We laughed till we cried, to the consternation of poor Dennis. At length he decided to search the baggage car in the hope that the maids might have gotten it aboard. Off he went, and in a few minutes he was back with our maids, Arguille and Anita, in tow. He'd found them a few cars forward chatting gaily with two French gentlemen. When he scolded them for disappearing they both went into screaming hysterics, and it took hours for Rita and me to cajole them back to sanity.

We arrived in London that afternoon, and the days that followed were filled with sight-seeing and theater-going. We saw the Tower of London and Buckingham Palace. One day we watched the ground being broken in Grosvenor Square for the Roosevelt Memorial, and another day we saw Princess Elizabeth.

one of the bunch . . .

I think perhaps the most amusing place we saw was a Cockney hangout called Dirty Dick's. We went in a bit apprehensively, lest the patrons think we were slumming and resent us. We needn't have worried. The standees at the bar couldn't have been friendlier. "Hello, Rita—glad to see ya!" they greeted her cheerfully. Then they went back to their pints of beer and their dart boards. After a while one of the patrons edged his way over to Rita.

"Did you ever know George Thompson?" he inquired. "E was a GI who spent part of the war 'ere at Dirty Dick's."

He was crushed when Rita said she didn't know him. "If you run into him," he said then, "tell 'im 'is buddy at Dirty Dick's was asking for 'im."

"I'll do that," Rita promised. And don't think she won't.

The opening of *Down to Earth* was a benefit for limblex ex-servicemen, and a large reception was held before it, attended by Ambassador Lewis Douglass, Anthony Eden, the Duke of Gloucester and others. Six city blocks were roped off to car traffic, so Rita—like the rest of the party—walked to the theater, where an estimated crowd of five thousand people were milling about.

At the end of the movie, the crowd gave Rita an ovation, and she stepped up on the stage to thank them for it. It was a warm little speech, and the crowd loved her for it. When she returned to her seat next to Anthony Eden, he leaned over and whispered to her:

"The minute you started speaking, you had us all at your command."

Which, from my observation, just about makes it unanimous.



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VISION IN WHITE

(Continued from page 63)

perfect for her cute little-girl features.

Her maid of honor was her cousin, Martha Crawford, and the bridesmaids—in aqua faille—were Lynn Carroll, Diana Herbert (daughter of F. Hugh Herbert who wrote *Margie*, the movie that gave Barbara her first real break, and Vivian Eton, a Howard Greer model. (Oh, to be an usher in a wedding like that!) The very good-looking groom, 23-year-old Johnny Fontaine, had for his best man, his brother Bill who'd flown up from his studies at the University of Texas.

an intimate reception . . .

After Dr. William E. Roberts performed the ever-beautiful marriage ceremony, we went on to the reception at the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. And the reception, like the wedding, was refreshingly un-Hollywood. Of the 150 guests, only a handful—like Rory Calhoun and the Dan Daileys—were movie stars; the rest were non-professional friends of Barbara's and Johnny's from their pre-movie days.

Everybody there looked happy in that gay, excited, party way, but I couldn't help noticing the really deep-lying happiness in Barbara's mother's face. It was plain as could be that she had all the confidence in the world in the two youngsters. "After all," she told me, "Barbara is a very mature young person, and she and Johnny have known each other for a long while . . ."

Barbara met Johnny at one of the gang get-togethers. They were at somebody's house, catching a little Sunday sun around the swimming pool, and everybody was there—Rory Calhoun, Cathy Downs, Jane Nye, Henry Willson, Bob Cornell, Greg Juarez, Barry Jonas, Conrad Janis . . .

And this new fellow. He came out of the house in trunks, looking like a full-color, full-page advertisement for the trunks. He was six-three, tanned the color of a seal, and when he dived into the pool there was no splash. He swam the length of the pool a couple of times, like a seal.

"Who," Barbara asked Cathy with elaborate carelessness, "is that?"

"Johnny Fontaine, of course, silly," Cathy told her. "He's at Selznick's."

"I haven't seen him in anything."

"He's been there only four or five months. Truth of the matter is, he's Rory's type of man—doesn't look like him, of course, except that he's tall and dark and romantic. So when a part comes up calling for that kind of a man, it goes to Rory. After all, Rory's been there longer, they've got a lot invested in him, and you know how it is."

There was no one in the pool at the moment except Johnny, floating lazily.

Barbara stood at the edge of the pool a minute in her brief white shorts and bra. She saw Johnny looking at her.

Then she dived in.

Later, sprawled beside her on the grass, he said, "I've seen a lot of stills of you, but I can't remember you in a picture except just a bit in *Diamond Horseshoe*. Where've they been keeping you?"

"In school," she said. "For ages. But now there's *Margie*, and I hear it's a sleeper, and I've got the second feminine lead."

"It only takes one like that," Johnny told her, enviously. They talked for another half hour—shop talk, Hollywood talk—and then Conrad came back from a trip for more cokes, and claimed her. She was his girl for the day.

But that evening, when the party was breaking up, Johnny caught her for a

moment alone and said, "We ought to get together again. May I call you?"

"Yes," said Barbara, very casual once more, "if you like . . ."

He did not call. For a week she jumped for the phone every time it rang, until Bernice finally said, very quietly, "He must be quite a lad."

Barbara was completely candid. "He is," she said. "Wait'll you see him!"

"How can I see him if he doesn't call?" "He'll call," Barbara said firmly.

At the next party she waited patiently during the early part of the evening, dancing with one and another of the fellows, chatting amiably, allowing herself to glance toward the door only once every five minutes. She had nearly given him up when he came in, at ten o'clock, looking handsomer than she had remembered. She could relax then, give her full attention to the boy sitting beside her—because she knew that eventually he would come and ask her to dance.

It took him all of five minutes to make his greetings and reach the sofa where she was sitting.

This time, young Miss Lawrence made no mistake. When she went home that night it was secure in the knowledge that he would call her tomorrow, although she had given no hint that she expected ever to see him again. But the ways of a sixteen-year-old girl, especially when she is beautiful, are mysterious and wonderful.

He rang at five o'clock, and by eight they were dining cozily at Jay's in Santa Monica Canyon, a tiny, intimate restaurant with superb food and dim lights.

path of a starlet . . .

She was telling him, then, because he asked, that she had been born in Carnegie, Oklahoma, but had moved to Kansas City when she was three; how her picture had appeared in a magazine over the caption, "Recommended for Hollywood," when she was only five; and how, at eleven, she came West with Bernice to visit an aunt.

"I just refused to go home," she told Johnny. "Mother took a job here, and I started to model for magazines and billboards and things."

"At eleven?"

"At twelve. You may have noticed I'm quite grown-up for my age. Well, then, after that it was simple. The modeling agency said one day that Twentieth was auditioning chorus girls for *Diamond Horseshoe* and we might as well try for it. I went along as a kind of gag, and I was wearing a sweater and skirt and bobby socks. Everyone else was gussied to the ears in their mothers' dresses and high heels and furs.

"So the director said, 'What're you all so dressed up for?' and sent them all away. I was going with them but Mr. LeMaire called me back and said, 'Wait . . . I made a test, and then there I was.'"

"Let's say, 'Here we are,'" Johnny said.

She stared at her fillet mignon for a moment, not seeing it, aware suddenly that she had won, and that this was it. She laughed. "Most people hear a tune, or catch a breath of perfume, and remember a special moment. But my nostalgic moment will have to be a steak. How do you like that?"

"Well," he said, "I'm partial to steaks."

Mrs. Lawrence was still up, reading on her chaise longue, when she heard the sound of laughter in the street below. She glanced at her watch. Eleven o'clock. They didn't stop for hamburgers, then, she

thought absently, and stood up and went to the window of her bedroom.

Then she returned to the chaise and picked up her book. Barbara would be tapping on the door in a moment and Bernice Lawrence did not want her daughter to catch her making like a mother. She certainly did not look like the mother of a sixteen-year-old girl; Bernice was only thirty-six herself, and slim and lovely with a mane of reddish brown hair and big gentle eyes.

When Barbara knocked, a few minutes later, Bernice said, "Come in, darling," and marked her place in the book.

She observed the girl who came in with a certain detachment. Well, Bernice thought, I've done a pretty good job. Barbara was authentically beautiful.

Her hair was ash blonde by the grace of God and not hydrogen peroxide. She had the figure of an angel addicted to jitter-bugging. Her eyes were bright with health and the pleasure of that evening.

"We went to Jay's" she said, "and then stopped by Jane's apartment. She has some terrific new records—Charles Trenet. You pronounce it Sharl, as in Boyer. He's a sort of combination of Jean Sablon and Chevalier, only he writes the things Sablon sings."

Quite suddenly, Bernice felt tired. She thought, "The child's escaped me. Yesterday she was a baby. Today—"

She said, "Barbara darling, have you done your homework?"

Barbara raised her eyebrows. "I batted it out while the others were having cokes this afternoon. Why?"

"I don't know. It strikes me as odd, occasionally—this thing of your sitting for so many hours every afternoon at a school desk, learning algebra as if you were in pigtails, and then trotting out in the evening to places like Jay's and Ciro's."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean perhaps you're growing up too soon, too fast."

"Oh, darling," Barbara said, immensely amused. "I daresay your mother thought the same thing when you were sixteen. After all, this is 1946."

"Yes," Bernice said softly, "it's 1946. Well, off to bed. You've an early call."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were stationed at Camp Han, California, enroute to the Far East. One Saturday night we decided to paint the town red for the last time before leaving. Five of us went to a Hollywood night club where we saw gorgeous Lana Turner dancing. Sam Kilsie, one of the boys in our group, boasted that he could get a dance with Lana. "Ah, don't give us that," said the rest of us. "How much will you bet?" "Five dollars," he chorused. "Okay," he said. "It's a deal!" He stood up and walked a little uncertainly to the dance floor. As Lana Turner and her partner danced by Sam stepped forward, missed the escort but managed to tap Miss Turner on her shoulder. When she turned around, Sam bowed as gracefully as possible and asked, "May I cut in, please?" Naturally, we expected her to say no, but Miss Turner smiled and said, "Sure, soldier!" We stood amazed as Sam winked at us and danced into the crowd.

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Long after Barbara had gone she sat on the chaise, thinking.

By the time she went to bed herself she had made up her mind. The next day she wrote several letters and mailed them herself, airmail special delivery. She called Twentieth Century-Fox and checked Barbara's schedule for the summer. A few days later, after she had heard from Kansas City, she told Barbara her news.

"You've been working hard and long," she said. "Now it's time for a little fun. You're going back home to visit."

"Back home?" Barbara said. "But this is home. You mean back to Missouri?"

"You'll visit Aunt Elsie and Uncle Frank, dear, and all your old friends will be around—Kitty Walter and Buddy Sandwall and Jimmy Hawes and Joan Elberg . . ."

Barbara's face lighted up. "I haven't seen those kids in five or six years. We can do Kansas City backwards and forwards."

"That you can," Bernice nodded; but her smile had a secret amusement. Being sixteen in Missouri was not like being sixteen in show business. Barbara would have a chance to be her age, for a change.

they were swell—but kids . . .

The breach between Barbara and her old friends was apparent immediately. The kids were swell, just as she had remembered them to be, but they were still kids. The girls wore what teen agers were wearing that summer; the boys had jalopies, or their fathers' cars; and Barbara saw Kansas City, all right, but not as she had expected to. She realized, finally, what her mother had meant that night when she had come home from dancing at Ciro's. She had grown up too soon.

Back in California, Johnny Fontaine was still unattached, still hadn't forgotten her, and in the next months they used the state they lived in as it was meant to be used: as a resort, a fun place. They drove Barbara's new Buick convertible to Arrowhead, and slid down the long slope of sleek pine needles under the trees on the North Shore. They swam at Malibu and Laguna and Catalina. They sailed off Newport and Balboa and Santa Monica. They played tennis in Santa Barbara and La Jolla.

Until finally one evening, Barbara came home and said to Bernice, "I've two pieces of news for you. Hold onto your ears. I'm to play Louisa in *Captain from Castille*, and Johnny has asked me to marry him."

"Congratulations on both," Bernice said. "Johnny's a sweetheart and I couldn't be happier to have him for a son. But —"

"We're too young, you're going to say?" "It could be."

"He's twenty-two. And I—you said yourself, that evening . . ."

Bernice sighed. "I know. Of course, I could be a typical mother and say I won't give my consent until you're eighteen, but I think I'll put it this way. It would please me very much if you'd wait until your eighteenth birthday."

The two women looked at each other in silence for a long moment. Then, like the obedient and very young girl that she really is, she answered, "All right, mother."

It was a few months later that Barbara brought up the subject again.

"I made you a promise, mother, to wait until I was eighteen—" she began.

"Yes," Bernice knew what was coming. She had watched the youngsters together, had grown increasingly devoted to Johnny, and she knew what question Barbara was about to ask, and she knew very well what her answer would be.

"I know I'm only seventeen, but mom, I'm so very sure. Mom, please—"

And so they were married, and from the look of them as they set off on a wedding trip to Carmel and San Francisco, they'll live happily ever after!

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THE CASE OF AUTRY VS. ROGERS

(Continued from page 43)

each other's corrals and set bear traps? How are things—?"

"In Gloccamora?" Gene interrupted gently. "I'm afraid," he said, "that there's no feud at all."

I'd suspected as much, but here for the record—is how the rumor began.

A few years back, Roy Rogers was so small he was a nothing, surrounded by prop sagebrush. But he stood out among all the other handsome hopefuls at Republic, because he didn't think of himself as a little man in a world of big people. The big man, Gene Autry, wasn't swaggering around clinking his spurs. He was friendly with everybody, particularly Leonard Slye, who was to become Roy Rogers.

Still, something was bothering Autry. His bosses were paying him a slim \$5,000 per picture for a total of eight, or \$40,000 a year. He was earning more than that from radio and other activities. Despite the front office warnings that he'd get into trouble, Gene went on strike for \$10,000 a picture.

Abruptly, Leonard Slye became a new cowboy actor named Dick Weston. He went to work in pictures that had been planned for Gene Autry, and the star went stumping around the country, visiting his many friends among the exhibitors, to find out just how he stood.

Exhibitors everywhere wanted Autry pictures and no substitutes. Gene came back to Hollywood, convinced that his stand was correct. There were no personal feelings involved, for this was a matter of a man determining his own worth, and deciding he be paid accordingly.

There was one dramatic episode during this strike of Gene's, which was enough to test the steel of any man. What happened was nothing designed by Autry, but it was a humiliation a lesser man than Rogers would have carried around for years as a revenge motive.

the walk-out . . .

One day, on a sound stage at Republic studios, there occurred a dramatic scene which has never before nor since been equaled. Some 300 exhibitors and exchange managers were called to a convention. At an appropriate moment, with considerable speech-making and fanfare, a studio spokesman rose and said, "And now, Gentlemen, I want you to meet Republic's newest cowboy star—Roy Rogers!"

There was no applause. Almost to a man, the three hundred assembled business guests rose and walked out.

Roy Rogers stood there dumfounded. In another part of Hollywood, Gene Autry sat in his office, idly speculating what would be going on at the studio convention. Wondering how many of the men whose business it was to sell his pictures to theater owners, would go to bat for his return. He didn't know the ordeal through which the young man, whose name is now Roy Rogers, had just suffered.

He did know, soon, that he had won his strike. A studio emissary arrived to say he could have \$10,000 a picture.

Gene said, "The price is now \$12,500."

He got it. Abruptly, all plans for making Roy Rogers the top cowboy star of the lot were shelved. Roy took this bad break as a part of the game, but at the time, he didn't know that certain factions had recommended that he be dropped entirely from the studio payroll.

That didn't happen, and for a very good reason. When the plan to let Roy go reached Gene Autry's attention, he said quietly, "If you let the lad out, you may

have another strike on your hands. I insist that he be kept on."

Because Gene went to bat for Roy, the latter became the second star on the lot, and the story moved on to another chapter.

Roy was a father. Gene was not. Gene's draft board labeled him 1-A, and he made up his mind to enlist, despite urging that he might get a deferment. This decision, and other factors that had been brewing for a long time, led to the court battle in which Gene won his freedom, and subsequently signed a deal to do pictures for Columbia release.

one man's opinion . . .

"Does Roy Rogers dislike Gene Autry?" a friend of both exclaimed, "Why, he ought to kneel every night and give thanks that there is an Autry."

That may be carrying things a little too far. A man of Rogers calibre certainly would have made the grade sooner or later. Success came sooner as a result of Autry's emphatic behavior.

Today, Roy Rogers is hotter than a smoking forty-five. He's solid with the public and his pictures are big money-makers. Still, a close comparison is not fully possible. Gene Autry has moved on up to become almost as much an institution as was Will Rogers in an earlier day.

But getting back to that fence Gene and I were sitting on. Since the feud was out, I changed the subject to horses.

"Where did I learn to ride a horse?" Gene thought that one over. "I only know that I didn't learn to ride in Hollywood. It must have been on a ranch outside of Tioga, Texas. I think I could walk before I could climb into a saddle, but I'm not sure. All I know is that I climbed up the spokes of a wagon wheel and slid onto the horse from there."

"Then you really were a cowboy?"

Gene gave me a look which will last you five days in Nevada, puncture you in Oklahoma and petrify you in Texas. His horse, Champion, standing three feet away, also gave me a look.

I shut up for awhile. Then Gene spoke.

"You don't have to get nervous. A horse can't understand what you say. He works by the tone of your voice. This is not the original Champion. He died at the age of seventeen. Nothing wrong with him. Just died. I've known this Champion since he was a baby on a ranch outside Burwin, Oklahoma—that's the place that was later named Gene Autry, about the nicest compliment I've ever been paid."

Gene picked up a lunge whip as a little weatherbeaten man walked by.

"Hold it, Agee," Gene said.

Agee stood still. Gene's right arm went back lazily. The snaky whip lash soared out, and there was a sharp spat, like a police positive exploding. The ends of the whip sailed around Agee until his arms were three times bound to his sides.

Agee shivered a little. "Never could get used to that," he said, as he unwound himself and shuffled away.

"Know who he is?" Autry asked. "That's the man who knows more about horses than horses know about themselves. He used to be Equestrian Master for Ringling Brothers Circus for years. Then he was with Tom Mix. I couldn't do without him."

Autry can't do without his friends, nor they without him. When he earns a friend, he keeps him.

There was something about Gene that inspires intense loyalty from anyone who comes to know him at all well. Obviously, this is because the soft spoken Texan does

not consider loyalty a one way street. He talks easily about his half dozen successful enterprises, but a fuse blows out in his cranium when he is nudged for memories which might be classified under the heading of an actor talking about himself.

The one great love of his life is typical. During the course of a whole day, I prodded him at odd moments, urging him to tell me the intimate facts concerning his courtship and marriage. At length, he blushed a little under his Cinecolor makeup, and broke out the story.

In 1931, Gene went to visit his old friend, Jimmy Long, in Springfield, Missouri. It was Jimmy who had taught Gene, at eighteen, most of the tricks of railroad telegraphy and who, with his wife, introduced him to the future Mrs. Autry. She was Ina Mae Spivey, a beautiful, dark-eyed girl attending teacher's college.

Some months later, while out walking with Ina, Gene said, conversationally, "It's understood, isn't it?"

On April first of that year, at ten o'clock in the evening, they were wed in St. Louis by a Lutheran minister.

The ceremony proceeded normally until the minister asked Gene if he took Ina to have and to hold from this day forward. With unconscious western logic, Gene replied, "It's understood."

I have known Gene off and on for some years, and invariably, any anecdote of a personal nature he has to tell, is one that gently pokes fun at himself.

My favorite is his flight during the war from Newark to Dallas in a cargo ship loaded with army equipment and six nurses. Gene was Flight Officer at the time, and Capt. Hal Murray the pilot.

The minute they were off the ground they were in trouble. The weather couldn't have been worse. Before an hour was out the de-icers were loaded. They hadn't anticipated coming into Dallas on the heels of a hurricane, but they did.

As they circled the field, Gene picked up the microphone and talked urgently to the control tower. There was no answer. He called the field again, then turned to Capt. Murray with a hopeless gesture.

Despite the urgency of the situation, Murray grinned. "Take it easy, Gene, old boy," he said. "Just put down that G.I. flashlight and pick up the microphone."

On another occasion, Gene had flown Champion into Chicago for a rodeo. He was met by Leslie Atlas, vice president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Atlas suggested that he load Champion into a trailer and bed the horse down for the night at his suburban ranch home. Gene liked the idea. When they arrived, young Atlas Junior, age six, was on hand to greet them. He insisted that his idol, Gene, ride Champion and take him over a few hurdles.

Gene saddled up and started to put Champion through his paces. The great horse, weary and jittery from the long plane ride, refused the second jump. Gene shot over Champion's head and slid face first into the dirt.

Young Master Atlas considered the situation. Then, with the appraisal that comes only from a child said, "Mr. Autry, I don't think you can sing so good either."

I doubt that anyone could count on an index finger the number of movie stars who would consistently tell such stories on themselves.

Watching Gene do a love scene with Gloria Henry for *Strawberry Roan*, the newest of his Cinecolor releases, reminded me of something.

Gene still does not kiss his leading ladies.

This rule seemed a little ridiculous to a dark eyed young lady of my acquaintance, when she worked with him some years ago. Her name was Marjorie Weaver, and at the big moment before the cameras, she relaxed on Gene's broad shoulders, exclaiming, "What's the matter, Mr. Autry, you're not afraid to kiss me, are you?"

"I'll tell you what," he said, "if you'll walk with me around behind this backdrop, we'll see whether I'm afraid."

Marjorie dropped the subject.

I am certain that Mrs. Autry will not disapprove of that anecdote. Charming matron of his 360-acre ranch near Newhall, California, she is rated as one of the most gracious hostesses in the entire West. But she is more than a homebody. She flies with Gene on trips to supervise their 112,000-acre ranch near Winslow, Arizona, where 3500 head of cattle are now grazing.

And she collaborated with Gene concerning the sentiment to be lettered last April first, on a huge Anniversary cake.

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DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "WALTER MITTY"

(Continued from page 14)

Mitty's dreams, the object of his rescues, the recipient of his chivalry, the star-eyed admirer of his modesty, and eventually—in the genuine adventure that comes to puzzle him further—his real-life heroine. The fact that in one scene Miss Mayo appears in a black lace slip will not, I imagine, cause any male members of the community to avoid the picture.

The plot which has been superimposed on the Thurber tale is a slam-bang nobody's-asking-you-to-believe it affair full of international jewel thieves, knock-out drops and beautiful Goldwyn girls. Its improbabilities are flexible enough to allow Danny to quiver and quake, hang on window ledges à la Harold Lloyd, chase a corset for a whole reel, run from a large and nasty set of crooks including that veteran menace of the screen, Boris Karloff, and in the end, turn—as all worms hope to

do—into a big successful fellow.

Complementing the blonde dazzle of Miss Mayo, there is a brunette décor supplied by Ann Rutherford as Walter Mitty's irksome suburban fiancée, and a lady named Florence Bates gives a frighteningly fine performance as a mother-in-law-to-be, guaranteed to paralyze any prospective bridegroom. Fay Bainter is excellent as Walter's mother (the character transposed from the wife in the original story) and Thurston Hall as Walter's boss contributes some scenes that may cause several magazine editors of my acquaintance to pale with recognition.

All kinds of people are going to like *The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty*, for it contains as many subtleties as pratt falls and as much glamour as humor. Take mom, take dad, take Dream Boat, take the kiddies.

WEEKEND AT THE LADDS

(Continued from page 39)

duck probably died of acute indigestion—"

"Well, anyway, it was brave of me," Susie said. "I was scared by a bird when I was a kid, and I'd never touched one since."

Alan turned to me, laughing. "Sonny Tufts gave us the big duck and drake. He just brought 'em to our house in town, and set 'em down in the living room. The first thing we knew, the cook was screaming so loud they must have heard her in San Francisco, and the neighbors thought the house was being robbed, and these two ducks were scuttling across the floor. Sonny? Sonny'd left—"

I felt a small hand clutching at my skirt, and looked down. It was Lonnie, and she was grinning. "Do you want me to ride Jimmy?"

"Depends on how Jimmy feels about it," I said, not committing myself. "Who is Jimmy?"

Once again, she leveled a scornful gaze at me. "My horse!" she said.

Alan nodded. "Let's all ride!"

I think maybe I was hit on the head with a horse when I was a child. I'm scared. "Let's you all ride," I quavered. "I'd ever so much rather watch, and pick up a few pieces—I mean—pointers—"

"You," Alan said, "remind me of Billy De Wolfe. He was up here for dinner one night, and he'd never been on a horse, so we decided to train him. We went out to the barn to get a few horses ready, and a horse named Jonesie was kicking hell out of the barn door. Broke it right down."

"Billy looks at the performance from a distance. 'Heh heh heh,' he says. 'Spirited horse. Now, which one am I going to ride?'"

"Jonesie," I tell him, straight-faced. And do you know, he got on Jonesie and rode him?"

I was stymied. Could I admit I was a bigger coward than Billy De Wolfe? Indeed I could. But just then Lonnie went roaring by on a horse, and Alan inclined his head. "Jimmy," he said. "She's mad about that colt—"

Could I admit I was a bigger coward than a teentysy-weentysy four-year-old kid?

I was saved the trouble. Everyone knew. Alan pointed out a beautiful horse, now, big, reddish, and sort of wild, running down in the field. "That's Blaze," he said. "What an animal! He's Susie's."

Susie chuckled. "I came home one night and told Alan I'd bought a horse, and he got all green and anguished looking, and said, 'You take it right back. I'm not thinking of starting a glue factory, and any horse you'd buy—why you don't know anything about horses—'"

He had to apologize when he saw Blaze, though. Blaze is magnificent. As a matter of fact, Alan and Sue are so sold on horses now that they have put the ranch on a paying basis by buying some brood mares, and going into horse-raising.

Besides horses and cats and ducks and chickens, they've got three Australian sheepdogs named Tippy, Tardy and Dinky. Unfortunately, they haven't any sheep.

"Come on," Susie said to me, after a while, "you haven't even seen the house yet. Big doings there."

We strolled up a little incline, and there was this white house, all green-shuttered and flagstone-terraced. Workmen were building an additional room (it's going to be a big dining-living place, so that on rainy days the Ladds won't stumble over one another) and we stood and watched the activity for a few minutes.

The way the house is now, there are just three rooms, and while they love it, the family has outgrown it.

Up on a slope in back of this house is the framework for a new little three-room house which is going to have two bedrooms and a living-play-room in the middle. Once that's completed, Alan and Sue will be able to move the new baby, David, and his nurse out to the ranch, so they're rushing it as fast as they can.

"It's funny," Sue was saying, "as crazy as I am about this place, I begrudge a day or two out here, when I can't see the baby—"

"I'd like to see David, myself," I ventured.

She nodded. "We'll drive into town Sunday. You can get a look at him then. He's so much the image of Lonnie, it seems like the same baby to me."

Alan, who'd been talking to a man named Cliff about floor plans and redwood and white pine and flagstone and cement, came back to us, and Sue said, "Why don't you go pick some corn for lunch? I've got to start the other things."

"Right out of the field?" I gasped.

"Sure, honey," Susie said. "We hardly

ever grow that kind in the house." Alan and Lonnie and I went down to the garden, and Lonnie picked herself an ear of corn, and brought it to her father for approval.

"Corn, Daddy—"

"But that's too young, Lonnie," he said. "It's no good yet; it's too new—"

"Who wants old corn?" said Lonnie, turning on her heel, offended.

We got several ears of delectable-looking corn, and went back up to the house whence issued unearthly fragrances.

Fried ham, to mention one. Potatoes and onions, to mention another. And a chocolate meringue pie that you eat while it's still hot, and it makes you want to go out and shoot yourself, because you know nothing will ever be that good again.

Ah, those foods. We ate outside, under a pepper tree, and a lot of flies tried to share things, but there wasn't enough left over for even a one-armed fly with a small appetite.

"They told me about you," I said to Sue. "But they didn't tell me this!"

"Why, I just threw some things together," she said in surprise. "Have some more corn, and a little butter, and a hot biscuit—"

"We'll go for a swim after lunch," Alan said.

"Not me," I cried somewhat rudely, I fear. "I'd sink like a hunk of cement. I'd sink like a stuffed, stabbed grouse; I'd sink—"

I was on my way to being good and lyrical, but he cut me short. "Okay, I'll go for a swim after lunch."

"It's all very well for you," I sniffed. "You eat like a bird."

Lonnie's the one who really eats like a bird. All through the meal, her mother and father have to urge her to taste this, or have a bite of that, and she looks at them unhappily. "No more. Please, Mom, no more."

The only way they can get her to eat is to go in and turn her bed down, and let her see it's turned down. "Now if you don't eat," they say, "you go directly to bed."

Like any little kid anywhere, that reaches her. She stows the vitamins away with bad grace and much haste.

Well, I finally got through making a

pig of myself, and Lonnie got through her picking, and we all started over to look at the pool. The way the grounds are, there's the main house, and then a bare site next to it where the Ladds may some day build a big house, and then beyond that, there's a white fence, like a corral fence. This is kept closed so that Lonnie won't go investigating the pool by herself.

Inside the fence is an oval pool with incredibly blue water (I imagine that's reflection from the blue tiles, but I'm unmechanical) and all around the pool, on the bright green grass there are chairs and tables and striped umbrellas and beach rolls.

Off to one side, there's a bath-house, and next to that a fabulous barbecue set-up.

The way the barbecue got started is funny.

For Christmas, Tay Garnett, director of *Wild Harvest* had given Alan and Sue a refrigerator.

"We'll put it down by the pool," Alan said. "Keep cool drinks in it."

"Let's set it in a wooden cabinet or something," Sue suggested.

By the time they got through, the refrigerator was in a wooden cabinet, and they'd built a whole structure around it, with two barbecue pits, and shelves for plates and cups, and a flagstone flooring for dancing, and a sloping roof set on pillars, for when it rains.

"Most expensive darn present we ever got," they tell you.

Near the steps to the barbecue, there are two little trees. A man named George Berthelon sent them to the Ladds when David was born. "It's an old French custom," he explained. "The idea is that the child will grow and flourish with the tree."

a-settin' in the sun . . .

Eventually, everyone got into bathing suits, and I found myself a chair in the good hot sun, and sank down and breathed the sweet air. Behind me, the mountains stretched, and the valley sprawled. Beside me, Susie Ladd knitted on a pink wool dress.

On the diving-board, Alan was practicing, and someone on a radio in the background was playing a gay, foolish Danny Kaye record very softly.

It was a lovely day.

After supper, Lonnie and I went to look over our beds. We were sharing a double-decker, and she wanted to sleep on top.

"But you never sleep on top," Susie said hopelessly.

We settled it by letting her play on top for twenty minutes, and then she was willing to come down to sleep. She looked so angelic in her long white gown, I had trouble remembering the demon child who'd been racing around on Jimmy a couple of hours earlier.

As for me, I fell asleep so fast I'm still not sure what hit me. Fresh air is undoubtedly fatal to city people in some cases.

So the week-end wore away, to my regret, and Sunday came, and we drove into town. Susie was getting gayer by the minute. "We'll be seeing David soon—"

And when I got to see David, I knew what she'd meant. He was the usual sort of baby, but people have a tendency to forget how appealing just plain baby-ness is. He was pink, and mostly bald, and very sweet-smelling, and when you held him in your arms, you got to feeling very mellow, and thinking about spring.

Perhaps he wasn't a usual sort of baby, at that. Perhaps he was irregular as anything. All I know is he fits into the rest of the family fine, and that's the best thing I can say for him. It's a good bunch to get mixed up with.



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I SAW IT HAPPEN

This happened at Lecco, Italy, when beautiful Jinx Falkenburg was entertaining the GIs of the Fifth Army. For over an hour, Miss Falkenburg and her troupe danced and sang for the boys. Then, for a finale, she



came out on the stage in a tennis outfit and called upon a young GI to help her with her act. Miss Falkenburg demonstrated the various tennis strokes, as her helper chased the balls all over the stage. When she finished, she thanked the GI and said, "As a reward, I'll let you have anything that you wish. Just ask for it." "Ask for a kiss, Joe!" "Get a date!" "Hubba! Hubba!" the crowd shouted. The young GI blushed and remained speechless. Miss Falkenburg leaned towards him and asked sweetly, "Isn't there anything?" The GI finally replied, "May I—may I—have one of the tennis balls?"

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EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO JOAN

(Continued from page 54)

sixteen long enough; maybe I ought to let 'em know I wear high heels and go out with real live boys—"

It was the beginning of a radical change that continued through her trouble with Warners, and the year she was out of work. She took college courses in psychology and literature; maturity, she realized, was a state one reached after slow and painful progress, and every college course would help.

The workless year over, Eagle-Lion offered her the lead in a picture called *Repeat Performance*. Louis Hayward was to be her co-star; the film also had Richard Basehart, the young stage actor who'd won the New York Drama Critics award for his playing in *The Hasty Heart*.

It sounded like heaven to Joan.

"Imagine," she said to her family. "No more Pollyanna. In this, I'm a successful dramatic actress married to a has-been playwright—"

"Imagine," the family said, chuckling with pleasure.

Every night Joan went home in a blissful fog. She couldn't even hear people through it.

"If you'd only listen," her mother said once, plaintively, in the tone of a woman who has been talking to herself for half an hour, "here's a letter that came—"

"Thanks," Joan said. She opened the letter absently, and then she yipped. "Mummy! The Junior Chamber of Commerce—I've been chosen queen of the convention—"

"Why, Greer," Mummy said. "Lower your voice, dear."

You can't get big-headed in that house.

invitation from "dem bums" . . .

The Chamber of Commerce convention was at Long Beach, California, and the queen got a present from every state in the Union. A season's ticket to Ebbets Field; a box for the Kentucky Derby; apples and snowshoes from Maine; silver dollars set in dice from Nevada; a bottle of water from Florida.

The Florida delegates showed up covered to the necks in raincoats, however.

"Some gag," said the queen. "Did you ever see a bluer sky?"

The Florida group pulled its slickers even tighter.

"In a minute," the queen announced to the conference at large, "they'll open up those coats and let out their horrid Florida mosquitoes."

Florida was crushed.

Some time afterward, the queen actually got a chance to use her Ebbets Field pass, because once *Repeat Performance* was finished, Joan and her mother came to New York. They stayed at the Sherry-Netherland, but not very much.

First off, Joan had to see *Happy Birthday*. Helen Hayes is next to cleanliness, with her.

They thought *Brigadoon* was beautiful, too, and they had dinner with the Earl Wilsons at the Copacabana, and Joan and Earl discussed the merits of the respective chorus girls with clinical detachment.

"I think that one's prettiest," she'd say.

He'd sneer. "That one? That one's knock-kneed—"

Mrs. Wilson, who tried to keep things on a higher plane, mentioned that she had a new Buick, which reminded Joan that she had a new Town and Country convertible. "My first car, but I've been driving for a year and a half."

"You drive yourself?" Earl cried. "No chauffeur? That's pretty middle class."

"It's all right," Joan said. "I hire a lot of little boys to run after the car and yell. Footmen, you know."

"Well, that's different," Wilson said. "For a minute, I was afraid you weren't our sort."

"Oh, I speak French and everything," Joan said smugly.

Two days later, she and her mother were in a restaurant, and the headwaiter came over and said something innocent, like, "Bonjour, Mesdames—"

"Oh, he speaks French, Joanie," said Mrs. Brodel. "Joanie, speak to him in French."

Joanie claims that being told to speak to anybody in French is like being told to be beautiful or intelligent.

She compromised on "bonjour," slipped in a "vichyssoise" or two, and an "au revoir," and considered the evening a raging success.

One of the New York evenings that was not a raging success was taken up by Joan's first radio appearance. Scared wasn't the word for her. And around a radio station, the performers act over-casual. They're elaborately half-dead.

"Just be natural," they say, stifling their yawns with their elbows. Joan was set to be natural, but the huge clock kept ticking away in front of her, and when they said, "Fifteen seconds to go," her stomach started ticking on its own.

Bill Leonard boomed out: "This is New York—" and Joan's tongue froze to her teeth.

"You did fine," they told her eventually, but she didn't believe them.

She felt all alone in an alien world until the kids caught up with her on the sidewalk outside the broadcasting studio.

She signed the books tenderly. "Little do they know I'm a hopeless failure," she was thinking.

There was another time when Joan came out of a theater to find a whole border patrol of fans waiting for her. She signed gladly, and was about to take off in a cab, when a small girl piped up.

"Miss Leslie, did you know Miss Rosemary De Camp was in town?" (They're always quite formal.)

MODERN SCREEN

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"Really?" Joan said. "I must phone her."

"She's right across the street, in Sardis's," said the small girl. "Why don't you stop in and say hello?"

The upshot of it was that the small girl rushed across to Sardis's, and led Rosemary De Camp out onto the pavement.

Then she stood back with an air of having righted the universe, while Joan and Rosemary exchanged embarrassed pleasantries.

The kids are amazing. There was the boy who came up to Joan and said, "You're gonna meet the mayor over at Loew's State, ain't you?" and caused Joan some astonishment. (Actually, she and Mayor O'Dwyer were going to Steeplechase Park, in Coney Island, to sell the first tickets to a charity outing.)

"How do you know?" she said. "I just found out myself five minutes ago—"

"Oh, I delivered the message to your hotel," he said. "I work at Loew's State."

She wanted to tell him not to fall down any open manholes while reading other people's messages, but he was cute, so she resisted.

What she couldn't resist was shopping. There's a store called Schwarz' which has the most fabulous collection of toys in the United States, and Joan almost went mad trying to decide what to get Rusty, her sister Mary's child.

If in doubt about a cowboy suit or an Indian suit, why not get both, is the way her mind works.

With herself, she wasn't so generous. She did a bit of clothes shopping, but cautiously. Last time she came to town,

she bought two beautiful expensive suits that were absolutely no good in California, and she resolved that this trip, she'd say no ten times before she said yes once.

There was a Carnegie print, though—brilliant chartreuse, with blue and pink horses. She said no ten times very fast, and then one howling yes, as they wrapped the dress up.

Speaking of clothes in connection with that last New York visit, Joan had a funny experience at Lily Daché's. It was about five years ago, and the Mark Twain picture was being publicized. Warners, which had flooded the country with "leaping frog bean-bags," decided that Joan should have a leaping frog hat.

Lily Daché agreed to design one, and some time later, Joan went over to her establishment to pick it up.

It was a magnificent hat. A pink sweep of velvet, a huge, jeweled clip—

"Only what has it got to do with a leaping frog?" Joan asked, troubled.

The assistant smiled tolerantly. "Miss Daché gave me the matter some thought. This hat is the lily pad!"

Tads, pads, as long as you're healthy.

Joan's going to make an Eagle-Lion picture called *Northwest Stampede* next, and that's a joyful thought because it's being shot on the Prince of Wales' ranch in Canada. The place has never been photographed before, and it's lousy with glorious scenery, and the picture has a white horse in it, and the whole thing is in Technicolor.

After that comes a possible trip to London (a J. Arthur Rank deal) and happiness is just a thing called Joan.

THE SINATRA SET

(Continued from page 31)

worked out in diamonds on it, and a legend, also in diamonds, which read: "I'm not ashamed of my love for this boy."

There are a lot of guys who feel that way.

In a manner of speaking, these guys make up the Sinatra set, clique—whatever you want to call it. The fact is that Frank's got a group of friends who would willingly take any rap for him, and he returns the compliment.

If you go back, to when Frank was beginning, you find Hank Sanacola.

Hank worked in a music publishing company, and this skinny young singer would come around and ask for copies of songs all the time.

Hank liked the kid, and he'd bang out the songs on the piano, while the kid ran through them. He learned them so fast it was amazing.

One day Frank showed up looking determined. "You want to lend me some money?" he said, coming to the point. "I want to get married."

Hank grinned. "Dear me, poor Nancy—" and took out his wallet. "What's Hank's is Frank's, I'm afraid—"

Hank Sanacola's a music publisher himself, now, and Frankie staked him at the start. "What's Frank's is Hank's, I'm afraid," he said. "Remember?"

In 1939, in Chicago, Frank was hired by Tommy Dorsey, and while he was with Dorsey, he met Bobby Burns, Axel Stordahl, Sammy Cahn and Julie Styne, all future members of the Sinatra set.

Bobby was Tommy Dorsey's manager at the time Frank went with the band, but after he got out of the army in 1941, he went to work for Frank.

Axel was Tommy's arranger. He's now Frank's arranger.

Julie and Sammy were a couple of songwriters who used to hang around the

Dorsey band, and when Frank was going out on his own, he approached them. "Write me some stuff, huh, fellas?"

They wrote him some stuff then, and they're still doing it, though Julie sometimes wonders why. "I got a bad stomach," he says. "Why don't I retire?"

There's Manny Sacks, vice-president of Columbia Records, who signed Frank up when he left Dorsey, and who got Frank on the radio for CBS.

There's George Evans, Frank's press agent, about whom everyone knows.

There's a man named Al Levy, who used to manage Frank, and among the movie people there's Jimmy Durante, and Bill Goodwin, and Gene Kelly. And also, there's Walter Winchell.

At any given time, you can find a bunch of Sinatra's pals sitting around playing cards and moaning softly, "Ooh, that crazy jerk, what's he done now?" when Frank's name comes up. But let any outsider breathe a slur, and there's suddenly blood all over the floor. The outsider's, that is.

Frank is always traveling, and usually, a couple of the guys go with him. The ones who stay home alternate taking Nancy out to dinner, and keeping a close check on her and the kids' health.

Those trips of Frank's, incidentally, are good for plenty of stories.

One time, Frank was going from New York to Chicago with Bobby Burns and Julie Styne, and they were sitting in the dining-car over an after-dinner cigarette. The train was pausing briefly at the station in Harrisburg, Pa., when Frank got a scintillating idea.

He called the waiter over. "Look," he said, "when you close up here, how about fixing us a tray of food—you know, sandwiches, olives, milk, gingerale—we'll be back in our car playing cards."

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"That reminds me," Bobby said. "We moved from one end of the train to the other before, and I left my coat back there."

"Me too," Julie said. "Let's go get 'em." They decided they'd walk the length of the train outside, instead of stepping over a million feet, and Frank watched interestedly from the window.

They'd walked maybe half of one car's length, when the train started to move.

They stood there shivering for a couple of minutes, coatless, hatless and miserable. "Listen," Bobby said, "we gotta get another train—"

Julie moaned. "I gotta get to a restaurant and get some warm milk for my stomach—"

Bobby was too impatient. "Here's a train just pulled in. Let's hop it."

They hopped it, and were feeling a little more cheerful, when the conductor came by. "Where'd you fellas aim to go?" he said.

"Chicago," They beamed at him.

He beamed right back. "You're on your way to St. Louis."

Julie clutched his stomach in a spasm of despair.

Broadway beat . . .

When Frank's in New York, he covers the Broadway beat with Walter Winchell. They work up from the Bowery, stopping in every bar, restaurant and police station along the way. They never finish till six a.m., but they like it that way.

The hours Sinatra is neither patrolling nor working, you can usually find him in Toots Shor's.

Once Toots and Frankie went with Phil and Rags to visit President Roosevelt, and the President, who was a bow-tie devotee himself, broke the ice by grinning at Frankie's neck-wear.

"That's a beauty," he said admiringly.

This was back in the middle of the meat shortage, and Toots, who'd been sizing up the President, felt called upon to make a speech. "Prez," he said expansively, "stop in my joint, when you're in New York—I'll see that you get a good steak!"

Another time during the war, Frank got an invitation to the President's inaugural ceremonies, and he and George Evans set out four days early, because of traveling conditions. Still, they never got to Washington. They were bumped off planes about six times.

bumps-a-daisy . . .

"A couple more bumps, and I can go into burlesque," Frank said, pathetically.

And George got severely called down by a little man at one airport when he, George, happened to observe, "We've been here four hours. We have to get to Washington—"

"You're squawking," the little man said bitterly. "I been here two weeks. I gotta get to Cincinnati."

Shifting back to the subject of New York, though, Frank's fondness for the place stems partly from the fact that he and his pals never know exactly what's going to happen there."

When Gene Kelly was in the Navy, Frank was broadcasting from New York, and Gene had agreed to guest-star on the show one night.

Gene and Frank and Bobby Burns drove over to CBS, and there were seventeen cops on horseback, and a hundred other cops on foot, and a panting, surging mob all around the place.

Kelly got a little pale. "Must have been an accident—"

"Not yet," Bobby said. "But we can work one up, if we play our cards right—"

Frank and Bobby were used to crowds by that time, and they snaked in the door. Gene, who hadn't learned how to duck in

the Navy, was trapped by some of the kids. "Lemme go, lemme go, or I'll tell the horse to step on you—" he shrieked.

Gene made it okay, but Bobby, who's a natural worrier, lost another half pound.

Bobby is with Frank almost constantly. They were together when both the small Sinatras were born, and Bobby had to be a pillar of strength.

The way it happened the first time, Big Nancy was in the hospital in Jersey waiting patiently, and Frank and Bobby (who were with Dorsey then) had a late rehearsal.

Nothing was supposed to happen that night, so the boys worked till four or so. Then they made their way to their hotel (Frank's house in Jersey seemed so empty without Nancy that they hadn't felt like staying there) and they literally fell into the lovely clean hotel beds.

At about eight-thirty, Bobby heard a horrible ringing in his ears. He lay there pondering. "Phone," he said to himself.

Then he heard Frank saying, "Yup, yup, yup—" and then there was the sound of the phone being put down.

Bobby turned over, cursing happily.

I'm a father, hey . . .

Three minutes later, Frank burst in with the biggest double-take in history plastered all over his face. "Hey, kid," he cried, "did you hear that? I'm a father. Give me a blazer rade, and I'll save myself—"

When the second baby was born, Frank was in Hollywood, and Nancy was in New York, and once again, Frank was notified by phone at his hotel. George Evans was calling from the hospital. "You're a father again," he said. "This one's a boy."

Sinatra showed up at his rehearsal that night with a cigar stuck in his face, and triumph written all over his shoulder pads. "Treat me gently, fellas," he said. "Treat me with respect—"

"You got a case," said Bobby sadly. "Son, you got a case."

"And nothing to put in it, either," Julie Styne chimed in with relish. "Ever since he sold that violin—"

"I got it stuffed with lousy memories," Frankie told them. "All about my low-class friends—"

"Sweetheart," said Julie tenderly, "for you, I'd even give up my ulcers."

The kid has got some real fine pals, and he knows it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the war I served with the Ninth Air Forces overseas and while we were in England Bob Hope came to entertain us. We all crowded around the improvised platform as the hour for his entertainment drew near. Some of the crew had not yet arrived and I happened to be standing quite close to Bob as we waited. Finally, we saw a jeep careening down the road, hitting the bumps and almost knocking down several of the boys. The driver yelled, "Look out, we haven't any brakes." We all jumped out of the way, and the jeep stopped within an inch of Bob and the platform. "Whew, boys," Bob flashed. "That's a heck of a way to get into the act." The tension was relieved and we were all laughing as we settled down to enjoy the show.



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THE FANS

(Continued from page 96)

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Club Banter: Gloria Jean Club, under superb management of Maryon Jensen, celebrating its seventh anniversary! . . . Charles Korvin Club's Correspondents' Assistants' Plan is a hit! Each mem is assigned to a CA, who relays news, gossip between club and mem . . . Sondra Schreier's Sid Caesar Club is working with the Good Neighbors Group, to build a Teen Canteen . . . Don Casanove Club offering free memberships to first two applicants from each of 48 states. Write us for address . . . Charles Turk's Smithereens of Winnipeg, Canada, persuaded its local station to start a special "Jack Smith Show" . . . Marion Lee Hall, prexy of the Tennessee Slim and Tex Ann Fan Clubs, is a feature writer for the National Hillbilly News. Gives her honoraries plenty of publicity, too . . . Adeline Gushin's clubbers threw a welcome home party for their star, John Tyers, who just returned from the successful London run of *Gypsy Lady* . . . Anne Anderson was official hostess at the Jack Smith Clubs Party at CBS. Jack did his late Coast show "live" (instead of transcribed), especially for the party. . . Louise Adamo's club will see their honorary, Clyde Burke and his wife, thrush Sally Stuart, off to Hollywood with a swanky dinner party . . . Bill Cunningham's Robert Lowery Club of Montreal, is doing a real job of entertaining disabled war vets with the Bob Lowery Club 1947 Revue . . .

Saw prexy Mary Jane Grootenboer in Sardi's, lunching with her honorary, Nina Foch . . . Desi Arnaz threw a "coke" party in his Chicago Theater dressing-room for 15 of his local clubbers . . . Kay McKewen expects to have her radio program, "Fan Club Journal of the Air," on the air shortly over a coast-to-coast hook-up . . . Prexy Gerry Kee, Rita Wilkes, Bev Montalban and David Caldwell were invited to Alsulana Acres (that's Alan Ladd's ranch, as if you didn't know) for lunch . . . Joan Travnick's Perry Como Club celebrated his birthday with a picnic and two cakes: one for Perry, one for the club . . . Prexy Lauren Chase dined with Janis Carter, his honorary, when she revisited her home town . . . Detroit's Frank Keys (Bennett-Stathakis, prexies) have challenged the Russell Sprouts to a baseball game . . . Doris Anderson, Joel Pacillo and Ann Ling, three other Sinatra prexies who visited Hollywood for the Convention, had lunch with Frank at M-G-M, and spent the afternoon watching him emote in *The Kissing Bandit* . . . Dolores McMullen's Sinatra Club is continuing its four-year tradition: an annual party on the occasion of the club's anniversary . . . and the Sleepy Hollow Gang, Lorraine Paxton, ranch boss, held their annual club outing at Sleepy Hollow Ranch, Pa. That's something we're sorry we missed!

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MY WIFE'S HUSBAND

(Continued from page 85)

girl, June Allyson. I was quite fond of her. I also had the idea that a man shouldn't be too eager to get married.

One night, as I was driving her home from a movie, Miss Allyson said, "Richard, I'll be frank with you. Either this is going to add up to something, or we are wasting each other's time."

I, who can be uncannily canny at times, kept my mouth shut. I drove back to my own house. When I got there, I picked up the telephone, dialed Miss Allyson's number and said, "Please don't go to bed, yet. I have something important to say."

Then I jumped into my car and went back to see Miss Allyson.

Of course, I never got around to saying what I thought I was going to say, and probably am one of the few men in the world who escaped without proposing. In any event, I collected a pleasing amount of lipstick that night, sitting with June in my car under a street lamp, oblivious of the passersby.

And I went home knowing where I was going.

After August 19th, 1945, there was no doubt about it.

It took us Powells quite a while to get settled in a family home out in Brentwood. We spent about a year fixing up the house, which was not a lean-to when we started. We planned everything carefully from the beginning, which is the way to do things. It gives you such satisfaction, particularly when you realize, after the work is all done, and the bills have stopped coming in, that the place is too darned small, because some day you are going to multiply into a larger family.

It is my opinion that the only good husband is a neat husband, and June follows me around all the time to prove it. However, I notice that although she can tell like a bird dog where I have dropped something, she can't find her glasses.

Now we have this new house on Avenue Copa de Ora in Bel Air where we can pick up after each other, and two fine people named Taru and Tak Watanabi can pick up after both of us. Taru and Tak are quite happy, I think. Taru spent considerable time in a Japanese concentration camp during the war, and Tak was on General MacArthur's staff. Their American names are June and Dick, but we all got together on a change. Otherwise, the confusion would have been considerable.

wall-pusher Powell . . .

But as I was saying, we are fixing up the new house. Now, I know that I'm quite a husband, after all. I never get nasty, for example, when my friend, Jimmy Cagney, makes cracks to June about my being a wall-pusher. It's my idea that if you don't like a wall in a certain place you move it over a few feet. This provides a certain feeling that the house is really yours no matter who lived in it before. It also prevents you from bumping into filled in space at night and breaking your big toe.

However, when a friend starts giving you the business about being a wall-pusher, and your wife complains that you are chopping down every tree on the place, you sometimes wonder whether it's worth it.

A few minutes ago, I was in the garden. June went to work on me as follows: "Dick, you have chopped down those trees on the south side. Now we are exposed to our neighbors and vice versa."

"But June," I retorted, "we can now see Catalina bay on a clear day. Furthermore, if I don't forget to pull my shades at night, the neighbors won't be able to

notice how long the studio has made me let the hair on the back of my neck grow for my cowboy role in *Stations West*."

She said, "When are you leaving for location?"

"Tomorrow night at seven o'clock."

"Darling," she said, trying to reach up and kiss me on the cheek and hitting my chin, "I am going to miss you terribly, but think how many trees we'll save."

raising the roof . . .

So we strolled around to the north side of the house. I pointed out that the vines had been allowed to grow under the eaves, and that in a little while, the eaves would fall off. Not only that, but the same vines had grown up under the shingles. If something weren't done we would lose a roof, and stare up nightly at the stars.

"Why, Richard," Mrs. Powell said, "what a perfectly romantic idea. Not only that, but if you chop these vines down I am not going to move in."

I had an answer for that, and the scars where I bit my tongue prove it.

As everyone knows in Hollywood, and in Hollywood everybody knows, it is a mistake for a husband to tell his wife anything about her work. She resents this no end, and if such a thing goes on the husband discovers that his coffee is tasting bitter. A little later he is put under the ground without benefit of an autopsy.

To illustrate, awhile back I noticed that when June sang, she had the habit of sticking out her elbows, and swinging her arms like a blues singer under a spotlight in a society café. After watching her do this in a couple of movies, I told her discreetly that it looked like the devil.

She said, "Indeed it does."

Now she doesn't swing her arms when she sings, and she looks like an angel.

So, a little later, after watching me in a couple of my operas, she said, "You know, sometimes you act too facetious, as though you don't mean what you're doing."

I said, "Now look here, June, you run your business and I'll run mine. Where did you, and so on, get the idea et cetera?"

She was abashed. After that, I looked out for the business of being too facetious.

Things like this have led me to stop moving walls and tearing out trees. All the walls have been moved anyway, and the trees are just the way I want them—almost.

Like the other day, June took a look at the door to my dressing room. "How perfectly beautiful that natural pine is," she exclaimed. "When did you get the new door?"

"It's the same old door," I replied. "I just took off that heavy coat of paint."

"Why, Richard," she chortled, "how amazingly clever of you."

A man appreciates a reaction like that. Still, when I try to talk to her about the two trees that still ought to come off the grounds of our new place, she is completely unreasonable. After a brief argument on this subject the other day, I told her about a letter I'd read in a magazine.

A woman wrote to the editor as follows: "Frankly, I think it's too late to do anything with the male race."

"Sure," Mrs. Powell replied. "I see what you mean. Women might as well let men do what they please, because there's no curing them."

Then she left another bright splotch of lipstick on my profile.

Just as frankly, I think it's too late to do anything about the female race, so the trees are still standing there.

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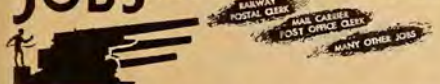
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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

high spot was a surreptitious studio golf game between Crosby and Hope. For you, it may be Alan Ladd pulling a phony stick-up, or Johnny Coy in a startling dance routine.

The title stems from the "Variety Club" of show business, which adopts hundreds of babies and sees that they get a chance in life. The first of these, adopted eighteen years ago, is Catherine Brown (Mary Thatcher). When Catherine grows up it's natural that she should want to get into pictures. She heads for Hollywood, and a Paramount official in New York (one of the heads of the Variety Club) phones the studio to give her a screen test.

But Catherine changes her name to Amber LeVonne (that's her idea of a good name for pictures). A blonde (Olga San Juan) who has more nerve than a test pilot, appropriates both the name and Catherine's room reservation. What with the confusion about names, it's the blonde who gets the screen test. Catherine doesn't even know one has been arranged. She wanders around the studio wide-eyed, while the brassy Amber is emoting all over the place.

Paramount, at this point, wants no part of either of them. Amber is the world's worst actress, and Catherine, by sheer bad luck, has managed to dunk O'Connell (Frank Ferguson), the head of the studio, in his own swimming pool. However, through Bing Crosby, she does get an audition for her lovely singing voice. It's going fine when O'Connell recognizes her and orders her thrown off the lot.

Fortunately, a handsome young man in the talent department (De Forest Kelley) is in love with her by now. That, plus a sudden change of heart on the part of the blonde Amber, gives Catherine her chance at the big Variety show of the year.

Mary Thatcher is one of Paramount's better discoveries. You'll see more of her.—Par.

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SONG OF LOVE

Katharine Hepburn and Paul Henreid play the leading roles in as warm and shining a love story as you've seen in years. Robert Walker makes it a triangle, but not in the least the kind that the word implies. The music is Schumann, mixed with some Brahms and Liszt, and is superb.

Robert Schumann (Paul Henreid) is a genius, but, as frequently happens to geniuses, the world doesn't realize it until after he is dead. When he wants to marry Clara Wiecke (Katharine Hepburn), her father forbids it and calls him a failure. Clara, herself, is a brilliant concert pianist with a great future before her. But she chooses to give up her career, marry Schumann in defiance of her parents, and become simply a wife and mother. He gets a meagre job as a music teacher, and between them they produce seven children.

Then a "playing guest" joins the household. He is Johannes Brahms (Robert Walker) and he's there to study music. At least, theoretically, he's there for study. Actually, he spends most of his time taking care of the seven children, washing dishes and helping Clara in any way he can.

It is perhaps inevitable that he should fall in love with Clara. Her gaiety, her competence, her courage, her beauty—she is altogether a magnificent woman. But Johannes worships Schumann as a man, as well as an artist. When his love becomes too much for him to conceal, he finally leaves the household.

Schumann is changing now. He has violent headaches, and when he plays, a sinister off-key A sounds shrilly in his ears. Clara gradually realizes his condition, but there is little to be done about it. In those days insanity, its cause and cure, were as much a secret as black magic.

I don't know whether you'll consider the ending of *Song of Love* a happy one or not. But it has a ring of true sincerity.—M-G-M

BLACK NARCISSUS

Deborah Kerr plays a nun in the Technicolor *Black Narcissus*, which is quite a switch from her role in *The Hucksters*. She handles it with her usual calm competence.

Life in a convent may not sound like exciting picture material, but this is a very unusual convent. It's in a former palace, high on a peak of the Himalayas. The palace's owner, General Toda Rai (Esmond Knight), has given it to an Anglo-Catholic group of nuns, who are to open a combined school and hospital for the natives.

When the Sister Superior, Sister Clodagh (Deborah Kerr), arrives, she finds there will be more difficulties than she had realized. The General's agent, Dean (David Farrar), is a cynical but attractive gentleman, who obviously has little use for nuns. He predicts the convent won't last six months.

Dean has his advantages, however. For one thing he's an expert plumber and doesn't mind working on the palace's decrepit pipes. But he's a disturbing element while he's there. He takes a malicious pleasure in reminding the Sisters that the palace was once used for the General's father's harem.

Sister Ruth (Kathleen Byron), always emotionally unstable, falls in love with Dean although he gives her no encouragement. Even serene, beautiful Sister Clodagh begins to dream of the man she loved back in Ireland before she entered the Sisterhood.

All the Sisters act peculiarly by the time they have been in the palace a few months. Practical Sister Philippa (Flora Robson) suddenly plants the whole garden in flowers instead of the vegetables they had counted on. Sister Honey lets her love for children betray her into treating a very sick baby, which dies. The natives blame the Sisters and refuse to come there any more.

The General has sent his young son (Sabu) to the convent to school, but the boy runs away with a pretty native girl, Kanchi (Jean Simmons). Events move swiftly then to a climax, which solves nothing.—Univ.



Song of the Thin Man: It's murder with music for Powell & Loy—provided by Keenan Wynn.

SONG OF THE THIN MAN

The Thin Man's song turns out to be jive, on the beat, reet, and ready to fly. Nick Charles' (William Powell) and his lovely Nora (Myrna Loy) are, as usual, involved in murder. It happens to be the murder of a band leader named Drake (Philip Reed) which sets them down among a crowd of hepsters set to take off.

It's Nora, who is responsible for the whole thing, really. She persuades Nick to take her to a charity dance on board the gambling ship of Phil Brant (Bruce Cowling). They meet an old friend there, Janet Thayer (Jayne Meadows). It seems that Janet is going to marry Brant, although the idea throws her father (Ralph Morgan) into an eighteen-carat wing-ding.

On the bandstand, things are happening, too. Fran (Gloria Grahame), the singer, is in love with the band leader. For him, she has given a fast brush to young Buddy Hollis (Don Taylor), top reed player in the band. Buddy has blown his top and is ready to send Drake right out of this world—and I don't mean with music.

Drake is shot and Buddy disappears. No one knows whether he did the murder or not. Since Brant is also a suspect, Janet Thayer asks Nick to take over. His first move is to get Brant clapped into jail—for Brant's own safety, actually, although both Brant and Janet fail to appreciate his motives.

Next, Nick and Nora persuade Clunker (Keenan Wynn), another member of the band, to take them on a round of the jam sessions in search of Buddy. They don't find him, but they emerge with Nora talking in terms of hot licks, pump men, bakes and squares.

When Fran is found murdered, Nick decides to follow a clue to Poughkeepsie. Nora insists on going along. When they get back they find that little Nick Jr. (Dean Stockwell) has disappeared, presumably kidnapped by a gangster named Amboy (William Bishop), who is also involved in the case.

Nick adds two and two and gets an even dozen, solving the whole thing with a flick of the wrist. P.S. Asta is still around—my favorite screen actor.—M-G-M

Black Narcissus: Convents are quiet places—usually. But Deborah Kerr's peace is disrupted by natives Jean Simmons and David Farrar.



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