

Watch Your Step, Lana!"

Page 28

JUL 13 1948

modern screen

August 15c

MAGAZINE •
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MAGAZINE •

RETURN TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM (ANNEX)

PER!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
and
LINDA SUSAN

BODY AND SOUL



The Soul is fragile, pure and shining
The Body is thrillingly exciting with the scent of a million
crushed Lilacs, Roses and Gardenias. Flower fragrances
wrap you in a brilliant, romantic glow.

Glorify yourself with Lander's flower-fresh talcs,
and you'll invite Love. When you weave a
garland of Lilacs, Roses and Gardenias, you'll bind
him to you—forever. Today . . . tonight . . . always,
be lovely with Lander's—Body and Soul.

LANDER'S
For the Talc that Tempts



10¢ EACH

Ask for other Lander toiletries.
At all 10¢ toilet goods counters.

15¢ West of the Mississippi

THE LANDER CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



But will you be showered
with attention, Sugar?

Don't let that bath-freshness fade—
stay sweet to be near!

'A star-spangled evening *begins* in your bath, it's true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to *keep* underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away *past* perspiration, remember—Mum's the word for safer, surer protection against risk of *future* underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl
with **Mum**



Product of Bristol-Myers

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—No damaging 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.

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. 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 causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

AUGUST, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL
EVER MADE IS

IRVING BERLIN'S

EASTER PARADE

MGM

color by
TECHNICOLOR
starring

JUDY GARLAND FRED ASTAIRE
PETER LAWFORD ANN MILLER

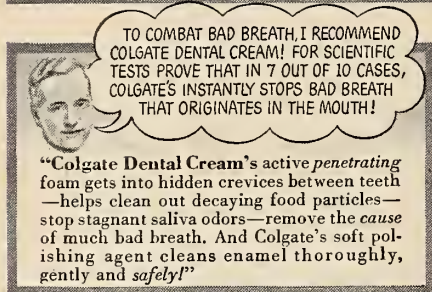
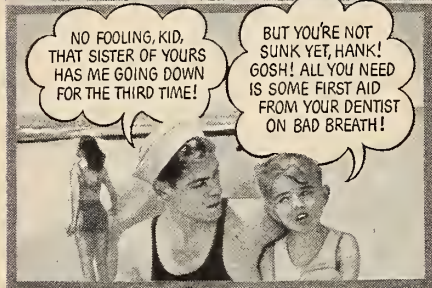
HEAR
17 OF IRVING
BERLIN'S
GREATEST SONG
HITS!

Screen Play by
SIDNEY SHELDON, FRANCES GOODRICH
and ALBERT HACKETT
Original Story by
FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

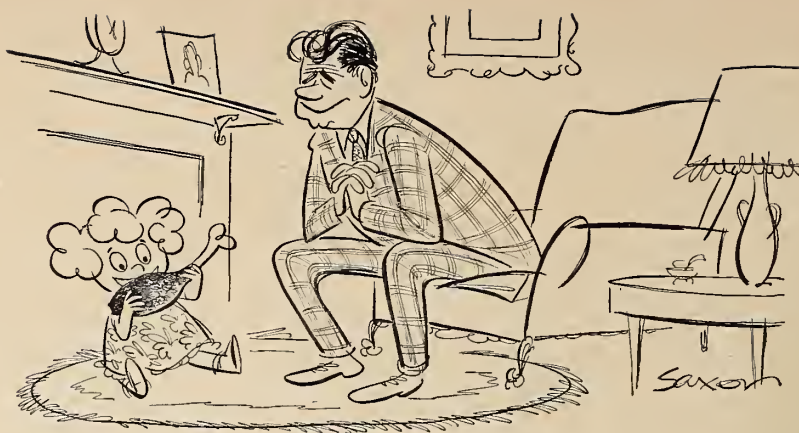
Lyrics and Music by
IRVING BERLIN • Musical Numbers Directed by
ROBERT ALTON • Directed by
CHARLES WALTERS • Produced by
ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

*Looks Like I Need
Some Help Myself!*



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



To our Readers

BARBARA STANWYCK'S Uncle Buck is not Barbara Stanwyck's real uncle, but he might as well be. He writes the story of their rare, long-standing friendship in this issue. He used to buy her turkey legs when she was so small she'd have fitted into his pocket. She isn't so small any more, but the pocket's still open to her. The only fault he has to find with Barbara is that you'd have to nail her shirts to her shoulder blades to keep her from giving them away. I'm wearing one of her old shirts this minute.

THIS, COME TO think of it, is about as sentimental an issue as the old book has had in some time. Take a look through our collection of Shirley Temple art, pps. 54 to 57, if you don't believe it. Henry and I sit and stare at Shirley when she was eight, and Shirley when she was nine, and Shirley when she was fifteen, and then we count each other's wrinkles. It's a sad little business. But Shirley's having a baby makes up for it all, somehow; it's as though with Linda Susan, we get back our lost youth.

AS FOR LARRY PARKS, he never lost his youth, but he nearly lost his boyish laughter. Right now, he's standing on the horns of so many dilemmas that a bed of nails would feel soft under his feet. He tells you about it himself, on page 30.

BY THE WAY, I don't like to cast any slurs. Partly because I'm a sweet fellow, partly because whomever I slurred might stop buying M. S. But I think Hedda Hopper's looking for a new job. And I think the job is as Lana Turner's manager. It wouldn't be a bad idea. Wait till you read the story "Watch Your Step, Lana," on page 28, and you'll see. Hedda's affection for Lana shines right through her words. Besides affection there's admiration and concern. Hedda thinks Lana's been given a lousy deal by a lot of people she trusted, and Hedda doesn't go for that. So she's putting on her most fear-inspiring hat—the one with the war feathers—and she's pulling it down over her ears, and she's going out to raise a little fuss. Lana could use a few more friends like Hedda. Anybody could.

Albert P. Delacorte

ALBERT P. DELACORTE

DANA ANDREWS

A man possessed by the sea...and something more!

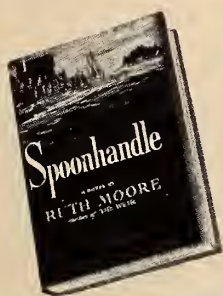
JEAN PETERS

A portrayal as exciting as in "Captain from Castile"!

The Sea is a Woman

...beautiful...

and,
like you...
cruel!"



From the best-seller
"SPOONHANDLE"
that thrilled millions
in Reader's Digest!



Deep Waters

with

CESAR ROMERO • DEAN STOCKWELL • ANNE REVERE

Ed Begley

Directed by

HENRY KING

Produced by

SAMUEL G. ENGEL

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by Richard Murphy • Based on the Novel "Spoonhandle" by Ruth Moore

louella parsons'

Good news

Hello and s'long.

Excuse me—guess I should explain I'm heading for Europe in two days and by the time you read this, I should be just about ready to come home from tours of Ireland, England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy and France.

I haven't had a vacation in two years and I'm really excited about the trip. But you and I are NOT going to miss our monthly gossip fests. Along with the Hollywood news, I will get out my trusty typewriter and tell you about the movie goings-on in Europe because many of your favorites will be vacationing there this summer—or making movies in London or Italy.

I expect to see Tyrone Power, the Rex Harrison, Clark Gable, Sonja Henie, Deborah Kerr, Rosalind Russell, Lana Turner, Eleanor Parker, Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Robert Donat and—oh, well—that's next month's GOOD NEWS. Meanwhile—let's go Hollywood.

* * *

Was it all smoke and no fire in those rumors

that the Gregory Pecks were rifting? Let me tell you what I think:

The Pecks, I have good reason to believe, had a little argument. But it had nothing to do with pretty, little Greta's run-in with the police after her car side-swiped another in a traffic jam. Unfortunately, Greta and Greg just happened to be having a tiff at that time.

For a few days, he did leave home and moved in with a close friend. But it wasn't anything serious between them and they knew it—so they vehemently denied they were having trouble when reporters called to check.

How smart of them. There are squalls that blow up in every marriage and the movie stars are just as human as the rest of us.

I respect the Pecks for keeping their private battles private and in not rushing into print with every little tiff. Frankly, I'm good and fed up with the temperamental darlings who make public announcements every time they disagree—then they loudly kiss and make up—until the next hurdle.

* * *

Gene Tierney is a girl who is too quick in making her private and professional affairs open to the world.

She and Oleg Cassini parted to the tune of front page publicity. But they continued to dine and date—also in the public eye. Then, not only did Gene secretly reconcile with her husband, but she chose this interesting event as the one to keep quiet about—and it was the one she most certainly should have told her studio about. Gene and Oleg are going to have a baby!

She was several months pregnant when the news finally came out, and her 20th Century-Fox bosses couldn't have been more surprised for they had cast her for the starring role in *The Fan* (*Lady Windemere's Fan*) and she had agreed to do it!

Otto Preminger was within ten days of starting the picture when he was told he must substitute a new star immediately. Little Jeanne Crain was rushed into wardrobe fittings, some re-writing had to be done at the last minute to fit the new leading lady and a hectic time was had by all.



Before Louella left on vacation tour abroad, Hollywood gave her send-off. Cocktail party and buffet supper in Wynn Rocomoro's home ended festivities. Among those who bode Louella *au revoir* were the Poul Henreids.



Host Wynn filled his home with flowers for farewell party, had scenes from Louella's life carved in ice! Here, he greets Johnnie Johnston and Kothryn Grayson. Johnstons expect stork sometime near Labor Day.

I think everyone could have forgiven Gene more easily if she hadn't formed the habit of practically living on the front pages and then done a right about face and become secretive about an important thing she should have told.

* * *

It was a rush of parties before I left for Europe, but the most unexpected was the soiree given by the Gary Coopers for about one hundred people. I say "unexpected" because the Coopers have been married for many years and this is the first time I've known them to give with one of these great beeg affairs.

Too big for their house, the party was held in a decorative tent in the back modeled after a swank night club. Tables gleaming with silver, crystal and flowers were placed around the built-in dance floor and the imported orchestra played hot and sweet music all evening.

First couple I spotted was Clark Gable and Ann Sothern—but don't get excited. They are old friends, two people who like to have laughs together and there's nothing romantic between them.



Chic-ly attired in black faille suit with lace trimming, guest-of-honor Louella chats with Constance Moore. Wynn's party followed one given by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in honor of Louella's first vacation in 2 years.



Pat Knight and Cornel Wilde hiked back to the kitchen of Wynn Rocamora's home, finished off the *hors d'oeuvre* prepared by Marie Antoinette caterers. Wildes'd planned short trip to England—found they couldn't afford it.



Jack Benny, who's completed 17th year with NBC, escorted wife Mary Livingston to Wynn's party—they made date with Louella for meeting in London. Jack will appear at London Paladium.



Gay foursome of Rocamora's were the Louis Jourbons and the David Nivens. David will leave his bride and two kids soon for England, where he'll star in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—film which Leslie Howard once made.

Good news



Joan Crawford, with Christino and Christopher, at an unusual art show in the Toy Menagerie, exclusive toy shop in Beverly Hills. Host Uncle Bernie exhibited portraits of movie stars' kids.



Hedy Lamarr's daughter Denise, 3 (her dad's John Loder), may have a step-father if mom says "yes" to Billy Wilder. Hedy gets her first Technicolor role in Danny Kaye's *Happy Days*.

Ann was really "done" in a white tulle, completely backless gown, the most extreme evening dress I have ever seen her wear.

All the girls seemed to be decked out as exotically as possible. Linda Christian looked as pretty as a magazine cover as she twirled by in the arms of Tyrone Power—Linda with three big orchids piled high in her hair. Yep, at this writing this romance is still sizzling and these two have eyes only for each other.

At a large table with Deborah Kerr and the William Goetzes, I spotted Gene Tierney who, earlier this same day, had admitted she was going to have a baby. She is a girl I find difficult to understand but, perhaps, she finds me hard to understand. Some people do, you know.

The traffic in and out of the Coopers' was like a crowded intersection because many of the guests had been invited to the Walter Langs' the same night and covered both affairs.

It is always great fun when Walter (he directed *Sitting Pretty*) and his "Fieldsie" give with a party and this occasion was no exception. I spotted June Havoc, Cesar Romero, the Zachary Scotts and Ann Sheridan all having

a time for themselves. Ann, I might add, is one of the few Hollywood beauties still wearing her long hair high on her head. Most of the belles have gone in for the new, short hair cut—but Ann says she knows her style and is sticking to it. All in all, it was "two" big nights in one.

* * *

Hurray for Van Johnson—and I mean it!

When he found he was making himself sick with worry over carrying the load of a \$125,000 mansion on which he still owed almost \$100,000 he came right out and said he was through with all this "movie star" living.

"This tennis court, swimming pool razzle-dazzle is breaking my back and my health" said the one and only Van. "Evie agrees with me—and we are selling this place as soon as possible. It's all right to run a country club if you can afford it, but never again for me."

So they are leaving the estate Van purchased for his bride as a wedding present just as soon as they can find a small place in Beverly Hills or Westwood—just big enough to take care of Van, Evie, the two

Wynn boys and the new Miss Johnson, of course.

* * *

John Payne is carrying a torch for Gloria De Haven THAT high.

Joan Caulfield, herself, put me straight about this after I printed that I heard she and John had sparked a romance while filming *Larceny*.

"That's a lot of nonsense," explained Joan, but not crossly. (She has a wonderful disposition—that one.) "John is still terribly in love with his wife and can't think about anything or anyone else but Gloria and the children."

So, it is just a coincidence that John and Joan will appear together in summer stock in *The Voice of the Turtle*—and nothing they have planned so they can be together. By the time they are ready to head East, perhaps Gloria and John will make up their difficulties. They have parted and reconciled—before.

* * *

So much sentiment and sweetness intermingled with the church solemnity when Diana Wanger, daughter of Joan Bennett married handsome John Anderson last month

Here comes the bridesmaid....
There lurk the wolves....

Now starts something....

She's a different, delightful, captivating Betty—singing, dancing and romancing—in Elmer Rice's fabulously funny Broadway stage hit!

*More romantic than
a honeymoon!*

Paramount Presents

**BETTY
HUTTON**

Hilarious—As She Tries To Find Out
What Makes Men Tick!

**MACDONALD
CAREY**

Fun—When He Teaches Betty About Dreams
And How To Wake Up And Live!

in **"Dream Girl"**

with

**PATRIC KNOWLES • VIRGINIA FIELD
WALTER ABEL • PEGGY WOOD**

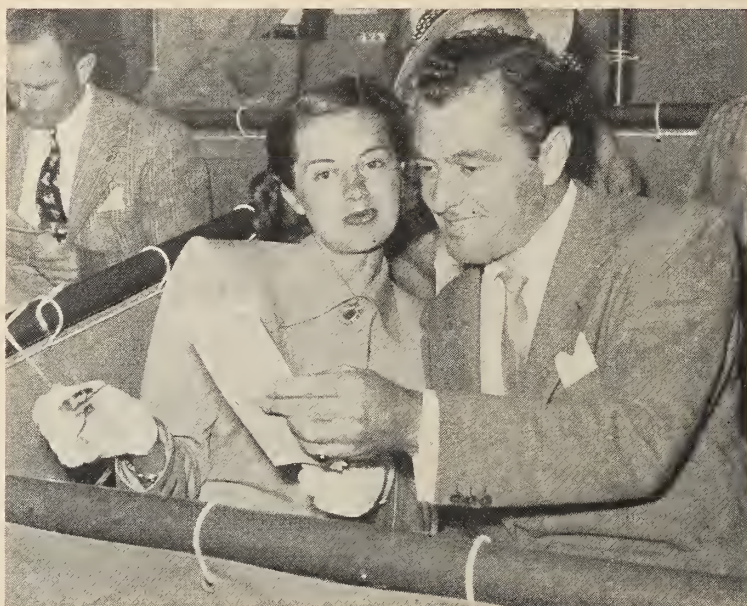
A Mitchell **LEISEN** Production

Produced by P. J. WOLFSON
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

You'll Hear The Critics "Hurrah!" for Betty Hutton in this different, new hit! See if you don't say: "Wonderful! She's an actress we've never really seen before!"



Good news



Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, newly married, at opening of Hollywood Park. Under Cyd's white glove is a square-cut diamond ring—from Tony. Cyd was formerly Mrs. Niko Charisse (dancer); Tony was once the husband of Alice Faye.



Kay Kyser lectures Michael North and Morilyn Moxwell on the pitfalls of marriage, but the prospective bride and groom aren't taking him seriously, may be wed by the time you read this. They're all guests of Atwater Kent party.

How Joan managed to get through the formal wedding and reception and then to be hostess at a big party the following night for railroad tycoon Robert Young, I'll never know. Joan is expecting her fourth child and so much activity must have been a severe strain on her—but you would never have guessed it the marvelous way she carried off both charming events.

Of course, no one stole the wedding from Diana, the radiant bride who looked like an angel as she came down the aisle on the arm of Walter Wanger—but Stephanie, the Wangers' youngest, certainly ran off with second honors. As flower girl, she was beaming on all and sundry, tossing flower petals with great glee in all directions.

When we went on to the reception at the house right after the ceremony, I whispered in Joan's ear, "How in the world are you going to switch all these beautiful white wedding decorations in time for your cocktail party for Mr. Young tomorrow night?"

"Shhhh," la Bennett whispered back, "it won't look so much like a wedding when we add red roses and some spring flowers to the gardenias and white stock!"

But even so—I heard Walter took Joan to the Bel Air Hotel that night so she wouldn't be disturbed and could get a good night's sleep while the floral redecorating was going on!

* * *

Fashion Flipperies: Peggy Cummins has a white evening gown with a detachable taffeta bustle in the back so when she sits at premieres or in night clubs, she can unsnap it. Off, it looks like a big taffeta evening bag over her arm. . . . Shirley Temple has a white and red sports dress with the initial S on the blouse and a big "T" and "A" (for Temple-Agar) on the pockets of the skirt. . . . I must say these "two way" necklaces are catching on in Hollywood. Rita Hayworth has a necklace made of small diamonds across the front and pearls across the back—or, she can wear the pearls in front and the diamonds in the back. First time I saw this combination was on Norma Talmadge—beloved star of the silent screen. Norma's was diamonds and rubies half way 'round and diamonds and emeralds for the other half. It's a wonderful way to have two necklaces in one—if you can afford one! . . . Alexis Smith has a hand-painted silk apron with all the "vital" telephone numbers printed on a white background—honest, the grocers', the bakers', the candlestickmakers', the Warner Brothers studio and her own number! Plenty cute and plenty handy. . . . June Allyson has red polka dot shoes in both low heels for sports and high heels for dressier moments.

* * *

Very quietly, Frank Sinatra has put his Palm Springs house—his dream house—on the market and he could break down and cry his eyes out about it. But it has to be done.

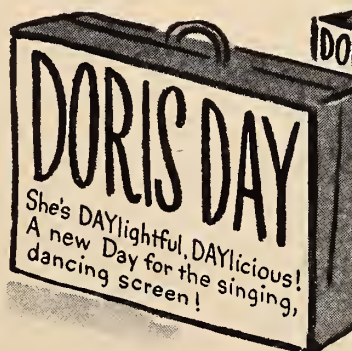
Life at the resort has become unbearable for the Sinatras for the simple reason that

*Pleasure beyond measure! Warner Bros. cruisin',
carousin' Caribbean Carnival in color by Technicolor!*



THOSE SONGS!!
All new and every
one a hit-parader!
"IT'S YOU OR NO ONE"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"PUT 'EM IN A BOX"
"I'M IN LOVE"
"RUN, RUN, RUN"
"THE TOURIST TRADE"

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS



WITH
OSCAR LEVANT • S. Z. SAKALL • FORTUNIO BONANOVA
DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ • ALEX GOTTLIEB • PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond
A WARNER BROS. PICTURES RELEASE



Good news



Olga San Juan and Edmond O'Brien, who'll be married soon in N. Y., spark "I Am An American Day" celebration at Bowl.



Joan Leslie (at "American Day" rally in Hollywood Bowl) will go to Paris for a big showing of American fashions.



A patriotic affair is as good a place as any to haul out your kid's pictures, so Dinah Shore and George Montgomery corner Frank Sinatra to show him latest art on baby Melissa.

the house is built right up to the sidewalk without a chance of fencing it in, and sight-seers stand there day and night.

Even the Greyhound Bus now makes an official stop to point out, "This is the home of Frank Sinatra," with the barker making a two minute spiel describing it!

Frankie's nerves aren't the best, anyway, and this routine is doing him in.

It's too bad because they all love the place. Done in modern furnishings, very soft in color and with an eye for comfort everywhere, each room faces on the large patio and swimming pool that is the center of festivities.

Windows, extending from the ceilings to the floor, can be pushed back so that the inside can be thrown into the outside during the fine hot days. Even the bad weather means nothing because a glass sliding "roof" protects the pool even on the rainiest days (as though it ever rained in Palm Springs!).

It's an ideal house for somebody—but not for Frankie Boy.

* * *

When General "Howling" Smith visited Betty Grable on the *Burlesque* set, he signed an autograph to her, "Now I can REALLY tell it to the Marines."

When the beloved Babe Ruth paid a visit, he wrote: "To Betty—who pitches a mean curve."

And the only other autograph she has is Harry James' "To Mamma—whom I remember very well."

* * *

The funniest story of the month concerns five-year-old Alana Ladd, perhaps the most "movie-wise" of the Hollywood youngsters because she is permitted to visit her father's set so often.

But for two weeks she was in the dog house and banished from visiting and here's why: She let out a loud scream when a capsule of blood burst on Alan's shoulder when he was "shot" in *The Great Gatsby*. The take was spoiled and Sue told her, "Don't you know that was just red ink? Don't ever cry out—no matter what happens on the set."

It was just a couple of days ago that Alana was permitted to return to watch her old man make movies.

The little girl was sitting directly facing her father behind the camera lines. Everything was quiet, when suddenly a screen tottered, swayed a moment or two and then crashed plank down on Alan's head.

"Why didn't you tell me that thing was wobbling?" demanded her injured parent, nursing a konk on the top of his head.

"I was told," said Alana primly, "not to open my mouth no matter what happens on your set!"

* * *

Sonja Henie dropped by to see me before I took off for foreign parts, and I continue to be amazed at this gal. When I first met her she was Little Miss Butterball, herself, plump, blonde Queen of the Ice Skates, but taking out her fame and success with lots of dia-

monds and a wardrobe full of pastel dresses.

But now—what a difference!

She looked like a breath of Paris, so chic and well groomed in black and wearing just the right amount of jewelry. I ain't sayin' she hasn't still got plenty of rocks, but she doesn't put them all on at once.

If she weren't Norwegian, she could be described as a typical American success story for she has pulled herself up by her skate straps into a fortune—one of the biggest in the entertainment world. It is much to her credit that she has remained fresh and unspoiled and enthusiastic.

She was all steamed up about a party she's giving when she finishes *Countess of Monte Cristo* for Universal-International, and you would have thought it was her first.

"Mother and I have ordered fish pudding shipped out from New York and Mother is making her special Norwegian fish dish, also." If fish pudding sounds awful—don't you believe it. I've tasted it at other parties of Sonja's and it's wonderful. She's really a great hostess.

Another attraction "shipping out" from New York for the party is Kjell Holm, the man in Sonja's life right now. He's madly in love with her but whether she will marry him or anyone else is a moot question. She hasn't been in a marrying frame of mind since the days when she was madly in love with Dan Topping. I like little Sonja—and wish her happiness.

ROSALIND RUSSELL *tells...*

The Private Life of a Public Idol

...with never an Idle moment!

Rosalind Russell
in **THE
VELVET TOUCH**

A FREDERICK BRISSON PRODUCTION

also starring

Leo Genn · Claire Trevor

Sydney Greenstreet

with

LEON AMES · FRANK McHUGH · WALTER KINGSFORD · DAN TOBIN

Directed by JOHN GAGE · Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN

An RKO-Radio Release



movie reviews

KEY LARGO

Gangster pictures are few and far between nowadays, but here is a honey to make up for the drought. It includes all the almost-forgotten gangster types, from the baby-faced guy with a rock for a heart, to the bruiser who's just a big scairdy cat. Furthermore, it has Eddie Robinson and Humphrey Bogart—only this time Bogey's on the right side of the law.

When Frank M'Cloud (Bogart), a disillusioned war hero who thinks there is nothing worth fighting for any more, arrives at the Largo Hotel to pay a visit to his dead buddy's family, he finds strange things going on. First he is refused a drink at the bar, then he sees that the lobby is swarming with unsavory-looking people. It develops that a Mr. Brown (Eddie Robinson) has rented the place for a week, and Mr. Temple (Lionel Barrymore) M'Cloud's dead buddy's dad, who owns the hotel, and Nora (Lauren Bacall), his buddy's widow, are virtual prisoners.

The big wind begins to blow on the day that Brown and his dreadful entourage are scheduled to leave the hotel, and they are all trapped there together through a long and terrible night, while the hurricane rages. During this night many things happen, most important of which is the discovery by the local Deputy (John Rodney) that Mr. Brown is none other than Johnny Rocco, America's most dangerous gangster. There ensues considerable gun-play and eventual murder, not to mention a series of impassioned if somewhat repetitious tongue-lashings.

How M'Cloud and Nora have the time or strength to fall in love against this backdrop of terror it is hard to say, but by morning they're giving each other The Look, and the happy ending an exciting reel or two later doesn't come as a surprise.

Eddie Robinson is Johnny Rocco—he's that convincing. Bogart, jaw-muscle twitching, is excellent. Bacall is a disappointment—she's so wonderful to look at, but somehow so empty. Barrymore is splendid as the doughty old hotel proprietor. And Claire Trevor as Gaye, Rocco's scotch-swilling gal, is—for our dough—magnificent. *Key Largo* is a thriller. Go see it.—War.



Ex-Army major Bogart arrives in Key Largo to find hotelkeeper L. Barrymore and his soldier-son's widow (L. Bacall) under a deadly tension.



Barrymore's hotel has been taken over by a mysterious Mr. Brown (Edw. G. Robinson), who is really the U.S.'s most notorious racketeer.



Bogart, disillusioned here, is indifferent to Robinson—at first. In the end, his values restored, he destroys the new enemy of peace.

by jean kinkead



There was
something
about the way
she looked at a man
that rang bells...

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as

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Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco

Directed by LESLIE FENTON

A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION



State Of The Union: Spencer Tracy runs for president with aid of wife Katharine Hepburn and campaign managers Adolphe Menjou and Van Johnson. Smart comedy with food for thought.

STATE OF THE UNION

This is a thought-provoking movie as well as a very funny one. It is, of course, mainly about politics, and it is a fine exposé of the shady methods used in getting a president elected.

Grant Mathews (Spencer Tracy), a bigwig in industrial aviation and an honest man, is running for president. He has some noble ideas, but his campaign manager (Adolphe Menjou) makes him keep them under his hat, for—while the people would love them, the politicians wouldn't. And, says Jim, the politicians elect presidents, not the people. Mathews, incandescent with love for humanity, wants the presidency so desperately that he scraps his own straight-from-the-shoulder talks, delivers instead the phony, multi-syllabic drivel the party has prepared for him, goes through all the rotten channels necessary to assure himself of delegates. He even plays ball with Thorn-dyke (Angela Lansbury), boss of a powerful newspaper syndicate. Eventually, Mathews blows his top, and when he does—ah, that is a scene to remember.

This is also the story of the state of Grant and Mary's (Katharine Hepburn) union, and the scenes, now warm, now cold, between Tracy and Hepburn are so well done. Hepburn, with her rare gift for sophisticated comedy, does right by her crisp lines, and she is superb in the scene wherein she and Lulubelle (Maidel Turner) get sufficiently spiffed on lethal cocktails to really speak their minds.

Spencer Tracy is perfect in his role. Katie, as we've said, is at her best. But the film's stand-in is Van Johnson, as Spike, the campaign manager's leg-man. He has gained in poise and charm, and he shows here a beautiful and hitherto unsuspected sense of humor. This *State of the Union* is a fine thing. Don't miss it.—M-G-M.

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

William Saroyan's fine play brought to the screen is still a play in feeling and technique. Producer William Cagney has assembled a group of talented people who obviously love the words they say, and the result is a memorable and adult motion picture.

Almost all of the action takes place in a fabulous bar on the San Francisco waterfront known as Nick's Pacific Street Saloon, Restaurant and Entertainment Palace. Strange people wander into Nick's, perhaps none stranger than Joe (Jimmy Cagney), the champagne-drinking philosopher, who sees beauty and goodness in people who, superficially, are neither beautiful nor good.

Joe has befriended Tom (Wayne Morris), a big, dumb, good-natured lug without a job, with nothing in life but a dog-like devotion for Joe. When Kitty Duval (Jeanne Cagney), a B-girl who likes to pretend that years ago she was the Queen of Burlesque, who has dreamed the dream so long that she almost believes it, comes into Nick's, Joe asks her to sit with him. Touched and bewildered by his kindness, his faith in her, she confesses that she is nobody really. A little Polish girl from a farm in the Middlewest. Joe sees Tom's eyes on Kitty, realizes that these two need each other, and decides to bring them together.

There is the romance of Dudley (James Lydon) and Elsie (Nanette Parks), the struggle of Willie (Richard Erdman) versus the pinball machine, the struggle of Police Officer versus his conscience. In addition, there are the tall tales spun by Kit Carson (James Barton), the wistful, wonderful dancing of Harry (Paul Draper) who dances the way Danny Kaye sings—in a mad, sad, irresistible way, the fine boogie-woogie of Wesley (Reginald Beame). Nick, brilliantly played by William Bendix, has quite a bar.

There are no duds in this movie. Everyone involved should be mighty proud.—U. A.

HOMECOMING

Perhaps the main flaw in this Gable-Turner number is its lack of timeliness. The story of the war-interrupted marriage is somewhat old hat, and yet it is too recent to be good nostalgia. Nevertheless, if you will overlook the fact that this is a twice-told tale, if you'll turn back the clock a bit mentally, you will probably enjoy it thoroughly.

At the beginning of the story, Gable, as Dr. Ulysses Johnson, is about to set off for the wars, immaculate in his major's uniform, to the sound of the huzzas of his family and friends. There seems to be just one person in town who doesn't think he's such a great guy, and that's his former college chum, Dr. Sunday. Sunday has spent the years since graduation trying to improve living conditions in the local slums, whereas Doc Johnson has cleaned up financially and is a huge social (with a very small "s") success.

At the field hospital in Italy, Johnson's ship-board acquaintance with one of the Army nurses, Snapshot by name (that's our Lana), ripens slowly into love, and under her guidance the doc sees what a narrow life he and his wife have had together. Through his letters, his wife senses the change in her husband, guesses the truth about his affection for Snapshot. She is a very understanding dame, but she's a female and she has her pride. It takes some persuasion on the part of Sunday to make her get in there and fight for her man.

You'll shed some tears before the fade-out, for the ending of necessity (three being a crowd) isn't a completely happy one. Here is Gable as you like him—now rough, now tender—and better-looking than ever. Turner is warm and thoroughly believable, looking beautiful in her least glamorous screen wardrobe to date, John Hodiak is adequate but unspectacular as Dr. Sunday, and Anne Baxter, who looks and sounds just a little too much like an Understanding Wife, is not at her best.—M-G-M.



Homecoming: Clark Gable, M.D., and married, falls in love with nurse L. Turner in Italy.



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HATTER'S CASTLE

How driving ambition can transform a man into a monster is vividly shown in the screen adaptation of A. J. Cronin's novel, "Hatter's Castle." James Brodie (Robert Newton) who owns a hat shop in the little town of Levensford, Scotland, has practically mortgaged his soul to build himself a great, imposing house. An arrogant, ignorant man, despised by the townsfolk, Brodie has always dreamed of owning a castle, and part of the dream is that his son Angus will add another story to it, and that Angus' children will add still another story. Someday the Brodie castle will tower above everything in the town, and everyone will know that the Brodies are Somebody.

That is the dream, and to its fulfillment all else is sacrificed. Angus is given an expensive education, goaded constantly by his father to study hard in order to win a scholarship. Mrs. Brodie, dying of cancer, is denied proper medical care in order to save money so that the mortgage payments can be met. Brodie's pretty daughter, Mary (Deborah Kerr), must account to her father for every cent she spends. The entire family lives in fear of Brodie's wrath, and it is this

overwhelming fear of their father that brings about the downfall of the daughter and the destruction of the son.

This film is pretty heavy going. There are a few light moments when young Dr. Renwick (James Mason) and Mary exchange pleasantries, but most of it is extremely sordid and depressing, running the gamut from seduction to suicide. A good strong cast has been assembled and they do their jobs well, but the psychopathic character of Brodie just doesn't make for really palatable entertainment.—Par.

DREAM GIRL

This is practically a one-woman show. Hardly a scene goes by without Betty Hutton in it, and as the gal who takes refuge from her humdrum existence in a lurid dream world, she is completely enchanting and wonderfully funny.

Betty, as frustrated, dough-heavy Georgina Allerton, is just figuring that what she really needs is a good psychiatrist, when she discovers that a series of verbal kicks in the pants from literary critic Clark Redman (Macdonald Carey) achieve the same results. After quite a few reels of amusing applied psychology, Georgina forsakes her

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

- | | |
|---|---|
| <i>You Can't Come Between Roy and Dale!</i> (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Money No Object</i> (Maureen O'Hara) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Watch Your Step, Lana!</i> by Hedda Hopper <input type="checkbox"/> | "Some Guests Are Special!" (Esther Williams) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>It Happened In A Night Club</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I Chased A Dream</i> , by Lon McCallister <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>In The Grand Manor</i> (Claudette Colbert) by Prince Michael Romanoff <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Shirley On The Cover</i> (Shirley Temple) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Lazy Date</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>They Couldn't Win</i> (Susan Peters) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Crossroads</i> (Larry Parks) <input type="checkbox"/> | "Me And The Queen" (Barbara Stanwyck) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>How Low Will They Go?</i> by Cobina Wright <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Murder Boy</i> (Richard Widmark) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>She Was Only 16</i> (Dan Dailey) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |

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Dream Girl: Betty Hutton and Moc Carey
in gay tale of girl living in world of fantasy.

dream world for the real thing, throws over her suave dream lover for a tweedy hard-boiled chap whose brogans are right on the ground.

The story, adapted from Elmer Rice's play of the same name, is good entertainment with few flaws. It gets off to a rather slow start, and it does drag its feet now and again. However, for the most part, it is excellent, and a few of the dream sequences are small masterpieces of comedy. The one showing Georgina married to phantom beau Jim Lucas and living in a log cabin out west is delightfully wacky; and the one in which Georgina, who has just been propositioned for the first time in her life, visualizes herself sinking lower and lower into the mires of sin until she winds up a notorious wench in a South Sea Island honky tonk, is uproarious.

It's Betty Hutton's show, and we think you'll love her New Look. Her hair is dark and sleek and there's not a trace of the former blues shouter. Carey, as the literary critic who wants to be a sportswriter, is something refreshingly different in leading men. Virginia Field is decorative in a small part. Patric Knowles is perfect as the deadpan stuffed shirt, Jim Lucas. And Peggy Wood—as deft a comedienne as ever—couldn't be better as Georgie's harassed mom.

You'll really have fun at this one, so don't stay home.—Par.

ESCAPE

Essentially, this tells the story of one man's quest for perfect justice, and his eventual realization that—this side of the gates of Paradise—there is no such thing. Here is what happens.

Matt Dennant (Rex Harrison), an ex-war pilot, is walking through Hyde Park one evening minding his own business when a girl (Betty Ann Davies) on a park bench asks him for a light. He gives it to her, and they talk for a while. Then, as Matt takes his leave, a plainclothesman (Michael Golden) approaches the girl and accuses her of accosting the man. She swears it's not so, and Dennant returns to take her part in the argument. When Dennant tells the plain-



Escape: Rex Harrison and Peggy Cummins star in drama of one man's search for justice.

clothesman to take his hands off the girl and let her alone, the latter takes a poke at him and in the ensuing scuffle—following a glancing blow from Dennant—the detective falls, striking his head hard on the bench. The girl flees; Dennant stays, attempting to revive the man, until the police come and pronounce him dead.

A trial follows, and Matt Dennant is found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to three years in jail. Behind the bars, his resentment smoulders. He knows that he has been convicted unjustly, and he determines to escape. He does, in a dense fog and is befriended by Dora Winton (Peggy Cummins) through whose bedroom window he climbs in search of food. From then on, the excitement mounts, close call following close call, until at last Dennant is caught. Not by the bloodhounds and posses of angry men who have hunted him relentlessly for days, but by his own conscience. The climax is in keeping with Dennant's obsession for justice, and the fade-out, while hardly joyous, is entirely satisfying.

This film made in England under American direction (Joseph Mankiewicz) and production (William Perlberg) is a terrifically exciting transcription of John Galsworthy's novel of the same name. Harrison will leave you breathless. Peggy Cummins, whose aplomb at finding a murderer in her boudoir is a bit hard to swallow, is beautiful, but a poor match for Harrison. *Escape* is a fine film, one that will leave you in a thinking mood.—*20th-Fox*

SO THIS IS NEW YORK

Now and then you see a funny movie that really comes off, and you want to tell the whole world about it. Such a one is *So This Is New York*, the most hilarious movie we've seen in years. Based on Ring Lardner's book, "The Big Town," it has the nostalgia of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and a good deal of the same gentle brand of humor.

The story, set in the early 1920's, briefly is this: Ella Finch (Virginia Grey) and her sister Kate (Donna Drake) inherit \$30,000

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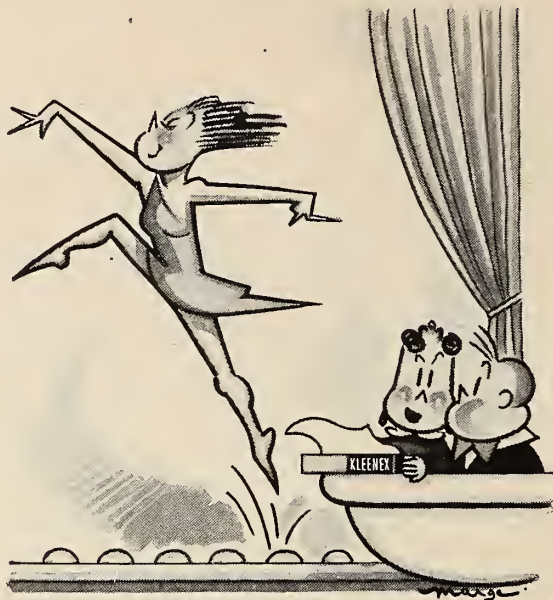
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So This Is New York: Radia's Henry Morgan in his movie bow, with Virginia Grey, Danna Drake.

each from their uncle Fergus, and they decide to blow it all on a trip to New York in search of a fitting husband for Kate. Ella already has a mate—unimaginative, unromantic Ernie (Henry Morgan), and Kate has a beau, a butcher name of Willie (Dave Willock), but Ella has in mind something a little more sophisticated, more cosmopolitan for her pretty sister. So, with Ernie wet-blanketing their enthusiasm at every turn, the Finches and Kate leave little old South Bend, Ind., for their fling in the Big Town.

Upon their arrival, drunken sailors can't match the two girls for extravagance. New hats, evening gowns, enormous tips, an expensive apartment—they shoot the works. And while Kate goes blithely from swain to swain, Ernie becomes more and more tight-lipped. It all ends happily, of course, the only unfortunate thing being that it ever had to end at all.

To attempt to put into words the picture's elusive humor is hopeless. It isn't so much the situations that will keep you shouting with laughter. It is the treatment. Morgan's mobile face, the exasperated husband-and-wife looks he and Virginia Grey exchange, Rudy Vallee's magnificent earnestness as the exquisitely caricatured Westerner, Hugh Herbert's eloquent hands. You can't imagine this picture with any other cast, and that, we think, is the supreme compliment. Stanley Kramer who produced it, and Richard Fleischer who directed it, have done a good job. Don't miss it no matter what, and take all your friends.—U.A.

SO EVIL MY LOVE

Here is the frightening story of one woman's moral disintegration after she has come under the spell of an almost wholly evil man. Ann Todd and Ray Milland are brilliant in the starring roles, each of them magnificently aware of the subtleties of his own characterization.

Based on a true story, the principals of which have been dead for fifty years, *So Evil My Love*, tells the love story of Olivia Harwood, beautiful and highly respectable

widow of a missionary, and her roomer, Mark Bellis, ostensibly a painter by profession, actually a philandering thief with a murder rap hanging over him.

In the beginning, Mark sees Olivia only as a means to further his evil ends. She loves him as she has loved no other man, and for love of him she stoops first to blackmail, and then runs the gamut of corruption coming at length to murder. When, at last, Mark knows that he is desperately in love with Olivia, it is too late for them ever to know peace or happiness together, and there is a beautiful violent ending—the only one possible under the circumstances.

Olivia's corruption is a hideous thing to watch, and were the acting less deft, it might be a quite unbelievable thing. In Ann Todd's hands, and with fiendishly attractive Milland as The Tempter, it becomes completely believable. Here is superb acting backed up with fine support from Geraldine Fitzgerald, Olivia's unsuspecting friend, Susan Courtney; Raymond Huntley as Susan's husband, Henry Courtney; Moira Lister as Kitty, a pert little featherbrain also enamoured of Mark Bellis. Lewis Allen's direction leaves nothing to be desired. This one's a must.—Par.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

This is a folksy little business that will tug at the heartstrings of the old-timers and delight the myriad bobby-soxers who are sent by Dan Dailey.

It tells the story of an old vaudeville trouper, Albert Norwick (Charlie Winninger), who can't get it through his dear old white head that vaudeville is colder than a mackerel. Although he has been out of show business for years and has a good job in the Boyd Appliance Factory somewhere in New Jersey, in his own mind he is really just laying off between bookings.

With his son, Bert (Dan Dailey) and daughters, May (Jane Nigh) and June (Barbara Lawrence), he practices song and dance routines nightly in the garage, while mom (Fay Bainter) watches misty-eyed. When vaudeville comes back, pop assures them all, Albert the Great and Family are going to be headliners.

Wedding bells begin breaking up the act when first May and then June step off with two highly unprepossessing guys (Herbert Anderson and Charles Russell), and at length it is just Albert the Great and Son. And then—well, that you'll have to see for yourselves. We're not going to tell you everything.

The old songs make nice listening, and the old vaudeville routines are fun to watch. Dan Dailey, Fay Bainter and Charlie Winninger are a warm, lovable, thoroughly convincing family group, but Barbara Lawrence and Jane Nigh are impostors due to an unfortunate bit of miscasting. Nancy Guild is pretty and wholesome as Dan's girl. Charlie Ruggles is okay as Toby, the booking agent, but that loose-jointed, engaging Dan Dailey walks away with the picture.

If you like to smile through tears, this one's for you.—20th-Fox.

Evelyn Neblett's smile wins a campus beauty crown—

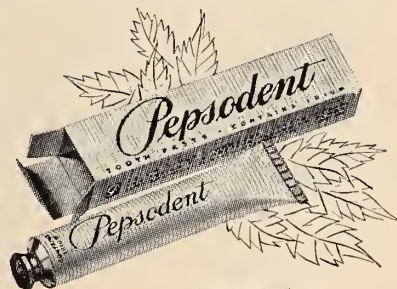
The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!



Evelyn Neblett, California Coed, captured Los Angeles City College's most coveted beauty crown when she was voted Homecoming Queen last year. But she had been an acknowledged campus beauty since her freshman year . . . the year her smile was introduced to her classmates on their college magazine cover. Now the Los Angeles-born cover girl is a student at the University of Southern California. And though her smile is sparkling in a new setting, her choice of tooth paste is the same as ever—Evelyn's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile! She says, "Pepsodent makes my teeth shine!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Evelyn Neblett, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the brands they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



dorothy kilgallen selects "easter parade"



Judy Garland and Fred Astaire are a couple of gay haboes in this scene from Irving Berlin's *Easter Parade*. Ann Miller and Peter Lawford are in it, too.

■ It always seemed to me, in moments of extravagant dreaming, that the perfect screen musical would have a score by Irving Berlin, songs by Judy Garland, dances by Fred Astaire, lovely girls, witty lines and magnificent scenery.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must have been reading my mind. They have produced the perfect screen musical.

It is called *Easter Parade*, and it has all my wished-for ingredients, plus a few others like bright direction, amusing story and considerable comedy.

Those who sighed when Fred Astaire hung up his dancing shoes and announced his retirement from cinema terpsichore can stop sighing, relax and be happy. He is back in the groove, and there is not a sign of a creak in the knee or a slowdown in the ankle. He opens *Easter Parade* with a jaunty dance and he dances all the way through it—with Judy, with Ann Miller, and solo. He does comedy dances, romantic dances, and one of his famous drum dances. His work has just as much life and grace and humor in it as it had ten years ago.

And Judy Garland makes him a fine partner, with her own lightness of foot, her warm acting style and her poignant brown-eyed way with a Berlin ballad. She looks as pretty as a china doll in the pre-World War I costumes, and flashes as much all-round talent as you are likely to see in a movie musical.

Peter Lawford is a shining member of the cast, too; he seems ideally suited to the high-collar and tin-lizzie period, and carries out his role of suitor, friend and intermediary with considerable charm. He has the pleasant task of introducing the song "A Fella With An Umbrella," and he is equally deft at playing straight.

It's a show business story, but the authors—Sidney Sheldon, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett—have managed to avoid a good many of the backstage romance cliches and even have come up with a number of fresh ideas.

Robert Alton's dances are splendid, and in complete accord with Charles Walters' lively direction. The music—and there are miles of it—is Irving Berlin at his best, in moods ranging from the bunny hug type of melodic nonsense to the haunting love song, "It Only Happens When I Dance With You."

The name of the picture, as I said, is *Easter Parade*. The quicker you see it the happier you'll be.



Modess *because*

**You can say “yes”
to Romance**



Because

**Veto says “no”
to Offending!**

Veto says “no”

—to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. And Veto lasts and lasts—from bath to bath! You feel confident . . . sure of exquisite daintiness.

Veto says “no”

—to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate's lovely, new cosmetic deodorant, Veto, is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto! So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!

Trust always to Veto

if you value

your charm!

YOU CAN'T COME BETWEEN ROY AND DALE!

An open letter to Herbert J. Yates, President, Republic Productions, Inc.

Dear Mr. Yates:

Why has your company ignored the wishes of millions of Americans who love Roy Rogers and Dale Evans?

And what could have caused your announcement that their marriage has lessened their romantic appeal as a team, and that therefore you will no longer star them in the same pictures?

Lessened their co-starring appeal? Where were you hiding when you came to this startling conclusion? I mean where did you closet yourself to make sure that you wouldn't be annoyed by what the rest of the country thinks—which happens to be just the opposite?

Do you know what happened here at MODERN SCREEN when Roy and Dale wed? A deluge hit us—thousands upon thousands of letters which have sent Roy and Dale to the top of our magazine poll as most popular actor and actress in the industry. Neither of them had ever got anywhere near the top before their marriage, Mr. Yates. This great increase in appeal occurred because of their marriage!

People like the idea of Roy and Dale together, on the screen as well as in real life. They would be offended if they had to go to separate pictures to see Dale and Roy.

Don't be surprised that fans know what they want, Mr. Yates—and that Roy and Dale are it. Fans know that Shirley Temple and John Agar are married but that didn't keep John Ford from putting them together in *Fort Apache*. And they know that Columbia is very happy about getting Cornel Wilde and his wife, Patricia Knight, together in *The Lovers*.

So you can hardly blame the fans. In fact, you puzzle them because—on the subject of casting husband and wife in the same picture, at least—you seem to be headed one way, and the rest of Hollywood the other!

Look, don't you think it's time to turn around?

Arthur D. Delacorte

"... let no man put asunder ..."





watch your step,

by hedda hopper

"They swilled your
champagne, gorged on
your lobster, and turned your
happiest day into a
side-show. Now, watch
out for your so-called
friends," Hedda warns
her girl, Lana. "But most of
all, be happy, darling!"

lana!

■ It was 3:30 P.M. when I arrived at Bungalow Seven of the Beverly Hills Hotel. My plane from New York had landed only minutes before, and, heartsick, I'd rushed right out to visit Lana Turner and her new husband, Bob Topping.

I was heartsick because a girl I love and wish all happiness had been made to look like a fool in public print. I was heartsick because she'd been married in a tremendous splash of publicity which could only hurt her.

I knocked on the door of Bungalow Seven, and Bob Topping opened it. His other arm was around Lana's waist. I'd never seen her look more beautiful.

I said what came to my lips. "Congratulations, you two—long life, happiness, love. But next time, for God's sake, take Old Aunt Hedda's advice!"

"No next time," said Lana. "This is for keeps."

I'd read that vow of hers, breathed right after the wedding. "This time it's forever."

I asked Bob a sudden pointed question. "Why did you marry Lana?" He came right back. "Because I love her. She's beautiful, she's honest. She's kind and considerate. She has everything I hoped to find—and didn't—in the other girls I married."

"But," I persisted, "why didn't you have a simple, quiet wedding?"

"I did, Hedda," protested Lana. "There were only twelve people at the ceremony."

"But why that big, lavish, free-for-all reception?" I fired.

"Hedda," Lana said, "I *had* to have all those people. I have so many friends. I couldn't hurt them."

Hurt *them*? They did their best to hurt Lana. Friends? They didn't act that way.

Yet Lana had asked for it. In her big-hearted, trusting way she'd stuck her neck out a mile. She herself had called up publisher Billy Wilkerson and asked him to hold the reception in his swank Sunset Boulevard mansion.

"I'd never had a formal wedding. I wanted to have one," she told me wistfully. "I wanted all my friends to share my happiness."

Well, they did.

I could hardly believe it when Lana told me she actually set her wedding ceremony back from four o'clock to two—just because photographers and newspaper reporters screamed they couldn't make their editions in time if she didn't! Imagine—tailoring her tenderest moment to a printer's deadline! She had done everything possible to please the press. Sixty-three photographers flashing bulbs around attested to that. After the rites, she posed forty-five minutes for them to grab all the pictures they wanted. Then she'd gone upstairs, hoping they'd leave. With all those vintage champagnes, and 6-pound lobsters around? What happened was inevitable.

Lana wasn't upstairs swooning when the papers said she was. "I've never swooned in my life," she scoffed.

While her lovely guests were flashing bulletins that Lana was swooning, she was waiting for them to clear out, and she was also trying desperately to put calls through to Bob Topping's folks back in Connecticut. She never got a call through.

The guests she was so afraid to hurt were downstairs monopolizing the telephones, putting in free long-distance calls to all their relatives and friends all over the country! While Lana and Bob huddled upstairs trying to figure out an escape, the "friends" downstairs were tearing the joint to pieces, grabbing souvenirs.

Billy Wilkerson, the host, watched several of them stuff expensive hand-embroidered napkins into their pockets. Finally he approached one and asked pointedly, "Wouldn't you like a tablecloth to match?"

The thanks that Lana Turner got for generosity was to have her guests rush right out and crucify her in print. (Continued on page 79)



crossroads

by
larry
parks

"I won't be

needing any tomb-
stone," he says.

But Hollywood's watch-
ing Larry Parks' foot-
steps. One way, he walks
into a bed of roses;
the other way he
hurtles off a cliff . . .



Is Larry a single-picture wonder? *Jolson Story* made Parks one of the greatest potential box-office draws in movie history, but interest was jeopardized by follow-up films. Will *Gallant Blade* turn the tide?



Will Betty's career sour their marriage? Larry is thrilled over Betty's success in *Big City*, her debut film. But double-careers have always been a major trouble-center to Hollywood couples.

■ In Hollywood, either you're terribly up or terribly down. The going gets a little tough and the gossips start working out epitaphs for your tombstone. It happened to me.

People were figuring I was a one-picture hot shot. People were figuring I was all washed up.

Well, I won't be needing any tombstone, brother. I'm not slipping.

I've been put into poor pictures and wrong roles. And lately I've been fighting back—suing in the law-courts for the right to my own career.

Now I've got my contract freedom, I'll have a chance at some better parts, I hope. During the time I was suing Columbia I couldn't talk about it. Now I can speak my mind.

Sure, there are still question marks in my future. It's no joke when an individual talks back to one of the big movie companies. Suspicion is that you can't get away with it, that all companies stick together and the individual who dares battle one of them may get blacklisted all over town.

So though I'm legally free now to work for other companies, the parts may be slow in coming. Still, I'm sure I'll get by.

Olivia de Havilland fought a similar, one-woman battle against Warner Brothers. She went without

work for about two years before another studio would use her. She felt her victory was worth the risk to her career and the loss of time and money. The thought of Olivia battling for her rights has often bucked me up during the past year when people started the scare talk: "You can't sue Columbia and get away with it. When you sue Columbia, you're suing all the studios in Hollywood."

You can make a fight as big as this only once in a career. For me this was the time.

Seven years ago, when I was broke and desperate, a refugee from the Broadway stage, I got a seven-year contract at Columbia. I played bit parts, mostly guys who got poked in the jaw and fell offscreen. Finally I got a couple of supporting roles. Better, but not great. The great chance was the Jolson thing. I tested. I looked right and I could do the numbers. "Great!" did you say? All right, come with me to the interview which settled my fate.

My boss says I can have the part. It will make me a star—my name in lights. Then he pulls out a pen and says that though my contract has 3½ years yet to run, I'll have to sign another seven-year contract. I think it over. Finally I say I don't want to stay with Columbia that long. It hurts, but I'm willing to pass the picture. *(Continued on page 101)*



Will he be crucified for his personal ideals? In Washington, when the chips were down, few movie stars had the courage to stand by their convictions. Larry stuck to his guns, may emerge from the crisis a bigger, more-respected man.

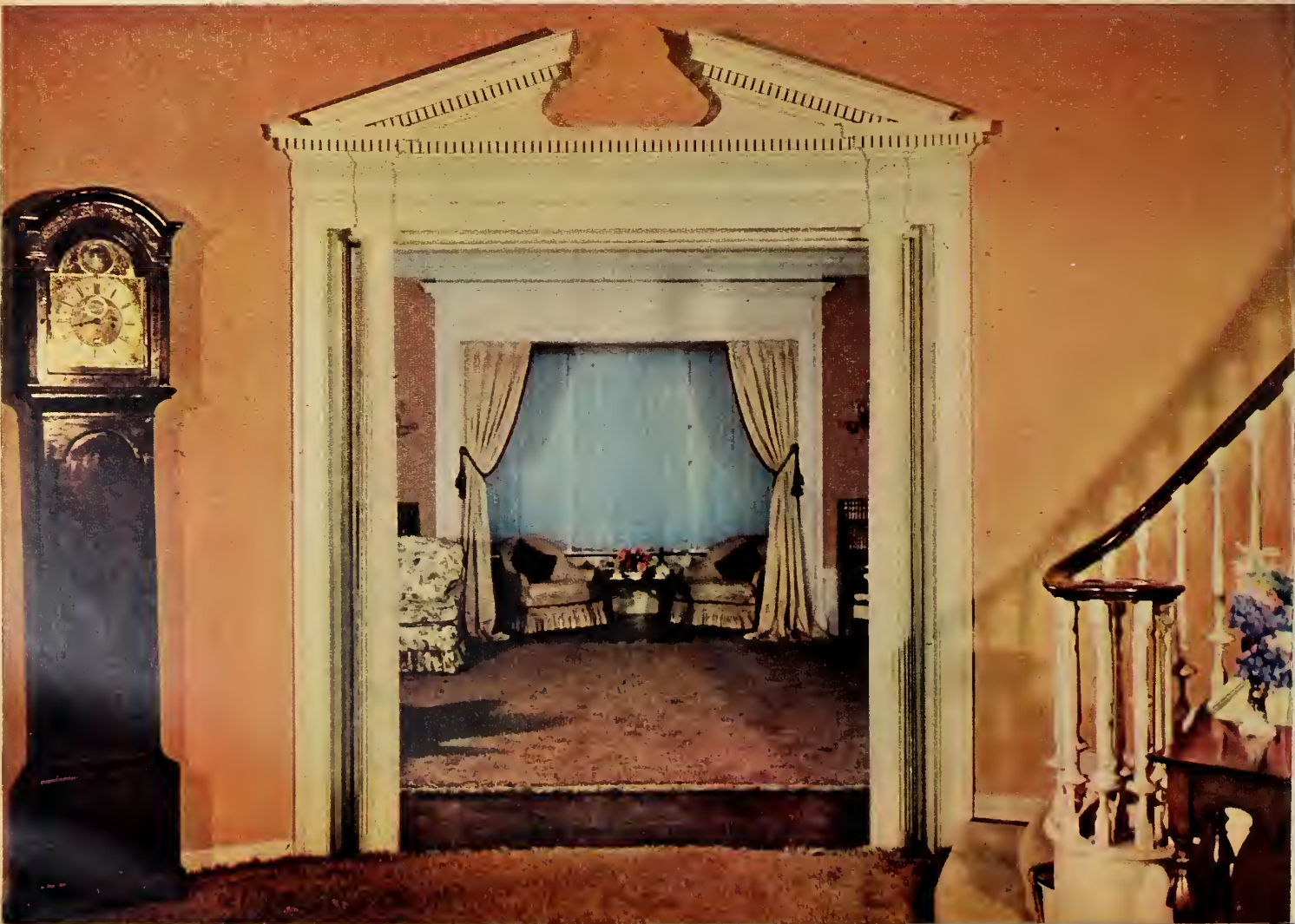


Can you sue Columbia and get away with it? Larry's greatest fight has only been half-won. Litigation also held up pay, chance to do sequel to *Jolson Story*



▲ This white Georgian structure (viewed from west side) has been Claudette's home for 13 years. Expansive lawn is hidden away from street. A circular driveway (not shown) leads to porticoed entrance.

▼ Stately Grecian columns frame doorway of the Pressman drawing-room, just off hall. Room is furnished with Queen Anne and Sheraton pieces, is seldom used, except for formal entertaining.



In the grand manor



Rugs so deep, you
wade through them.
Wood so polished,
it reflects your face. Mood
of gracious elegance
—setting for Claudette.

by prince michael romanoff

■ People will tell you movie stars live simply, even as you and I. Personally, I don't live so simply, and, I hasten to add, neither does Claudette Colbert. Thatched cottages notwithstanding, Claudette Colbert's home is a palace, a glory, a Turkish bath in a row of washtubs. Her home is a showcase framed to show Claudette. A lovely setting for a lovely jewel.

I happen to be madly in love with the woman, which has nothing to do with the case—or the showcase. Her house is all that everyone dreams a movie star's house must be.

Originally, she hired a superb architect, and then she went on a trip. The architect put up a superb modern house. Claudette came back from the trip, had the house torn down, and a Colonial one erected. Originally, the house was going to cost her \$75,000. It cost her many times that amount, because she wouldn't compromise with her standards.

For instance, she wanted a circular foyer, with a domed ceiling. Five times ceilings were cast and torn down, before she okayed the sixth. For instance, she wanted her projection booth and screen in a separate playhouse; when she decided it really belonged in the main house play room, the play room practically had to be re-built.

The place is so big it needs seven or eight servants. I also feel that it needs me. This is because, as I mentioned before,

The playroom, where the Pressmans spend most of their evenings, is centered around the fireplace. Chinese figurines on montel are sources of indirect lighting. Exquisite glossware rests in niche (far right).



Another corner of the playroom. This chair, like all the chairs, is "comfortable and extro-roomy," according to Romanoff. Originally decorated in toproom style, the room is now modern, brightly colored.

In the grand manor

I have been in love with Claudette Colbert for fifteen years.

If my corpse should one day be found floating in the Los Angeles River, please notify the police to pick up Dr. Joel Pressman, for if ever there was a man who had good reason to do me in, that man is the venerable doctor. I'm sure he recognizes those gurgling sounds I direct toward his Claudette as the agonized love calls of a frustrated swain.

Gentleman that he is, however, the doctor treats me with charm and compassion; he lets me come to his house, he lets me chat with Claudette; and she brings peace to my breast, serenity to my mind, and a wonderful little dance of laughter to my heart.

Let Romanoff the poet describe an afternoon in her home, and you will perceive, if you are capable of any perception, that Claudette Colbert is at once a woman of taste, accomplishment, and unpretentious gentility.

First of all, you come up the small circular driveway without any queasy feeling of trespassing on museum grounds. You don't imagine that somewhere within lies the tomb of Julius Caesar or his son Rudolph Valentino.

At ease, you press the buzzer. The maid lets you in. You observe at once that the entrance hall is as gracious as the mistress of the house. A delicate stairway encircles the front hall, and as your eyes travel upward, they catch sight of Claudette. Rapidly she descends the full sweep of the stairs. She's wearing a white blouse, red low-heeled shoes, and gabardine slacks of royal Romanoff blue. She's much thinner and taller than she appears on the screen.

She blows you a little feather of a smile and extends her unbedjeweled hand. You take it, and your heart beats in double time. "How are you, Mike?" she asks. "Any new recipes today?" Claudette's a fine cook with all the intense culinary interests of the French.

"Never mind recipes," Romanoff the Romeo says, "let me drink you in for a moment."

You stand back and you note quickly that Claudette's brown eyes contrast vividly with the color tones of the entrance: beige and rose terra cotta with accents of cocoa.

Claudette then takes your hand and guides you through the drawing-room. This room offers the same color scheme. The rug is beige, the walls are terra-cotta (*Continued on page 99*)



▲ Most interesting feature of Claudette's home is the concealed projection booth. A large still life of red poppies, by architect Sam Marx, hangs on iron hinge which swings out of the way when movies are shown.

▼ Colbert is one movie star who doesn't own a swimming pool. However, there *is* a pool house (below), set about 100 feet back from the main house. Wall on which Claudette sits overlooks tennis court.



LAZY DATE



They swim, they
dance, they lie in the sun
—Liz Taylor and her
friends. And one day is
very like another—
long and golden and lazy.

■ In the summer, the days drift by, one more long and golden than another, and if a girl's sixteen, there's time to waste, there's time to burn. If a girl's Elizabeth Taylor, there's time for sun, and sea, and campfires on nights when the smoke curls halfway to the moon.

There are boys, and dates, and nothing's serious, everything's fun. Everything's like it was the day we took the pictures on these pages; only that day it happened to be Roddy McDowall and Scotty Beckett and Jane Powell, instead of Ann Blyth, Marshall Thompson, or a dozen other people. The people change; the character of the summer days remains constant. If you've wanted a diary of Elizabeth's lazy dates in pictures, you've got it here, you've got it now . . .

The Taylors' house is not near the beach, it's *on* the beach. It's at Malibu, a two-story ocean-front place. The phone rings, the sand gets on the rugs, jalopies are parked three deep around the side; bathing suits are hung three deep around the back.

Elizabeth, Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett had just finished making *Date With Judy* the day we caught them and Roddy McDowall (who's in Orson Welles' *Macbeth*) taking it slow and easy together. They danced, they burned frankfurters, they got wet, they got dry again, they indulged in various beach athletics, they played with Liz's poodle, they huddled in warm beach towels, and sang songs.

It was all beautifully typical of Elizabeth Taylor's life and not-so-hard times.

(Continued on page 38)

photos by bob beerman



Roddy McDowall discovers that when you wash sand away with water, the result is mud! Scotty Beckett, seized by capricious impulse, had thrown sand at Liz.



At 11 o.m., the sun strikes Molibu pretty strong, so one of the males cools Liz off with a sodo-pop faciol. Liz's dork skin rarely sunburns.



Boys (who think glomor is out of place on a beech) caught Jone Powell striking typical bathing beauty pose. Penolty for this crime is fast ride on Giont Swing—with Jone as the swing.



The rough stuff over, Roddy and Scotty decide to toke charge of lunch—hot dogs, sodo, coke. Liz relinquishes this chore glodly, as the task of sandwich-making usually folls to her. She estimates she's cooked 1,378 hamburgers so far.



Rod and Scatty try to christen the birthday child. Champagne being unavailable, they substitute salt water. Liz owns only 3 bathing suits!



LAZY DATE

Her mother is sometimes amazed. "Twenty-seven boys phoned today," she will say to her husband. "Half the population of Texas."

"Just so she gets in at a decent hour," says Mr. Taylor. "Her taste is pretty good."

And he's right. Anyhow, there's safety in numbers; when Elizabeth is going out with twenty-seven boys, she's much too busy to fall in love.

Her brother Howard has his own gang of pals who swarm around the house every afternoon; they're a normalizing influence, too. What they want from Elizabeth is not romance, but ham sandwiches. It seems to her that she spends hours making sandwiches.

"You children!" she says haughtily. "Appetites like razorback hogs."

They swallow the flattery as they swallow the sandwiches—casually—and they threaten to hold her head under water, and they go away.

They're gone five minutes, and the phone rings. It's Jerome Courtland, or maybe an actor named Dick Lang, or Roddy, or Scotty—"May I come over?" whoever it is asks, and Elizabeth says "sure," and gets into her white lastex. The bird may be only a chicken leg, the bottle may be pepsi-cola, but a lazy date is Liz' idea of heaven.

Scotty and Jane stretch out on the sand, before the dying fire. They're both featured in *A Date With Judy*. So is Liz Taylor.



Liz feeds remains of coke to her dog. Before leaving, the kids always cover up fire. Roddy (in *Macbeth*) is expert beach-scout.



by **lon m'callister**



"All my life, since
I was a kid, it's been
going through my
head—this dream of see-
ing the world. Mexico
came first, Mexico came
beautifully . . ."



I CHASED A DREAM

■ When I was ten years old, I carried a cigarette case. It made people laugh, but I was a pretty solemn kid, and I didn't think it was so funny. In the cigarette case (which was a family heirloom) there were two pieces of tracing paper. One had a map of the world drawn on it; the other had my credo—*To be someday a student, a star, a sailor and a story-teller.*

All I wanted was to go everywhere and do everything and be famous. Adults, noting my modest desires, were known to sneer, "Little prig," on occasion. I'm inclined to agree with them, now I look back. But the fact is I still have a terrible hankering to see things and learn things. I confess it. I still chase dreams.

Which is probably why I recently took off for Mexico with my best friend and stand-in, Ray Sperry. I remember it well. We set off in our convertible, and drove for twenty-eight hours straight. That got us to Globe, Arizona, in the middle of a cold, black night.

I observed at this point that the engine was on fire. Sperry laughed wisely. "It's zero degrees. How can the engine be on fire?"

We got out and looked. That lovely little radiator was boiling furiously.

"Needs water," I said.

"Son," said Sperry, "your intuition has not let you down." Then he handed me an old asparagus can. "Go get water."

"Listen," I said, "you come too. How do I know where the nearest gas station is?"

"What?" said my dearest friend. "And have somebody steal the car while we're both gone?"

By the time I figured out that there wouldn't be many car thieves roaming hopefully through the Arizona desert night, I was almost to the gas station half a mile away. I didn't mind too much; only had to make fourteen trips.

(Continued on page 88)



"My crozy friend Roy 'Sperry kids himself into thinking he hos o sense of direction. After we left Monterrey, he took the wheel, got us lost."



"This Mexican tour was to be a vocation, but once we drove 28 hrs. straight. Then we rested—I had to get back olive for *The Big Cat*."



"We didn't take much luggage—suitcase, spare tire, a few maps—we were glad we had a camera, though."



"In Mexico City we were lucky to find an old friend of mine, Acquanetto, a former Hollywood actress. She and her husband did a great job, showed us the sights."



"This is me showering on the hotel porch at Acapulco. Place was situated on a high rock above the Pacific."



Diana Lynn (in *Ruthless*) chooses yards of demure lavender taffeta for her favorite evening gown. The very revealing V-shaped décolletage is formed by crossing bands of same material, falling just off shoulders.

Janet Leigh (*Hills of Home*) goes dancing (with husband Stan Reames) in a white summer formal designed by Irene. Embroidered satin bodice has a daring sweetheart neckline.

Plenty low, says Cobina,
but Hollywood necklines won't
ever be in bad taste. You
don't catch those smart movie
queens baring all!

by Cobina Wright



■ In 1945, a certain Hollywood designer shocked a palpitating world. "Within five years," said this mad genius, "women will be wearing evening gowns without any brassieres at all."

"Sheer evening gowns?" cried interested males.

"Sheer nonsense," cried ladies of fashion. "Bad taste and vulgarity will *never* be stylish."

The palpitating world settled back on its base. All seemed, for the moment, well.

But last year, Life Magazine decided to stir things up again. The French designer, Christian Dior, had designed a dress which covered a young woman's shoulders, but not much else. It was slashed from the neck to the waist, down the front.

Life Magazine dressed a very beautiful model in this creation (the model wore no brassiere) and sent her out to visit night clubs. The idea was to test audience reaction among blasé New Yorkers. Blasé New Yorkers gasped, cheered, and generally carried on. There were gentlemen who said, "Umm." There were gentlemen who said, "Ugh." There were gentlemen whose eyes simply twinkled.

But the whole thing was just a tempest in a teapot. Half-naked beauties do not stroll the streets of New York, unabashed—or unbrassiered—today. And in Hollywood, they never did. Not that our glamor girls don't like decolletage. This is a city where women know the value of exploiting their charms, but they like to keep a little in reserve for a rainy day.

Within the bounds of what Hollywood considers tasteful, however, there's still plenty of room for bosom art. I saw Linda Darnell at a party the other (Continued on page 72)

How low will they go?

Easter Parade star Ann Miller's black and gold ankle-length gown inspires a Spanish serenade. There's a glittering trim of black jet around the loose, circular neckline, sleeves.

A soft trim of oyster grey lace lends a seductive touch to the square neckline of flowing gown worn by Angelo Lansbury, of *Three Musketeers*. Skirt is of heavy grey tulle over pearl grey taffeta.



Kodachromes by Bob Beerman

Dan Dailey's jaw dropped—this Liz, she was only a child. But suddenly it came over him: she wouldn't be 16 forever . . .

by Abigail Putnam



Don does a juggling act in *Burlesque*, his newest musical with Betty Groble. Keeps fingers nimble playing drums at home. Here, he beats time for friend Jack Young on the trombone.



Don III was born Sept. 18, '47. Pop calls him The Hombone, sings him to sleep with Donny Boy. Nicknames are popular in Dailey house. Liz is tagged Stumpy. She calls Don "a glondur cose."

■ They met in 1940; they were married two years later on Christmas Day. Liz was a pre-med student at USC. Dan was Mister-Show-Business-Itself. A mutual friend and horses brought them together.

The mutual friend was Andy MacIntyre, who not only dated Liz himself, but kept ramming this actor pal of his down her throat. "You'd like him, Liz. He's crazy for horses, too."

"Some big square!" she decided. "Probably got near a goat once—"

At the same time Mac used to blow *her* up to Dan. "Prettiest blonde you'd care to lay eyes on. Not only that, she's nuts about nags."

Sure, sure, Dan knew the type. Climb on a couple of delivery hacks, and call themselves horsewomen. He was bighearted though. "Bring her round, why don't you, next time we throw a party."

Dan had a house, a maid, a car, an M-G-M contract and two horses. John Raitt was living with him. They gave nice parties. As host, Dan's overall duties kept him from concentrating. He grinned hello, and asked Liz what could he bring her. That was all, there wasn't any more.

Next scene opens on a horse show, with Liz in the grandstand and Dan putting his chestnut gelding through the paces. His riding attracted her first. It was something special. So she looked closer. Hm, the fellow at the party. After a while he came over and spoke to her friends, completely ignoring her. *Well*, with a rising inflection and three exclamation points, who was *this* big snob?

"D'you know Liz Hofert, Dan?"

"Howdyado?" Then *he* looked closer. "Oh! LIZ!"—the way Dennis Day says it on the Benny program. And kept right on looking, with the smile in the blue eyes. "How's about you and me going for a ride?" (Cont'd on page 106)



Liz Hofert was a pre-med student at USC when she met Dan. They were married two years later on Christmas Day, 1942. Liz was 18.

She was only 16



Dresses at Maureen O'Hara, Inc., in Tarzana, Calif., cost no more than \$30. Lorna Murphy (inside shop) is one of Maureen's two partners.

■ Their husbands laughed. Their husbands laughed so much they got hiccups from it. Because what did Maureen O'Hara, actress, or Sue Daly, her stand-in, or Lorna Murphy, their friend, know about dress shops?

As it turned out, plenty.

It all began on the *Sitting Pretty* set, when the three girls started discussing a few painful truths. "Did you know," Sue said, "that you can't buy a decent summer dress in the whole darn San Fernando Valley for under ninety thousand dollars? Soon I'll be re-cutting flour sacks."

(Sue, who's married to a cameraman—and who has, incidentally, three gorgeous babies—lives in the Valley, in a town called Tarzana, so she'd had plenty of time to case the surrounding territory.)

"It would be fun to start a shop—" Maureen began dreamily.

The other girls leaped on her gleefully. "Why don't we?" And that's how it started, and that's when their hus-

band's started laughing, and if they're laughing out of the other sides of their mouths at this point, it's for good and sufficient reasons.

O'Hara, Daly and Murphy showed 'em.

Not that Maureen cared about making a million dollars. Money really wasn't an object. She'd always thought she'd enjoy owning a little shop, getting to know customers, helping people decide what was right for them. Her mother has a shop, her father had run a shop. If she didn't profit too much, she wouldn't worry about it.

Lorna found the place, in Tarzana. There was a new block of shops, and one for rent.

They used Maureen's name on the front, because after all, they weren't fools, and what was the harm in making a little capital out of the fact that you were a movie star, anyhow. If you were a shrinking violet, you wouldn't be a movie star.

The sign over the door, therefore, says Maureen O'Hara, in her own hand-writing; it's gold (*Continued on page 93*)

Money no object

It was love, not money, that
inspired Maureen O'Hara, Inc.
It's tiny, it's crowded—
but at last Maureen has her
own little shop . . .



Chances are 1 in 3 that you'll find Maureen there in person to wait on you, or take your money at cash register. Girls operate on very small margin.

Between pics *Sitting Pretty* and *The Long Denial*, Maureen attended a fashion show for buyers with partner No. 2, Sue Daly, formerly her stand-in.

photos by bob beerman

by frank bogert



Welcome Anytime: The Goges of the gate of Thunderbird Ranch.

"There are the ones
who swipe your towels,"
Frank Bogert says.
"And there are the
others, the dreams
walking, the Ben Gages,
for instance . . ."

"some guests are special!"

Careful Of Property: You can swing a mallet hard when you play croquet, but look out for the lawn below! Esther and Ben left the grass the way they found it—then went on to other activities.



Never Forgotten: Frank Bogert, monogor of Thunderbird, serenades two of his best guests. Ben and Esther blush at extra ottention—they don't toke small favors for gronted.





Easy To Please: People who don't bore each other are a joy anywhere. The Gages can just loaf in the lounge—and still have a wonderful time.

■ Being the manager of a fashionable dude ranch puts me in a unique position. I really meet the people. All kinds. The ones who swipe your towels, the ones who get drunk and try to wreck the joint, the ones who turn up their noses at the menu. And the pleasant ones who simply want some sun, and desert air, and a little fun. These are in the majority of course. But there are a few pests and—way at the other end of the pole—there are a few joys like Ben and Esther Williams Gage. Both of these types are extreme cases.

When I see Ben and Esther coming up the walk, I get a lift. I love them. We cater to a lot of movie stars at Thunderbird—after all, it's only 75 miles from Hollywood—and one of the things I've noticed about movie people is that they

don't know how to relax. Esther and Ben are different. Once out of Hollywood, Hollywood's forgotten. They bounce; they're like kids, they have fun.

I've watched them dance the hokey-pokey (it's kind of a square dance) with the kitchen help, I've seen them clowning around in the pool ten minutes after they checked in, I've had that big lug of a Gage trying to soft-talk me out of my wife Janice's horse because his little woman had got a crush on the animal.

"But Frank," he kept saying. "It's Esther's birthday."

My wife Janice went to high school with Ben, and she can take care of herself, so I respectfully asked to be left out of the discussion. After all, it's not my horse.

At Thunderbird, we don't specialize in

wild times. We serve good food—lots of it—and there's a bar for those who indulge. I'll never forget Esther standing at the bar singing "The Lady From 29 Palms" because 29 Palms had elected her honorary mayor.

I will also never forget Ben making fun of my Western hat, and then trying it on. He liked the way he looked in it so much he ended up buying about \$300 worth of clothes from a cowboy tailor!

There isn't anything I can say about the Gages that wouldn't be simple repetition. They have fun, they help others to have fun, they add to a place. And if they care to come over and see me at Catalina Island, where I'm running a resort called Toyon Bay, this summer, my arms are open wide!

(More pictures on next page)

"some guests are special!"



Sane In The Saddle: Horses don't shy away from the Gages, who can handle them well. Here, they ride with Janice and Frank Bagert.



Always In Tune: Many Hollywood stars expect to be entertained when they're on vacation, but Esther likes to play hostess. Gerry Dalin accompanied her on the piano when she sang at this party.



Fun To Feed: The food at a ranch is solid and tasty—steaks, salads, potatoes—you don't get caviar at a buffet lunch. Esther and Ben came into the kitchen for this meal, piled their plates.



Safe In The Swim: No need to call a lifeguard when this pair falls into the pool. Esther, in her new Cole bathing suit, walks over Ben.



Good Sports: Esther isn't afraid to lose a ping-pong game. When Ben's her partner she can blame him! No matter what the score, though, they both keep smiling.



Pretty As A Picture: It helps any resort owner to have the star of *On An Island With You* as his guest. Since their marriage, Ben's been photographing all their vacation trips. They have a regular movie library now.



It happened in a

by erskine johnson



FIGHTS: At the Mocambo: Errol Flynn, his wife Nora, Sinatra, Winchell and Leonard Lyons. Once, Mocambo was scene of Flynn-Jimmie Fidler fight. Fidler's wife reportedly assisted her husband by stabbing Errol with fork!



STAR-MAKING: When the management of the old Tracadere staged "talent nights," new stars were born! Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland auditioned together. M-G-M scout signed Judy, let Deanna slip by him.



MILLION-DOLLAR PARTIES: Kay Francis turned a whole night club into a circus for a party in 1928. Walter Pidgeon played a clown; Carole Lombard swung from trapeze in an evening gown!

Nightclub

If Durante's not wrecking the piano, somebody's socking Flynn. In Hollywood, the floor show isn't always on the floor!



ROUGH-HOUSE: Jimmy Durante goes into his "break up the piano" routine when asked to entertain for nothing. It's free—but casts the club the price of a new piano!



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS: In *Ciro's*, Gene Markey (rt.), with wife Myrna Loy, sat between ex-wives Hedy Lamarr (left), Joan Bennett (center.)

■ The lights at the Trocadero were low and glamorous.

The room held the spell of that glamor, soft music poured from the bandstand.

An ethereal vision in white danced by. "Isn't Alice beautiful tonight?" someone said, and other eyes turned to follow Alice Faye as she moved among the dancers in a lush white satin gown.

The music finished, and the dancers took the dismissal, moving off the floor

by two's, back to their tables. Alice smiled to her companion, and sat down.

Then a horrified, frantic surprise swept across her face. In a vain attempt to appear casual, she pulled aside the white satin folds of her skirt and looked at her chair.

There, squashed in gooey, mushy finality between her white satin splendor and the green plush of the chair was a king-size chocolate éclair!

Some drunk had had his sadistic joke. It was the funniest thing I ever saw in a night club.

The Trocadero has been closed, opened, and had its face lifted any number of times through the years. But the Old Troc was Hollywood's leading after-dark spot for quite a spell.

On Sunday nights the 'Old Troc' held 'talent night.' It was a showcase for newcomers to (Continued on page 90)

AT 19,

August 15c



SHIRLEY ON THE

■ Four months ago, MODERN SCREEN—and you—had a big moment. Shirley Temple's baby was born. *Our baby having a baby*, people said to one another, and there was wonder in their voices, and pleasure, and a trace of wistfulness, because time flies, and all babies grow up, and all non-babies begin to feel old.

So MODERN SCREEN regretfully plucks the white hairs from its head, and trots out its family album, its book of treasures, its collection of Shirley Temple covers. Shirley, at seven, in a little sailor collar, the famous dimples punctuating the cheeks—that was the first Temple cover to appear for the May, 1936, issue. Shirley at nineteen, with Linda Susan in her arms, that's the current cover, for the August, 1948, issue. And in between these two, all the covers which tell their own story, the story of Shirley growing up. We're proud of our covers; we're proud of our Shirley—but we know you don't want to read about us; you want to read about Mrs. Agar and her baby, and that's all right, too.

Linda Susan's quite a baby. 16 weeks, and her eyes focus. Maybe all 16-weeks old babies' eyes focus, but you couldn't prove that by Shirley. She's impressed.

She (Shirley) took her (Linda Susan) to the doctor the other day, and there was a boy baby there ahead of the Agar girls, and he must have been eighteen weeks old himself, by the looks of him (the boy baby, not the doctor) but the minute he saw the doctor, he started crying.

"You see," Shirley whispered to Linda Susan. "He's acting very childish."

When Linda Susan's turn came, she all but shook hands with the man. She grinned, and chuckled, and flirted and rolled her eyes.

The doctor weighed her—13 pounds, three ounces—

Our baby—with a
baby of her own. We're
feeling old, and
very sentimental. We,
open our treasure
album to 12 years of
Shirley Temple on
our covers.

COVER

Modern Screen

MAY
10
CENTS



Who is the
GENIUS
behind
SHIRLEY
TEMPLE?

See Page 2

AT 7, our cover asked
"Who is genius behind
Shirley?" The answer
was Mrs. George Temple.

SHIRLEY ON THE COVER



AT 8. Shirley, making *Wee Willie Winkie*, expressed a birthday wish to play with the 3-year-old Quints.



STILL 8. Temple was listening rapturously to The Lane Ranger, starring in *Heidi*, and greeting three Russian flyers, just arrived from North Pole.



AT 9. Good scripts became hard to find. After *Miss Annie Rooney* in '42, she retired from films—and our covers—to attend school.

measured her—24 inches long, and prescribed jello and soft-boiled eggs.

"She'll be tall," he said. "Probably tower over you."

"How can she help it?" said Shirley. "Her father's six foot two."

"That accounts for it," said the doctor. "Undoubtedly."

Shirley and Jack spend hours staring into the baby's eyes. In the morning, they're blue (Jack's eyes are china blue), by noon, they're either grey or greenish, and sometimes they're practically dark brown.

"It would be nice if she'd have green eyes," Shirley'll say. "They're different."

"Too different," Jack tells her. "There isn't a chance. My mother has blue eyes, your father has blue eyes, and all the rest of our families have eyes as brown as maple syrup."

"Brown?" Shirley says.

"Brown," Jack says. It seems final.

"Anyway," says Shirley, "her hair

shows signs of curling—but definitely!"

"Hair," hoots her husband. "Fuzz!"

"In the back," Shirley says, "where it's longer."

Mrs. Halverson, the nurse, gets into the act. "She has dimples," Mrs. Halverson insists. So far nobody but Mrs. Halverson and possibly God have been able to find them, but Mrs. H. won't give an inch.

Linda Susan's about as good-natured a baby as you could find; she's gentle, and sweet-tempered. Her only serious breach of taste is a rather alarming tendency toward nudism. Dressed, she's content, but naked, she's deliriously happy.

She's also quite happy when she's posing for pictures. A regular little camera hog. She carries on as though she had a Screen Actors Guild card. She smiles, she poses, she puts one hand behind her head. John Miehle, who's been photographing stars for twenty-five years, fell so madly in love with her he's ready to leave his wife and family, if she says the

word. Since the home-wrecker doesn't talk yet, the evil day's being put off.

Next week, Linda Susan is going to have her first date. Shirley intends to put a lot of cushions down on the rug, and sit Linda Susan at one end, and Scotty (Jack Temple and his wife Miriam's little boy) at the other end, and see how they get along.

They ought to do fine, Shirley figures. After all, cousin Scotty's a man, and Linda Susan leans that way.

As soon as she's able to eat at a table, Shirley and Jack are going to buy one that's built around a chair, none of the old-fashioned highchairs. And she'll have pets to grow up with. No kittens, because her parents don't like cats, but a puppy. When she's four, they think. A cocker spaniel or a dachshund.

When she's six, she gets a pony.

Shirley had a pony when she was six. It was named "Spunky," which was misleading, because (Continued on page 100)



AT 14, with two brothers in the service, Shirley resumed acting in *Since You Went Away*, appeared at shipyards, camps.



AT 15, star of *I'll Be Seeing You* looked forward to becoming 16, which meant lipstick, choosing her own clothes—and having lots of dates!



AT 16, Shirley met a young sergeant named John Agor. Before the year was out, they'd announced their engagement.



AT 17, Shirley was our Valentine—and Agor's bride. A thousand guests, including Gov. of Calif., watched the ceremony.



AT 18, the bride of one year was giving Modern Screen readers marital advice. "The first year's the easiest," said Shirl—and John agreed!



STILL 18, Shirley announced the news that made headlines everywhere: the Temple-Agor heiress was on the way!



They couldn't win

Susan and Dick,
the Quines . . . hiding
their secret hearts,
knowing they didn't be-
long together,
fighting the knowledge . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ Not long ago you read a story in *MODERN SCREEN* about Susan and Dick Quine—the house they planned to build, the children they hoped to adopt, the life they looked forward to. It was all true then. Now you've read that they're parting—which is also true—and you're wondering what could have happened to change the picture.

In a way, it's been happening over a period of years, in a way it came suddenly, as the constant drip of water can gnaw at a rope till the final drop breaks it. Susan's recent trip to New York was that drop for the Quines.

She came back and told Dick she'd be happier by herself. She'd said it before, but always on top of a 4th-of-July type explosion, followed by "Darling, I'm sorry, I love you, forget it." This time she said it without losing her temper. This time it was for keeps.

Once convinced that she really wanted out, Dick packed, took Thunder (their Great Dane who needs plenty of exercise) and went to stay with Bill Asher, his friend and partner. He'd been spending most of his days there anyway, working. Now he spent his nights there as well.

Knowing that the news would create a nine-day wonder, and having had enough drama to last them a lifetime, they'd agreed to keep their own counsel for a while. Dick was often at Susan's, and they felt the secret was safe until they could break it according to plan. It looked as if Dick might go to Chicago on business. While he was gone, Susan would let things seep out, maybe cushion the shock to Hollywood's sensitive nerves.

But somebody guessed, and leaked the guess to a radio commentator, who phoned Dick. Dick refused to deny today what he'd be compelled to admit tomorrow. Susan



THE UNSUSPECTING: Susan and Dick Quine were married in Nov., 1943. Newlywed squabbles were frequent, but harmless. Real tragedy was impending.



OTHERS CAME FIRST: Susan's hunting accident in '45 left her a paraplegic. She arranged diversions for similarly-afflicted war veterans, never spared herself.

was having herself a whirl that weekend. Her brother Bob's studying animal husbandry at Cal Polytechnic, and she'd gone up for the rodeo fiesta. Frantic lest she get the flash on the air, Dick kept phoning her motel till at last he reached her. Next morning she whisked back to town. It wasn't fair that Dick should face the music alone.

These two love each other, they worry about each other. Then why have they parted? Because as man and wife, they made each other miserable. You don't have to choose up sides or apportion blame. Nobody's to blame, unless you'd like to call it a fault that Susan's the way she is and Dick, the way he is, and their ways are as the poles apart. If this or the other had or hadn't happened, maybe they'd have been able to hit a compromise. More probably not. Anyway, that's all beside the point. What happened happened, and they're calling it a day.

When they married, Hollywood beamed its blessing. A couple of wholesome kids who belonged together. Only a few people harbored any doubts that Dick was so right for Susan, Susan for Dick. Such doubts were dissolved in the general rosy glow, but it's significant that the skeptics were those who knew Dick and Susan best, to whom their happiness mattered most.

Susan has a will of iron, to which she owes the fact that she's living today. "I wouldn't give two cents for her life," the doctors said after her accident. Her closest friend waited in the corridor. "You can go in now," said the nurse. "Don't stay more than a minute."

"D'you think I'd better wait?"

"There's no point in waiting. Next time she may not even know you."

Susan's dark eyes looked up at her friend. The voice was weak, but all the force of her spirit lay behind it. "I won't die," she said. "I'm going to fool them." No doctors, no treatment could have done it for her. She did it herself.

If there were no such word in the language as independent, you'd have to coin it for Susie. All her life she's been impatient of curbs, belonged only to herself. Freedom was her star. To go where and when she pleased, consulting nobody's pleasure but her own. Highhearted and venturesome. Not reckless exactly, because she knew her stuff. With Susan, everything was a challenge. She had to outstrip every other swimmer on the beach, ride the toughest horse, shoot straighter than any woman and most men, drive the way kids drive hopped-up cars, only good. If she saw you were scared going 40, she'd laugh and go 50. "The little vixen," her mother used to sigh. "I don't know what to do with her." Protest, and Susan would give it the brush-off.

This same stubborn will made her no cinch to live with. Marriage, as you've heard more than once, means adjustment and adjustment came harder to Susie than to most. With a different man she might have learned it—a man as imperious as herself or more so—a thus-far-and-no-farther guy, who'd have known how to put her in her place when she got too fresh. Dick's an easygoing fellow, tolerant, patient, gentle. To fight and make issues goes against the grain with him. He'd rather give in for peace than battle for his way. Up to a point.

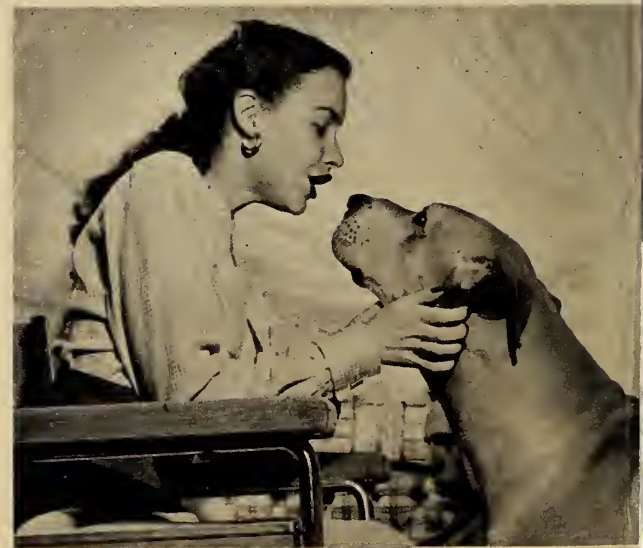
He's also a demonstrative person, full of affection. Susan feels it inside, but can't show it. Make a fuss over Susie, and you're in the doghouse. It (*Continued on page 95*)



SHE COULDN'T CHANGE: She'd always had an iron will and a quick temper. Wheelchair didn't stop Susan's career, but it interfered with normal outlets and so her crankiness increased.



HOBBIES WEREN'T ENOUGH: When the painting craze hit Hollywood, talented Susan went in for sessions like these with Ginger Rogers. For a while things smoothed out, but it wasn't to last.



THEY CLUNG TO WHAT THEY KNEW: Afraid of what was happening, the Quines made plans to cement their life together. One common tie was affection for their Great Dane, Thunder.

THEY TRIED FOR TIMOTHY: They missed each other when apart, but they couldn't live under same roof. Both were honest and intelligent. They finally agreed Tim was too young to understand divorce, young enough to survive it.



*They
couldn't
win*



"WHAT KIND OF PERSON AM I?" Susan wondered. She wanted to work (made *Sign Of The Ram* with A. Knox) but she wanted peace more.



SHE CHOSE FREEDOM: She came to New York (here, with her brother Bob Carnohan) and Dick stayed home. She had lots of fun, and she felt free. Susan thrives on independence. Soon she'll have it.

This is the
sentimental
journal of

Barbara Stanwyck's

"Uncle" Buck . . .

who helped make

Barbara what

she is . . . and

never had cause

to regret it!



"ME AND THE QUEEN"

by Uncle Buck



"MY FIRST PICTURE of the queen. 1908. She was eleven months old and her real name was Ruby Stevens. Brother Malcolm was 3."

■ I call Barbara Stanwyck The Queen, because that's what she is to me. She calls me Uncle Buck. Not really her uncle, I've been Uncle Buck for years. I've known her since she was knee-high. I live at her house.

I used to lead her by the hand into a delicatessen on Broadway when she was eleven years old, and I was after a spread for the gang in our show. "What you want, kid?"

"A turkey leg."

It was always the same—this funny little gal who hung around backstage with her shiny shoe-button eyes and brown pigtails. She always knew what she wanted. "Now, look," I'd argue. "This isn't Thanksgiving. Try something else, why don't you?" She'd shake those pigtails stubbornly. "Uh-uh. I like turkey legs. I want a turkey leg." That's what she got.

I'd run into her backstage at the old Liberty Theater, in a hurry, late for my spot in the show. "Hey, Uncle Buck—watch!" Then she'd knock herself out with a tap routine, or some kind of dance—for me, or anyone who'd stop to watch.

"That's great, kid. Gonna be a dancer when you grow up?"

She'd bob her head. "Yep—a star. I'm going right to the top. No fooling around, either."

I used to laugh. What a kid!



"SHE'D MURDER ME if she knew I showed you this! Barbara was on B'way in Burlesque, (role got her a screen test). Gent is Hal Skelly. Year is '27."



"SO BIG was the name of this movie. Barbara played Selena DeJong, and every time I look at the little old lady it startles me. Then I remember the queen was only 25—the rest was makeup."



"THE QUEEN'LL HOWL when she sees this! A femme fatale in movie Mexicali Rose with Sam Hardy. 1929—she was a star."



"BARBARA MARRIED FRANK FAY right after her big success in *Burlesque*. The two were on opposite ends of the ladder. She was going up, he was coming down."



"STORMY COURT PROCEEDINGS ended the Fay marriage in 1935. They'd been wed six years, and had adopted a son, Dion. Barbara won bitter battle for custody."

"ME AND THE QUEEN"



"MOTHER AND SON go riding on Barbara's horse ranch in the Valley. Dion was 6, lived with the queen and still does. Bob Taylor was neighbor."

My last name's Mack—Buck Mack, in full. I was half of a song-and-dance team then, Miller and Mack. And Barbara Stanwyck was little Ruby Stevens, the orphan kid sister of a chorus girl I knew in a show called *Glorianna*, back on Broadway, in 1918. I was just out of the Navy after the First World War and trying to get set again in show business. Millie Stevens isn't here any more, but she was a swell girl, a pretty blonde doll herself and crazy about her kid sister. I used to mosey up to their place on off days from the show. They stayed at the Palace Hotel; I was five doors down the street at the Princeton. That's when I'd buy Ruby those turkey legs at the delicatessen. That's when I got to be "Uncle Buck."

When *Glorianna* closed, I drifted off in vaudeville, rattled all over the country, and I lost track of Millie Stevens and her kid sister. Ten years went by.

Sometimes, at the Friars' or somewhere, I'd hear show people talk about Barbara Stanwyck. She'd made a big hit for herself in *The Noose* and *Burlesque*. But I hadn't seen either one, and I knew nothing about the lady.

One day I strolled backstage to see an old friend of mine playing at the Palace Theater. At that point I was "at liberty."

My friend was in a skit with this Barbara Stanwyck and he took me into her dressing-

NEW GRAND SLAM
IN LIPSTICK SHADES...
TANGEE'S PINK OF PERFECTION
"PINK QUEEN"



"Dazzling as a Diamond"

TANGEE'S new "PINK QUEEN" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely! It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right. And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier...stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "PINK QUEEN"—Tangee's pink of perfection!

Seven Super-Shades

by Tangee

RED MAJESTY	MEDIUM RED
GAY-RED	THEATRICAL RED
RED-RED	NATURAL
PINK QUEEN	



Tangee

THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK

room to meet her. I saw a smart looking young lady with plenty of looks and style. She said, "You don't remember me." And I couldn't say that I did. She grinned, and twisted one side of her hair into a pigtail. I still didn't get it. "Remember Millie Stevens?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, Uncle Buck," said this Stanwyck dame. "I'm Millie's kid sister, Ruby."

I almost fell over.

Next day my phone rang. "Why don't you work with us, Uncle Buck? The act looks good for your routine—how about it?" How about the Palace? That was vaudeville's big league. Miller and Mack got over there fast. I haven't been very far from Barbara Stanwyck's side since. So maybe I know a thing or two about the little pigtailed girl who grew into a great Hollywood star. And what I know mostly is this:

She's still that same kid. Sure, if you look for a gray hair you can find it, but her heart beats the same way it did then—which is for just about everybody but herself. As we say in show business, Stanwyck's strictly "legitimate." (Continued on page 68)



"TRAGEDY, COMEDY, MELODRAMA—the queen could handle all."

"HONEYMOON! Usually I travel around with the Taylors, but not this trip. Bob and Barbara were married May 14, 1939."





scar nominee: Stella Dallas, Ball of Fire, Double Indemnity.

Others got the Oscars, but to me she was always the winner."



"DATE WITH DION"—he was 14 here, in 1946, old enough to take Mom to lunch in Beverly Hills. That year Dion's name was changed to Anthony."



"ME AND THE QUEEN"

"BOB CALLS HER STANY or Doll. Sometimes she tags him Farmer Joe. They look pretty nice together. By the way, the queen's finished Sorry, Wrong Number. And have you seen B.F.'s Daughter?"

NEW! *Shasta* beauty cream shampoo

leaves your hair more beautiful

all 3 ways!



MORE LUSTROUS

EASIER TO MANAGE

MORE ADORABLY SOFT

STARLET

Lola Deem

rates far higher in RKO Studio screen test after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo! Recently discovered by RKO, Lola says she proved "100% more glamorous" in pictures after her first Shasta shampoo. "Before-and-after photographs show the difference!" beams Lola. "My hair suddenly became shining, soft and smooth!"

NEW! Procter & Gamble's amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta cream-cleanses your hair . . . beautifies your hair *all 3 ways*—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

- that lustrous "alive" look!
- that sm-o-o-oth-as-satin look!
- that soft, caressable look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has "body"—it's not limp, not dried out.

Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn't spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair *all three ways*—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

PROCTER & GAMBLE'S

Shasta BEAUTY CREAM
Shampoo



That's tops. And I'm not talking about just her acting right now.

When I joined Barbara's vaudeville skit, my wife and I had a bulldog we were nutty about. Kept him in our hotel room, and fussed over him like a baby. One day he died. I had dinner the next night with Barbara and I was telling her how busted up we were about it.

She just listened, and I guessed maybe she didn't know what it was to love a dog like we did.

Next day the wife and I were sitting in the room, glooming, when came a rap on the door. It's Barbara with a puppy in her arms. She set him down, he trotted around the room, sniffed, and wet the carpet. We laughed for the first time in days.

Barbara's a sharer. She doesn't get any bang out of life if she can't give something to somebody.

Once, back in New York, a woman with a new baby sent her a note. She was hard up and she wanted to know if Barbara would help her get a baby carriage. That was all she wanted. What she got was the carriage and everything that went with it, the whole layette of baby clothes and equipment. On top of that, Barbara called up a dairy and arranged for that kid to have an order of milk every day for a year. She never met the woman or saw the baby. And that was before Barbara Stanwyck hit it big in Hollywood.

no brakes for barbara . . .

Barbara wasn't in the money when my wife and I left Broadway, heading for Hollywood on a bus. But the breaks Barbara'd had she wanted to share. She walked down Fifth Avenue one day with my wife, who happened to point out a blue serge suit in a store window and say, "Buck's crazy about that suit." Before she knew it, Barbara had hustled her inside, had it wrapped up, and another one with it and sent over to our place, so I'd have some new clothes for the road.

Next day I was thanking her. "Think your wife would be sore if I sent her over a dress?" she asked. I said of course not, but she'd already done enough.

In a couple of days boxes started crowding us out of our room. Not just a dress—but hats, shoes, underwear, a coat.

You've got to be careful around the Queen. She'll walk down the street in Beverly Hills or New York and see something she's dying to have and she'll shake her head. "Too expensive." But let a friend happen the next day to spot exactly what Barbara saw and remark, "Oh, isn't that the cutest thing!"—and Barbara'll buy it for her. I've seen that happen fifty times.

"Sometimes she's just sitting reading, and she spots a hard luck item in the paper. 'Here, Buck—take care of it.'"

"Look," I'll argue. "You aren't the U. S. mint; you aren't Rockefeller. You'll go broke." That makes her mad.

"Take it out of the book. What's the book for?"

"The book" is cash for household expenses. It takes an awful beating most of the time, because the Queen cares about folks who aren't getting the breaks.

She's always cared, and I know. Because many's the time she's made things rosy for me. I remember when my act busted up in St. Louis, Barbara had her contract to make pictures. "Well," I thought, "I'll go back to the big stem and look around." I didn't say anything to Barbara, but she could read my thoughts. "Uncle Buck," she said, "it's warm out in California and the living's easy. I've got a contract. You can get a job there as easy as you can back on Broadway. It's time you slowed down anyway. Send for your wife and then come on West." Well, that's what I did.

I hadn't been in town a week before my phone rang down at the hotel. Central

Casting. I'd never looked at a camera before. I was strictly a footlights guy, used to the boards. "Buck Mack?" Then: "Can you be down at the Ambassador Hotel barber shop tomorrow morning, six o'clock, business suit, topcoat, soft hat, to work in a picture?"

I was there. They sat me in a barber chair. I got a haircut, shave, manicure, shoeshine, shampoo. I could use them, too. I didn't have to do anything but lie back on my spine and take it easy. They handed me a check—fifteen bucks. I walked out at 8:30 smelling like a rose. What a racket! Of course somebody had had to put in my name for that casting. You can guess who.

Barbara never forgot to work me into a picture whenever she could. But I wouldn't say the silver screen was my dish. I belonged to the old vaudeville days and they were deader than a mackerel. I was just getting by.

When my marriage blew up, I figured maybe I'd head back East again. But Barbara heard about my trouble, and was over to my apartment before I could fold my ties. She lived in Brentwood. "There's a guest house for you to live in," she said, "and I really need someone to look after things. How about it?" "I'll move out for a week or two," I said. Off and on, I've been living at Barbara's house ever since. It's home now.

When she moved out to Marwyck, her horse ranch in the Valley I went along.

one girl's neighbor . . .

Out there, we had a neighbor about three miles up the road. Guy named Robert Taylor, and he was ranch and horse happy, too. He used to hang around our place a lot—but not because of the horses. He went off to England to make a picture, *Yank at Oxford*, and anyone who wasn't deaf, dumb and blind could tell that when he came back, the Queen was going to be Mrs. Taylor. She missed him pretty bad. I got out my suitcase again and figured I'd pack up and get going when the wedding took place.

Instead I was best man.

"If I catch you ducking out on me now," said Barbara, "I'll—"

"I'll bust you on that Irish beezzer," Taylor said. What could I do? Sure, I stayed. And proud to. I was the only one outside Barbara and Bob who knew they had a marriage license when they did. I drove with them one night down to San Diego, got a clerk out of bed and watched them sign up. Who'd figure "Spangler Brugh and Ruby Stevens" were Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck? Nobody did who saw the vital statistics in the San Diego papers. Saturday we and the Zeppo Marxes drove down and they told it to the preacher—at exactly one minute after twelve o'clock midnight. That Saturday was May the 13th—and well; Barbara's from show business. We all agreed it was silly to take chances. Only what chance were they taking? See that pair like I do, you'd know as a team they're a solid act. No valentine patter, maybe, but they back each other up all the time.

Came the war, Bob wanted to fly off and fight. I won't forget the day he came racing home with the news. "Meet Lieutenant, Junior Grade, Robert Taylor, Doll," he yelled.

"You know what you are, Taylor," she yelled back, looking at him with her eyes bright. "You're just the luckiest so-and-so in the U.S.A.!" only she didn't say so-and-so. I got to admit that when the Queen cusses she cusses like a man.

There wasn't any girl prouder of her guy than Barbara, either. She knew the other rookies were laying for him to give him the works because he was a good—

(Continued on page 86)

A cool Velvet Blend ... with Carnation



THERE'S a cool wave coming . . . a vision of coolness to delight the eye, and then the coolest taste that summer ever brought. And it's all so easy. You cook nothing, bake nothing! Chocolate Lime Swirl whips up in no time at all . . . and there's that supersmooth Carnation Velvet Blend again, in the season's hit-dessert!

CHOCOLATE LIME SWIRL

—And we repeat . . . nothing to cook!

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 25 to 30 chocolate cookies | ¼ cup sugar |
| 3 tablespoons butter, melted | 1 tall can (1½ cups) Carnation |
| 1 package lime gelatin dessert | Milk, chilled to ice-crystal stage |
| ½ cup hot water | 1 teaspoon lemon rind, grated |
| ¼ cup lemon juice | 4 drops of green food coloring |

Butter a 10" spring-form pan. Line sides with 12 or more cookies. Crush remaining cookies, mix with butter, and place on bottom of pan, saving some for topping. Dissolve gelatin dessert in hot water. Add lemon juice and sugar and let stand while whipping Carnation Milk to a stiff froth. Add gelatin mixture to whipped Carnation Milk and continue whipping till stiff peak is formed. Mix in lemon rind and food coloring. Pour over the cookie crumbs. Make swirl on top by outlining a large "C" with a spoon. Then pour remaining crumbs over the "C". Chill about 4 hours or till firm. Serves 6 to 12. For variety, other gelatin desserts and cookies may be used.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes "taste-lifted" with Carnation Milk, to Carnation Company, Dept. R-8, Oconomowoc, Wis., or Los Angeles 36, Calif. And tune in the Carnation "Contented Hour" every Monday evening.

P.S. to Coffee Lovers: Undiluted Carnation Milk—double-rich, velvet-smooth—is really a treat. On cereals, too.

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CARNATION CO.

murder boy

His wife thinks
he's sweet and gentle.
And maybe he is.
But Widmark on the screen—
that's another story,
that's a killer!

By CARL SCHROEDER



Dick Widmark was tough in *Kiss Of Death*, but he is terrifying in *Street With No Name*. Playing role of sadistic gangster, he spends his fury on Barbara Lawrence (at left) his film-wife.



The gentler side of Dick's nature shows up at home. Two-year-old daughter Ann likes to lounge on him while he tells stories.

■ The face was young, old, boyishly good-looking and savage, all at once. When the smile came, it was almost all leer. Audiences stared, a little horrified and a great deal fascinated.

"Big man!" Richard Widmark exclaimed, showing too many teeth. "Big man!" he repeated, his eyes glittering down at Vic Mature. Then, in that strange transformation that takes place in a really fine motion picture, these were not two actors in a film called *Kiss of Death*. Momentarily, they were Tommy Udo, the crazy killer, a psychopath with a gruesome sense of gangland ethics, and Nick Bianco, the tough guy who turned squealer because of his love for two children.

Audiences shuddered a little.

And it was the same on the sets of *Kiss of Death*, filmed against genuine backgrounds in New York.

"The guy actually made me mad—burned me to a crisp," Vic Mature said, speaking of the climactic scene in the Italian restaurant where he and Widmark had their final showdown. "We'd been over the

dialogue a dozen times in rehearsal, but in the take, Dick changed from a quiet, friendly guy right in front of my eyes. He was Udo. He was crazy. He hated my guts, and for about three minutes I really hated his. I wanted to stand up and bust him right in the mouth, but I wasn't sure I could do it."

(The funny thing is that Widmark's really a gentle fellow—his only experience in crime has been acting in an occasional "Inner Sanctum" radio show in his youth. For the most part, he played clean-living American boys, however. In his last stage appearance, *Dunnigan's Daughter*, he was the straight male lead.)

Anyhow, the power of that *Kiss of Death* scene may have been the cause of a rumor that there was a feud on between Widmark and Mature.

"Things like that frighten me a little about Hollywood," Dick admitted. "The amazing thing is that between the time I left New York and got to Hollywood, Vic had been all around blowing trumpets in my favor. Then, one day, (Continued on page 103)



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HOW LOW WILL THEY GO?

(Continued from page 43)

evening, and she was wearing a tulle number she could never have got away with in *Forever Amber*.

I also remember the furore Paulette Goddard used to cause on occasion (she was one of the first champions of the low neckline). Current devotees are Marie McDonald, Maria Montez and Marilyn Maxwell, and even the younger set, kids like Diana Lynn and Jean Peters have gone all out for strapless jobs.

It all started with the war's end, and the first post-war designers' shows in Paris. Apparently, French designers were recalling the Edwardian era, where "the more they put on the bottom, the more they took off the top." In this country, as soon as material restrictions were ended, designers followed the Paris lead.

Dresses which are cut down to there are no more expensive than any other kind of dresses, because the price of a garment is based almost entirely on the intricacy of the workmanship. If famous names design low-cut gowns and have them made of expensive materials, it's going to cost you money. If famous names design high-cut gowns, and have them made up in expensive materials, it's going to cost you just as much.

As for who should wear these bare fashions, it's a matter of common sense. If you have nice arms, shoulders, and curves, help yourself. If you haven't, don't. Incidentally, falsies aren't of too much value to the young and inexperienced. In Hollywood, the studios can hire engineers to take care of the problem; the problem's apt to slip away from anyone else..

Already, the news from New York is that the trend has changed again, that dresses are on their way up; that the new look will be a covered one. But Hollywood's never so extreme as New York or Paris, and Hollywood's pleased with its present sex-appeal-ing styles, and such women as Joan Crawford, Gene Tierney, Merle Oberon and Marguerite Chapman vow that for evening, low-cut gowns are IT.

Harper's Bazaar to the contrary, Vogue Magazine notwithstanding, and the heck with you city slickers. If you want to see a pretty shoulder, Hollywood's your beat.

Ann Blyth—

Universol stor currently displaying her talents underwater os the domp but very glomorous holf of *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*.

Ann scons the menu of New York's sky-cooled Penthouse Club, high above Central Pork, in one of those summer-into-foll dresses you oalways crove of this time of year. It's dork, which is o nice chonge when you've been living in postets; yet it's cool, because the weather is still hot. The dress is of foille crepe, with o low scoop neckline, little bows on the sleeves, and o gold-touched belt.

Ann models it in plum, with blue four-leaf clover pins occenting the notched collar, and butternut cort-wheel, gloves and linen shoes for contrast.

You can choose it in plum, green, royl blue, or fuchsio. Sizes 10-18. By Town and Country Club.

Hot by Rowland Hughes. Shoes by Copezio. Pins by Coro. For where to buy see page 85.

modern screen
fashions



a modern screen fashion

pray for

RAIN





■ Know how a dark day can sometimes get you down? It can have just the opposite effect when it gives you an excuse to wear a cute raincoat. You get so you practically pray for rain—solely for a chance to look colorful and magazine cover-ish.

We think these three raincoats are glamorous enough to make any girl cloud-happy. They all have hoods, full backs, and wonderful colors. On top of that each one has its own fashion news. Incidentally, they keep you dry too. We know, because we photographed them at the Plaza in a teeming downpour. So bring on your weather!

As for etceteras—try a crook-handled plaid umbrella (opposite page)—or one with a bamboo handle (at left). Umbrellas and boots from Oppenheim Collins.

CONNIE BARTEL
fashion editor

a modern screen fashion

■ ABOVE. News: double-breasted front and curved pockets. In Zelan-treated cotton gabardine. Tan, grey, green, amber, aqua. 10-20. By Weatherbee—\$14.95. Stores on page 85.

■ OPPOSITE. News: the fabric. It's cotton suede that looks and feels so much like real suede that you'd swear this coat must be very expensive. (It isn't.) The back has a medium flare; the hood is detachable. Russet, rose, aqua, beige, grey, blue. Pell Mell's sueded cotton. Sizes 10-18. By Sherbrooke—\$17.95. Stores on page 85.

■ RIGHT. News: separate helmet hood extends way down inside collar. Helmet has ties which go through slits in coat, tie under chin. Belt buttons on in two pieces, so coat can be belted front, back, or all around. Grey, maize, aqua, navy, natural, or dark green. Sizes 10-18. By Storm Play—\$14.98. Stores on page 85.



Just sit around and look pretty

Recipe for raising your spirits on a wilting summer

day—cool bath, fragrant powder, glamorous hostess coat. See how sweet and pampered it makes you feel.

The next time you feel like relaxing, do it prettily in one of these exciting hostess coats. We've especially

chosen one in Junior sizes, one in Misses sizes and one in Half sizes—so there's bound to be one to fit you.

Below, in misses sizes, a poppy sprinkled rayon crepe with a magnificent sweep of skirt, a surplice neckline and

a bright sash to cinch in your waist. In black, copen blue or white ground, with bright flowers. Sizes 12-20.

By Textron—\$12.95. For where to buy see page 85.





■ Left—in Junior sizes, a rayon crepe printed with sprays of wheat and amusing little figures. The saucy double peplum shows off your small waist, the skirt swishes when you walk. Your choice of melting shades of aqua, lime, pink. Comes in junior sizes 9-15. By Textron—\$14.95. For where to buy see page 85.

■ Right—for you who wear half sizes, smooth rayon crepe scattered with vivid carnations. The shawl collar edged with pleating couldn't be more flattering, and the skirt is romantically wide. Smoky blue, rose red or navy. Sizes 16½-24½. By Textron—\$14.95. For where to buy see page 85.



COLLECTOR'S ITEM

■ You cute girls who collect the stars' photos always collect the cutest clothes too. Especially for you—a darling chambray dress with lots of stuff! First—a tucked bosom edged with rick-rack. Then a tricky pocket that buttons down over the belt. Plus a full swing skirt! Smooth with Mackey's double strapped flats. In pre-teen sizes 10 to 14. In Bates chambray. Grey, pink, blue. By Jack Borgenicht—about \$8.95. Stores on page 85.

WATCH YOUR STEP, LANA

(Continued from page 29)

That puzzled her. Why, I don't know. It's happened so often.

"What can I do?" she asked me. "When I try to please people, they knock my ears in. If I don't, they do it again. How can I win?"

"You can't," I told her, "until you learn not to let people use you!"

I know Lana treasures her career. The idea of her retiring, just because she's married a millionaire, is absurd. She wouldn't knowingly have jeopardized her career—or, for that matter, have hurt anyone else. But she should have anticipated the indignant rumbles which would come from churchgoers who resented a minister solemnizing a ballyhooed marriage three days after the groom's divorce.

Lana said she was terribly sorry about the hot water Doctor Stewart MacLennan found himself in for marrying her to Bob Topping. "He's such a nice man, so sweet and kind."

I'm sure she didn't realize, either, that she'd embarrass Billy Wilkerson, who discovered her years ago, by turning his house into a press picnic. Or that asking Dr. William Branch, her confidant and friend since she was sixteen, to stand up with her would place him in an uncomfortable light in the medical world. (When he saw what was going on, he had a quick emergency call. He had to.)

Well—I've said before that Lana Turner seemed born for trouble. Whatever the reason, everyone uses that girl, everyone takes advantage of her.

Let's look at the record . . .

Look at her first two husbands. One longed for a big-time Hollywood career and married Lana as a stepping stone. He tried to walk all over her, ridiculed and derided her, brought her bitter unhappiness, then left her.

The other was a still more brash and tragic self-promoter. He, too, wanted to be a movie actor. He fast-talked Lana into marrying him—without even bothering to see that his divorce was final!

Even Tyrone Power, who is ordinarily one of my favorite guys in Hollywood, disappointed me in the way he treated Lana when he found a new love. Ty flew off on his African air tour with fond goodbyes to Lana. She gave him a gorgeous farewell party in the Champagne Room, with trees of orchids flown from Honolulu and everything to make it gala—and expensive. It must have cost her around \$10,000 to say goodbye to Ty. They had romantic plans to meet later in Casablanca, under the soft Mediterranean moon.

So off Ty flew—and met Linda Christian in Rome. He didn't bother to tell Lana all the time he was wooing Linda that he'd found a new love. She got just a brief cable calling off Casablanca. And when Ty came home he wouldn't even talk to her!

That hurt Lana, and I don't understand it, fond as I am of Ty.

Lana needs someone to look after her, and if Bob Topping means what he says about his being that someone, it'll be the first time a man ever did anything for Lana.

I don't mean things like the \$25,000 marquise diamond Bob slipped on her finger. I don't mean costly gestures or gifts. From a millionaire that isn't what counts.

It doesn't make sense, I know, to picture Bob Topping, as much as he's been around, and Lana, as long as she's been

(Continued on page 81)



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Hat by Rowland-Hughes

(Continued from page 79)

a sensational star, as babes in the woods, but oddly enough, that's how they struck me the day I saw them. There they were, holed up in a hotel bungalow, not daring to budge out after their foolishly ornate Hollywood wedding had tumbled down on their heads. The papers had even boosted Lana's trousseau to \$65,000!

"Now how," puzzled Bob, "could anyone spend that much on clothes—unless she wore all furs or something?"

Lana sighed. "How wonderful those five days on the boat will be—with nobody to ask us anything!"

But a public star can't lead a secluded life, and Lana knows that. She's going to help Bob open his midget auto racing venture in England and she promised me, too, she'd take some time off and visit our occupation troops in Germany, who've been forgotten too much by our stars who visit abroad.

I know Lana wants a baby brother or sister for her daughter, Cheryl, by this marriage. She said so. I hope with all my heart she's blessed that way, and soon. Certainly for the first time in her life she's fallen for a man who is neither an actor nor staging an act. Bob Topping doesn't want to get into pictures and he isn't prospecting a Hollywood gold mine for money or publicity.

I looked at Lana. She seemed happy, contented and more sure of herself.

I came over to that honeymoon cottage bubbling with indignant advice to give Lana. I wanted to tell her—Oh, for Heaven's sake—to choose her friends better, to watch for connivers and promoters and phonies, to be more discreet in all her actions if she treasures her career.

I came in like a lion. And I left like—well, not quite like a lamb. I did manage to be Old Aunt Hedda a time or two. I did say, "Lana, you've just got to grow up. You've got to learn to take care of yourself, and make a go of this marriage, because you've got your first real chance with a man you can love. And remember—above all—you've got to watch your step." After which stern admonition, I broke down and kissed her. "Darling, be happy," I said. I never meant anything more.

LANA'S MARRIAGE FORECAST

By RITA DEL MAR, Editor Horoscope Magazine

• It has been reported that Lana Turner, upon embarking on her fourth marriage, remarked "This time it's for keeps" although according to ancient stellar lore, a map cast for the time and place of the wedding indicates that "it ain't necessarily so!" However, both Bob and Lana will be happy for a time because Venus, is favorably attuned to Mars in the heart sign, Leo.

According to news reports, the ceremony commenced at 2:12 P.M. on April 26, 1948, in Hollywood, California. The accompanying chart is cast for twelve minutes later, inasmuch as, for astrological purposes, we allow twelve minutes to elapse until the mutual exchange of the promise, "I do." This marks the advent of the marriage tie.

The fact that Venus is in close proximity to the high-tensioned Uranus will cause the fires of love to burn brightly for a while and conditions to appear ideal. The moon's opposition to this combination challenges the continuity of this state of affairs. In approximately five months from the wedding date, the first crucial test of this romance will occur. Whatever the outcome of this crisis, the Toppings are a fine, handsome couple, and this astrologer's good wishes go with them.

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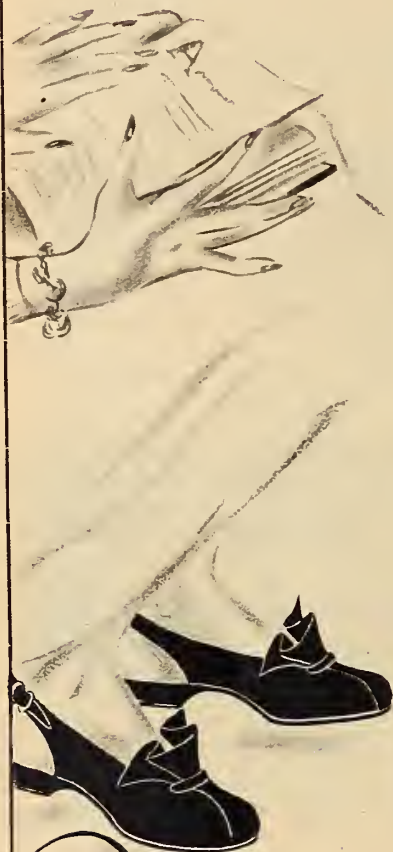
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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Here's our great big thank you for the tons (well, almost) of coupons you sent us telling what price fashions you wish we'd feature.

The mail flooded in from the instant the June issue hit the newsstands, and we are still getting new batches daily.

You should have seen the Fashion Office! Every morning at the crack of dawn (almost) we haunted the mail room before the mail had been sorted. When the sorters had finally come within snatching distance of our hot little hands, we grabbed our letters, tore back to the office, ripped open the envelopes—and feverishly read what you had to say about fashion prices. Each and every figure you named has been carefully studied and listed, and from now on we are going to show you suits, dresses, sweaters, skirts and blouses at the prices you yourself have asked for.

We are very grateful for your wonderful response—and we only wish that we had had enough of the little gold wishbone pins to send to each one of you.

As you remember, we offered to send a gold wishbone pin to each of the senders of the first twenty-five coupons we received. We actually sent out twenty-six (we had an extra one). And here are the names of you readers who received the pin. We hope you are wearing and enjoying them this very minute:—

MISS MARTHA PAHOLKE, Forest Park, Ill.
MISS NORMA JEAN DYER, Indianapolis, Ind.
MISS CHARLOTTE CHENOWETH, East Orange, N. J.
MISS GOLDIE CRUSE, Columbus, Ohio
MISS JEAN GROGG, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
MISS GOLDIE HUNTER, Topeka, Kansas
MISS RUTH ROTHENBERG, Bronx, N. Y.
MRS. VERA MIOLA, Newark, N. J.
MISS A. LANGELAND, Homewood, Ill.
MRS. C. CROSS, Washington, D. C.
MRS. J. SMARRELLA, Steubenville, Ohio
MISS GLENNA BASS, Brookline, Mass.
MISS GAYNELL LEWALLEN, High Point, N. C.
MRS. HAZEL DZIEDZIC, Buffalo, N. Y.
MRS. EDNA OUSLEY, St. Louis, Mo.
MISS MILDRED HUFF, Arlington, Va.
MISS DOROTHY MELSON, Philadelphia, Pa.
MISS DELORES NELSON, La Crosse, Wis.
MRS. HOWARD KNOTTS, Los Angeles, Calif.
MISS MARILYN COLEY, Detroit, Mich.
MISS ELEANOR VIGANEGO, San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. M. HALDERMAN, Galveston, Tex.
MISS E. CALLAHAN, Milwaukee, Wis.
MISS MARTHA UNGEWITTER, Kelseyville, Calif.
MISS LORNADELLE WALLER, Seattle, Wash.
MRS. SHERMAN GISH, Bremen, Ky.

To the next five hundred of you who sent in coupons, we have sent a copy of Screen Album, and we hope that you are getting lots of exciting information about your favorite stars from it.

As to you whose coupons arrived too late for either the pin or Screen Album, we want you to know that your coupons are counting in our tabulation of fashion prices. Besides, we'll be running more coupons, with more prizes for quick response—and we're sure you'll have luck next time.

Thank you all for writing in, and you don't have to wait for a coupon you know—just drop us a note whenever you feel like it. We love to hear from you.

.... Connie Bartel

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

SPECIAL OFFER

HERE IT IS AT LAST! (And well worth the waiting for!) The brand new 1948-49 Super Star Information Chart, completely revised, containing info on 500 of your all-time favorites. PLUS 100 NEW STARS never before charted, including Howard Duff, Ricardo Montalban, Valli. Over 10,000 facts in all; a must for every moviegoer. Send 10c and a business size self-addressed, stamped envelope to THE SERVICE DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., for your copy.



MONTGOMERY CLIFT, who appears as Steve in *The Search* and in *Red River*, was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1920. He is 6' tall, weighs 155 lbs. and has green eyes and brown hair. Is unmarried. He can

be reached at Actors' Equity Asso., 45 W. 47th Street, N.Y.C.



SHELLEY WINTERS, the waitress in *A Double Life*, was born Shelley Schrist in St. Louis, Mo., on August 18, 1923. She's 5' 4" tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Is unmarried.

She'll be seen next in *Martin Rome*, and *Larceny*, and can be reached at Universal, Universal City, Calif.



DONALD BUKA debuts in *Street With No Name*. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on Aug. 17, 1921, is 5' 10" tall, and weighs 143 lbs. Hails from the New York stage. Has brown hair and eyes. Write to

him at 19 W. 56th St., N.Y.C. Will also be seen in *Vendetta*.



BETTY GARRETT was born in St. Joseph, Mo., 29 years ago. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5' 5", and weighs 115 lbs. Is married to Larry Parks. Her latest film is *Words and Music*, and letters reach

her at MGM, Culver City, Calif.



MICHAEL HARVEY, who was so cute as Curly in *Tycoon*, was born in Atlanta, Ga., on June 21, 1917. He's 6' 2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has brownish hair and brown eyes. He's unattached. RKO, Hollywood, is his



TEA DANCE on the terrace . . . the afternoon sun highlighting the glory of your soft, gleaming hair . . . your Best Beau's eyes ardent with admiration.

HOW SECURE you feel when he leaves your arms. You know the memory of your clean, fragrant, glamorous hair will linger, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo. And he proves it when he pleads: "Dream Girl, may we be partners for life?"

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INFORMATION DESK

Continued

address. Berlin Express, his next picture.

Lou Saxe, N. Y. C.: Here is the music from the forthcoming MGM hit, *Easter Parade*. Please clip for future reference: *Easter Parade*, *Happy Easter*, *Fella With An Umbrella*, *Shaking the Blues Away*, *It Only Happens When I Dance With You*, *Drum Crazy*, *Everybody's Doing It*, *Michigan*, *Beautiful Faces*, *Stepping Out With My Baby*, *Couple of Swells*, *Magazine Cover*, *Better Luck Next Time*, *I Love a Piano*, *Snooky Ookums*, *Ragtime Violins*, *Alabama Choo Choo*.

Melissa George, Wyo.: Yes, *La Traviata* has been made into a film opera. It's now titled *The Lost One*; had its American preview at the Golden Theatre, N. Y., in March, and will soon be released nationally by Siritzky Films.

Marguerite Lemaire, Mass.: Bob Mitchum (in photo below with Ye Info Desk at *Cavalcade of America* broadcast) has three pictures ready for release: *They are Rachel and the Stranger*, *The Red Pony*, and *Blood on the Moon*. *Tom Drake* will next be seen in *Master of Lassie and Words and Music*, *June Allyson*, *Cyd Charisse*, and *Mel Torme* all will be seen in *Words and Music*.

John Shelton, N. Y. C.: Tony Martin was born in Oakland, Calif., on Dec. 25, 39 years ago. He is 6' tall, weighs 175, and has brown eyes and brown hair. Write to him at Universal, Universal City, Calif. Douglas Dick was born in Charleston, West Va., on Nov. 20, 1920. Is 6' tall, weighs 148, and has blue eyes and light brown hair. Is unmarried, and can be reached at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood.

Joyce Singer, Mont.: Elliot Lawrence, your pet bandleader is appearing at the beautiful *Cafe Rouge* of the Hotel Pennsylvania, N. Y. C. (Home of the top bands.) Write to him there.

Glenda Norton, R. I.: That was Mickey Knox as Johnny in *Killer McCoy*. He will be seen next in *The Accused*. Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood. Michael Steele plays Major Jenks in *Command Decision*. A note to him at MGM will get you a picture.

Summertime is movie time, and movie time means movie questions. Why not send them, together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y. And if you want the academy award list since origin, or info on how to start a fan club, another stamped envelope will get you that too.



Bob Mitchum and Bev at Duponts' *Cavalcade of America*.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Plum dress with gold trimmed belt worn by Ann Blyth (page 73)

Baltimore, Md.—Schleisner Co., 300 N. Howard St., Fashion Bowl, Lower Floor

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., 19 N. State St., Budget Shop

Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayers & Co., Meridian & Washington Sts., Budget Shop, Third Floor

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, 33 W. 34th St., Budget Dress Dept., Fourth Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels, 339 6th Ave., Misses Dress Dept., Third Floor

Suede-like cotton raincoat (page 74)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Wabash Room, Fourth Floor

New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, 33 W. 34th St., Rainwear, Third Floor

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Sport Shop, Fourth Floor

Double-breasted raincoat with curved pockets (page 75)

Lynn, Mass.—T. W. Rogers Co., Union St., Raincoat Dept., Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. & 59th St., Raincoat Dept., Third Floor

Scranton, Pa.—The Globe Store, Coronet Coat Shop, Second Floor

Helmet hood raincoat (page 75)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St., Coat Dept., Fifth Floor

Chicago, Ill.—Lytton's, 235 S. State St., Sportswear, Sixth Floor

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., Rainwear, Second Floor

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store, 13th & Chestnut Sts., Sports Dept., Sixth Floor

Junior, Misses and Half-Size housecoats (page 76 and 77)

New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Co., 901 Canal St., Negligee Dept., Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Junior Housecoat, Third Floor; Misses & Half Sizes, Second Floor

Black rayon faille suit (page 78)

Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson Co., 7th & Grand Sts., California Patio Shop

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. & 6th Avenue, Casual Dress Dept., Third Floor

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co., Penn. Ave.

Pre-teen chambray dress with tucked bosom (page 80)

Dayton, Ohio—The Elder & Johnston Co., 113 S. Main St., Girls Wear, Third Floor

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. & Broadway, Debuteen Shop, Second Floor

If no store in your city is listed, write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.



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ME AND THE QUEEN

(Continued from page 69)

looking movie hero. She knew he'd fool 'em. He did. He shaved off his moustache, got a butch hair cut and when he got to training camp he did what the rest of them did, and they forgot to hate him.

I spent Christmas and New Year's in New Orleans with them, took the Queen down there and incidentally watched her take over a baby from a dead-tired GI's wife on the plane and care for it all night while the mother got some sleep.

Whatever's been going on with the Taylors I've been in on. They treat me like their old man. If there's a trip I'm invited. I've gone to the West Indies, Mexico and New York and all around with them.

What's it like to live with Bob and Barbara? Well, it's not buttering up any conceited movie stars, or having to tell somebody how wonderful they are. Barbara's a kid who never found her hat size swelling just because she's famous.

Several years ago I went to a preview with Bob and Barbara. Bob said he'd park the car and Missy and I said we'd meet him in the lobby. By the time Bob got back, the crowd had him. Barbara started toward him and a plainclothes cop grabbed her. "No, you don't," he said, "none of that stuff." He thought she was a fan, going to mob Bob, who was swoon-king then. I was so mad I wanted to swing one but Barbara stopped me. When Bob stepped to her side, the cop let her go.

"Are you crazy?" I wanted to know. "Why didn't you tell him who you were?"

"Well," she threw back. "Who am I?"

I gave up. Just the star of the preview that night, that's all! The picture was *Stella Dallas*, and for my dough one of the best she's done.

Other night, Bob and Barbara finally got in to see *The Bishop's Wife*. They'd tried twice before, stood in line and finally gave up. The third time they made it. When I heard that, I said all she or Bob had to do was call the theater and have a couple of seats set aside. "Then you wouldn't have to stand in line," I

pointed out. They gave me a pair of glares.

"Everyone else did. Who are we?"

The Queen calls it official, what I think of her pictures. And I can tell her exactly what I do think about them. I wouldn't be the one to give her a phony report, and she wouldn't be the one to accept it, either.

There're only two times when I stay out of Barbara's way. One, when she's in a black Irish mood, and the other when she's not working, has time on her hands—and gets on one of those house-cleaning jags. Anything can happen then.

She always has been the neatest gal I ever knew. You never catch her slopping around the house in a negligee. She's up with the chickens, and in a crisp pinafore, if she isn't making a picture. She'll rise at 5:30 for a 9:00 set call, rather than hurry through anything. But when she's got time on her hands, watch out.

If you turn your head, your desk is cleared out and dumped in the ash can. I took a trip East one summer. When I came back, I didn't know my room. Stuff I'd been collecting since 1908 had disappeared. It was cleaned out like a bank vault after a stick-up.

"I hope you don't mind, McCarthy," said Barbara. "I just got sick of looking at all that stuff."

I sighed. "Okay, Cupcake, it's okay with me." I know how she operates.

One time during the war she cleaned out the kitchen, all the bills and things in the drawers. "Nothing of any value," she explained at dinner that night. I sneaked out for a look. The ration books—for everybody, family, servants and all—were gone, burnt up with the trash.

"Now what do we do?" I asked. "Starve? Go barefoot?"

"Don't bother about that," said Barbara airily. "It's clean, isn't it?"

But she was sorry, I could see. And she didn't clean up anything for about a week.

I've never seen the Queen trust any serious housework to anyone but herself.

When a servant leaves at our house and a new one comes in, she's down on her hands and knees cleaning up their room so it's right. She's got a nephew, Gene, Mabel's boy, she's pretty proud of, and I don't blame her. Barbara sent Gene through Notre Dame and he graduated *cum laude*. He went into the army a private and he came out a major. He's some boy. Well, when Gene came out not long ago to California, Barbara not only found an apartment for him—but she cleaned the place up herself.

Here are some other things I can tell you about Barbara Stanwyck: She never kicks about a bill, any bill, no matter how high it comes in. "Pay it, that must be it," she says. She never looks for a bargain or tries to beat down a price. It's either "No thanks" or "Okay—I'll take it." Yes or no. She never forgets anyone who ever helped her out. She hates to drive a car and she hates the radio. But she'll get a crush on a record and play it over and over until it comes out of your pores.

always around . . .

She doesn't waste words soft-soaping you. She's just there when you need her. When I had my tonsils out, Barbara was in my room when they wheeled me in at eight o'clock. Next morning she showed up again. "You want to go home?"

I croaked, "Sure."

"Let's get out of here." She drove me home. She knew how I felt about hospitals.

If there's anyone's birth date she doesn't know, then they don't have one, that's all. She even keeps track of Bob's friends and of all his family's birthdays. And anniversaries. She's thinking up presents for someone every day. People go away, she sends flowers to wherever they're going. They come home, she sends flowers because they're back.

She could live on nothing but steak and potatoes—or maybe just coffee. She likes swell clothes, but, as I said, she just buys them to give away. If she particularly dislikes something she says, "I wouldn't be without that," or "Get 'em before they're all gone." She's always planning a year ahead not to work on Christmas—and she always works on Christmas.

She doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve and neither do I. That's why maybe when we talk people think we don't say much to each other. But ours isn't a talking friendship.

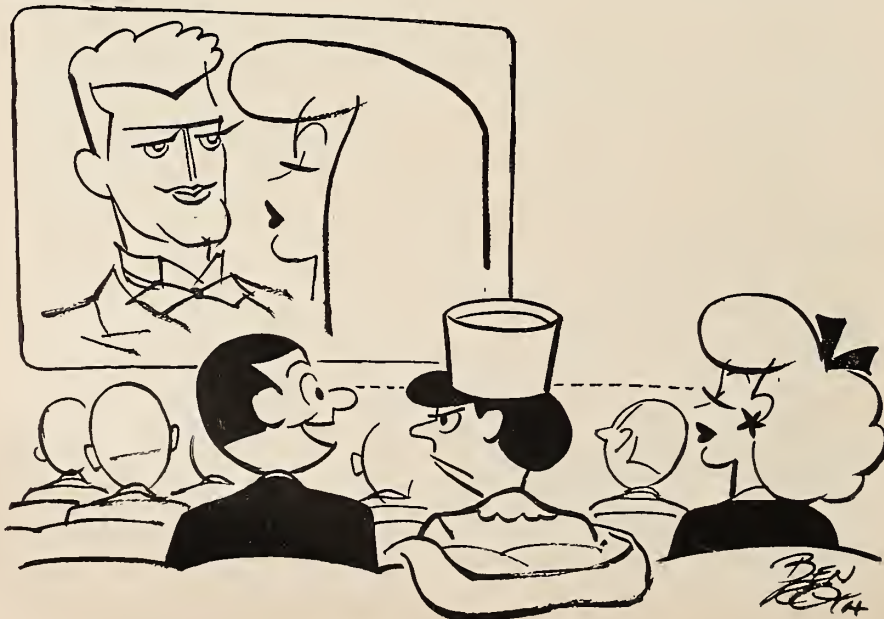
The other day, out of a blue sky, Barbara grinned and said, "By the way, Buck, I've got it fixed for you—you know, if anything should happen to me." Then she told me how she'd been to her lawyer and what she'd arranged for was to fix me with an income for life. I guess she'd had it on her mind for some time. She looked happy.

It hit me hard. I took a deep breath. I looked her straight in the eye and that once I couldn't grin back at her. I just said what I thought.

"Thanks, but I wouldn't need it, Queen." Maybe that sounds like short thanks, like ingratitude. But I didn't mean it that way.

What I meant was: If anything happened to that Stanwyck girl, I don't think I could take it. I don't think I'd be needing anything like money.

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I CHASED A DREAM

(Continued from page 40)

Eventually we got through Texas, and hit Monterrey, Mexico. Monterrey was unforgettable. I went for a walk and was approached by three men. The first wanted to sell me French postcards, the second wanted to sell me a case of tequila, and the third wanted to sell me a hacienda.

I was hard to get. "No hablo español," I said brightly, wandering off into a record shop to hear Mexican music. The salesman there played "Peg O' My Heart."

After Monterrey, we (Sperry gets into the narrative again about here) headed South once more, along the Pan-American highway. You've never seen anything like that highway. A ribbon, sweeping through Mexico, fifteen thousand years of Mexico. Mesas, gorges, mountains, farms, tropical plants, bamboo huts, adobe houses fifteen hundred years old. I remember a river surrounded by jungle, and women washing clothes on the rocks; it was all like something out of a travelogue.

We hit Ciudad Valles our third night out, and there we tried Papaya, and disliked it cordially. After dark, a lot of singers gathered in the patio of our hotel.

Next day, we were in Mexico City. If you've never seen a sunset in Mexico City, I'm sorry for you. The city rests in the bottom of a bowl, with mountains 7,500 feet high around it, and it's unbelievably beautiful, with all the buildings painted in rich, strong colors, and rows of tall shade trees flanking the boulevards, and more churches and open markets and statues of generals than I knew there were.

Aside from the fact that the taxi drivers go like maniacs, Mexico City's easy to get along in. Most people in hotels and stores speak English. I think I learned a lot about the Mexican people, during my stay. I found them dignified, and courteous and friendly. They treat their children as adults, they don't care very much about money, and they love animals and music.

Ray and I were alternately awed by the startling Orozco and Rivera murals, and thrilled by the Mexico City Symphony, and the brilliance of Carlos Chavez, its conductor.

We'd been in Mexico City a couple of days, when we decided to look up my friend, Acquanetta. She's a former actress who married a Mexico City business man named Baschuk.

From the cordial way the Baschuks treated us, I think they own Mexico City. They took us up to the tremendously high Pyramid of the Sun, and Bunny (that's Mr. Baschuk) told us the legend of how the world came to have the sun and the moon. It seems the god Nanacatzin, a modest, peaceful fellow, nobly jumped into a fire built on the Pyramid of the Sun, and shortly thereafter, the sun appeared in the sky for the first time.

A rich, powerful god named Tecuishtecatl was so shamed by Nanacatzin's show of courage, he hurled himself into the flames too, and the moon appeared. At first, the moon and the sun shone with equal brightness, but an indignant third god tossed a rabbit at the moon, which quieted its glare down considerably. And that's why the Mexicans always see a rabbit, and not a man, in the moon.

Later, we had lunch at a café on the banks of a canal, and I grinned at Sperry. "Ah, the atmosphere."

The orchestra struck up "Peg O' My Heart," and Sperry grinned back.

"Yeah," he said.

Bull fights were the only other thing (besides "Peg O' My Heart") that I didn't go for, in Mexico City. As far as I'm concerned, they're horrible; I don't see any point in killing animals for pleasure.

Ray and I took off for Acapulco, one bright morning, and to get there, we had to travel through the Valley of the Vultures. It's a desolate gulch where nothing ever grows, and dozens of big ugly birds circle over your head.

"Nice if we had some car trouble now," Sperry said cheerfully. "I wonder how many of those buzzards it would take to tear us apart?"

"I'll ask them," I said. "Slow down."

He didn't exactly slow down, but he did manage to get lost before we finally arrived at El Mirador, the hotel we were headed for.

El Mirador is a lot of cabins on the edge of a high rock hanging over the Pacific. We got a cabin called "Jacal" (Little Village) and I haven't figured that one out yet. One of the queerest things about "Jacal" was the shower and the "john" being in the same stall. One of the nicest things was a tremendous pool.

swan dive . . .

I was poised on the diving board feeling at least like Buster Crabbe the afternoon a two-foot lizard plopped on me, from an overhanging wall. I fell into the water belly first, and when I stuck my head out, Sperry was sneering. "Lovely form you have," he said warmly. "Reminds me of a St. Bernard I used to own."

I said "Shut up," with dignity, and got myself dressed, and went into town. In town, so I'd heard, there was a lady who made white shirts and slacks for 30 pesos, or six American dollars.

I found the lady, all right, but finding a plain white shirt wasn't nearly so easy. "You want a Tyrone Power shirt," she said. (That was because Tyrone Power had bought a lot of them on his last Mexican visit.)

I said yes. "You're not so handsome as Tyrone Power," she said.

I said no. "But," she said, "perhaps in a white shirt with black stitching, or a black shirt with gold stitching—"

"White," I said.

"Gold with blue stitching?" she said.

"Look," I said. "Even in a candy-colored shirt with blue, red and gold stitching I would not look so handsome as Tyrone Power, and why buck fate? I want a white shirt!"

It broke her heart, but she sold me one. It happens to have green stitching on the label tag, but I'm not complaining.

Acapulco was pretty wonderful. At eight o'clock in the morning, the water would be seventy degrees. Ray and I made a lot of new friends at the beach. There was one woman who told me for thirty minutes about her son in college while we dog-paddled sociably fifty feet from the shore. After a while my arms gave out, and I excused myself. The last I saw of her, she was still dog-paddling.

Evenings in Acapulco, we sat out on the cliffs and watched boys diving a hundred feet down into the sea. They wore red capes, and the scene was lit by torches. It was tremendously exciting.

My last night in Acapulco, I walked along the pier, and watched the harbor lights, and listened to the slapping of the ocean. The patrolman's flashlight flickered over the quiet fishing boats at anchor, and I felt about as emotional as I've ever felt, I guess.

I said before I learned things in Mexico. I'm sticking to that. I'm surer than ever now that human beings are alike, at heart, and that trust is the basis of the good life, and that you have to consider people as individuals. I look at the Covarrubias maps on my bedroom walls now, and they're not just maps of a foreign country, but of a second home.

Before I forget, I want everyone to know that Mexico's much too romantic a country to waste on bachelors. When I fall in love, I'm going to take my girl to Mexico. I want her to see the rabbit in the moon.

If two people chase a dream, I'm sure it doubles the odds in their favor.

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**ROSALIND
RUSSELL**

starring in
"THE VELVET TOUCH"
an RKO Radio Pictures'
release



Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
Company

"The big new bath size Lux Soap is so luxurious," says lovely Rosalind Russell. "It makes my daily beauty bath more delightful than ever!"

"If a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts, and a daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure. The rich creamy lather swiftly carries away dust and dirt, leaves skin fresh, sweet. Perfumed with a delightful fragrance you'll love."

Take Rosalind Russell's tip. Try the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Girls are daintier!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

IT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT CLUB

(Continued from page 53)

Hollywood. At the candle-lit tables around the room sat men who bought talent: career-makers and career-breakers, producers, directors and studio heads.

One Sunday night, two little girls in early adolescence sat at the side of the bandstand awaiting their turns in the spotlight. Both were just past twelve, both were singers and both wore braces on their teeth.

When their turns came, one sang a plainlittle little tune that everybody understood. The other sang one of Puccini's arias, which nobody understood, but which they all applauded.

Later, in huddles where great minds make decisions, M-G-M made tentative contract offers to both little girls. In the end the studio signed only one of them. It didn't think the other one would succeed.

The one they signed was Judy Garland.

The other one was Deanna Durbin!

The Hollywood night club is an institution. People go to be seen, not to be seen, to forget, to remember, to brush off an old girl—and meet a new one.

It was in a night club that I first discovered the fact that Bugsy Siegel was on the spot. It was Saturday night and the Mocambo was packed. I was sitting in a wall booth looking toward the dance floor. Bugsy sat with a group of four, and just behind him was a large party, celebrating.

Their table was festooned with flowers and vari-colored balloons. In a lull some wag stuck a cigarette to one of the biggest balloons. The thing exploded with a loud bang just behind Bugsy's head.

Siegel made a dive for the floor and was under the table in one mad scramble.

He wasn't nervous, just careful.

fabled fight . . .

Night clubs have always been the traditional setting for those Hollywood "one-punch brawls" that figure so prominently in the tabloids. One of the most fabled was the Errol Flynn-Jimmie Fidler fracas which took place in the Mocambo shortly before Pearl Harbor. Flynn and Fidler had been feuding for a long time. On the night of the battle, Errol was irked by testimony the columnist had given at a Senate hearing about war propaganda in films. Flynn's name hadn't been mentioned, but Errol was angry at what he considered a slap at the picture industry.

Errol entered the club with a party, spotted Fidler sitting with his wife, and made straight for their table. He was trying to pull Fidler out of his chair when Mrs. F. allegedly stabbed him with a dessert fork. The prongs punctured his earlobe, and while the blood dripped down over the tablecloth, Flynn slapped Fidler with the palm of his hand, saying, "You're not worth a fist." Later, Fidler explained in court that he hadn't had a chance to retaliate because his arms were pinned back by several by-standers. During the entire melee, the late Lupe Velez stood in a chair, shouting "Geeve eet to heem, beeg boy," and waving a ketchup bottle.

Oh, nightclubs. If you've ever seen Jimmy Durante's "break up the piano" routine, let me assure you it's no fake. Jimmy demolishes the piano. But the only time he does that is when some night club hopes to get some free entertainment out of him.

When the manager comes over and suggests with a sly smile that Jimmy entertain the paying customers, Jimmy smiles right back and leaves his table. The manager rubs his hands gleefully as Jimmy moves into the spotlight.

But the manager's smile turns to a look of horror as the Schnoz announces that he will do his piano routine, "by request!" Then he proceeds to pull the guts out of the piano. It's a great routine by a great entertainer, and merely costs the night club the price of one piano.

The glamor bistros of the Sunset Strip also play the role of "Lonely Hearts Clubs." There was the night Sunny Ainsworth, cigarette girl at Ciro's, making her periodic rounds of the room, sold a pack to Tommy Manville. Shortly afterward she became the seventh Mrs. Manville.

At one time the Coconut Grove and the Biltmore Bowl in downtown Los Angeles were "the spots to do." I remember when Joan Crawford used to win the Charleston contests down at the Grove every Sunday night. Nowadays, it's a rarity to find a congestion of picture people at the downtown diggings. They sip and sup at Ciro's, The Mocambo, La Rue, Le Papillon, El Morocco, The Troc, when it's open, or down in Beverly Hills at the new L'Aiglon restaurant where nine fiddles add atmosphere to a sumptuous background.

I guess this is the only place in the country where ex-husbands and ex-wives meet at the niteries and sit back to back. It makes Hollywood a small town.

I walked into Ciro's one night to find Gene Markey sitting with his present wife, Myrna Loy. At tables to either side of him sat his ex-wives, Hedy Lamarr and Joan Bennett. During the evening, Myrna danced with John Loder, then bordering on divorce from Hedy, while Walter Wanger, Joan's husband, danced with Hedy.

Reminded me of the time Walter Wanger came home and said, "Darling, it's our fifth anniversary. What is it that I give you: wood, tin, or diamonds?"

She answered, "I don't know, honey; I never got this far before. But diamonds'll do."

Louis B. Mayer is a big figure in Hollywood and he's also a big figure on the night-club dance floor. He likes to rumba. One night when the Old Troc was in top-notch favor in our town, I saw Louis B. cutting

the rug to the Latin tempo and having a wonderful time. He was putting his all into the dance.

Periodically, during the evening, I saw him head out the door to the parking lot looking wilted and worn, and in a few minutes, he would return, starched and ready for more. The secret was that he'd come prepared with a half-dozen fresh white shirts. When one was drenched, he'd go to his car and change.

Nothing fazes the night club headwaiter. He knows that among his guests, he'll find all kinds.

One night Keenan Wynn drove his motorcycle into Ciro's. Without blinking an eye, the blasé headwaiter asked, "Did you and your motor have a reservation, sir?"

reserved for—ever . . .

At Ciro's a choice table is always held open in case some important person comes in unexpectedly. On one particularly active evening, the place was packed—except for this table. Van Johnson was sitting with a group on one side of the room, Frank Sinatra on the other. Stars were jammed into every available cubby-hole, yet the special table stood in empty splendor in the center of the room, the forbidding "RESERVED" sign on the cloth suggesting that someone was yet to arrive.

Herman Hover, the manager, watched the Maitre d' turn away a number of couples at the door, stood a moment letting his eyes play over his star-studded patronage, then asked the Maitre d' why he was holding the vacant table. The answer came simply, "I'm holding it in case somebody of importance comes in."

Jobs at night clubs go at a premium. Young hopefuls with movie aspirations get jobs as cigarette vendors or hat check girls so they can meet the picture producers.

Preston Sturges owns one of the big clubs on the Sunset Strip. It's The Players. Legend has it that Preston bought the club because he had found a waiter he liked and wanted a place where he could always get the same kind of service. He closed the deal, installed this favorite waiter, and ever since has been assured the kind of meals and attention everyone would like to have.

There is a barber shop in The Players. And there's a story they tell about that, too. Preston, it's said, didn't like the political and racing chatter of the average barber shop. Now, before he goes in for his dinner, he stops by the barber shop in his own night club. He sits down and the barber gives the orchestra leader a sign. The band plays Preston's favorite melodies while a silent barber performs with the shears.

When James Cagney brought Audie Murphy to Hollywood, he gave the Most Decorated Soldier of World War II one bit of advice: "Audie, there's no big secret to success as an actor in Hollywood. Just mean every part you play, work hard—and remember to stay out of night clubs."

That's the best advice I've heard wrapped up in two sentences.

These kids who work hard and haunt the casting offices waiting for the big break, seem to forget mighty fast when they do land a contract.

The pay on a stock contract crowds \$250 per week. That's several times the money most of these youngsters have ever seen.

At a given time every evening, they whip their convertibles into the driveway, wave grandly at the parking attendant, and head for the door of a big club. Then they assume a pose and "make an entrance."

MODERN SCREEN



"—And now a word from Miss Draper, our new safety director!"

The headwaiter meets them, and with a theatrical gesture, the young ape waves a ten-dollar bill for all to see, slips it to the headwaiter. That worthy says "thank you" out loud and murmurs "sucker" under his breath, as he leads them to a conspicuous table a successful star wouldn't have.

From then on, for the rest of the evening, these kids go through their paces, feeding their own egos, acting their heads off.

It's Hollywood's most pitiful comedy.

Once in a while some star takes over a night club and throws a party. One of the most fabulous I ever saw was given by Kay Francis. The year was 1928.

Kay bought out the club for the night, had an interior decorator transform the nightspot into a circus, sawdust, tent, three rings, animals and trapezes. I still have a picture of Carole Lombard doing flips on a trapeze in an evening gown, Walter Pidgeon playing a clown, and Jack Oakie selling pink lemonade.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, along Ventura Boulevard, they have a poor man's Sunset Strip. It is lined with night clubs, too. The story of two of those clubs has added to the Hollywood legend.

foy's feud . . .

A few years back, not far apart on Ventura Boulevard, there were two cabarets, one owned by Grace Hayes, mother of Peter Lind Hayes, the comic; the other was owned by Charlie Foy. You may be old enough to remember "Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foyes." Charlie is one of the younger Foyes, only he's not little any more.

Twenty years ago, Charlie Foy and Grace Hayes were man and wife.

A number of years after they were divorced, they built these clubs not far apart, and began a very entertaining feud. They would try to outdo each other in service, quality of acts, food and novelties. It was great for trade, because everybody watched to see who'd come out on top.

When Charlie was on stage, Grace would sneak into his club and heckle. Charlie would return the favor later in the evening at the Grace Hayes spot.

Six years ago Grace's club caught fire and burned to the ground. Although the insurance investigators determined the cause of the fire as a leaky gas main, Grace still blames it on the heat generated by her feud with Charlie.

And it must have been even more years ago that Al Jolson got up in the Old Plantation Club in Culver City (where the mammoth studios of M-G-M now stand) and sang for two and a half hours straight, just because he liked to sing. It totaled about fifty thousand dollars' worth of singing. And the topper was that they presented him with his dinner check before he left, and he paid it.

Hollywood actors have noses for night clubs. There has never been a club they couldn't find. Bill Lundigan told me that when he went to Mexico City recently, he determined to find one out-of-the-way night spot untrod by Hollywood feet.

He cornered a Mexican taxi-driver, told him to find such a spot. With much nodding of head and loud assurances, the driver sped out of town, took a narrow winding alley, a secluded rough road through deserted dark neighborhoods and finally skidded to a stop before a ramshackle ranch house from which poured the sounds of night-time merry-making.

Bill paid his fare and pushed open the door. Inside the door, his eyes pierced the fog of smoke and his shoulders drooped in disappointment, for there, sitting at the first table, tapping their feet to the Latin rhythm, sat John Wayne, Director John Ford, and Henry Fonda!

You name it—no matter what it is, you can bet it happened in a night club.

"I dress for a Barn Dance at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "Here's how I manage those desk-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours."

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! And Odorono stays so creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes I change to a light peasant blouse, tie on a big dark sash, and I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too—thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halgene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.



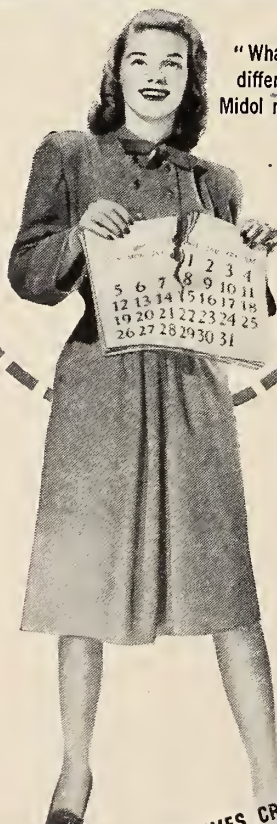
New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.)

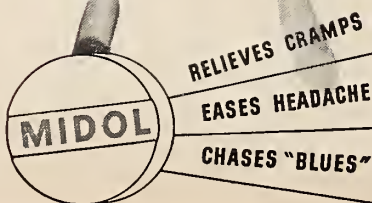


"SAD" DAYS CAN BE GLAD DAYS

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



"What a
difference
Midol makes"



the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Hi, clubbers! We hate to start off on a sour note, but we're anxious to announce a brand new MSFCA feature—the Trouble Clinic, a special department where all you fans with problems, troubles, gripes and constructive ideas for improving clubs can let off steam! We'll answer all your problems by mail, as we've always done, but we'll try to handle the most interesting 'puzzlers in this column.

We believe that 99 per cent of fan clubs are run by sincere individuals; that most inequities stem from lack of experience, insufficient help from the rank-and-file clubbers, and failure to understand the responsibilities entailed in running a club. We hope that the new MSFCA Trouble Clinic will help clear up these difficulties. So, if there's something on your mind, let's hear about it.

Club banter . . .

The second annual International Fan Club League Convention will be held in Hollywood July 26 through 31. Mrs. Ellen Roufs, convention chairman, tells us that this year there will be no opposition from the Motion Picture Producers' Assn. . . . the Boston Convention of the Nelson Eddy Music Club was highlighted by a personal appearance of the club honorary. Prexies Rita and Jo Mottola were so pleased by the convention's success that they'll have a similar conclave for their Rise Stevens clubbers in N. Y. this fall.

Entire membership of Dorene Grenade's Helen Gerald Club received personal invitations to their star's graduation exercises at UCLA . . . Olga Martinjack was the winner of Bobby Beers Club's "If I Had a Date With

Bobby" Contest. The prize: a date with Bobby! . . . Hermina Levitt's Stuart Foster Club has organized a "Junior Section" for girls between 10 and 12 . . . Mary Kelly's International Dick Haymes Club trekked to Central Park for a day's outing and picture-taking . . . Copy for this column is being edited with a very snazzy pencil which is engraved, "Alan Ladd Fan Club Member." It's a gift from prexy Bill Vaughn . . . Patsy Lee is coming east for a big shindig with her clubbers . . . Burt Slotky is reducing membership dues in his Marie McDonald Club to 50c, as a special offer to MSFCA members. His address: 4211 W. 14 St., Chicago. . . . Pearl Tice's Mac McGuire Rangers enjoyed a spaghetti party, given by Mac for the members. Music was provided by Mac and his Harmony Rangers. Incidentally, Pearl's Our Favorite Stars Club will boost all newcomers interested in the club . . . Ellen Couglin's Frankie's United Swooners outfitted their two adopted war orphans with complete wardrobes . . . First prize in Larry Hampe's membership contest for the Elizabeth Scott Club is a 7-minute recording of Liz and Burt Lancaster, from *Desert Fury* . . . Dorothy Shay Clubbers held a roller-skating party for Chicago members . . . Barbara Alfino's Sinatra Club has adopted Georgette Francoise, the French war orphan formerly adopted by Elsie Ellovich's club . . . Dottie Danis's club for Frank Sinatra and Gene Williams is offering free memberships to the first five who've seen Gene in person (with Claude Thornhill's *ork*) and write to her at 13716 Lincoln Ave., Highland Park, #3, Detroit, Mich. . . . M. Ritt's Duffans attended (Continued on page 103)



Highlight of Frankie Loine's Horem Night Club engagement in N. Y. was special matinee for fan clubbers, who can't attend evening shows. (Note that bobby-soxers are now New Look girls!)

MONEY NO OBJECT

(Continued from page 46)

lettering on brown wooden shingles. The store itself is so small practically nobody can get in (exclusive, you know) and the prices range from one dollar to \$29.95 (not exclusive a bit) and you are free to buy dresses, stockings and costume jewelry till your money runs out.

The decor is simple—antique settee, knotty pine paneling; there are ruffled curtains, and the color scheme is char- treuse, cocoa-brown and cream.

noses in the night . . .

The girls decorated it themselves, at night, and Maureen evilly soaped the win- dows because she got self-conscious about the number of noses pressed against the pane.

"They're watching for runs in my stock- ings," she said. "I know it."

She also took a high-handed attitude with Los Angeles' garment manufacturers, but they seemed to like it. She went in green as grass, and ordered three of every- thing, and they'd look at her. "But Miss O'Hara," they'd say. "Three's no order. Ya gotta take twelve, ya gotta take thir- teen—"

"Can't afford it," she'd say sadly, and they'd give her three.

Opening day there was a new problem. Every other merchant in the valley, being kindly disposed toward the new members of the Better Business Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce, sent flowers. So did friends. So did relatives. There were so many flowers they were hanging them on the walls, and all three of the girls were sniffing, they were so touched by the sentiment.

Finally, the flowers in place, the ciga- rettes set out, the book for the customers to sign open and waiting (that's to get a mailing list, innocent reader), the door was flung wide.

In came three women. They stared, they glared, and they walked out. "Don't care for their things," one said.

Three Irish tempers flared. Three girls counted to ten. The next customer was different. She bought a bracelet—\$2.00— and signed the book, and acted generally charming. They loved her; they wanted to pin a rose on her.

strip act . . .

But she was only the beginning. Be- fore the day was over, the dummy in the window had had the very clothes stripped off her back twenty-three times—every time they re-dressed her, some woman de- cided she couldn't live without that very costume—and the joint was rocking.

Late that night, the door finally locked, the girls sat down in weary bliss.

"My feet," Maureen said. "I wish I had some other feet."

"Your eyes," Lorna said. "You sure don't need any other stars—"

A timid knocking came at the window. The girls looked out. Three husbands —the most sheepish-looking husbands you could imagine—were standing there.

"Can we come in?" they said.

The girls said no.

"Please?"

The girls said yes.

"Okay, you win," Will Price, who be- longs to Miss O'Hara, said generously. "We'll take you out to dinner."

"You," said Miss O'Hara coldly, "may carry me to the car. And for dinner, you may eat crow. I am going to bed."

Then she kissed him. "You're lucky," she said. "If things keep up like today, you can have a mink coat for Christmas."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film



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

Halo Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

Swim if you want to—

(with Tampax)



Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their "days"? Try the *Tampax* method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser . . . The secret of *Tampax* is simple—it is worn internally! Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for *Tampax* causes no odor. Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy *Tampax* now at drug or notion counters. Three absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior. An average monthly supply will go into your purse . . . *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

beauty afoot



Pretty from her toes an up—Elizabeth Taylor

Groom your feet

if you'd be a cinderella-

footed beauty like

Elizabeth Taylor, M-G-M star,

romping playfully through

gay days at the beach!

By CAROL CARTER

■ Unless you go swimming in high button shoes or cowboy boots your feet are bound to come out into the open enough to be seen by everyone. Of course, you can run like mad and dive right into the water and escape scrutiny, or you can quickly pat up mounds of sand around them when you're sunning yourself, but wouldn't you like to frolic like Elizabeth Taylor does here, or again on page 36 where she and Jane Powell are shown on a "Lazy Date"? Then here's for happy, decorative tootsies:

Exercise them. Pick up stuff like marbles, pencils and hankies with your bare toes. Walk on the outside rim of your feet like King Kong when you're quite, quite alone and have the shades drawn. Rotate your feet in complete circles from the ankle while you're sticking them out over the edge of the bed at night, or, for that matter, out on the pier or raft. Running along the beach barefooted is a regular beauty treatment for your feet.

Look out for "Athlete's foot" in warm summer weather, especially if you take showers in a public dressing room at the beach. Wear your own wooden clogs.

"Athlete's foot" thrives on warmth and moisture, therefore keep your feet as cool and dry as possible and use fungicidal powder freely on your feet, especially between toes.

Scrub your feet thoroughly every day with soap and warm water and use a brush on them, both to help get rid of dead skin and to stimulate circulation. If your feet are tired and generally feel like big, hot lumps, run alternate hot and cold water over them several times. Then spread a generous amount of lubricating cream, hand lotion or antiseptic baby oil on the soles and massage around the toes and over the foot right up to the ankle.

A beauty treatment for your feet surely includes pretty polish for your toes. Cut toe nails straight across to prevent ingrown nails. Remove any old polish. Soak feet for a few minutes in warm, soapy water. Then, with an orange stick and cuticle oil, press cuticle back gently. Keep your toes separated with bits of cotton or cleaning tissue while you put polish on. Cover the entire toe nail. Two coats are better than one and will keep your toes pretty for days!

THEY COULDN'T WIN

(Continued from page 60)

embarrasses her. She'd proved her love for Dick by marrying him. He looked for response in his own kind of outgoing warmth, which wasn't her way. Neither could act against the laws of his nature.

Their troubles started early, long before the accident. Squabble and make up and Dick mostly giving in. First year stuff? Maybe. Only the pattern kept repeating itself. Let it happen often enough, and a rift appears. Let it happen too often, and the breach widens dangerously. In her heart of hearts it's possible that Susie was waiting for Dick not to give in. She's like one of those mettlesome horses she loved to tame. A masterful touch might have turned the trick. Dick's no Petruchio.

For a bitterly ironic twist, take the fateful day of Susan's injury. Dick didn't want to go hunting that weekend, don't ask him why. Maybe a little gnome whispered something in his ear. More likely, he just didn't happen to be in the mood. Susan wanted to go, and they went. On the way up, they weren't speaking.

Then Susan shot herself, and it took a year before they could be sure she was going to live. During that year, everything blacked out but Susan. Dick's heart, mind and energies were fixed on one goal—to help keep her breathing. Meantime, the outside world was moved to sorrow and compassion, followed by an all but reverent admiration of the girl's courage and the devotion of her husband. Suddenly they found themselves on a pedestal, viewed as a couple of plaster saints. They were anything but. Which takes nothing from Dick's devotion or Susan's indomitable pluck.

As she grew stronger, things began missing fire again. Her very condition made Susie more forceful than ever. To do for herself was almost a passion with her. Okay, now she couldn't. Fiercely determined not to be beaten by circumstances, she struggled even harder to assert her will, if only to prove that whatever happened to your body, your spirit couldn't be broken.

She'd be the first to tell you of her spitfire temper. In the old days, she'd cool off in her own fashion. Climb into a car, grab the meanest horse she could find, fly off in all directions, come back meek as a lamb and twice as sheepish. Now she was tied to a wheelchair, facing what she had to face with more valor than most of us could begin to touch. But, naturally impatient, her helplessness made her more so, and her normal outlets were gone. We all have to blow off steam. Susan blew it off to the people who loved her, especially Dick.

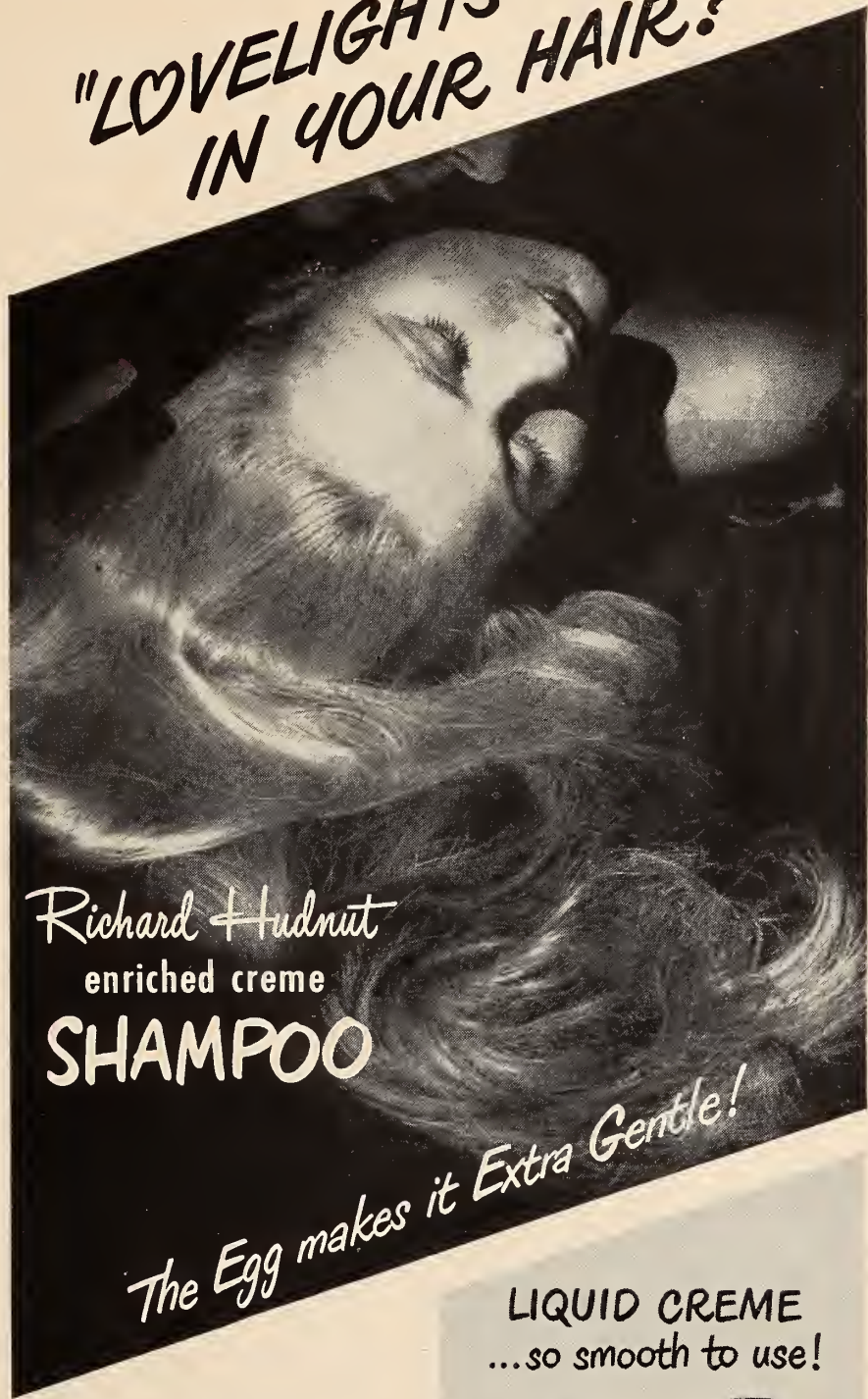
"I need a glass of water, put the ashtray here, get me a kleenex, let the dog out."

POSTMAN, WON'T YOU RING?

We can't understand why our office isn't floating in "I Saw It Happen" anecdotes. They're a cinch to write, and you collect \$5 for every one we use! Short, sweet and snappy—that's the way we like them. And true. What happened when you saw that movie star? Or are you still blinking? Just gather your wits together, kids, and send your anecdote to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York. We have our checkbook ready—what are you waiting for?

Do men see thrilling

"LOVELIGHTS"
IN YOUR HAIR?



Richard Hudnut
enriched creme
SHAMPOO

The Egg makes it Extra Gentle!

LIQUID CREME
...so smooth to use!

YES, you can thank the plain, old-fashioned hen for making Richard Hudnut Shampoo soothing, caressing, kind-to-your-hair. Because this grand new shampoo contains real egg in powdered form! Now—a shampoo that acts gently to reveal extra hair beauty. Now—a new kind of shampoo created for patrons of Hudnut's Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

*A New Kind of Hair Beauty from
a World-Famous Cosmetic House*

Not a dulling, drying soap. Contains no wax or paste. Richard Hudnut Shampoo is a sm-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-bathes hair to "love-lighted" perfection. Rinses out quickly, leaving hair easy to manage, free of loose dandruff. At drug and department stores.



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DIFFERENCE
LONGER HAIR
REALLY
MAKES!**

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EASY
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DRESSES BETTER
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when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful. Amazing. JUELENE is not a hair restorative. Just try the easy JUELENE System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal natural beauty.

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Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

● **Send No Money!**

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.
JUEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

Mail This **INTRODUCTORY COUPON!**

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4727 North Damen, Chicago 25, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00.

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Each thing had to be done right now, in a specific manner and in order. It was rather confusing. Susan operates at a speedy tempo, Dick's gait is more leisurely. He'd hit a bump with the wheelchair that he should have seen, and Susie's nerves would snap. Waiting for them to snap, he'd make nine blunders where he might not have made any. From one little nasty crack came another.

In most marriages, when you're emotionally upset, one or the other can clear out for a while. Dick was no freer to leave than Susan. Wherever he went, his mind would be back with her, full of awareness of his responsibility to and for her.

He had his moods too—plenty of them—and they didn't match hers. Susan would fly off the handle and get over it. Dick is slow to anger, but hangs on to it longer. He'd make what she called his big stone kisser, which drove her batty. Brood over his career, which was fast getting nowhere. An active professional life would have eased the strain. But though Dick was under contract to M-G-M, they gave him nothing to do. This created an unnatural situation, which made for more trouble. Forget that Susan's paralyzed. It's normal for a man to go off to his job mornings and come home at night. All day you miss him. When he gets back, you fly to meet him, you have this and that to tell each other. Susan and Dick just sat there, constantly together, nothing to do but get on each other's nerves.

"Will you stop playing the piano? I'm supposed to be resting."

"What about that radio of yours that you never turn off?"

Time and again Susan would say to herself: "Look, sister, you're too bossy, you make too many demands. Why don't you knit or work a puzzle and shut up?"

Dick would say to himself: "So what if she loses her temper? D'you have to go round with a face? She's got it heavy enough without any help from you. Put yourself in her skin and see if you'd do half as well."

calm before the storm . . .

For a while they'd manage to rectify things. Only the good times didn't last long enough. Sooner or later they'd be at swords' points again.

Barring a few intimates who were dear to both, they didn't even like the same people. Their friendships were rooted in two different sets of values, and on this each could have argued till Gabriel's trumpet blew, without making the smallest dent on the other's convictions.

Susan sets up an inflexible moral code for herself and others. She was rather strictly brought up, but that's not the whole answer. "Even my mother," she confessed once, "used to think me a weirdie." She was 19 before she'd go out with a boy who took a drink, and if he took more than one, she was through. On the subject of marriage, she feels still more strongly. If you're married, you're married, and cheating is the unforgivable sin. Dick agrees for himself. For others he draws no line. If he finds a man good company, that's that. What said man does with his private life is his own affair. Susan can't see it—rather can't feel it that way. Her revulsion against those who violate her ethical standards is so deeply ingrained, she can't bear them in the same room with her.

Apart from this hard-and-fast rule, she's more social than Dick. He looks for mental stimulation in his friends. If he finds you dull, goodbye. Susan finds nobody dull. She likes tall people, short people, round people, flat people and knows how to reach common ground with them all. Lots of folks who enchant Susan bore

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Richard stiff. At parties she's always the center of a lively circle, but always has one ear and eye cocked for her husband, trying to drag him in. For unless he'd meet up with some congenial soul, he'd be off in a corner, critical and aloof.

Both are clear-sighted, honest, intelligent. They saw what was happening, faced it, and tried to do something about it. Two years ago Susie went to a psychologist and took a series of tests. He explained her to herself. There was a whole lot of stuff, but the crux of her problem was this: At 20, she'd been thrown among a bunch of sophisticated people and expected to act, by her lights, like a woman of 40.

"When you're able to span that gap," he told her, "when you say, well, somebody got tight, so he got tight, what of it?—then you'll be grown up."

She conceded that this was a legitimate viewpoint. She made a sincere effort to change. She couldn't change.

Still, she and Dick continued to hope and try. Neither wanted their marriage broken. They talked themselves into believing that things would improve when such-and-such happened. When Susan could do more for herself. When Dick started getting somewhere. When Susan returned to work. When they could build their house and have enough room and not be forever under each other's feet.

Susan's back grew strong enough to discard the brace. She could dress and undress herself. All the help she needed was in and out of the car. She made *Sign of the Ram*, doing as full a day's work as anyone. Dick and Bill Asher wrote the screenplay of *Stranger in Town* with another collaborator and sold it to Columbia, where they produced and directed it. Last November, still hoping, the Quines gave each other the plans for a new house as an anniversary gift.

None of this touched the heart of their problem. They were still two people, pulling opposite ways. Just before Christmas, the kettle boiled over again. Due at the hospital for her annual checkup, Susan went in and stayed a week, to get out from under.

For months before going to New York, she wasn't herself. She changed as her injury had never changed her. Susan, who loved to laugh, quit laughing, grew moody and depressed. Susan, who loved the radio, never turned it on. Susan, who'd notice a missing eyelash if it belonged to a friend, didn't seem to care suddenly whether her friends came or went.

One of them said: "You ached for her and you ached just as much for Dick. You knew this couldn't go on, it wasn't right, but how could it end? Dick would never take the initiative. And while we knew how independent Susan was, it never occurred to us she'd be that in-

dependent. We were wrong, of course."

Then boom! Susie's in New York, having a ball. Free as air and light as a feather. "Practically rumba-ed in my wheelchair," she told someone later. At home she'd felt dull, bound within her immediate circle, unable to mix. Here she felt gay, rarin' to go every minute. One party in particular she remembers—all kinds of people, lots of exciting discussion.

Back at the hotel, she thought: "What a wonderful evening—" when another thought whipped across it. With Dick along, it wouldn't have been a good evening. She'd have been watching to see if he liked the people, she'd have been tense, constrained, she'd never have been able to let herself go like this.

Lying there, Susan asked herself some questions. *How long can we go on battling and making up? Where do we agree? We're mad more than we're not mad. The minute one enters the room, he pulls the other down. It doesn't make sense. It's not Dick or me, it's us. We don't belong together.*

What kind of person am I? she asked herself. What do I want? She wanted to feel the way she felt tonight, like a balloon when you take the weights off. Once and for all and quietly she saw it now. More than anything else in the world, she wanted freedom.

It was no easy decision to make or accept. It hurt them both. You don't go through what these two have gone through together, and flip it off. Bonds had been forged that were tough to snap. Their clashing temperaments hadn't made enemies of them. Both were too fair-minded. Both valued the other's qualities too highly.

They could have patched things up as they'd done dozens of times, but what for? If experience teaches you nothing, you're a sucker. Sooner or later, the break was bound to come. Let it come now, while they were young enough to build new lives. Besides, they had a son to consider. Spook, as they call Timothy, is two. Nothing's worse for a child than to raise him in an atmosphere of discord. He was too little now for their separation to bother him. He'd get used to seeing his daddy come and go. Why wait till he grew old enough to be hurt?

So they took their decision, knowing what people would think. Well, let them think it. Both were sick to death of the roles they'd been cast in—a couple of idols in a niche, too good to be true. It's so much easier to idealize than to understand that here were two humans who'd found, like millions of others, that they didn't get along and weren't living their lives to please public opinion.

When the news broke, the expected cry went up: "Oh, she's being noble. Letting him go for his sake." At which their friends hoot, and point in denial to

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- Q. Aren't salt or soda effective enough?
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critic's corner

counting sheep?

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John McCarten, *The New Yorker*

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Archer Winsten, *The New York Post*

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the wiser, better-adjusted Susan of today.

Ever since getting back from New York, she's been as much Susan as they've ever known her. A happy silly kid, full of the devil, disposition out of this world. As a matter of fact, Dick's the more lost of the two. Dick needs the sense of belonging, as Susan doesn't, and suddenly everything's pulled out from under him. Not that he's being noble either. He'll find himself. And Susan will find her own kind of happiness, which she's certainly got coming.

Their professional plans depend on many things. Dick would rather write and produce than act. Though it's been well received at sneaks, *Stranger in Town* isn't released yet. Dick's chewing his nails, and Susan chews right along with him.

Susan's attitude toward pictures is clear and well-defined. She's finicky about the kind she'll do. At best, it's tough enough to find good scripts, let alone good scripts built around wheelchairs. "I'm not weak, and I refuse to play a weak sister."

Hearing this, some big-brain came back with Lionel Barrymore. "He works all the time."

"Give me another fifty years," said Susie drily, "and I'll do the same."

What she'd really like is to go to law school in the fall, and maybe have a little radio show on the side just to keep her hand in. But married, separated or divorced, Dick proposes to be the guy who brings home the bacon.

I hate to pull the old corny line about two such uncorny characters, but I have no choice. They're better friends right now than they've been in years. Dick phones every day and drops in often. He's free to take Spook and do anything he likes with him. "With me too," says Susie. "We love each other when we don't have to live together."

They've met this second crisis in their lives as straightforwardly as the first, and with no dregs of bitterness. On the phone one day somebody asked Susan who her lawyer was, and she nearly fell over.

"Lawyers never entered my head," she wailed to Dick when he came by that afternoon. "What do I say to the lawyer? Or the judge? Dear judge, my husband's real nice, and he thinks I'm real nice. Only he plays the piano, which annoys me. You know what he'll say to me, don't you? Scram, sister, he'll say. Dick, what'll I tell him?"

"Tell him I conked you with the radio." "There's an idea, why didn't you? Turn around, you've got fuzz on your pants. I can't bear to see you with fuzz on your pants. How's Thunder?"

"Still a little uneasy. Can't seem to adjust himself."

Only then did a shadow slip across Susan's face. "Poor darling," she sighed. "He's old enough to be hurt."



that's hollywood!

Jack Carson tells about the young starlet who asked the studio still-photographer for one of her pictures. "Would you like it mounted?" inquired the photographer.

"Oh, that would be wonderful," replied the starlet. "I look so much better on a horse."

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

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IN THE GRAND MANOR

(Continued from page 34)

and the swooping draperies are sand-colored with a brown trim. The furnishings are essentially Queen Anne but intermingled with these are several Sheraton pieces.

What you remember best about Claudette's drawing room, however, is the tremendous portrait of her mother which dominates the scene. The portrait of Mrs. Colbert looks down on you from above the couch. It recalls to mind the era of the Gibson girls and it makes you realize from whom Claudette inherits her heart-faced beauty.

You say something about that beauty, about that fragile loveliness, but Claudette modestly tells you to stop your kidding. "Let's go into the playroom," she says. "This room's too formal for me."

You look around again. "This is a nice room for large parties."

Claudette agrees. "Only you're not a large party," she says. "So let's sit in the playroom. I've done it over. I think you'll like it."

The Pressman playroom was once furnished in heavy English taproom style but now it's modern, bright-colored and multi-functional, three qualities which happen also to be characteristic of Romanoff's Restaurant.

The playroom is equipped as I told you in the beginning, with a projection booth. It also boasts a small bar, a large fireplace, a green leathered game table. Every chair—I tried them all—is comfortable and fanny fitting.

room of many moods . . .

The Pressmans use the playroom for practically all their entertaining. Here, they show movies, play backgammon, and talk.

The basic sand color is carried over from the hall and drawing-room. The paneling and magnolia beams which were once mahogany-stained have recently been sand-blasted and then rubbed with white paint and burnt umber so that the room is now very light.

The carpet is beige again and the upholstered pieces, as well as the pillows and lamp shades, offer bright accents of chartreuse, green, and red.

The room is large but the furnishings are divided into several separate and flexible conversational groupings. In front of the fireplace, for example, is a love seat which faces two deep, cushioning chairs. These are covered with a quilted chintz fabric, a red-green print.

In front of the French doors which lead to the terrace there's a large coffee-table flanked on three sides by a red couch and two chairs.

At the far end of the playroom, directly beneath the projection windows, Claudette has another large couch and a few incidental chairs, and when she shows a movie for a group of guests, these chairs are shoved into a line.

I think what pleases Claudette most about her playroom, however, is the ingenious manner in which she's been able to hide her projection booth.

Sam Marx of Chicago, the well-known architect, painted for her a large still life of red poppies. These poppies match in exact color the redness of the decorating motif, and their canvas is large enough to cover all the rectangular apertures through which the films are projected.

The painting is hung on one long iron hinge, so that it can be swung aside when the movie booth is in use. When it's not, that Marx painting against the wall is cer-

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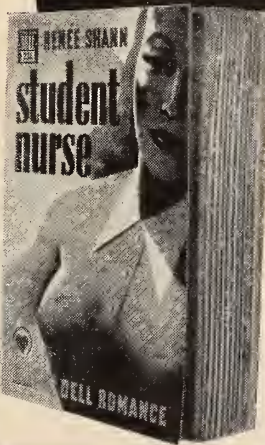
But Dick longs to be a gentleman, so he joins a company of strolling actors, and enters upon a new and engaging world. He meets sweet Penny with the pagan heart, whom he immediately worships, and Annie, who doesn't pretend to have any of the polite kind of morals. Dick has never dreamed of such companionship and warmth, and his goal in life becomes the love of Penny Price.

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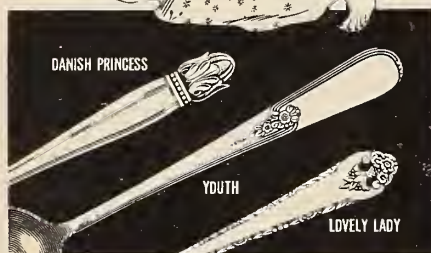
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tainly one of the most beautiful bits of still-life camouflage that I've ever seen, and I'm a man who's seen Lana Turner's sweater.

I like, too, the Pressman dining room. It's rather traditional, the furniture mahogany, Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale, the walls papered in a pattern of pale green and white bamboo, the table seating ten, perhaps twelve.

The Pressmans are, of course, warm wonderful hosts. As I mentioned before, Claudette is a connoisseur of food and drink. She collects a catholic group of recipes; she has a surprisingly large wine list. I say surprisingly large, because she is no lavish party-giver. A few congenial friends for dinner—and that's about the extent of her entertaining.

You see these two Pressmans are primarily intellectuals. For example, when you talk about persons Claudette doesn't know, the first question she asks is, "Are they intelligent?"

Most actresses don't. They ask, "Is he attractive?" or "Do they have any money?"

Claudette, like all girls of French extraction, has a wide streak of the practical. She knows how to budget household expenses, and this acumen is naturally carried over into her professional life; hers has been one of the longest and most distinguished careers in the motion picture industry.

She has just formed a company with producers Jack Skirball and Bruce Man-

ning, to be known as Crest Productions, and her first picture under this banner will deal with the homecoming and peacetime adjustment to civilian life of a Wac.

What Romanoff likes mostly about Claudette, in addition to her beauty, is her loyalty, intelligence, and honesty.

She has strong ties to her family, great fealty to her relatives.

There is nothing phony about Claudette, which is another reason why I love her. Romanoff, as you well know, is a traditional hater of phonies. He can spot them a mile off, and he can vouch that everything about Claudette is genuine. Take her hobby of collecting miniature china. This collection rests in her bedroom, a sunny, cheerful room with a large double Queen Anne bed and hand-painted Chinoiserie wallpaper. It was started way back in 1930, and when Claudette tells you it's her hobby, you know full well that this is no ladylike publicity release. This is truth.

For truth and honesty, gentility and good taste constitute the integral, distinguishing fabric of Mrs. Pressman—her character, and her home. I for one am certain that my poetical predecessor John Keats had something like them in mind when many years ago, he left the world this memorable thought:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty... that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

SHIRLEY ON THE COVER

(Continued from page 56)

the people with real spunk were the ones who had nerve enough to ride him. He liked to buck.

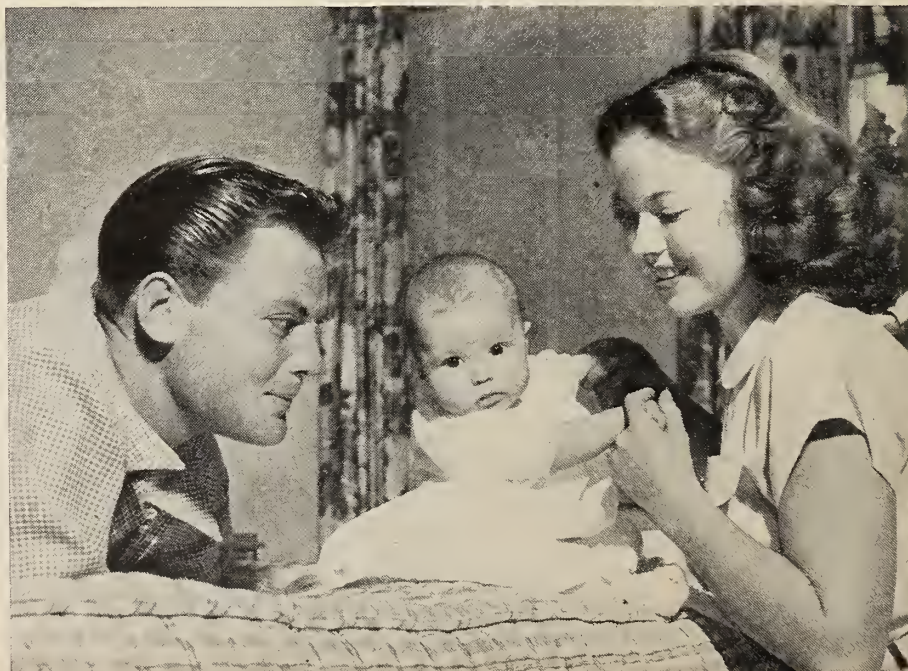
After Spunky came Roanie, a pony who'd been in the circus. He could dance, and march, and he was altogether enchanting, but Shirley lost him when she was in Hawaii. The whole family except for her brother George was in Hawaii, and 16-year-old George took advantage of their absence to make a shrewd deal. He swapped Roanie and another horse—for a saddle. Then he didn't have a horse to ride the saddle on. And when his father

found out, he wouldn't have been able to sit down to ride a horse if he *had* had a horse. It was a painful swap, all around.

Shirley hopes the baby'll like sports, but not too much. "Muscles are fine—but not for girls." And she hopes she'll have a sense of humor—"and that Jack and I will be able to take it."

Right now, they're calling the baby Susan, and saving Linda. If she grows up tall and dignified, and insists on the Linda, that's her privilege.

But they're hoping she won't grow up too fast. She's such a darn cute baby.



Linda Susan, aged 4 months and looking very much like her ma, gets her first taste of the camera. Parents Shirley Temple and John Agar are now working in Selznick's *Baltimore Escapade*.

CROSSROADS

(Continued from page 31)

Now the studio moves in with the body blow: if I don't sign the contract, not only won't I play Jolson but I'll be cast in bit parts in every low budget picture the studio makes for 3½ years. By the time I've served my sentence, no other studio will know I exist.

Several days later I'm called for a two-day bit in a *Boston Blackie*. I play the bit role. I see that Columbia means to carry out its threat to ruin what standing I have, I crumble. I sign the contract. I get the Jolson role.

It makes me a star and brings me a hatful of new problems. What to do next? Some studios seem to know how to build an actor's career—take the long view. Look what Metro has done for Gable over 20 years. Some other studios take something good, bleed it dry and throw it away. Their only interest is to cash in quick on any success. I was thrown into the wrong part in a poor picture (*Down to Earth*); then because I've got muscles I dueled my way through a corny old story they've made several times already (*The Swordsman*) and after that they concocted another (*Gallant Blade*), which is nothing more than a B-picture version of *The Swordsman*.

Columbia was trying to pacify me with promises of tremendous things to come, and an immediate offer of twenty-five thousand dollars as a bonus for good work. I said fine. (Who turns down twenty-five thousand dollars?)

bonus with a catch . . .

But there it was again—another seven-year contract being pushed across the desk. No sign contract, no get bonus. It was as simple as that.

I said: "I need a lawyer."

I got one. The lawyer told me I had a case, the contract I had signed before doing *Jolson* was invalid—undue pressures were used on me. So a year ago last June I filed suit but went on working for Columbia (with those swords) because lawsuits take time and I couldn't ditch the studio until I knew the judge's decision.

About eight months later, the case came to trial. It had drama, and we collected an audience of some proportions each day. On one side of the tremendous onyx-topped table down front below the judge, I sat with my lawyer. Facing us, only three feet away at the other side of the table, sat my boss with his lawyer. For the better part of two weeks we said polite but frosty good mornings. That was all.

I liked the judge. He seemed interested and on his toes. He must have gone home each night and studied the briefs and the day's testimony. He asked good questions. I felt that he believed me when I told my story, I think he understood that it was a matter of my freedom more than a matter of money.

Generally after a trial like this you must wait a month or so, without any inkling of how you've done, until the written judgment is handed down. But this judge gave a preliminary verbal decision the last day of the trial. I don't know, but I like to think he did it so I could start making my plans. The decision, when we heard it, seemed to favor Columbia but as we listened my lawyers and I thought we heard certain things in my favor.

Had we heard right?

For the next 45 gruesome minutes we sat in tensed anticipation, waiting for the transcript to come down. When we read it we saw that we had not won a clear-

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cut victory. I should have sued sooner, the judge said. By delaying I had weakened my case—he spoke of laches, a legal term which means "to linger." But actors are so used to being pushed around that it naturally had taken me rather long to realize that I had rights and could defend myself just like any citizen. The judge did agree with my lawyer, however, that I had signed the contract under *undue duress*.

Betty, who had held my hand every day in the courtroom, said, "Let's celebrate." We went to a movie that night, *State of the Union*, and as we walked in, Spencer Tracy, staring straight at us in enormous closeup, was saying: "Justice delayed is justice miscarried."

Betty and I looked at each other. There was the usual wait of a month before we had the formal judgment. Here's what we liked:

"The defendant (Columbia) procured the contract and the execution thereof by plaintiff (me) by the exertion of undue influence on plaintiff within the Section 1575, subdivision 1 of the Civil Code of the State of California." And the judge also knocked out the "specific performance" clause of the contract.

Though apparently I am still under contract to Columbia, my lawyers say I am now free to work elsewhere. I have written a letter saying that I don't intend to work for Columbia any more and will accept jobs at other studios. Columbia may try to collect damages if I do, but I think they would have a poor case.

at the crossroads . . .

Now I'm at the great crossroads. Like Olivia de Havilland, I may have an irritating wait ahead. Some of the studios may be scared to use me. But there are independent producers who don't scare easily. I'll get something good eventually.

As Betty said after we got the court decision, "You're not an old man, but you're old enough to deserve more pleasant working conditions. I like my man to be able to sleep nights."

That's the dream girl I'm married to. A perfect mate. Temperamentally my opposite. I'm a worrier. Nothing bothers her.

This past year has been one hit in the head after another for me, but so long as I have that girl I can take it. Our marriage bucks me up. With all these contract troubles I couldn't go to New York, where Betty was playing the lead in a hit musical (*Call Me Mister*). But when she knew I needed her, she left the show, flew out here.

She signed up with Metro, and now she's great in her first picture (*Big City*).

And that's another thing that gets me sore. People saying her successful career will break us up. What are they yelling about? Betty's always had her own career, and I've always been proud of her, and the better she does, the prouder I get. I happen to love the woman. What's good for her makes me happy.

My latest setback is a purely physical one. Injured myself making that last sword picture. We were on location up at June Lake, standing in frigid water up to our waists for several days doing a fight sequence. The swords were heavy enough to cause trouble and the addition of freezing water made the exertion fierce. I tore my insides and have only just said goodbye to the doctors and nurses at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where I had to go for a hernia operation. They gave me a fabulous new kind of analgesia that made me love the whole world and the hospital when I came to—but in time it wore off, of course, and the recovery process has been tedious. I've had quite enough of hospitals to last me the rest of my days.

What am I doing besides getting well? Reading scripts, talking to producers.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day, while living in New York, I had occasion to wait for my husband at the Hotel Astor. Harry James was appearing there at the time. As I was standing in the lobby a girl in a large black hat

and plain dress came over and asked me where Harry James was playing. I told her, and added that I loved him and his playing. She smiled and said, "I love him, too." Later, I saw her again, but this time Harry James was with her. She smiled at me and said, "He's my man now," and I recognized her as Betty Grable.

Mrs. S. Wolf
Wilmington, Delaware

Couple of my friends have written a pip of a comedy I'd like to do and maybe we'll get a production organized. But there are endless delays and I find I've got to be patient. I've had practice—waited 30 pictures for my first real chance. I'd like to do a comedy, not that I'm a comedian you understand. But I could do the sort of roles that Henry Fonda has played, a studious type to whom funny things happen.

Betty thinks the best thing I ever did was the reporter in the Actors Lab Production of *Arsenic and Old Lace* (Cary Grant did the role in the movie) that we played in army hospitals during the war. In that show I was the only sane person in a house swarming with crazy people.

The kind of roles I think I'm suited for are a few oceans and continents away from the scripts Columbia threw at me. I'm interested in stories a little closer to life. Some actors don't care what they're in so long as their popularity keeps up and the money rolls in. For Betty or me, the main thing is that we enjoy our work, think it's worthwhile and feel that we grow as the years go by.

You know this acting business is a dog-eat-dog battle for jobs and success. Ninety per cent of the people who come out to Hollywood on contract are gone within a year. From a statistical point of view I'm way ahead of average already; I've had seven years and I've built myself some kind of reputation. I believe in being realistic—you may as well go by statistics. Anything beyond average is so much alfalfa.

Okay, so I'm not kicking about the breaks. I've piled up some good ones. I don't see any reason to stop. I don't believe my career is over; I do believe you can sue a studio (if you've got a decent case) and live to work again; I'm positive you can love your wife even if she makes money. As for my personal ideals, and whether they can hurt me, I don't know.

There again, I'm inclined to believe in the essential willingness of the average American to respect freedom of opinion. MODERN SCREEN printed my views on the Washington investigation in the March issue, and I've been pulling mail ever since. Plenty of people don't agree with my views, but plenty of those same people agree with my right to state those views. Maybe they realize it's not the easiest thing in the world to be honest all the time; maybe they're aware that I could have traveled a less rocky road if I'd compromised with my principles. They seem to be on my side, and I'm glad. It's not so hard to fight for your future, if you know you're not fighting alone.

THE FANS

(Continued from page 92)

Naked City premiere in Cleveland . . . Shirley Temple Club is offering foreign winners of their membership contest subscriptions to Modern Screen, impossible to get over there . . . James Stewart Club turned over its annual contribution, \$65, to Cancer Research . . . Jeanette MacDonald Club (Farrington) celebrated its 10th anniversary in June.

NEW TROPHY CUP SERIES!

The Seventh MSFCA Trophy Cup contest is now closed; points are being added up and winners will be announced next month. So, start dusting off your mantelpiece for one of those handsome cups! In the meantime, remember our monthly contests continue. We're still giving out valuable individual prizes, like these: Wonderful PONDS DREAMFLOWER Bath Sets, LA CROSSE'S dandy LOOK TWICE lipstick and nail polish combinations in the newest summer shades. TANGEE TRIP KITS, loaded with just the cosmetics you need for that vacation jaunt. EBERHARD FABER'S DELUXE HARMATONE PEN AND PENCIL SETS. And last but not least, subscriptions to

SCREEN STORIES and FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE.

Here are results of this month's contest (last lap, 7th Semi-Annual series):

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners (100 points): Loralie Reese, "The Inhuman Race," Donna Reed Journal. Gloria Hagblom, Editorial, Teddy Walters Journal. Weber McFarland, "Curtain Going Up," Douglas Dick Journal. Jane Rogers, "There's No Business," Bette Davis Journal. Elsie Schweer, "A Trip to Mexico," Bing Crosby Journal. Diane Rye, "Good Things in Life," Alan Ladd (Kee) Journal. **Best Journals** (500 points) League 1, Bing Crosby. League 2, Bette Davis. League 3, tied, Rand Brooks and Dan Duryea (Maben) Journals. **Best Editors** (250 points): League 1, Marcy Mac Rae, Reno Browne Journal. League 2, Gerry Kee, Alan Ladd Journal. League 3, Lilyan Miller, Virginia Field Journal. **Best Covers** (250 points): League 1, Rex Allen Journal. League 2, Jack Carson Journal. League 3, Donna Reed Journal. **Best Original Art Work** (150 points): Natalie Eaton, Teddy Walters Journal. **Best MSFCA Correspondents** (50 points): League 1, Vic Watson, Sinatra Club. League 2, none qualified. League 3, Jean Cannon, Ken Kesse-Art Roberts Club. **Candid Camera Contest** (100 points to first prize winner and 50 points to others): Florence Steingraber, 1st prize. Others: Dohry Gehrke, Jackie Shaw, Shirley Pregeant, Josephine Serina, Kaye Criss. **Most Worthwhile Activities** (250 points): League 1, Bing Crosby Club (donated \$63 to Sister Kenny Fund). League 2, James Stewart Club (gave \$65 to Cancer Drive). League 3, Vic Damone (Zulli) Club (presented the Italian War Orphan fund with \$20). **Greatest Increase in Membership**. League 1, Bill Boyd Club. League 2, none qual. League 3, Perry Como (Travnicek).

MURDER BOY

(Continued from page 71)

he asked me why I didn't try to get the top role in a certain picture that's coming up.

"I said everybody knew he'd been set for the part. 'Look,' he retorted, 'I read the book, and you're a dead ringer for the guy. Anyway, I've got plenty of other pictures I can do—go ahead—see if you can't change their minds.' I tested, of course. But I ask you, who ever heard of one actor touting another for the very part that might win him an Academy Award?"

Nobody ever did, as a matter of fact. Following in the wake of the enthusiasm stirred up first by Vic and Director Henry Hathaway, public response to Richard Widmark has made him a marked man at 20th Century-Fox, marked as one of Darryl Zanuck's future important stars. Dick will be another tough guy in *Street With No Name*, giving Mark Stevens a rough time. And after that there are a variety of choice roles on tap.

There's no doubt about it, Dick Widmark is about to become a big wheel in movies. But that's nothing new in his life. He's always been the class of any league in which he chose to play. Yet, when the smoke of competition clears away, and he comes in first, Dick habitually scratches his head of unruly, semi-blond hair and mutters inwardly, "Well, whattya know?"

In the first place, the world should never have heard of Dick Widmark. He was born in a place called Sunrise, Minnesota, which he thinks may have had a couple of dozen inhabitants. But before he had learned to pull on his own britches a chain of circumstances began to operate on his future, thanks to his father.

Carl Widmark was and is a man of ideas. Today he is sales manager for General Outdoor Advertising. When Dick was trying to mutter a few first words, his father was moving the family from one town to another—Sioux Falls, South Dakota, then to Henry, Illinois, and several

other places between Maine and Calif.

Dick and his brother Don never had to worry about where the next meal was coming from, but they were constantly asking, "Hey, Pop, how long are we going to live in this town?"

The boys began to consider each new home base as a personal challenge, and thereby developed a loyalty for each other that has stuck through the years. Probably this was most noticeable when Dick and Don approached a swimming hole in a town the name of which both have long since forgotten. The kids in the water noticed the two silent strangers, clamored out and surrounded them.

"Whatsyer name, kid?" the ringleader asked.

"Don's his name," Dick answered, being aged eight and two years senior.

"Dick's his," Don volunteered.

"Can ya swim?"

"Nope," they replied in unison.

"Well," the big boy announced, "you're gonna learn."

With that they picked up Dick and tossed him into the river. He came up struggling, his hands churning under his chin, dog fashion. Somehow, he got to the bank, swallowing a couple of quarts of water on the way—just in time to see Don go sailing through the air.

"Hey!" he sputtered indignantly, "He's too little—he'll drown."

With that, Dick launched himself back into the water to save his brother. By the time he came up, Don had reached the bank, turned around and jumped back in to save Dick. It could have gone on like that all day if the other kids hadn't finally pulled them both out, more unconscious than alive.

They had learned to swim, but they were humiliated, individually, and for each other. The net result was a battle royal, after which they returned home for dinner. Carl Widmark looked up from a machine he was inventing so he could manufacture amusement park dollars out



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by but that big activity man, Dick Widmark.

He hesitated, stopped and said, "Hello, Jean."

And that did it again.

Thereafter, there was no doubt in anyone's mind about who went with whom, or what girl could be voted most likely to become Mrs. Richard Widmark.

After her junior year, Jean went to New York to study at the American Academy, lose her Midwestern twang and try acting. Dick, who had been saving a little money here and there through his jobs at grocery and drug stores and as circulation manager of the Kewanee Star, found himself with \$500 in the poke and a yen to travel.

He got together with a friend named Freddie Gottlieb, also possessor of \$500. They packed knapsacks, picked up a couple of bikes and booked passage on a freighter, bound for Europe.

This was 1937, and \$1,000 got two people three and a half months of foreign travel. Dick and Freddie had a fine time, even in Germany.

"Storm troopers even helped us with our bikes and baggage from one train to another," Dick reported later, "and in restaurants they were most polite. The policy at the time was to be nice to Americans."

When Dick came home, he knew one thing: he was going to make money as fast as he could. Even a less intelligent young man might have come to that conclusion, because as he took Jean in his arms, with her family looking on, he had three cents in his pocket.

Being three cents from broke, no young man in his right mind speaks of marriage, particularly to a girl who happens to be the daughter of a prominent Chicago banker. It also follows, that between the beginning of a kiss, the end, and while the boy is still looking into the girl's eyes, his whole future can change. Dick Widmark knew there wasn't enough money in teaching, and he was giving it up.

A couple of months later, he was saying goodnight to Jean at the door of the American Woman's Club in New York. They'd been discovering New York, from Greenwich Village art studios to little beer joints in the Bronx, missing nothing with the possible exception of Grant's Tomb, which was merely an oversight and no offense to the General intended.

"I'd like to be able to say that I walked the streets of New York for months on end, looking for work. That I had to hock the watch and the gold cuff links I didn't have—just to keep eating," Dick says. "But I had a friend who was a director in radio, and I could speak lines pretty well, and the first thing I knew I was making more money than I dreamed of."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was in New York with my brother Humphrey. Coming home, my brother who loves to wander, started walking away from me. I called after him, "Humphrey, Oh, Humphrey." Just then a man with

dark glasses came up to me and said in a low voice, "Are you calling me, sister?" To my amazement it was Humphrey Bogart!

Rose Marie Cortale
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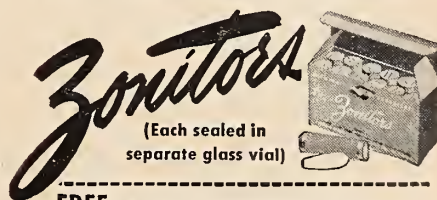
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Dick figured then Jean's family would be delighted to count him in as the son-in-law, but he reckoned without Craig Hazlewood's philosophy. Mr. Hazlewood had a deep conviction that becoming the wife of an actor is something which should not happen to any offspring a father really loves.

So Jean and Dick decided on a "cooling off period," just to make certain how serious they were, and Jean went home to her family.

And Dick discovered just how miserable a Widmark could be even if he was clicking off around \$1,500 a week being Joyce Jordan's neurotic husband in the morning, Aunt Jenny's harum-scarum nephew in the afternoon, and Front Page Farrell at night. In a week he'd written Jean that he must see her on a matter of utmost importance, and if she didn't object, he'd fly to Chicago.

Two days later he received a telegram: *Father says it's all right.*

The wedding took place in the First Methodist church at Evanston, Illinois, on Saturday afternoon.

At eight o'clock Sunday morning, Dick was at radio rehearsal, and that was only the beginning.

"I understand, dear," Jean said to Dick in their suite at the Waldorf. "The radio shows are important. And I'm not so lonely when I can listen to you groan as a gangster hits you over the head with an iron pipe."

Dick turned, gradually, to the theater, appearing in a lot of flops. There were exceptions, however, like *Kiss and Tell*. And, of course, agents began to hound him. Dick held out—not because he wasn't ready for Hollywood, but because he'd learned a thing or two about setting up a good deal. In this case, Zanuck was the answer.

Jean, by now a little mother, playwright, and magazine research expert said to her husband:

"Dick, I'm sure that when you get to Hollywood you'll find just the right sort of place for us to live."

"You can count on me, darling," Dick replied.

He delivered, too, that boy. He located a house just off Mulholland Drive—not far from the homes of Gene Tierney, Gregory Peck and Errol Flynn. When the big day arrived, he proudly drove the little woman

and two-year-old Ann Heath Widmark to their new home on the top of a high mountain.

It was really beautiful up there, and the house was a dream. A family could be happy there forever.

That's what they thought. Two months later, they moved into a white colonial bungalow on a quiet, level street in Santa Monica.

What happened: One afternoon, Dick walked out in the backyard, that's all. Ann Heath was sunning herself on a blanket.

"Pretty nice," Dick thought, his gaze roving around the garden which spread out green and peaceful.

Then ice water chased the blood around his respiratory system. Ten feet away, gazing with beady eyes at the Widmark offspring was a rattlesnake. For an instant, Dick didn't move. Seconds later, he had a big stick in his hand. It sailed through the air, and missed! At the same instant, he heard—whap!—and the snake shuddered and slumped to the grass writhing in agony.

The gardener appeared out of the bushes, shaking his head.

"Lucky thing I happened to be here just now," he said calmly. "We been gettin' an uncommon number of these pesky rattlers this fall—musta killed four or five already in one month."

Dick didn't wait to hear the rest. Ann Heath was back in her crib inside the house, and Jean was on the telephone, calling real estate agents.

They still get to see the sunset every now and then, by driving down to the ocean which is only a few blocks away, and since Dick has stopped being somebody else's neurotic husband on the radio, life is so peaceful. Dick also has a chance to really be domestic now. He worked in a bakery once, and every so often, he goes into the kitchen, and bakes some bread. Later, he reappears, flour in his hair, and an apologetic look in his eyes.

"Jean," he says, "we've got to have a much bigger family—and a lot more friends. I'm used to baking on a production line basis, and it's going to take months for us to get rid of all those loaves I've got out there in the kitchen."

"I knew it," Jean says, getting up and embracing the baker. "Things had been quiet for three whole days."

SHE WAS ONLY 16

(Continued from page 45)

It wasn't a very romantic deal at first. They'd go out as a threesome, the third being Mac. Only Mac didn't ride. So Liz and Dan went cantering off on Sundays, and Mac joined them for dinner. It took Dan six months to eliminate his chum. In the process he nearly eliminated himself.

One rainy day they borrowed an old car with a hitch on it, and trailered some horses out to the valley for hunting. En route the rain became a deluge. They got the horses stashed away in a friend's stable, but couldn't budge the car out of the mud. Liz phoned her mother. Would it be all right if she stayed with these friends overnight? Fine, said Mother.

Next afternoon they dug the car out. Dan asked Liz to have dinner at his house. She phoned her mother. Would it be all right, etc.? Fine, said Mother.

What Dad said when Mother told him, Liz never asked. But with the salad, Dailey's maid brought in a message. Miss Hofert was wanted on the phone.

"I think you'd better come home," said

Dad. He'd never sounded more cross.

"I'll come home," she replied with dignity, "right after dinner."

Well, dignity was one thing, and the remembered tone of Dad's voice was something else. There were times, Liz decided as Dan drove her homeward, when the men in one's life were best kept apart.

"I'll just run on in," she said airily.

"No, I'll walk you to the door."

"I'd rather you didn't."

He walked her to the door. By no accident, Dad opened it. "Won't you come in, Mr. Dailey?" Like he was rehearsing for East Lynne.

They all sat down. "Mr. Dailey, I'm sure you don't know how old Elizabeth is."

"Please, Dad," she moaned.

"So I'm going to tell you. She's 16, and has her school work to keep up—"

Dan nearly fell off the chair. Liz sat white and stricken. This was curtains, she'd never see him again. As the door closed behind him, she spoke one fruity

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line. "How could you do this to me!" and trailed like a broken lily to her room. For the next two weeks she didn't speak to Dad at all. He undoubtedly heaved a sigh of relief when the boy friend recovered sufficiently to phone again.

Dan took her to dinner. "Why didn't you tell me you were only 16?"

"You try it, and see what it does to your social life."

"How come you're in college at your age?"

"I skipped a couple of grades. It's done every day. Let's forget it, shall we?"

"No," said Dan.

Thereafter he kept it on a friendly-and-fatherly basis, saw that she got home on time, patted her head, silly stuff like that. But he didn't brush her off, which had been her greatest worry, and the rest would take care of itself.

She was 18, when she saw Dan off to the induction station in '42, but a war had been added, and he was still trying to keep things light. "I'll be seeing you, honey."

"Goodbye," said Liz, and drove home with an emptiness inside, which she tried to fill by taking a war plant job for the summer. It helped. What helped more were Officer Candidate Dailey's letters. In New Jersey, Officer Candidate Dailey found himself good and lonesome for his girl. His practical notions went up the flue.

"It's cheaper," he wrote coyly, "for a second lieutenant to be married than single."

"Is it?" Liz wrote back, playing dumb while her heart sang.

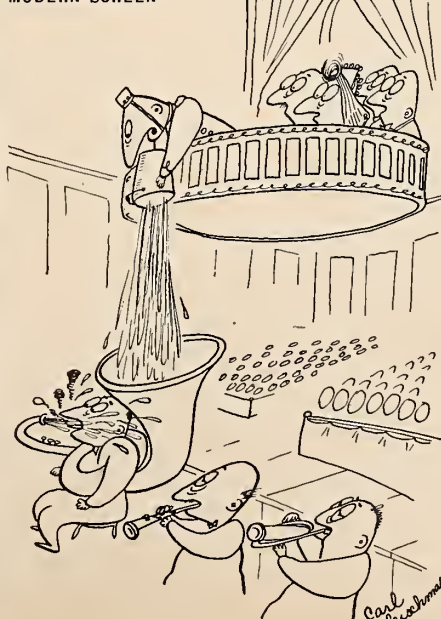
December 21st, Lieutenant Dailey arrived in California with an 8-day leave. In the swirling station there was nothing noteworthy about seeing one small blonde swallowed in the arms of one large second lieutenant. She emerged to hear him ask: "Well, what do you think? Think we oughta get married?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't said much to Mother—"

"Okay, we'll go down and get a license. If we use it, we use it. If not, nothing's lost but two bucks."

The license attended to, they dropped in at the studio where Dan broke the news to all comers, leaving Liz no choice but to do the same by her mother. "I knew it all along," said that lady, and

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started hustling. They couldn't reach Dad. He was on a plane, coming home from a business trip. His cab drove up just as they were leaving for a party.

"Hello, you two. Am I in time for the wedding?"

"Dad, how did you know?"

"Read it in the paper." One arm went around Liz. "Looks like Elizabeth's old enough to get married."

The wedding was on Christmas Day, the bride wore white, the livingroom was trimmed with silvertips. John Raitt sang, and Dan looked very solemn till the ceremony ended. Then he got yaks for kissing the bride so long. Next day they left for Dayton.

Like all Gaul, the Dailey marriage is divided into three parts. Before Dan went away, while he was away, after he got back.

part one . . .

The first part was spent in various places, mostly uncomfortable, which bothered neither of them. They lived on Dan's army pay. From the start Liz had a theory, which she promptly put into practice. A smart girl makes her husband's interests her own. In Dayton she took civil service exams, and worked for a liaison officer. That way, she learned something about the army. In New York she got a job as a Powers model. That way she learned something about show business. They took quarters where they could find them. Places where you shared the bathroom and washed in the kitchen. A basement with spiders jumping out of the corners. One room so small that, to open the closet, you had to sit on the bed, and Dan got so many smacks on the head from the ceiling that she christened him Lumpy. What they lacked in soft living, they made up in laughs.

Part II we skip over lightly. The laughs faded. Dan went overseas to serve with the 88th Infantry. Liz went to M-G-M.

Life began again in May '46, when Dan phoned her from Texas, last of the Metro actors to be discharged. They found an apartment. The studio signed Dan to a new contract, but no roles were forthcoming for three months. Then Al Melnick, Dan's agent, phoned.

"How'd you like to make a picture with Betty Grable? I showed them that stuff with Powell—" (Originally, Dan and Eleanor Powell had been set for *Me and My Gal*. Some of the dance routines had been shot before the war shoved Dailey out and Gene Kelly in. This was the footage Melnick had run for 20th Century-Fox.) "Now they want to see you—"

Partly through the courtesy of Louis B. Mayer, Dan got the job. 20th liked him fine, but were understandably reluctant to build an M-G-M player to stardom. As a personal favor, Mayer released him from his contract.

The only other hitch was his name. "We think you ought to change it."

"Okay," said Dan evenly. "Let's change it to Schmohopper."

So that subject was dropped. As Dan Dailey, he went into *Mother Wore Tights*, and how he came out you know.

The baby, Dan Dailey III, was born last September 18th. On the 17th, Liz finally found a house, and went scooting out to the studio to tell Dan. "It's got this Bar Room, huge, sort of semi-detached, good for dancing. You can beat your drums to death without waking The Wattymelon." (The Wattymelon was their tender pre-natal name for their child.)

At dinner, to celebrate, Liz splurged on a large garlic salad.

At 1 A.M. she felt a pain. Served her right, eating garlic! Then it dawned on her that garlic wasn't the answer. When

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

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No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

CAMPUS SLEUTH—Neither Could I: Freddy Stewart (Capitol)

A DATE WITH JUDY—Judaline: It's a Most Unusual Day: *Ray Nable (Columbia) It's a most unusual record! The *Unusual* apus gets a workout that makes it sound like a whole Broadway musical show crammed into ten inches of wax. Anita Gordon's in the cast, of course.

LULU BELLE—Sweetie Pie: *Jahnnny Mercer-Pied Pipers (Capitol) Sound vaguely familiar? It should—John Jacob Laeb wrote this ditty in 1934. (He also earned immortality, for me anyway, by creating that great song title, *Horses Don't Bet On People*.)

ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU title song: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M); Squadranoires (Landon). Tokin' Miss Mary to the Ball: *Koy Kyser (Columbia); Jack Smith (Capitol); Squadranoires (Landon); Helen Carrall—Satisfiers (Victor). If I Were You: *Andy Russell (Capitol); Jimmy Darsey (M-G-M); Freddy Martin (Victor). Charisse: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia).

Yes, there's plenty of recordings on all four songs from this newly-released M-G-M musical. Reasons? The movie companies set their wards-and-music plans a long way ahead. As we write, seven of the ten songs on the Hit Parade are available on discs made before the bon. The other three have been recorded with vocal accompaniment.

she turned on the bedlight, there lay Dan wide awake. "I've known it for an hour."

All the way to the hospital, he was lovely and calm like that. "Mustn't bump The Wattymelon." His authority was so persuasive that when Liz woke up a few hours later, feeling very woozy, she refused to take vital statistics from anyone else. "Wha'd we have, husband?"

"Dan Dailey the third."

"Whaz he look like?"

"Exactly like me, poor kid. But bear up, honey. At least he's got all his fingers and toes. I counted."

"How many?"

"Ten."

Her eyes flew open. "Ten apiece?" He nodded. "Izzenatsweet?" cooed Liz, and fell asleep.

The baby looks less startlingly like Dan now, more like a baby. His father calls him The Hambone, and sings him to sleep with Danny Boy. Once he loaned his favorite blue-with-white-polka-dots robe to a friend who'd stayed overnight. Seeing the robe, little Dailey laughed. Seeing the wrong man inside it, he set up a roar. Big Dailey pooh-poohed the whole thing, while his chest swelled six inches.

Liz is five-foot-four. "Five-foot-three," says Dan, and she hits him over the head. He's a foot taller. He calls her Stumpy, and she calls him a glandular case. His collection of names for her includes Spearjaw (her chin comes to a point) and TWB or Tight With a Buck. All their bills are sent to the manager, Liz handles the cash. Keeps it in a special green leather purse, known as The Miser's Purse, and gives him what he feels he'll want for the week. "Now," he complains, "I know what they mean by the dote."

Their humor matches. So does their

sense of values. So do most of their tastes.

Which doesn't mean they haven't had adjustments to make.

For instance, Dan's a spur-of-the-moment guy. He hates planning ahead. He'll come home and say: "Why aren't you getting dressed? We're going to So-and-so's." That's the first she's heard of it. Or he'll say: "A couple of friends might drop in." And before you know it, there's a gang of 30 in the Bar Room. This used to throw her. Now she keeps the larder stocked, and herself ready. Now she knows that when Dan's with a horse, he forgets time. She can't plan dinner for 6 or 7:30. When his key's in the lock, the vegetables go on.

She used to ask him to put up a hook. "I'd rather work two extra hours and pay a man to do it."

By the same token, he doesn't want her stewing round the house. Liz is efficient. If she can't get capable help, she does things herself. Besides, with a baby, there's enough work for two women.

"I don't care if it never gets done," says the male. "I didn't marry you because you could scrub and iron, but because you're fun. It pleases me better if you're rested when I come home."

So when she's tired from ironing, she keeps her mouth shut.

Dan's not the good housekeeper's dreamboy. He's learned to stick his dirty clothes in the hamper, but ashtrays to him are still something you hit or miss. Liz has quit flinching about it. Rugs you can buy. You can't buy a set of new nerves that are frayed from nagging.

What matters in marriage is understanding each other. One morning Dan told her they were taking a friend to dinner.

"Let's eat at home," said Liz, who'd never cooked a meal.

Where other men might have gibed or at least expressed a doubt, Dan said: "All right," kissed her and took off. If your wife wants to cook, you don't scare her out of it. Liz went to the dime store, bought 17 cookbooks, stuck them full of markers and fixed up a chart: at 5:45 you do this, at 6 you do that. At 7 they were eating a topflight meal of baked ham, creamed onions and asparagus.

"Liz, you're marvelous."

"With the chance you took, brother, I couldn't afford to miss."

dailey dancing . . .

She understands that when Dan's working, everything else blacks out. He hears nothing, sees nothing but the dance routines and the picture. Right now he's making *Burlesque* with Grable. Liz knows he'll come home, grab a beer, head for the Bar Room, put on a Harry James or Benny Goodman record, and start with the drums. This is partly relaxation, partly an inner drive toward perfection.

After dinner, he'll go back to the drums. If Liz wants conversation, she'll yell at him over the racket.

Even their Friday night separations no longer seem odd. Before their marriage, Dan had a standing date with Al Melnick for dinner and the fights. After their marriage, the dates continued to stand. Liz joined them a couple of times, but Dan didn't care for it. "Men smoking and yelling and swearing, it's no place for women." Now she goes to the movies with friends, and lets the boys have their fun in peace.

One big problem, however, remains unsolved. The man met her so young that he can't get over treating her like a kid.

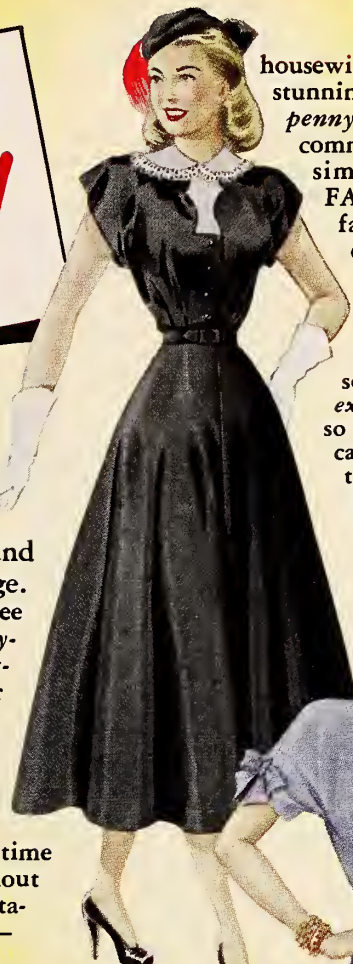
"Will you, for Pete's sake, quit patting me on the head? I'm 24, and the mother of a son."

"Okay, okay," says Dan, patting her on the head.

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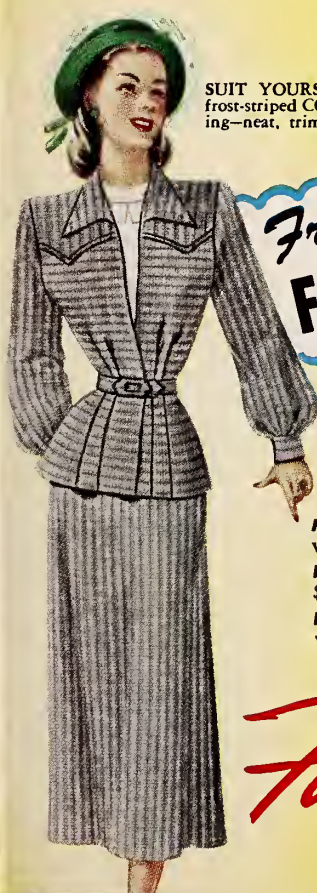
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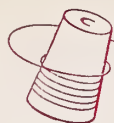
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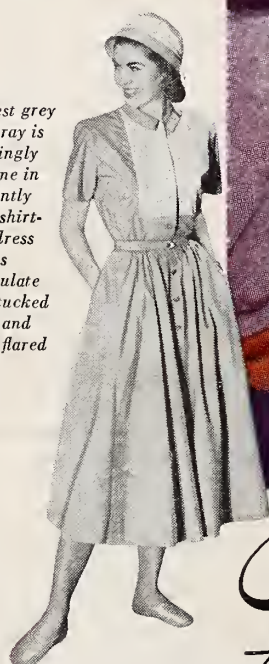
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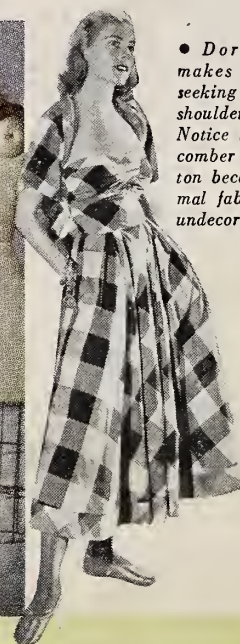
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