Modern Screen



LON McCALLISTER'S LIFE STORY

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Tonight...don't put it off...shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of heauty henefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre...up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! Manageable hair...easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.



Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

REACH FOR A STAR, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun-without being

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don't go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out by your smile.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm-the kind men can't resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound

teeth-sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have

become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every

time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues-helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers



IPANA and **MASSAGE**



Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep your smile sparkling and attractive!



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We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

*

* In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our moviegoing began . . . M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful enter-tainment this is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!



Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just

awakening to love-for the boy next door. Esther is young, innocent, vivacious, and golden-voiced.

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther) hasasister—animpish, devilish, utterly lovable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.



Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

—Leo

*

Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful repast ever displayed for your delight!



modern screen

STORIES	*A CHRISTMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET On Christmas, you weren't meant to be away from Mom, cold and hungry and whimpering inside. That was one June Allyson Christmas, though, and that's why she's working to make up on this one (color spread)	2
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Meg: My big happy-hearted hit Music with JOY OF LIVING! little Miss O'Brien is even more marvelous than evershe sings, dances, and charms your "Clang, Clang

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe, Based on the Book by Sally Benson, Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI, Produced by ARTHUR FREED, A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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By Virginia Wilson

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

I'd be willing to bet that the year's most famous love scene will be the one in "To Have and Have Not" between Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Bogart's tough, casual-but-romantic love-making has always been tops, and the sultry blonde Lauren is a perfect foil for him. That girl is really dynamite. Sexy one minute, almost child-like the next, and always with that tremendous charm. The picture has all the fascination of "Casablanca," and its theme song, "How Little We Know," will probably rival "As Time Goes By." Hoagy Carmichael wrote it, and he sings it himself with Lauren. You'll love him as the odd, plaintive piano player in the hotel in Fort de France.

Fort de France, on the island of Martinique, isn't a very safe place in 1940. The Vichy group is in charge, but there are Free French forces at work, too. Henry Morgan (Humphrey Bogart) takes fishing parties out in his boat and tries to mind his own business and keep out of politics. He succeeds, until Marie (Lauren Bacall) comes along. Marie is tall and blonde and so thin that Morgan calls her "Slim." We'll call her that, too. "Slim" is broke, and when she gets pushed around by the Vichy police, Morgan decides to get her out of Martinique. To obtain the money for her plane fare to the States, he takes on a job for the Free French-and thereby gets himself into plenty of trouble.

The job is to smuggle a couple of De Gaullists (Continued on page 8)



Fram the mament strange, fascinating "Slim" (Lauren Bacall) comes to the island of Martinique, she brings trauble to Henry Margan (Humphrey Bagart) and pal (Walter Brennan). They became implicated in an attempt to help her escape the Vichy police by plane to the U.S.

Stere they come ...

out of the

"Wild Blue Yonder"

... flying straight

into your heart!



It's the story of guys

tike Alan, Pinky and Irving...

of girls like Dorothy, Helen,

Ruth...of things like gallantry,

guts and glory! Filmed

from the Army Air Forces'

own smashing Broadway

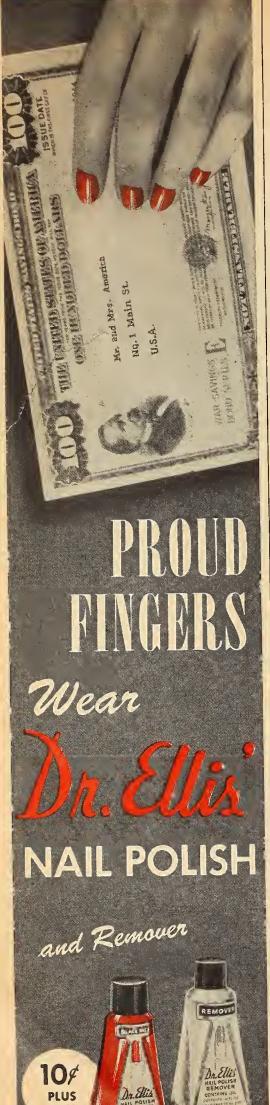
20TH CENTURY FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES



and Hollywood stage hit!

Pyt. LON McCALLISTER - JEANNE CRAIN - Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN - JANE BALL - Sgt. MARK DANIELS - JO-CARROLL DENNISON - Cpl. DON TAYLOR - JUDY HOLLIDAY

Col. LEE J. COBB - T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES - Cpl. ALAN BAXTER - Produced by DARRYL E. ZANUCK - Directed by GEORGE CUKOR - Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hark



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

into Fort de France. It would have been all right if the patrol boat hadn't come along. As it is, there's some shooting, and while Morgan gets away with it, the eyes of the police are upon him. Furthermore, "Slim" hasn't taken the plane home. She cashed in the ticket and is waiting at the hotel when Morgan gets back. "Did you want me to go?" she asks. She and Cricket, the piano player, are writing a song together. She sings it the night the police captain and his men come for Morgan. The night Morgan really goes into action in the old Bogart manner. In addition to everything else, "To Have and Have Not" can boast one of the best supporting performances of all time. Walter Brennan, as old Eddie, Morgan's rum-soaked pal, is something. Excuse me while I go back to see it again.—War.

The water front of Fort de France, capital of Martinique, was duplicated on the Warner Brothers back lot as a major setting for this production, as much of the action takes place at sea. . . The thirty-foot cabin cruiser is almost an identical duplicate of Bogart's own boat, the Sluggy. It was chartered and brought to the studio to cruise the tank sets with Bogey at the wheel. . . . Hoagy "Stardust" Carmichael makes his debut as a screen actor. He plays a piano in the Fort de France café and introduces his own new composition "How Little We Know." Mercer did the lyrics, and Hoagy and Lauren Bacall sing.

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

In swashbuckling elegance, this story of handsome pirate and lovely lady wends its leisurely, romantic course. Technicolor gives the scenes on the coast of Cornwall a spectacular beauty, and red hair does the same for Joan Fontaine. Arturo De Cordova is properly dashing as the pirate. This Dona St. Columb, beautiful as she

This Dona St. Columb, beautiful as she is, cannot be commended on the score either of virtue or prudence. She breaks her marriage vows, is a traitor to her country and murders a man. Yet there is a gay, reckless courage and gallantry about her that makes it easy to forget all this.

her that makes it easy to forget all this. Her husband, Harry (Ralph Forbes), is a fat gambler, too stupid to see that his friend, Rockingham (Basil Rathbone), is determined to seduce Dona. To escape from them both for a while, Dona takes her children to their country place in Cornwall. She finds the house practically closed up, the regular servants gone, and in their place one William (Cecil Kellaway), a sly, disconcerting old fellow who seems to know far too much about her. The first night, Dona discovers tobacco and a book of French essays in the stand by her bed. She sees William hasten off to answer a low whistle from the dark wood nearby. So when, the next day, she hears that a French pirate is terrorizing the coast and is thought to hide in that neighborhood, she puts two and two together and gets five. It turns out to be the right answer, and the pirate turns out to be the right man for Dona. Their romance is passionate, tempestuous and dangerous beyond belief. Dona accompanies her lover on a pirate raid and gets back just in time to avoid discovery by Harry and Rockingham, who arrive from London.

Rockingham takes one look at Dona's

Rockingham takes one look at Dona's glowing eyes and knows that another man has succeeded where he has failed. He in his turn adds two and two and gets five. "Frenchman's Creek" is Joan Fontaine's

picture throughout.—Par.

P. S.

Nearly six months in the making, this Technicolor film nicked the company exchequer for a sum of \$3,600,000.... One of the reasons for this tremendous figure was the long location trip necessary. Only available stretch of California seacoast resembling the coast of Cornwall was found in Mendocino County, 600 miles north of Hollywood. An inlet of the sea called Little River was chosen, and the location troupe of 250 persons set up headquarters on the site of the abandoned lumber town of Albion. . . . A second unit, working under the direction of Hal Walker, remained another four weeks shooting background material.

THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER

Do actors really live the parts they play on the stage? Here is the story of one who lived it a l too well. Reginald Parker (John Loder) is a charming, popular actor who has achieved a terrific success in a play written by his fiancée. The play is called "The Strangler." It has been running for a year in blacked-out London to packed houses, but now Parker insists that he'll play it no longer. "I'm tired of strangling people," he says. "I've been doing it too long." The play's last performance is given on New Year's Eve. Afterward, at midnight, the theater is hit by a bomb. No one knows what happened to Parker, and when his fiancée hears nothing from him, he is presumed dead.

nothing from him, he is presumed dead.
Actually, he was only hit on the head and stunned. When he comes to, he has forgotten that he is Reginald Parker. He remembers only the character of Edward Grey, the "strangler" in the play. He knows that Grey went to Brighton and strangled the Lord Mayor and the Chief of Detectives. So, obeying a terrible inner compulsion, Parker entrains for Brighton.

He talks with apparent normality to a pretty WAAF who happens to sit beside him. Her name is April Manby (June Duprez), and she's going home to visit her mother and father. She finds this handsome stranger pleasant and considerate and introduces him to her family when they arrive. He tells them his name is Edward Grey and that he is "on business."

A weird, grisly business it is. For

A weird, grisly business it is. For Parker's subconscious mind tells him he must strangle the Lord Mayor and the Chief of Detectives. He has the silk cord he used in the play in his pocket, and he fingers it from time to time with a mad, unholy eagerness. He makes his plans carefully, and everything goes according to schedule. The Lord Mayor is an old man. Too old to fight off this terrible stranger who wishes him to die.

man. Too old to fight off this terrible stranger who wishes him to die.

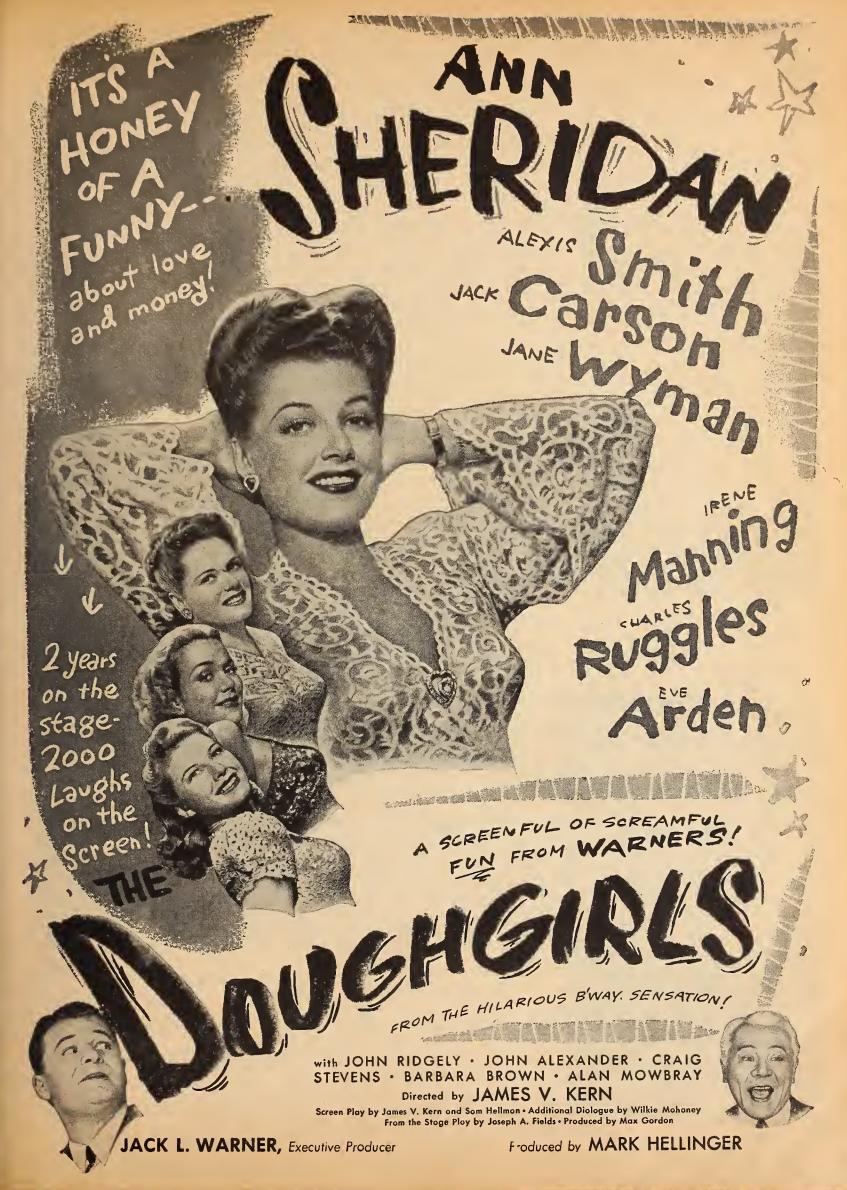
The next murder is equally easy. Chief Inspector Allison is walking alone on a dark street when the silk cord tightens around his throat. But now the strangler is haunted by fear. Does April Manby suspect him? If she does, she too must die.

John Loder gives a brilliant performance as the mad strangler. Rose Hobart, Michael

John Loder gives a brilliant performance as the mad strangler. Rose Hobart, Michael St. Angel and Miles Mander are among the cast.—RKO.

P. S.

This picture was adapted to the screen by Arnold Phillips and Max Nosseck from an original story they had planned for publication as a novel. . . . The well-known European director, Max Nosseck, brings to its production the continental (Continued on page 10)







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touch which distinguishes many of the better screen mystery thrillers... Before coming to Hollywood, Nosseck directed films in Central Europe and England and enjoys the distinction of having at one time directed Buster Keaton in a French film for which the famous frozen-faced comedian was forced to learn French.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

It is 1903, and a pretty high school girl is sitting on the front porch humming "Meet Me In St. Louis, Louis." The rest of St. Louis is singing the same song, for it won't be long now before the World's Fair opens there. But Esther Smith (Judy Garland) happens to be humming it extra loud, as out of the corner of her eye she glimpses the boy next door. He's a very handsome boy who has just moved in there, and so far he has shown no signs of

knowing Esther is alive.
"What's he doing now?" she says under her breath to her sister, Rose (Lucille Bremer). "Lighting his pipe," Rose tells her. Esther sighs ecstatically. "I love a man that smokes a pipe." Rose isn't much interested. She's worried about how she can get the rest of the family out of the dining room by the time her long distance phone call comes through from New York phone call comes through from New York, at six-thirty. Her Yale beau, Warren (Robert Sully), has said he would call her then. Maybe he's going to propose at last! She can't bear it if she has to talk to him in front of Mother (Mary Astor) and Dad (Leon Ames) and her little sisters. The little Smith girls, Tootie (Margaret O'Brien) and Agnes (Joan Carroll), are usually considered "adorable children," but Rose knows how devastating their comments can be ments can be.

Rose gets her call, but it's not a proposal. Warren asks her how she is and reports on the weather in New York and reports on the weather in New York and inquires about the weather in St. Louis. Then the time's up! Very discouraging! Esther is discouraged, too. John (Tom Drake), the boy next door, continues to ignore her. In fact it takes her all that summer to get him to the point where he calls her Esther instead of Miss Smith. Then one day they go out with a crowd to look over the site of the Fair which will open soon, and somehow they get separated from the rest. Esther makes with the eyelashes, and—at long last—love blooms.

Mr. Smith picks this awkward time to

Mr. Smith picks this awkward time to decide to move the family to New York. Just when everything is exciting, with Warren coming to St. Louis, and Tootie almost getting arrested, and Esther going around with stardust in her eyes. Do they go? Well, I'll leave you to find out. Given Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien, supported by a fine cast, any picture would be good. This one has the additional advantages of an amusing story.

additional advantages of an amusing story, and Technicolor.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Gang on the set learned about Judy's famous Thursday, maids-night-out fried chicken dinners. Flocked over to share the fun of helping toss salad and open the Pepsis. It's a free for all, make-it-yourself dinner where everyone, especially the cook, has fun. . . . Margaret O'Brien, becoming famous for her recitation of the Gettysburg Address, is asked to recite at most every party she attends. Went to Mama with a weighty new problem (they arise daily). She wanted to know why she never did an encore when everyone else on the program did encores. "There's no encore to the Gettysburg Address, dear," explained her mother. "Then," decided the young actress, "let's write one!"

(Continued on page 12)

AUTOGRAPHS!

Yours, yours, all yours—and all for a quarter each! Twenty-five cents nets you Turner or Gable or Bey or Miranda or Sinatra—one dollar gets you all five! Yup, we've got an extra, five-forthe-price-of-four-special, a cut rate cut-down which gives you a bonus of one signature free for every four you buy. And snazzy they are, too, NAA emblem cards personally autographed by any star you choose from the list below, with the money going to Mrs. Virginia Zanuck's NAVAL AID AUXILIARY Fund which provides free medical care, canteens, lodgings and other necessities to sailors and their families. So—come 'n' give it.

June Allyson Don Ameche Mary Anderson Dana Andrews Jean Arthur

Lynn Bari Lionel Barrymore Anne Baxter William Bendix Joan Bennett Ingrid Bergman Turhan Bey Janet Blair Joan Blondell Humphry Bogart Joan Blondell Humphrey Bogart Charles Boyer Eddie Bracken Barbara Britton Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Claudette Colbert
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Laird Cregar
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Laraine Day
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Durante

William Evthe

Jinx Falkenburg Alice Faye Errol Flynn

John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson
Sidney Greenstreet

Alan Hale
Dare Harris
Signe Hasso
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Bob Hope
Marsha Hunt
Walter Huston
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Richard Jaeckel Harry James Gloria Jean Van Johnson Jennifer Jones Brenda Joyce

Danny Kaye Gene Kelly Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Priscilla Lane
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Diana Lynn
Roddy McDowall
Lon McCallister
Dorothy McGuire
Irene Manning
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Ray Milland
Carmen Miranda
Thomas Mitchell
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan

Lloyd Nolan

Jack Oakie Merle Oberon Margaret O'Brien Virginia O'Brien Donald O'Connor Maureen O'Hara Dennis O'Keefe Michael O'Shea

John Payne Gregory Peck Susan Peters Walter Pidgeon William Powell Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
George Raft
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Donna Reed
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Randolph Scott Ann Sheridan Dinah Shore Phil Silvers Ginny Simms Frank Sinatra Red Skelton Alexis Smith Ann Sothern Ann Sothern Barbara Stanwyck

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I'LL BE SEEING YOU

The most important thing about "I'll Be Seeing You" is probably not the fact that it has a scene where Shirley Temple gets a little bit tight. But when I think of the days of "Little Miss Marker"—tsk! tsk! time certainly marches on! Shirley's role is only incidental to the main love story, that of Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten. It's a love story in which boy is kept from getting girl by two inescapable facts. A—Boy is a psychoneurotic case on leave from an Army hospital. B—Girl is on The most important thing about "I'll Be

A—Boy is a psychoneurotic case on leave from an Army hospital. B—Girl is on Christmas vacation from prison. If that "vacation from prison" business sounds a little odd, just remember that prisons aren't like they used to be, and wardens are learning psychology. Mary wardens are learning psychology. Mary (Ginger Rogers) is a well behaved prisoner who has served four years of her seven-year term. The warden thinks she should begin to adjust herself to the outside world again. Mary is guilty of manslaughter, in the eyes of the law, although it's difficult to see how she could have avoided doing what she did. She was working in an office, and her boss invited her to a party. When she got there, she found she was all the "party" there was. The boss was drunk and on the make, and in the ensuing struggle he fell out of the window. If it had been a first floor window, no one would ever have known anything about would ever have known anything about the incident. But it was the fourteenth, and Mary was, in the eyes of the law, the cause of his death.

Zach (Joseph Cotten) is a psychoneurotic case because he has been a good soldier. Too good. He did his job and killed a lot of Japs, and finally his system couldn't take

it any longer. He cracked up.

He and Mary meet on a train. They both have ten days, but Zach doesn't know where Mary is from or that she has to go back. He only knows she gives him such a feeling of calm support that he wants to stay near her. So he gets off with her or the small town where che's residuals. at the small town where she's going to visit her aunt and uncle, the Marshalls.

The Marshalls have a daughter, Barbara (Shirley Temple). At seventeen, you're inclined to dramatize things, and Barbara regards Mary as definitely an outcast from society. One day she talks too much, and the delicate, beautiful love affair which has begun between Zach and Mary is shattered. Still, it might be possible to pick up the pieces, if two people cared enough.—*U.A.*

P. S.

A brand new motion picture institution is launched with the release of this picture. It's Vanguard Films, Inc., which is offering "I'll Be Seeing You." . . . Ginger Rogers has the fashion tables turned on her. Had to step down from her sartorial platform and let Shirley Temple climb up to be glamorized. Ginger, as a prisoner on Christmas furlough, couldn't have much of a wardrobe variety. . . Speaking of Christmas furloughs for convicts—Vanguard, seeking information on such a plan from parole boards, discovered it's being widely discussed, pro and con, in all of the forty-eight states. . . Specialists at Hoff General Hospital at Santa Barbara were called in as technical advisers on scenes dealing with Joe Cotten as a returned soldier, victim of psychoneurosis.

TOMORROW THE WORLD

Can a boy reared under the Nazi regime ever be a decent citizen by American standards? That problem is presented with fascinating realism in this picture made from the Broadway play. The re-markable performance of young Skippy Homeier is responsible for much of its

INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month) By Beverly Linet

Gosh, Christmas already! It doesn't seem possible that so much time has elapsed since I gazed longingly at the beach ads and sort of wondered why my office didn't sprout an adjoining swimming pool. But time has flown, and a lot has happened since then.

I've seen scads of new pre-release pix and premieres, and have discovered some terrific new up-and-comers. Have patted Trigger, taken cowgirl tintypes with Janie Withers, rubbed shoulders with Joseph Cotten at an opening night, and run plunk into Orson Welles in my rush to get to the movies. I was even present when that villainous character threw those eggs when our Frankie was appearing on the Paramount stage.

So, isn't there something you want to know? If yes, just drop a line with that stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Luv,

Ethel Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.: WHY
IS IT WHEN I REQUEST PIX
FROM THE STUDIOS AND STARS, I NEVER RECEIVE THEM? ... Due to the severe paper shortage, all the studios are unable to distribute free photos, with the exception of M-G-M, which sends out 3 x 4's. However, if you wish photos from any studio, include 25c with your request for size 8 x 10, and 10c for 5 x 7's.

Florence Shack, L. I.: MAY I HAVE LON McCALLISTER'S ARMY ADDRESS? . . . It's agin' studio rules to spout service and home addresses, but since Lon is not at any camp now (he's touring in "Winged Victory"), you can best reach him at Box 2990,

Hollywood, California.

appeal. He is aided by such expert crafts-men as Fredric March, Betty Field and Agnes Moorehead. Joan Carroll is effective as the small girl who tries to teach the Nazi boy sportsmanship.

She has very tough going indeed in her attempt. Emil Bruckner has lived his twelve years in Nazi Germany. He has nothing but contempt for the softness and nothing but contempt for the softness and stupidity of these American relatives who take him into their home. He regards his uncle Michael (Fredric March) with curiosity and his cousin Pat (Joan Carroll) with condescension. She is a girl, and girls are not important in the Nazi world. Emil is shocked to find that his uncle

girls are not important in the Nazi world.

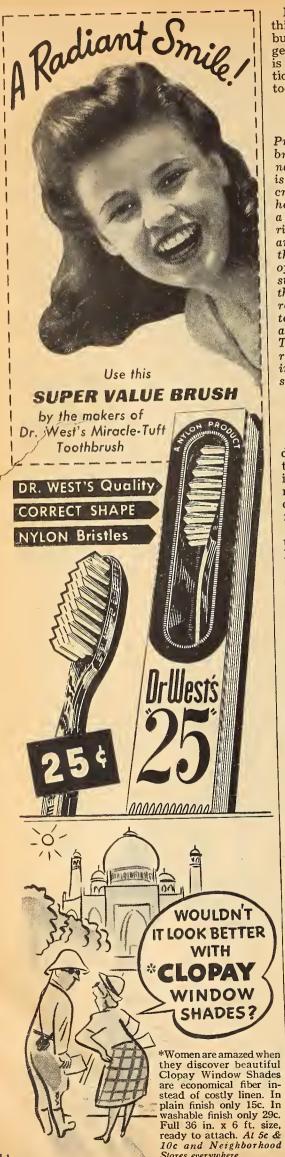
Emil is shocked to find that his uncle is engaged to a Jewess. Leone (Betty Field) is an attractive, intelligent school teacher, but Emil can't understand how Michael can marry a member of an outcast race. He decides to break up this attachment immediately.

It is odd how slow the members of the household are to realize the sinister char-

household are to realize the sinister character of their visitor. Perhaps it is because in America boys of twelve are occupied with baseball or making toy airplanes, not spy work and doctrinization. Only Frieda, the German cook, sees the danger. Emilingratiates himself with his aunt Jessie, and she soon is on his side against Leone. He even persuades his uncle, who only sees him on his best behavior, that he is becoming Americanized. So Michael is shocked and angry at Leone's increasing antagonism toward the boy.

(Continued on page 14)





Stores everywhere.

Pat is non-committal. She does everything possible to make Emil feel at home, but she can see that all their efforts are getting nowhere. Emil is still a Nazi. It is through Pat, eventually, that the situation comes to a climax. It is through her, too, that it is resolved.—U. A.

P. S.

In bringing this story to the screen, Producer Lester Cowan believes he is also bringing movie audiences the meanest, nastiest juvenile menace in history. It is twelve-year-old Skippy Homeier, who created the role on Broadway, and reaches heights in villainy that would embarrass a Karloff, a Lorre or a Lugosi. . . . Fredric March had seen the play in New York ric March had seen the play in New York and knew that Skippy was likely to steal the picture, but eagerly accepted Cowan's offer because of the importance of the story. . . . Miss Betty Field, almost for the first time in pictures, played a straight role. . . . Through all the assault, battery and mayhem in the picture, Skippy and Budy Wissler where the only casualties and Rudy Wissler were the only casualties. They came down with poison oak as a result of falling into the stuff during filming of their battle on the final day of the shooting schedule.

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME

Crime statistics should take a rapid drop, now that the Thin Man is back on the job. William Powell as Nick Charles is still the most fascinating detective on record, and Myrna Loy is still the most charming detective's wife. As more leers happily at lamp posts. Asta once

Nick and Nora are transposed from their usual gilded haunts of sin to a new locale. It's the sleepy town of Sycamore Springs,

where Nick grew up. He hasn't been back for a long time. His father Dr. Charles (Harry Davenport) doesn't approve of detectives, particularly the Scotch-drinking variety. When Nick Scotch-drinking variety. When Nick is asked to take a case involving subversive activities in his home town, he protests wildly. "I'd die of thirst!" But he goes

at last, still protesting, and Nora goes, too.

Nick's mother (Lucille Watson) is delighted to see them. And when Dr.

Charles finds that Nick has switched from Scotch to sweet cider, he greets them with enthusiasm. Not so enthusiastic are some other characters around town. "Crazy other characters around town. "Crazy Mary," for instance, a witch-like fugitive from a strait-jacket, conks Nick over the head with a coffee pot at the first opportunity. The president of the bank regards Nick's detecting with a coldness that might stem from a guilty conscience.

stem from a guilty conscience.

Something peculiar is certainly under way in the town. Nick's arrival acts as a catalytic agent, and within a few days, there are two murders. Then there is the matter of the painting which Nora bought as a birthday present for Nick, and which appears and disappears in the most outrageous fashion. Nick is not entranced with the painting, but he objects to having rageous fashion. Nick is not entranced with the painting, but he objects to having

his possessions swiped at regular intervals.

Nora, of course, knows who did the murders. She even confides his name to Nick. Unfortunately, her candidate for the electric chair is a New York police detective in disguise. But he makes a nice suspect to keep her out of mischief, while Nick does the real sleuthing. Until you've seen Nora "tailing" her suspect, you haven't lived! It's all very merry, as well as mystifying, and you'll find Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Donald Meek and Anne Revere among those under suspicion—M-C-M cion.—M-G-M.

Here they are—come and get 'em! We're holding 500 Dell mags for you early birds, and they're FREE! All you have to do to rate a FREE MAG this month is fill out the following Questionnaire, but quick, 'cause our supply won't last long. Shoot your coupon off to us not later than December 20th, and we won't waste any time in sending you a FREE COPY of Screen Romances or Screen Album or another wonderful Dell book.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3

at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd thokes.	
A Xmas She'll Never Forget (June Allyson) Johnny Comes Marching Home (John Payne) Lon McCallister, Life Story, Part I Dream Walking (Diana Lynn) Nobody's Sweetheart (Van Johnson) Which of the above did you like LEAST? Journey Among Warriors (John Garfield) Oh, Kaye! (Danny Kaye) Your Favorite Stars of 1944 by Louella Parsons "If He Were Single!" (Walter Pidgeon) by Hedda Hopper Good News by Louella Parsons Cood News by Louella Parsons What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in]
1 Confirmed	•
order or preference	

My name is	
My address is	•
I amyears old.	
ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN	

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

A painting of Bill Powell, copied and photographed onto canvas by an Italian artist, was discovered on the walls of a Venetian castle by Sgt. J. C. Lewis (Diana's brother) in Italy. Sgt. Lewis mailed the picture home in a shell case. Bill gave it to his mother as a hirthday gift picture home in a shell case. Bill gave it to his mother as a birthday gift. . . . During production Mrs. Asta (wife of the famous movie star) gave birth to quintuplets. Present for the proud father came to the set. It was a box with five tiny fire-plugs, and the card said, "From one doggoned good family to another. Lassie." . . . Donald and Mrs. Meek left for Mexico after Don's scenes were completed. It's their first vacation for ten years. Both have been studying Spanish for several months. . . Myrna learned to jitterbug from her maid, Theresa Penn, who is a national champion. Theresa supplied the jive records, and the two spent hours together cutting rugs.

AND NOW TOMORROW

When Alan Ladd plays a doctor, he leaves out the bedside manner. He uses a hypodermic needle as if it were a ma-chine gun. In "And Now Tomorrow" his Dr. Merek Vance is as hard and cynical as any gangster he ever played, yet underneath the hardness are the qualities which a good doctor needs most—courage and understanding.

He needs understanding especially for the case of Emily Blair. Emily, played by Loretta Young, is the aristocratic and beautiful owner of the Blairstown mills. She has never come into contact with poverty or illness—until she has an attack of meningitis which leaves her stone deaf. Emily is engaged to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan), but she has too much pride to Sullivan), but she has too much pride to

Sullivan), but she has too much pride to let the marriage go through, now that she has lost her hearing. She tries to give Jeff back his ring, but he makes her keep it and tells her she'll soon be cured.

His optimism is not justified. For two years Emily travels from one specialist to another, only to learn that there is no cure for deafness caused by meningitis. At last she comes back to Blairstown, and her family doctor (Cecil Kellaway) persuades her to let his young assistant, Dr. Vance, try some new serum treatments.

Vance and Emily are antagonistic from the beginning, yet they feel a subconscious attraction. Vance is the son of a mill worker and has hated the Blair family since his poverty-stricken childhood. Emily resents this attitude and also his cavalier

since his poverty-stricken childhood. Emily resents this attitude and also his cavalier rudeness to her, as a patient. Yet when she knows him better, she admires him both as a doctor and as a man.

Jeff, meanwhile, has involved himself in a secret romance with Emily's sophisticated sister, Janice (Susan Hayward). You can't blame him too much—Emily has been away a long time, and she never did love him in Janice's wild, reckless fashion. But he doesn't want to hurt Emily, and in spite of Janice's pleas, is prepared to marry her if she still wants him. She thinks she does want him. She

She thinks she does want him. She even plans the wedding and rehearses it. Then two things happen in quick succession which change her whole life.—Par.

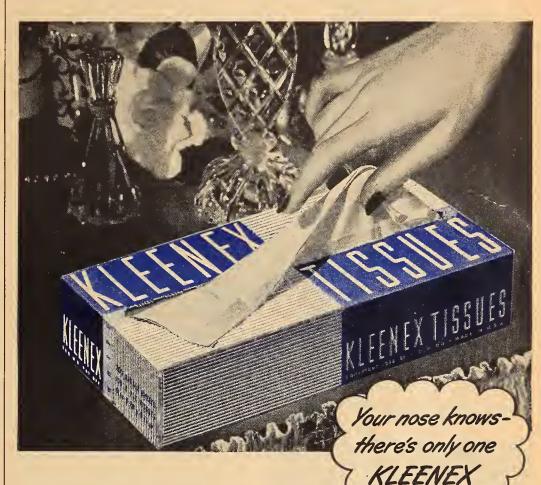
P. S.

Paramount's picturization of the Rachel Field best seller brings Alan Ladd back before the cameras following ten months' service in the United States Air Corps. . . . Cecil Kellaway bicycled between the sets of "And Now Tomorrow" and "Practically Yours." N. Y. was also paging him for "Out of This World," but other commitments prevented him from accepting.

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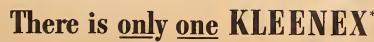
In your own interest, remember-there is only one Kleenex* and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

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That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

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Sleep

if your nose gets"stopped-up"



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fills up your nose and spoils sleep. You can actually feel this specialized medication go to work right where trouble is to bring you grand new breathing comfort. It opens up clogged nasal passages-reduces swelling—relieves crusty dryness—and invites restful sleep! Va-tro-nol also works fine to relieve sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! Follow di-

rections in folder. VA-TRO-





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Not since "The Glass Key" has there been as tough, fast-moving and absorbing a thriller as "Farewell, My Lovely." The characters in it aren't piece poorle characters in it aren't nice people, and they'll probably give you nightmares, but they'll also give you an exciting two hours. Marlowe, the private detective, is a new kind of role for Dick Powell, and he handles it well. Marlowe is no Sunday School type, but he has his good qualities. One of them is that he never lets a client down. Even after the client has been murdered.

As you can imagine, this doesn't endear him to the murderer. In fact, from that first moment when a huge hulk of a man called "Moose" Malloy comes into Marlowe's office, no insurance company would give you a dime on the detective's life. On the face of it, what "Moose" (Mike Mazurki) wants is simple. He wants Velma. When he went to jail six years ago, Velma, a beautiful redhead, said she'd be waiting for him when he came out. Now he's out, and where's Velma? That's what he wants Marlowe to discover.

Marlowe gets another case the same night, but an odd coincidence. Or is it a coincidence? A man named Marriott asks him to go along while he buys back some jade stolen by crooks. The trip doesn't turn out so well. Marlowe is slugged, and while he's unconscious,

someone murders Marriott. Tracing his late customer's activities leads Marlowe into some peculiar situations. He meets old Mr. Grayle and his voluptuous young wife (Claire Trevor). He also meets Grayle's daughter, Ann. Anne Shirley makes her the only nice, normal person in the whole picture. normal person in the whole picture, so it's no wonder he falls in love with her. But he still has to find out who killed Marriott, so he plays along with Mrs. Grayle—who plays rough. Through her, he is led to a psychiatrist, is beaten up thoroughly and finally meets "Moose" Malloy again. Marlowe makes some fancy deductions, and the shooting starts. When it's all over, you'll need hot milk and aspirin to soothe your shattered nerves.—RKO.

P. S.

This is based on Raymond Chandler's book, which is one of the most widely read of modern detective novels. . . .

Locale is Los Angeles and environs, and movie-goers will see shots of the notorious "skid row," glamorous Hollywood, swanky Beverly Hills and beautiful Malibu Beach. The giant heavyweight wrestler, Mike Mazurki, while still active in the Mike Mazurki, while still active in the grunt-and-groan profession, has been scoring well as an actor. He won the part of Moose Malloy against three "name" competitors, via a screen test taken the day after he returned from a wrestling tour.

TOGETHER AGAIN

As light as a powder puff, and as mad as the flower hat upon which the plot hinges, this is a perfect vehicle for Irene Dunne. Playing opposite her is suave Charles Boyer and not-so-suave-but-veryhelpful Charles Coburn. Mona Freeman, Charles Dingle and Adele Jergens com-

plete the roll call.

If Anne Crandall (Irene Dunne) hadn't bought that hat, she would still be the mayor of Brookhaven, Vermont. She would still be devoting her time to carry-ing on in her late husband's footsteps and spoiling her step-daughter, Diana. Anne's husband had been the mayor and central character of the town, and when he died, Anne took over. "But Jonathan wouldn't approve of the way you're wasting your life," her father-in-law (Charles Coburn) tells her. "He'd want you to have fun."

Anne has gotten out of the habit of having fun. When the statue of her hus-

band in the village square loses its head in a windstorm, Anne is asked to go to New York and get a sculptor to do another statue. But she is shocked by her father-in-law's advice "to get a crazy hat and have a good time for yourself."

However, she does succumb to a crazy hat, and the rest seems to follow. The hat, consisting of a single rose, is devastatingly becoming. So much so that the sculptor Corday (Charles Boyer) mistakes her for a model. He takes her out to dinner, and there Anne runs into trouble. She spills wine on her dress, and while she's changing it in the powder room, the night club is raided. The police think Anne is the strip tease artist, and she's tossed into jail.
She leaves New York the next day, but

the damage has been done. The hat has caused Corday to fall in love with her. He follows her to Vermont where Anne's

YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

On page 36, you'll see our spread on "Your Favorite Stars of 1944." And in a way, this is a sort of p.s., because we'd now like to extend those first ten to include the first forty-five on the M. S. popularity poll.

1. Frank Sinatra

Alan Ladd Pvt. Lon McCallister

Van Johnson

Betty Grable

Capt. Ronald Reagan Lana Turner Gene Kelly

9. Shirley Temple 10. John Payne

11. Bing Crosby

12. Lieut. Jean Pierre Aumont 13. Pvt. Donald O'Connor

14. Alice Faye

15. Dennis Morgan16. Lieut. Tyrone Power

17. Sonny Tufts

18. Merchant Seaman Dick Jaeckel

19. Rita Hayworth

20. Greer Garson

21. S 2/c Farley Granger 22. (Tied) Judy Garland 23. (Tied) Helmut Dantine

24. Dana Andrews

25. Bob Walker 26. Paulette Goddard

27. Roy Rogers

28. Gloria De Haven* 29. Sonja Henie

30. Betty Hutton 31. June Allyson*

Errol Flynn

32. 33. Cary Grant

James Craig* Joseph Cotten 34.

35.

36. Sgt. Glenn Ford

George Montgomery 37.

38. Gloria Jean 39. Bill Eythe*

40. Clark Gable

Dick Haymes* 41.

42. Turhan Bey*

Deanna Durbin

44. Danny Kaye

45. Peggy Ryan

*Low rating due to fact that star has only recently appeared in a movie which caught public fancy. For example, June Allyson, on the poll for only about three months, has skyrocketed from place 31 to place 3 on the monthly MODERN SREEN poll since "Two Girls And A Sailor" was released.

stepdaughter gets a yen for the sculptor. The rest is catch-as-catch-can until the statue of Jonathan once more loses its head, and Anne loses her heart.-Col.

Irene Dunne has learned to jitterbug! Claims she had the best teacher in the world—her own daughter, Mary Frances Griffin. . . . Requests from overseas servicemen often ask for records. Since it's impossible to send regular discs through the mails because of the breakage, Irene has been recording songs on cardboard discs which are just large enough for a verse and a chorus. . . . lrene has also turned composer and written a song for the WAVES titled "Long May They WAVE." She's the first Hollywood star to make U. S. service-women her personal concern. When she learned that they are not admitted to many of the contents in the Callyleid City, she of the canteens in the Celluloid City, she started inviting them to her home for a weekly tea when she is between pictures.

THE FUGITIVE

Gloria Jean has to cope with the diffi-cult role of a blind girl with supernatural powers, in this new picture. She is more convincing than you might expect. The title role is played by Alan Curtis—a fugitive from the police throughout the picture. Frank Craven, Frank Fenton, Grace Mc-Donald and Minna Gombell give him moral or immoral support, depending on which side of the law they're on.

Cliff Banks (Alan Curtis) is a fugitive because he has been innocently involved in a bank robbery. The origin of the involvement dates back a few years to San Francisco. Cliff comes into a night club there a fresh cashy hid who thinks he there, a fresh, cocky kid who thinks he knows all the answers. He falls for the singer, Phyllis (Vivian Austen), who insinger, Phyllis (Vivian Austen), who introduces him to a bad hat named Sam Baker. Through Sam, Cliff gets mixed up in a safe cracking job, and after that the cops catch him and pop him into San Quentin for three years. When he comes out, he's determined to go straight. He goes to work in a factory and is leading an upright, if monotonous, existence when whom should he meet on the road to town whom should he meet on the road to town one day but good old Sam! He gives him a lift to town. He isn't even suspicious when Sam asks him to wait in front of the bank while he cashes a check. It isn't until he hears shots that Cliff realizes he

until he hears shots that Cliff realizes he has once more been tricked into taking part in a robbery. The police are hot on his trail, and he's once more a fugitive. Cliff stops in his flight at the ranch of Clem Broderick and his daughter, Jane (Gloria Jean). Jane is blind, but nature has endowed her with senses the rest of us do not possess. Cliff is impressed by her lovely innocence. That night he dreams that he kills Clem and pursues Jane madly across the ranch. He wakes up shuddering and decides to leave before he succumbs to the temptation to make the dream come true. Does he go? Or the dream come true. Does he go? Or does Jane's sweetness reform him? This department will be glad to hold the stakes if anyone would care to bet.-Univ.

Gloria rehearsed for her scene, which co-stars a swarm of bees, garbed in netting and a long, tight-fitting robe. In actual shooting she had to brave the swarm with bare arms and legs. Strangely, she didn't suffer one sting didn't suffer one sting. . . Frank Craven celebrated his sixtieth year in the theater by stating he intends to die with his stage make-up on. He's one of America's outstanding collectors of theat-rical keepsakes, and on his birthday he was presented with the stage door of the Boston Museum Theater-famous in the 1800's.





Making with the right words comes awfully hard to some of us. Oh, we speak the language all right; it's not that. It's coping with difficult situations—like accepting a compliment or dishing one out; like brushing off a persistent beau without crushing same; like disagreeing with someone violently but with dignity. How can you possibly be smooth when you keep finding yourself speechless at crucial moments, or worse still, uttering all the wrong noises? That's right, joe, you can't, but take heart. Here are some bright, right words for you to study and remember.

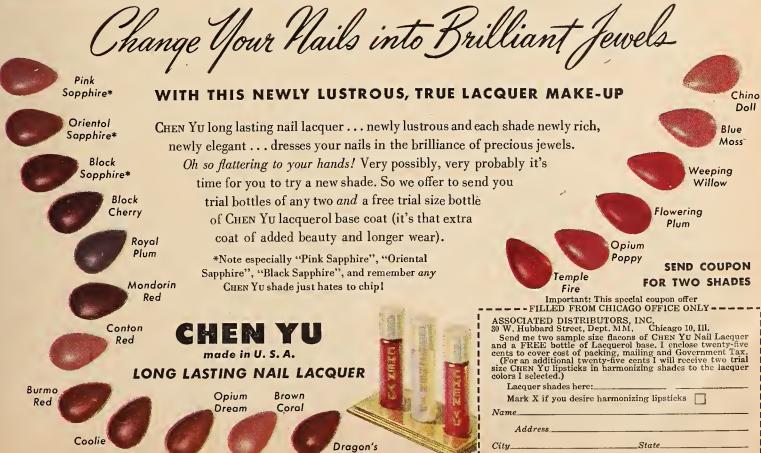
"Gee You're Beautiful!" Maybe he won't say it in so many words. More likely it'll come out, "Whee, lookit you!" Anyway, sugar, it's a compliment, and it's your cue to be pleased. If you get flustered and

fluttery, saying, "My hair never looked worse," or "What? In this old bag?" you'll embarrass him to death, and he'll wind up thinking you don't look so hot at that. Next time he says something sweet, beam at him and say, "There you go stealing my line. I was just thinking how wonderful you look," or "I don't believe it, but I love it," or just plain, "Gosh, thank you, Bill."

The guys like a kind word too now and then, so don't forget to say approving things about new jackets, new overcoats, even a new hair-cut, if you can, in conscience. Don't lay it on; just let it go at, "Mmm, mad for the new coat," or—unfeminine, but okay nonetheless—give them the old double whistle.

I Disagree: It starts off just plain chit-chat with you and Jane and Dot, but somehow (Continued on page 68)





Blood

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Merry Christmas from Frank Sinatra

Frank," he said, "I know you're a busy guy. But would you like to . . . I mean would you be willing to speak a little piece about Christmas on our readers' page? You see . . ."

I cut in. "Sure I see. And if I'm busy, so what? I love Christmas. I love your readers. And, if you must know, I love MODERN SCREEN!"

So here I am—a writer! I ought to call this the "Revenge of Frank Sinatra." All this year (not to mention last year), everyone has been too nice to me. Everything has come my way. I've been dying for this chance to get back and tell how I feel about you . . . at Christmas.

I'm a pushover for Christmas. I go for the tall, sweetsmelling trees, the tinsel balls, the puddings and eggnog—even Crosby's "Silent Night." But above all, I cherish the thought that Christmas is the day dedicated to friendship.

These days, when hatred is still fighting crazily for its dictatorship, it is good to know that the sacred legend of Christmas is alive in the hearts of Americans: Peace on earth. Good will toward men.

My one regret this Christmas will be that I cannot go to each loyal friend and say, "You've been wonderful. Merry Christmas. And God bless you!"

P.S. If I were to get a Christmas card from you (addressed to Modern Screen), I'd not only be tickled

silly. I'd be deeply touched.

a xmas she'll never forget

June Allyson can't forget it-rain and

tears and aching for Mom and running away.

June trudged along in the rain, and her small suitcase flopped against her leg.

Three days before Christmas. Fine Christmas it was going to be. She'd probably get pneumonia and die, and then she'd be sorry. On second thought, sie' as he' not die just yet. But she'd certainly hover on the brink for a good long time, and the doctor'd say, "She's sinking rapidly," and for one awful minute they'd think she was dead, then her lids would flutter, and she'd smile this angelic smile, faint but forgiving—

People turned to look at her. Rain pouring down and no umbrella. Could they tell she was running away? After all, twelve wasn't so young—she just

happened to be small for her age. Besides, you couldn't call it really running away—not when you were going to New York to find your mother.

There was the station now. If only she had the money for a ticket, how easy it would be. Hop on the train, change to the subway, get off at 138th and wait in the flat till Mother got home from work. Mothers understand. She always understood. Maybe she'd let June stay till after Christmas.

Well, she didn't have the money, not even a penny of it, so she'd just have to walk. Her eyes turned from the station to the rainswept road ahead, and back. It wouldn't hurt to go in and rest for a while—give the rain a chance to let up maybe.

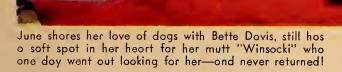


June and Glaria ("The Comb") live in almost identical apts. acrass the street fram each other, yet never double date. Puppy, whase trainer didn't knaw its name ar sex, is a gift far Margaret O'Brien.



Separated early from her mather, June had a lanely childhaad. She'd like this caming Xmas to be brightest yet to make up for last year's when, sick and tired, she was p.a. ing at N. Y.'s Capitol Theater.









Denying those 4 boths per doy ore for weight-whittling purposes, June woshes her hoir doily but is coreless about her clothes, drops 'em oll over the opt. ond neglects mending ond pressing ongle.

Al Delocorte hod o finger in the sizzling John Poyne-Glo De Hoven romonce. Seems Sue Lodd orronged to hove John pick her up for Ye Ed's porty ond bingo! they've been doting 3, 4 times o week!

a xmas she'll never forget

She sat down at the end of a bench near the radiator, took off her hat and shook out some of the water, adjusted her braced back to the back of the seat. If not for the brace, she wouldn't get tired so quick. Three years now she'd been wearing it—three years since she'd been caught under that falling tree in front of Granny's little house. And the doctor said she'd have to wear it two more years at least. Well, anyhow they'd stopped shaving her head where the wound had been. Her hair was getting almost long enough to stick a bow in—if she had a bow—

My, it was nice and warm here. The radiator was even making her drowsy. She leaned her head back, and pictures began forming . . .

Last Christmas at Granny's. Something twisted inside her, the way it always did when she thought of Granny. But last Christmas she'd still been happy. Come to think of it, she'd never been sad in Granny's little house. Not even through those long months in bed after the accident. Granny'd always been there to make her feel good, and Mother stayed with them a lot. It didn't cost as much as coming out to Long Island. All she had to do was ride to the end of the subway line for a nickel, then take the streetcar.

Last Christmas she'd come in laughing out of, the cold and put her packages under the tree.

June's present was the loveliest white silk blouse.

This Christmas—

June's eyes filled. She knew she'd been bad, but it hadn't seemed so dreadful when she did it—

All she wanted was to keep her father's picture for a while, so she could look at it again. She'd never seen a picture of her father. She'd always kind of hated to ask Mother, because it might hurt her. But it wouldn't hurt Auntie, who wasn't even related to her father—

So she'd begged till Auntie finally showed her the picture. Just for a second, without giving her a chance to see what he really looked like. It wasn't enough for June. So after the others were asleep, she tiptoed out and took it from the dresser drawer and slipped it under her pillow, thinking she'd take a real good look in the morning and then put it back.

Generally, she woke up early but this morning she didn't. She was just kind of half waking up when Auntie came in.

"June, did you take your father's picture?"
"No," she said sleepily, (Continued on page 85)



Haliday parties always include marshmallow roast. She has na patience with games, would rather chat. Hame fram date, she beelines far housekeeper Bess' raam, and they sit in dark and gab like kids.



June sleeps all year in flannel pyjams. In summer uses twin bed near windaw; in winter, moves to ane near daar. Toy horse, "Tomby," came from ex-fiancé named Tommy, stands near bureau.



Goes to great lengths to have her holiday table festive, then eats next to nothing at party. Declines creamed foods and desserts; fovors meats, eggs, coffee.



MODERN SCREEN's Sylvio Wolloce helped June pick out hot for holidoy whirl. She tends toword dark clothes, hos to force herself to wear bright colors.



While Christmos shopping, June couldn't resist buying teddy bear tor crony's boby. A reckless shopper, she'd grab everything in sight if Bess didn't rein her in. She won't return onything becouse she's ofroid to offend solesclerkl





Terrifically clathes-consciaus, he gaes to very expensive tailor till his conscience steers him to o cheoper ane where he's never sotisfied. Befare moths banqueted an wardrobe in storage, he hung an to every suit far years, mostly for sentimental ottachment. First past-Army rale will be lead in "The Dolly Sisters."



Johnny ance held jab an strength of his piana-playing, daes all nis camposing at keybaard. First sang he peddled, "In My Heart," braught \$25, sold "all of 50 capies" and then drapped into ablivion.



Salitaire's too frustroting to be fun for honest John. Prefers bowling, camposing, writing, tolking. But he was aften too tuckered out in Army for onything but cards.



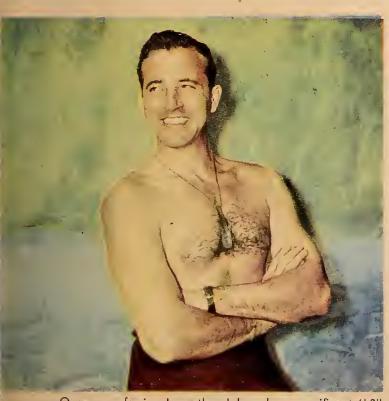
On Johnny's lost leave before discharge from Army, he shopped for Julie's Christmas presents and wropped 'em becouse he didn't know where he'd be come Dec.

By Fredda Dudley

Johnny comes marching home

But Mr. Payne, Army Air Forces retired, in his red and blue

shirt and houndstooth slacks, couldn't forget to salute the colonel!



Once o professional wrestler, Johnny has magnificent 6' 2", 185-lb. physique, which he keeps in shope by doily swim and 2-hour workout in Terry Hunt's gym 4 times a week.

When John Payne was ordered to the Monterey Separation Center in Northern California, as one of a group of 5000 pilots, he knew that the job he and they had been doing for the Army was completed and that they were to be placed on inactive status. John had been a little too old to be trained for combat flying, but he had done a good job in the training program—all that is asked of anyone—and now that he was to be graduated from reveille, he was as eager as every other demobilized man will be.

On his way to Monterey, he stopped at the storage company—where his wardrobe was fighting it out with the moths—and discovered that he was the owner of one pair of houndstooth checked slacks, one somewhat weary navy blue suit, and one salt and pepper tweed suit. Everything else had been devoured.

With a few choice comments on the patriotism of American moths entrusted with a serviceman's property, John packed his remaining clothes and reported for separation from the armed forces.

That task accomplished, he proceeded first to a peaceful resort town (Continued on following page)

Johnny comes marching home

Simple pleasures of home—eating kumquats off the tree! An ardent sunworshipper since he came west, he works hard at getting tan, strips to waist every time Sol peeps outl



nearby (Carmel-By-The-Sea) and rented a hotel room, then went shopping, to wit: One red and blue plaid wool shirt, one orange and yellow plaid shirt, one red silk cowboy neckerchief, one Paisley ascot scarf. On the double he returned to his room, shed his khakis and accoutered himself in his houndstooth checked slacks, his red and blue plaid wool shirt, and his red silk neckerchief—knotted at the side of his throat—and surveyed himself in the mirror. Very sharp citizen.

Emerging upon the streets, he set out in search of reading matter. The sale of dark glasses in Carmel rose 127% in an hour. As John stalked along he met a full colonel, and habit being stronger than his awareness of his civvies, he saluted smartly.

The colonel returned the salute, then smiled. "How long have you been out, son?" he wanted to know.

"Five hours, sir," said John sheepishly.

He bought a copy of Fantastic Stories and a tall bottle of—say—Pepsi Cola, and returned to his room. Pulling off his shoes, he plumped up two pillows, turned on the reading lamp beside the bed, and subsided into the feathers with the magazine in one hand and the beverage in the other. A deep mattress, a sense of aloneness unknown in barracks, no lights-out order pending, no reveille. Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow.

The following day John varied his routine by wearing the salt and pepper trousers, the orange plaid shirt and the Paisley ascot. He was having a thick, rare steak at the Russian Inn at noon when two girls from Hollywood (one of them being Kay Hardy of Modern Screen) strolled past his booth, recognized him—despite a suntan darker than



Johnny got royal welcome from everyone he ever knew, including policeman an corner beat. In his 25 mos. service, he trained in Tex., Utah, Col., was transferred to Ferry Command just before discharge.



It was great to be back in make-up room at Fox ond sniff the beautiful smell of greosepaint again! Johnny started shoving at 10 . . . until Mom caught him ot it!

a G.I. shoeshine, and a mustache that made Colonna look like a stripling—and joined John.

That afternoon the three of them hailed a taxi to take the world-famed Seventeen Mile Drive around the Monterey peninsula. The cab driver was wearing khaki, so John asked him how come. The cabby explained that he was on 3-day pass, and he drove a cab to unravel the transportation snarl and to make a little extra dough. "I just got out of the Army," John said, to explain his interest.

The cabby looked back over his shoulder and nearly drove over a cliff. "Whatcha do with your old khakis?"

When John said they were lying around the hotel room, the cabby made a deal to acquire the outfit. John took his name and address and made it a point to deliver the outfit personally. Good deal by a thoughtful guy.

They reached the celebrated Del Monte Lodge at dinner time. "Food," drooled John. "Steaks, broccoli with Hollandaise sauce. Potatoes au gratin. Oh, my shattered nerves, such food." He ended by having a steak and a dessert concocted of bananas, two kinds of ice cream, chopped nuts, assorted syrups and a dash of whipped cream.

During his stay in Carmel, John had been trying desperately to get train reservations to Hollywood, but it began to look hopeless. So Saturday morning he arrived at the apartment of his friends and verbally thumbed a ride south. They set out at noon and drove along the magnificent coast highway, singing as they sped.

The trio stopped at a small town to buy gasoline and the girl manning the gas pump stared admiringly at John as he crossed the street to buy fruit and sandwiches. "Mmmm. Good looking, isn't he? Might be a movie star." One of the girls, always good for a gag, asked, "Don't you think he looks a lot like John Payne?"

The petrol polly shook her head in a judicial negative. "More like Ray Milland," she said. Only when John was tagged by a group of loitering school kids, and agreed to give his autograph to the gang, did she admit an error of identification.

John's first problem upon arriving in Hollywood was to find a place to live. He was to be a hotel guest for the single week now allowed travelers, but at the expiration of that period he had to have a house so that Julie, his handsome 4-year-old daughter, could join him.

John's notions about a house were extremely flexible; there were only two positive requirements, a fireplace and a convenient spot for his Capehart phonograph recorder.

John's method of securing housing, was direct and ingenious. He started out in an attractive district, on foot, and cased the homes. When he found one that appealed to him, he marched up, rang the doorbell and said to the astonished householder, "I admire your home very much. Is it, by chance, for sale?"

After three days of this, he actually located an elderly couple in Brentwood who were planning to place their home on the market the following week. Happy ending: John bought the house and moved in the following family: Julie, her nurse, a cook, one dog and one cat.

His home established, John left town on a vacation to be followed by a Bond tour. Upon his return, 20th Century-Fox will have a script ready for him. Also awaiting his return will be a G.I.'s dream of romance, Gloria de Haven, with whom John has enjoyed most of his recent dates.



Reading in bed was pleasure lang untasted. Great baak-laver, he rereads favarite aver and aver. Amang 50 an shelf by bed are "Baak af Pirates" and Plata. Daesn't start navels at night; he'd never snaazel

In '39, he spent \$5000 an clathes, had reputation as one of H'waod's best-dressed. Lives in sweaters, slacks around hause. Anticipating past-war property boom, he invested in 15 acres.



Who're we kiddin?

Because while 50,000 gals are neither too young nor too old to swoon over Van Johnson - he's still on the hunt for an ever-lovin' Mrs. J.



Just back fram a rest at Arrawhead, Van grabs a dance with Janie Wyman. He still chuckles aver time he swept into club—fell flat on his face! Whereupan 4 gals rushed to pick him up, dust him off!

nobody's sweetheart by Mancy Winslow Squire

One day last March a girl named Betty, who works for M-G-M, found on her desk a box brimming over with flowers. The card said: "Thanks again. Van Johnson."

Betty was enchanted, but puzzled. Why the flowers, and what was Van thanking her for? Suddenly her eyes flew to the calendar. March 30th! Of course! It all came flooding back-

A year ago today-working late at the studio-leaving around 8-reaching Venice Boulevard just in time to hear the horrible sound of crashing cars-fighting back the sick sense of shock-racing across the streethelping Keenan Wynn pull Van out of the overturned car-phoning for help-sitting beside Van till it came, and the awful drip of blood from his head-Van lying there, trying to smile, speaking only once-"I can't stand that sound-" wadding up her scarf, putting it where it would deaden the sound-

Betty brushed the scene from her mind. Van was all right now. Nothing left but fading scars and the plate in his head. She smiled at the flowers. How like him to remember the day this way-

Something's left beside the scars and the plate in Van's head. Something that makes him feel he can't live a full-time life (Continued on page 60)





Von's part in the "Dr. Gillespie" series is being terrificolly built up with the next ane ta feature Glaria De Haven in "a junior Bette Dovis" rale. (Kibitzing with "Gaad News" Parsans.)

Oh. Kaye *

All Danny needs is a twist of the heart
to shift from a kid with a shoe-box bank to
a pixie with a double-talk jabber.

Two kids grew in Brooklyn—on the selfsame street—and never met. Sylvia's father was a dentist. Danny minded his office for a dollar and a quarter a week, but never ran into his daughter. They attended the same high school. Sylvia went in for music and dramatics. Danny was wrapped up in baseball and lived for the day he could start pre-medical work. He didn't so much as join a debating club.

Years later he walked into a New York loft building to rehearse for a show. The lyric-writer, a dark-haired girl, sat at the piano. They were introduced. "Sylvia Fine—Danny Kaye—"

"And if I hadn't met her," he says, "I wouldn't be where I am today."

Where he is today, is in a class by himself. Try to bracket or compare him with anyone else, and you're lost. The most original talent since Chaplin, somebody called him. Over four years ago, he became the rage of New York. Thanks to Samuel Goldwyn, he now belongs to the millions.



On a recent weekend trip to Chi's "Chez Paris," the Kayes sald \$1,252,000 warth of bands, then searched "Cradle" for youngster to adapt. Writer-wife Sylvia is sure new number's taps—if at first Dan hates it!



An apera and ballet fiend, Danny can reel aff fluent Chinese and Japanese he picked up while tauring the Orient. (Discavering Virginia Maya in "The Wander Man.")

He remains a little leery of the movies. They couldn't drag him to the preview of "Up in Arms." "I'd sit there and die inside," he said, "or I'd jump up on the screen and try to change

Toughest thing about movies is having no audience. An audience is the match that sets him alight. On first nights he sits in his dressing room, quaking and sweating. The minute he's onstage, something happens between him and the people out there that sets him free, gives him buoyancy and power and the same kind of mastery over his medium that a musician has over his violin-

Making movies, you have to imagine your audience. Same as at rehearsals. Danny's no good in rehearsal. "Let's Face It," his first starring show, featured a fairy-tale number in baby talk. They opened in Boston. Danny walked out for the dress rehearsal, to an empty stage and an empty theater-

"Once upon a time," (Continued on page 79)

The first comedian to play 5 straight weeks at N. Y. Paramount, Danny signed his 5-year contract after only 5 mos. on B'way and now draws \$100,000 per pic; \$16,500 per air show. (Right, at "Ice Follies.")





trated from earmuff, overcoat scenes during heat wave! (With Gene Kelly at Truman rally.)

By Jeanne Karr



Still padded with baby fat, all sweets turn to hips. Warse, eating's her jay. Mam severely raps her knuckles at slightest veering toward goodies. Mrs. L. gave up music teaching to be daughter's bus. mgr., chauffeur, hausekeeper, personal maid and pvt. teacher!



Evenings at hame, Diana retires ta her suite an secand flaar. Bathes right, after dinner, turns an bedside radia full blast, daes nails ar hair, reads in bed. Hause is Calanial inside and aut, patterned after Sauthern mansians she fell in lave with an trip 4 years aga.

dream walking

Diana Lynn's lilting along in a dreamy

18-year-old world of roller coasters, dates and ice-cream binges!

Mother said, "You've always got your piano to go back to."

Dolly burst into tears. "I don't want my piano to go back to. I want to act."

It was silly to cry. But now she'd started, she couldn't seem to turn it off. Guess she'd been waiting to cry for a year and a half. Might as well get it over with.

She understood how Mother felt. Music would always be Mother's first love. Once it had been Dolly's, too, but now she loved acting more. So you've-got-your-pianoto-go-back-to was like waving a red flag under her nose. Which certainly needed blowing at the moment—

She looked up. A watery smile came through. "I'm all right now:"

"Look, Dolly," said Dad. "You're 15. Your mother and I both think you're old enough to make decisions. If acting's what you want, that's fine with us."

"It's what I want all right, if they'll ever let me do it."

"Well, they haven't fired you yet."

That's what she couldn't figure out. They wouldn't release her, and they wouldn't put her to work. Ever since "There's Magic in Music," she'd been hanging around the Paramount lot, doing absolutely nothing. Except cry on Bill Russell's shoulder. Bill was the dramatic coach, and an angel. "Wait, honey," he'd say. "Don't get discouraged." But how could you not get discouraged? Every once in a while she'd gather herself together and go see Mr. Meiklejohn, head of the studio talent department. (Continued on page 83)





1st place: Frank Sinotro—
"Listening to that bay sing is like getting kissed." (Fram sneak preview card of "Higher And Higher." 1944.)



2nd place: Alan Lodd—
"... Edword G. Robinson—with dimples . . ." (From sneok preview cord of "This Gun For Hire." 1942.)



6th place: Capt. Ronold Reagon—"He'd be so nice to came home to..." (Fram sneok preview af "Kings Row." 1941.)



5th place: Betty Grable—"Just saw a dream walking."
(Fram sneak preview card of "A Yonk In The RAF." 1940.)



8th place: Gene Kelly—
"Kelly talks with his feet, and
manages to soy plenty."
(Fram sneak preview cord
af "For Me and My
Gal." 1942.)



9th place: Shirley Temple— "She's olways had the face af an angel:—but whot's this new look in her eye?" (From sneok preview cord of "Kothleen." 1941.)



"Superman's kid brother." (Fram sneak preview card af "Gorden of The Maan." 1938.)

YOUR

You canny Modern Screen readers spotted lots of these stars before they even started to twinkle. Lonella Parsons here tilts her hat to you



3rd place: Pvt. Lan Mc-Callister—"He reminds me af an Ivary Saap ad grawn up." (Fram sneak preview card of "Stage Daor Canteen." 1943.)



4th place: Van Jahnsan—
"Yessir, he's my baby!" (Fram sneak preview card of "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant." 1942.)



7th place: Lana Turner— "Haw da yau spell a long, law whistle?" (Fram sneak preview card af "They Wan't Forget." 1937.)

by Louella Parsons

FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

One more New Year for this writer. She's had many of them writing for the motion picture public. I have a number of people on my list to whom I want to hand a few posies this New Year 1945. High on my list is MODERN SCREEN because it is doing something special for the Hollywood I love.

It is giving many movie-goers of our country a chance to express themselves through the Modern Screen Poll. The first time I heard about this Modern Screen Poll was soon after the release of "Stage Door Canteen." I mentioned young Lon McCallister and used a few of my best superlatives in complimenting the young man. Sol Lesser, to whom I was talking, grinned sort of sheepishly and said Modern Screen was right, so I asked him what he meant.

Well, it seems the Lesser organization put their money on another player in the picture and sent out scads of publicity, thinking "Stage Door Canteen" would make this player a star overnight. Modern Screen wouldn't use the publicity. Sat tight and waited to see what their poll would tell them. The poll skipped that certain person and cheered for Lon McCallister.

All this made me curious. What was this poll, and how did it work? I discovered that it works through all of you who read the magazine. That you vote for your first three favorites. That number one scores three points, number two scores two, number three scores one. Whoever scores the highest is top man for the month, and so on down the line.

In other words, you spot the coming stars. And let me congratulate you. So far you've never missed. I'm not talking about people like Jennifer Jones. That's too obvious. As "Bernadette," a blind man couldn't have missed her. What amazes me is the way you point straight as an arrow at youngsters who first appeared in relatively small parts—(Continued on page 91)

By Kirtley Baskette



During babyhaad Lon was watched aver by Great Dane, "Blue Lady," and that's been his favorite breed ever since. Early treat was riding around yard on dag's back.



Baby pics are bane of Lon's existence. When his mam and grandma aired them to M. S.'s ed for this story, he pounced on them, refused to reveal sillier ones.

LON MCCALLISTER

There was plenty of everything a boy could dream for—

a candy factory, a Great Dane. And then, suddenly, there was nothing.

Pacific and sent the white Malibu sands swirling to pepper about the brown shoulders of the good-looking young guy stretched out on the blanket. Lon McCallister reached for his faded sweater, tugged it over his head and stood up. He folded the gay umbrella, shook out the striped beach towel, dusted the pillow and slipped it under his arm. For a moment he gazed thoughtfully down the curving, wave-washed point that pierces the ocean like a white finger pointing back to Hollywood. Then he brushed back his windmussed hair and flashed the shy, boyish smile that has made him famous.

"Sometimes," said Lon, "Sometimes, I can't believe it."

"I said someday I'd have a house at Malibu, and here I am. I said one day I'd be a movie star and, well, there's (Continued on page 41)



One of first bit parts was with Walter Brennan in "Jae and Ethel Turp." Since Jaining Army he's shed 9 lbs. and has ta have trausers nipped in at waist. Of current crap af boaks, he prefers "A Tree Graws in B'klyn" and "Razor's Edge."



LON MCCALLISTER

continued



He shares hovel with 3 guys in Tent Raw of Santo Monica Gets up at 6:30, tokes G.l. bus to studio, storts wark at 8. Free every P.M., he drives to Malibu far dinner with his mom.



Day off "Winged Victory" set and Army chores, Lon beots crany to phane and invites Jeanne Crain ta spend day an beach. Friend rags him but foils ta rattle poised Pvt. McC.



Lon's Pantiac suffered 3 blowouts in week, so MODERN SCREEN'S ed, Sylvia Wollace, ond photog Gus Gale pick Jeonne up, meet Lon at comp, drive ta his Molibu hame.



Salt water and sun boke them, give Jeanne a slight burn. Lon calls her T.B. or S.F. far reasons he wan't divulge. They met in Zanuck's office, chummed on trips to Sonto Maria for sulky-driving lessons far "Hame."



Upon arrival, first mave is diving into bothing suits and getting aut on beach. Between dips, they play leapfrag, sing all verses of "One Keg of Beer for the 4 of Us."



Great Dane Mac is lacked in Lan's roam because Jeanne's scared. She'd been to Lan's house ance before when he hasted "Hame in Indiana" crew and invited her to act as hostess.



They never talk palitics; he thinks wamen are idiatic about subject. Tap campliment is that she always laaks the way he envisioned her first time he phaned far date.

'Home in Indiana.' I said I'd fix things so my mother and grandmother could quit work, and they're right inside the house. I said I'd keep my old friends, and I still have them. I said I'd live a larger life than just acting; and I'm in the Army Air Corps. I said all those things to my grandmother one day after a Hollywood Boulevard movie. And they've all come true. It doesn't make sense, does it?"

Lon grinned apologetically and gave that defiant, self-conscious toss to his head he always does when he's embarrassed. As if to say, "All right, go ahead and laugh if you want to—but that's the truth!"

I didn't laugh. You don't laugh at a boy who makes his gallant dreams come true. Besides, I was thinking that maybe the joke was on me. It was morning when I came down to the beach, and the California sun was low in the East, but not quite so low as my opinion of the drama to be found in the life of a twenty-one-year-old star. How can you write the life story of a kid who's just begun to live? How in the world can enough happen to a boy before he turns voting age to make the story worth telling?

When gust of sand blows in Jeanne's foce, Lon whisks it off. He offers use of pvt. beach to Sylvia and Gus, who'll toke him up on it next Sun.





On trip to corner drug, Lon shows Jeonne his top comic in "Yank," is pleased to find her hep. Before going in Army he gave her o St. Christopher; got pipe from her, which he smokes only when she's with him.

LON WECKLISTER

continued

It was dusk now, and the day—Private Lon Mc-Callister's one-day furlough after finishing his Army Air Corps job in "Winged Victory"—had streaked past like a P-38. I drove home down the Coast Highway beside the Malibu hills that had turned purple in the sifting mist, dimming the very real 1944 homes and villas on the mountain sides into imaginary castle and fairy towers. Magic mountains, and beyond them lay a magic city—Hollywood. A fabled town, a Bagdad-on-the-Arroyo, where Aladdin's Lamp and the Flying Carpet and tales as strange as Scheherazade's came true every day. Cinderellas, Prince Charmings, magic wands. Rags to riches, dreams come true, glamour, glitter, gold.

Oh, yeah? Who was I kidding?

Hollywood is a factory town that makes movies, grinds them out like sausages. It's the hardest working, dullest joint in the world, jam-packed with ordinary, harassed Joe and Jane Jerks. It's cut and dried, now—you have to have a name or know people to get ahead. All that Magic Hollywood stuff is as out of date as a director's megaphone. Maybe so, in the good old days when these Malibu beach villas, which the sun's slanting rays still spotted as I passed, were fun spots for fabulous silent stars—Bebe Daniels, the Talmadge girls, Fatty Arbuckle, Tom Mix and Charlie Ray—(what columnist had called Lon McCallister another Charlie Ray?) And yet—

In one of those very houses on that fabled Malibu strand I had just left a boy (Continued on page 70)



After filling up an grandma's leman pies, kids can't dawn whole milk-shake, share ane. He never brings archids, thinks they're averrated. Buys her camellias and rasebuds which she usually tucks in her hair.



Reserved and the property Const.

Back at hause they sing and dance to his half-dazen recardings af pet tune, "Easy to Lave." He'll be in Chicago with traupe this Xmas, his first away from home. Jeanne'll write ance weekly.

Gaad-night kiss is friendly, but nathing mare. While they're na great romance, they're Na. I an each other's date list. If he gets invitation to bring "a friend," he takes her and vice versa.



At ane time, Walt would warble "The Rasary" at parties, ruin the gay maad. Naw he sings anly in bath ar white preparing a garlic-alive ailed steak. (With Mrs. P.)



Pidge faught far ramantic rales till he praved self in first af 4 Garsan ca-starrers. Naw he's set, will da famed priest af Dannemara prisan in "Church Of Goad Thief"! (With Author Happer.)

Is there a Pidgeon-fancier in

the house? Don't rush, girls!

■ I've known Walter Pidgeon for years—never mind how many—and only once have I wanted to slug him.

That was when Frances Marion and I took him up to the Hearst ranch. Our train got shunted off on a siding, and we didn't arrive till 4:30 A.M. The scene was out of the Arabian Nights—mist-drowned hills and valleys and, floating high over the mists, this lighted castle like a wedding-cake, with nothing to hold it up.

In my childish fashion, I started raving. "We've got to wait and watch the sunrise melt the mists away—"
"Not me," said Frances. "I'm going to bed."

"Likewise," said Walter.

I didn't mind Frances so much, she'd seen it before. Walter hadn't. "Where's your soul, where's your sense of poetry?" I stormed.

"Sleeping," says he, and darned if the big lug didn't march off and leave me to rhapsodize alone.

That was in the old days, before he and Ruth were married. When he first came out, he didn't know many people. East was East and West was West, and my house was a place where the twain frequently met. If New Yorkers didn't know anyone (Continued on page 87)



Canadian-barn Walt thanks Fred Astaire far first break, thinks Sinatra is "ane swell kid." A new citizen, he cast first vate this year. (With L. B. Mayer at "SYWA" preem.)

"if he were single...!" By Hedda Hopper



Screenis

■ It's June in January. June Allyson, in case you didn't get it first off. 'N she didn't just breeze in with a snappy "Happy New Year" and let it go at that. She's got ideas,

that gal!

What's it got to do with you? Come out of the dumps, and you'll see. Sure, I know what you're up against. Everything you own looks strictly pain-in-the-neck. It's too late for more Winter duds, too early for Spring. But this doesn't mean you're to stand there just marking time 'til the robins come.

Now's the season, says June, to pin your-

Guide

By Marjorie Bailey



Think whot this beret and halter cauld do far your outfit! Hand cracheted accessories by Greta Plottry.

It's a peplum that adds zip to a bosic black, make-it-yourself dress, Simplicity Pattern 1053. all on the old faithful black dress. That one in the closet—remember? Or you can whip up a new "old faithful" from a Simplicity pattern. With curve-smoothing lines, new bateau (boat-shaped) neckline, tiny cap sleeves. Plus a matching jacket for prestochango into a dinner suit.

But hurry up, will you? Because the fireworks are starting. Hand-crocheted accessories. That hot-pink business that June's got on her head is called a "coif" (cwaf, mind you, not coyf). The gloves pick up the sparkle with a fake jewel placed, ring-fashion, in the (Continued on page 90)



June Allysan, bright star of "Music For Millians," sparkles in gay, be-jeweled coif ond glaves by Greta Plattry.

It's a datemaker, dressed up
with a giant flawer tucked into
a velvet band at yaur waist.



All of Johnny's scenes in "H'wood Conteen" had to be redoneseems the real self shown is so unlike his reel self, he had to portray Gorfield, the actor, so people would recognize him!

■ David Garfield was a year old on July 25th. "He can't be," said John. "He was only born the other day."

Roberta glanced at the clock. "A year ago. Almost to the minute. Remember? Winchell was screaming about Mussolini, while I screamed about David."

He remembered all right, but it just didn't seem possible. This had been the swiftest year of a not uneventful life. Garfield's the kind of guy things happen to. Eager, sensitive, burningly interested in the world and all its doings, he lives twice as intensely as the average man. But the things that had happened this year were stranger, more significant, more exciting than usual-

First, his son had been born on a very fine day. The day Mussolini was kicked out of Rome. The news had just started coming in over the radio, and Roberta couldn't bear to leave it, but the baby wouldn't wait. He was very impatient. At the hospital, John hadn't even hit his pacing stride before the smiling nurse came out and said, "It's a boy."



11/2-haur shaw far Tita's Partisans taak twice that lang—interpreter had ta get in his licks. Jahn added their gift af Nazi gun ta sauvenir arsenal given him by G.I.'s. (With Handyman Luther and Caak Ida May.)

by Cynthia Willer

"Little East Side boy", he kept
thinking, " going to meet
the President." That's what the
Qarfields are fighting for — a brave,
new world for everybody.

journey among warriors

They let him see Roberta for a minute. "What's his name?" she asked drowsily. "David."

"That's nice."

In the Garfield family, it's Daddy who picks the kids' names. Robbie hadn't known Katherine would be Katherine till after she was born. Her theory is: "The mother has the children. The father just stands outside. So the least you can do is let him pick the name. That makes him more part of it. Besides," she adds with an impish grin, "if you've got enough faith in a guy to marry him, you ought to trust him enough to let him name your child."

Before dozing off, she murmured, "Go celebrate--"

"What'll I do?"

"Go see a leg show."

So he collected some male cronies and took them to Earl Carroll's and ordered champagne for the girls and didn't say why till the glasses were lifted. Then: "To my son," said John, and got much drunker on the words than (Continued on page 91)



Phaning wife af a Lieut, he'd met in Italy, he learned she and infant were hameless. In 2 days, he and Red Crass had them set up in awn apt.! Baby David Pattan was named far famed General.









a Stewart, whose husband is in the South Pacific, poses in a room that would delight any color-hungry man. "Cotillion" is the Bates pattern used. It also comes in dark blue, rose, green, or tan.

Home-as He Hopes It Will Look

Ever think how dreary it would be to live in a monotone environment? That's just what our fighting men have been doing. Small wonder they're eager to feast their khaki-weary eyes on bright colors! The stimulating, heart-warming colors that Bates has chosen for these matching bedspreads and draperies. Use them to transform your home into a gayer, more charming spot before the return of your husband or son. You'll find Bates' spreads inexpensive and practical, too... wrinkleproof and easy to launder. If you can't get them at your favorite store the first time you try... try again. We're supplying them as fast as wartime limitations permit.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Sinatra designed and built intricate home-recording mochine with built-in record player and radio with loud speakers throughout house. With vocolist Eileen Borton.

YOUR GOOD NEWS GOSSIPER RIFFLES THE PAGES OF SOME OLD COLUMNS TO TELL OF CHRISTMASES LONG PAST.

■ Merry Christmas—to each and every one of you!

This is the day and the season to put behind us all the heartaches and unhappiness of the past, if even only for a little while, and to cling hard to the belief and hope of the beautiful thought, "Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men."

Christmas days have a way of changing with the changes in our hearts. This year, in Hollywood, it is the same as in any other little town in the country. There are hearts that are saddened by separation from dear ones. There are movie homes where a son, or a brother or a husband has been lost. But just as elsewhere there are smiles of courage on faces in Hollywood for the Yuletide.

Christmas trees may not be so big or bright. Packages may not have such gaudy wrappings. But there are fires in the hearthand good cheer for old and new friends—and wonderful, splendid memories.

I love to go over my scrapbooks around Christmas time.

The memories they revive are as warm as though I were living through them again. Some of them bring a sentimental tear to my eyes. Others make me smile. I think you might be amused to look back with me over some Christmases I recorded that read like something out of Arabian Nights,

It was back in the days when Hollywood was gay, extravagant and brilliant. Come along and share a chuckle with me over this Christmas day column I wrote (very nonchalantly, too):

"Carole Lombard's gift from her new beau, Bob Riskin, was huge diamond and ruby clips and a silver fox cape. (Just simple little remembrances!)

"Francis Lederer gave Mary Anita Loos a Persian lamb coat, a bracelet and a jade pin with matching earrings.

"Pat O'Brien handed Eloise a gorgeous new emerald ring.

"Clark Gable treated himself to a Duesenberg car.

"Darryl Zanuck surprised Virginia with a new Packard car, and just so she wouldn't feel slighted, a fifty-carat star sapphire.

"Claudette Colbert's favorite gift is the new baguette diamond wedding ring put on her finger by her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

"Dick Powell sent Mary Brian a lovely sable jacket. "Joan Crawford's Christmas was made cheerful by Franchot Tone's

gift—a new star sapphire necklace and bracelet.

"George Raft took Virginia Peine's little daughter to see Santa Claus and hasn't been the same since. (Who? George—or Santa?) "Nick Stuart is caroling to Alice Faye (Cont'd on following page)



Van Johnson and Kay Williams have it bad. He's gifte her with lush compact. He's making radio debut **o**s m.c. o Command Performance, Armed Forces Radio Service sho



When Harry's away on tour, Betty Groble gets blue and She hopes to go olong next disinterested on Fox lot. time. Above, with GOOD NEWSer Louella Porsons.



Despite suitor Pete Lowford's return to town, Lana Turner's continuing with Turhan Bey. She's redecorating only port of her new Bel Air home; waiting till war's end to do rest. Just 21, she cost first vote this fall.



Soon as John Payne (above with Jimmy Durante and Gloria DeHaven) is settled in his Brentwood home, has water and lights under control he'll head for Cormel for rest. Claims he's dog'tired after Army life



Her studio's helpless if Anne Boxter decides to marry John Hodiak. Her contract provided she wouldn't wed until age of 21, which she eoched last spring. Above, ot Ice Follies with "Hi" and June Havoc.



"Christmos Holiday," first Deonno Durbin pic in which she didn't sing, outgrossed onything she's done! She's courted by didn't sing, outgrossed onything she's done! She's courted by didn't sing, outgrossed onything she's done! She's courted by didn't sing, outgrossed onything she sat next to J. Garfield. Wor photog. Bob Londry: at Ice Follies sat next to J.





this Christmas Eve—and I understand he dropped a pearl framed miniature in her Christmas stocking. (I had forgotten Nick and Alice were ever that way.)

Tooler. Comes with piecu two Dept. To Dept. 73 -EP, Jefferson, low For Your Ring Size around your finger, cut when both end mark off the size on this scale.

"Zeppo Marx's gift to Mrs. Zeppo was a check for \$2500!"

Whoops! Wasn't it all just TOO wonderful!

And then, there was this zany item:

"Ted Healy (who was the Errol Flynn of his day) furnished the highlight of the Christmas festivities of 1935 by being accused of setting fire to his best girl's clothes. Said Ted, 'I'm too old to play with matches!'

"He was generally kidded and took it all good naturedly, adding, 'Besides, I don't want to go to jail because I hear they have to eat pork chops—and I don't like pork chops."

I greeted the Christmas that Santa Anita race track opened in the following fashion:

"Christmas has always been a home day in Hollywood with one exception-todaywhen Santa Anita opens. Stars celebrated with their children bright and early and then took themselves out to the beautiful new track.

"I hear that Bing Crosby has gone into the horse breeding business (and I just heard it is a rumor!). 'Tis said that he owns twelve yearlings which are now going through their schooling period. (Poor Bing and his nags. This was the beginning of all the Crosby horse gags that practically made Bob Hope famous!)

"Connie Bennett is another racing enthusiast. She has entered her horse 'Rattlebrain' and is looking for another bangtail. Fred Astaire

is likewise in the market for a racer."

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I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

Extra wide band Sterling
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Matching Sterling Silver
Pendant Heart Earrings.

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name:....

Address....

City..... State.....Ring Size.....

Turning to a 1936 book, I found:

"Jean Harlow is celebrating the 1936 New Year by discarding her platinum locks in favor of her own light brown tresses. This decision was made simultaneously with the signing of a new seven year contract with M-G-M." Poor little Jean—she didn't live to complete that long contract.

"Paulette Goddard is with the Chaplin children at Palm Springs. How the boys adore their step-mother! I believe Charlie and Paulette are happier now than ever before.

"The New Year hasn't caused Katie Hepburn to turn over a new page. She's up to her same old elusive tricks. Out of the blue she disappeared—and when she cropped up in Kansas City, a reporter dubbed her 'A cross between Sarah Bernhardt and Huckleberry Finn!" (still goes.)

The brand new babies and two and three year old debutantes are the center of interest this year in Hollywood.

Lana Turner's Christmas present to yearand-a-half Cheryl Christine will be a combination dollhouse-playhouse. It is being built in the back yard and is big enough for Cheryl to play in until she is α big girl.

"Of course she's too young now to really appreciate it," Lana said, "But it will have three tiny little rooms and we'll furnish it with little miniature furnishings which will be presented to her on her birthdays and Christmas. We already have a tiny little Coo-Coo clock and a set of dishes with all kinds of

birds for decoration." If you ask me, Lana is more excited than Cheryl.

A lonely but proud mother in Hollywood this Christmas is Dick Jaeckel's mom.

This is the first Christmas Millicent, as her friends call her, has been without her boy who is now with the Merchant Marine. He's only 17-which is awfully young to be at sea.

But it's what the kid wanted. He wanted his training the hard way, and while she is lonely, Millicent is as proud as punch of the letters she receives telling of his experiences and how wonderful it is to be completely on his own doing a man's job in the world.

Although Dick didn't have to join up for another year, he left a starring job at Fox that would have earned him \$2500 a week at the end of his seven year contract.

I miss him, too. He used to spend many of his Christmases at my house, and it seems only yesterday that I was buying him what he asked for—a toy gun.

When Elsa Maxwell left for New York, the party situation in Hollywood slowed up considerably. Elsa has the faculty for making every event an occasion of big celebration, and no one else seems to have the energy to get together the stars for dress-up parties.

Lady Elsie Mendl, another party giver, went to New York to spend Thanksgiving, and her house, which is always the mecca for visiting celebrities, was no longer a popular gathering place.

Just before Elsie went to New York, I attended a party at her house for a bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. George Guinle. His papa is one of Brazil's richest men. Mary Pickford made an excellent speech stressing the importance of the Good Neighbor policy.

Signe Hasso was there, looking so smart. She has come up suddenly in Hollywood and is due to be one of our top ranking stars. She had her little boy with her over Thanksgiving, and they dined together with one of Signe's admirers.

Joan Fontaine came in for a brief moment after dinner. She was lovely in a filmy black dress with touches of pink. Now that she's back at work she is happy again.

I wish I could say the same for her sister, Olivia De Havilland, who seems sad and depressed. Her romance with Major John Huston is over and her career is still in a tangle with her Warner lawsuit.

Betty Grable has a sentimental idea for Christmas for Victoria Elizabeth James, Queen of the Harry James household. She has planted a small cedar tree exactly the same age as Miss James. This year it will be decorated with tiny lights—and then as the tree grows—and Miss Vicky gels bigger, it will be decorated each year just for her.

THINGS-I-CAN'T-GET-USED-TO:

Turhan Bey smoking a pipe when he dances.

Greer Garson's new short hair cut for "Valley of Decision."

Judy Garland in the matronly hats she wears.

Lupe Velez with any other beau but Arturo (Continued on page 66) de Cordova.



NOBODY'S SWEETHEART

(Continued from page 31)

till the war's over. But for his accident, he'd have been in the fight. He hates being out of it. His dad sends him the home town papers with their casualty lists -kids Van knew at school, killed and missing in action. His mouth goes hard. He's no crazier than the next guy to be a dead hero, but every instinct pulls him toward the side of those kids.

g.i. civilian . . .

He knows it's no use. They won't let him fight. So he takes his own way of keeping faith with the millions who do. Lives as simply as possible—works as hard as he can so as to pay the maximum income tax—won't haunt night clubs—spends his leisure time with the Keenan Wynns, his, adopted family. Once he spoke to Jean-Pierre Aumont of the way he felt. "I have Pierre Aumont of the way he felt. "I have no right to a normal existence. Not till

everyone's home, living hormally again—"
"I know. I feel the same way—"
"But you have no reason. You fought

in France. You're going back in—"
"As much reason as you, Van," JeanPierre replied gently. "Each of us does

what he can.' So Van lives quietly. Though it's been a year and a half since the accident, he still needs plenty of rest. The only way he can get it is by turning in early, because can get it is by turning in early, because he's been working without a letup—"Two Girls and a Sailor," two "Dr. Gillespies," six months on "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," "Thrill of a Romance," "Weekend at the Waldorf." With a schedule like that, you don't have much energy left for the social business. Even at the studio, he lunches alone. Hates the noise and confusion of the commissary. Has a tray in his dressing room, goes over his dialogue, takes a few minutes' snooze. Not that he's anti-social. He's husbanding his strength, that's all. When the war's over, he'll quit working so hard because there'll be room in the world for fun again.

The only new thing in his life's a house. And he didn't plan that, it kind of sneaked

up on him.

Hugh Marlowe phoned the Wynns one Sunday when Van was there. Hugh was leaving for a play in Chicago, and he had this little Chevry that Keenan thought of taking over. So Van went up with them to look at the Chevvy-

You drive up a steep hill—think you're never going to reach the top-then you hit it just as the car is coughing its soul outand first thing you see is the ocean spread out, and this Cape Cod cottage with a green lawn and flowerbeds and a dog chasing round—like a home in the East.
"Who's renting it?" Van asked.

"Friend of mine and his wife. They're moving in tomorrow—"

"Wish I could have it—" he said, the way you say things, and never give it another thought.

Next morning Hugh called him at the

Next morning Hugh called him at the studio. "Still want the house, Van?"
"Oh. Why, what's the matter with it?"
"Nothing. Guy that was taking it got called back East for a show. I asked the owners to give you first crack at it. But you'll have to make up your mind by eleven tomorrow. Ninety million other peole want it, too—"

Van spent the noon hour calling everyone he knew. Should he take it or shouldn't

one he knew. Should he take it or shouldn't he? "Be nice, wouldn't it? I always wanted

a garden to fuss over-What's the inside like?" "How should I know? "Didn't you see it?"

"Sure, but who pays attention? Like a home, I guess. Chairs, tables, long cord on the telephone-"

The consensus of opinion was that he'd better snap it up, so he did. Professional movers came for his Capehart, kind friends did the rest. Everyone took a carloadbooks, records, clothes, photographs, unanswered letters and a ton of old movie magazines. He'd marked the magazines: "COLLECTORS' ITEMS, NOT JUNK. HANDLE WITH CARE." Some day Van expects to read them all.

Essie was there to receive the stuff. Essie's the jewel who's put up with him for two years. He got her through an ad, when he lived in Coldwater Canyon. She was supposed to show up for an interview at 10. Came 11, and no Essie. At 11:30 the phone rang. "Mr. Johnson? I'm down at the Beverly Hills Fire Department—"

"Who's on fire?" "I am, Mr. Johnson. I been drivin' up and down that canyon for hours, and there's no such house at the number you gave me-

Van looked wildly around. "There must

be. I'm in it—"
"Well, you better get out of it then and

stand where I can see you-

"Okay, Essie. I'll be wearing red hair and freckles and a checked cowboy shirt—"

That was all the interview they needed. Minor items like salary and duties were

taken in stride.

It took a while for the new house to register. That first night he drove clear to the old apartment, and started up the stairs before he remembered that Vannie didn't live there any more. He felt funny. His hand fondled the banister-good old apartment—they'd been through a lot to-gether—what did he want to be rattling around in a house for?

Reluctantly, he got back into the car. By now it was dark. Might as well have dinner in Westwood. He saw the Red Cross Blood Bank, with its banner waving. Before the accident, Van had donated blood regularly. That had helped save his life, the doctor said. If his body hadn't grown used to losing blood in a small way, it might not have survived the greater loss. Since

the accident, he hadn't been allowed to give blood. "Not for a year," the doctor give blood. "Not for a year had said, on discharging him.

home is where the heart is . . .

Van made some rapid calculations. Golly, it was a year. Just about. He went in and gave them a pint of blood. When he and gave them a pint of blood. When he came out, he didn't feel nearly so lost. And when he got to the house, somebody'd done something for him. The two lovely ladies who owned it had turned all the

lights on. To welcome him home.

He walked all over the place, getting acquainted—picked the bedroom with the most wind blowing through, located his Capehart, built a roaring fire, found the phone with the long cord, flopped into a chair and called all his friends. "Hello," he said, "I've got a house—" Later, Evie and Keenan appeared, and they opened a bottle of champagne for good luck.

It's only on Sundays that he really gets chummy with the place. And even then, it's the garden more than the house. He wakes up around nine, and remembers he can stay in bed. That's all he asks—the simple pleasure of knowing he doesn't have to get up. So he gets up and into a pair of shorts. If you want to know why pair of shorts. If you want to know why he really bought the house, it's so he could put on shorts and no top and trail his big bare feet through the grass.

He starts the coffee and ambles to the bottom of the hill for the morning papersdrinks his coffee on the front steps, with news flashes from the portable radio and the fog rolling away to show him the view.

Essie's given up trying to make him eat a decent breakfast. He'd starve before he'd fix anything for himself. She used to buy bread. She'd stick two slices in the toaster. "All you have to do is push that jigger down in the morning—"
"Who, me?"
Sometimes he'll do her a favor, and eat

one of the cookies she leaves in the cookie jar. But mostly it's just black coffee. If he's empty, he takes a second. That's the Swede in him. He's never really hungry till night time. That's a throwback to the York days when he couldn't afford more than one solid meal a day.

His gardener's a thoroughly understanding fellow. Leaves the grass a little long on Sundays. Van gets the old lawn mower out, mows forth and then back-turns over the flowerbeds and waters the drivewaywipes the honest sweat from his brow, sweeps up the walks and steps, cleans off the wheelbarrow and outside furniture, looks at the view and has another cup of coffee. Then he washes the car. By now he's beginning to feel pretty pleased with him-self, and decides that the good boy deserves a rest. So he drags out this dead old mattress, flops and goes over Monday's script. That takes an hour or so. his stomach speaks up. Funny thing—stomach knows it's Sunday—never gets hungry till night time except on Sunday. "Go wash yourself," says his stomach, "and let's get out of here-

First a tub, then a shower. He bathes like a porpoise. Slops soap on the walls and water all over the floor. Doesn't leave the soap in the water any more though. Not since the war started. And he cleans up afterwards. That's his early training. Dad's three thousand miles away, but Van

can still hear him, "Clean it up, son."

He hates to shave. Never shaves on Sundays. To any objections, he's got the perfect alibi. "I'm on a picture." If peo-(Continued on page 64)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was at the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago. The Hollywood Victory Caravan was there, and as a terrific movie fan and autograph collector, I was right on hand.

With me I had some friends, a beautiful picture of Betty Hutton which I wanted her to sign, two autograph books and various other articles. All of a sudden, out popped Betty from an elevator and bang! Down went the books, down went the picture-and down went me. But in a minute I was up and at her heels, "May I have your autograph, Miss Hutton?"
"I'm sorry, honey," she answered,

you buy a Bond?"

"Well, then, can I have your lip print in my book?"

"That's the same thing, but I can put it on YOU." "but we're not allowed to sign unless

And over she came, around me went her arms and Bang! Down went the books, down went the picture, but UP stayed me!

Bob Hertzberg, Chicago, Illinois



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INFORMATION DESK Answers all your questions about H'wood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 12 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

FOR ROMANCE

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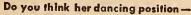
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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your handwriting or your G.I.'s in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he *really* feels. Send 10c for each analysis and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN, but only for Handwriting Analysis

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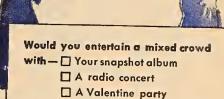
ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Are you in the know?



- ☐ Is smooth and relaxed
- ☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
- ☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably... for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushionsoft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch... because Kotex stays soft while wearing.



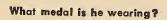
Hope you'd choose the Valentine party!
To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy mottos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a carefree hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—pressed flat, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.



Between sets, do you preserve your

- wave- By combing only
 - ☐ By brushing and combing
 - By using a net

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for brushing and combing in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your own special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.



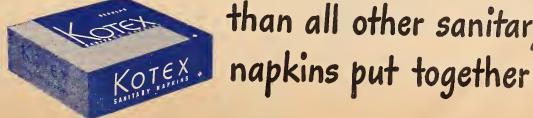
- ☐ Sharpshooter
- ☐ Purple Heart
- ☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the sharpshooter medal above tells you. Being sure saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety plus.



More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary





MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems to J. CHAS. McNEIL
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
Los Angeles 5, Calif.



Here's a precious 14K gold plated on STERLING SILVER engagement ring that cupid himself would endorse. Three beautiful, sparkling diamonds (simulated) in modern, attractive set-back design. You'll be proud to wear this darling ring; your friends will think it a genuine diamond set. AMAZING VALUE, at only \$2.57. SEND NO MONEY with order, only your name, ring size or string marked for size. Pay C.O.D. on arrival plus 20% U.S. Tax. There's no risk. You wear the ring for 7 days; then return for full refund if not ENTIRELY SATISFIED. Supply limited at this astonishingly low price; so rush order today.

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ple assume that the picture calls for a beard, that's their tough luck, he never said so.

He's a wandering dresser, keeps his clothes in both bedrooms and goes leaping from back to front. Finally emerges in gabardine suit, white shirt, knitted tie, wool socks, moccasins and cowboy belt. Same old bags he's owned for two years. Hasn't needed new clothes for pictures, so why buy any? All his roles have been in uniform, except for one scene in "Mme. Curie," and Walter Pidgeon loaned him the suit for that.

He waves good-by to the house and wishes for the umpteenth time he could have a dog.

outside's out of bounds . . .

Maybe he'll drop in at Steve Brody's for lunch and a swim. Steve's got a fabulous colored guy—dishes up a buffet like Solo-mon in all his glory—fried chicken, salads, deviled eggs, hot biscuits, lemon meringue pie. Eventually, of course, he'll come to roost at the Wynns. If it's late, little Neddy fixes him with a baleful eye—

"Thought you were going to take me to the outside things—"

In the center of town there's a little amusement park with a creaky carousel and a couple of brokendown rides. To and a couple of brokendown rides. To Neddy, they spell glamour. He calls them the outside things.

"No gas," Van explains.

"How did you get here? Walk?"

"Here's close by. The outside things are far away—"

are far away—"
"And long ago," quips Neddy. "Okay,

tell me a story.

Which settles that. In what's left of the afternoon, Van helps Keenan dig round the garden. Or they polish up the motor-cycles that M-G-M won't let them ride. After supper, it's gin rummy or records or just chewing the breeze. Van leaves early, takes his script to bed with him, eats an apple, smokes a cigarette, catches the late news flashes and turns out the light. He's asleep by 11.

Weekdays he's at the studio. Dines at

Lucey's or Chasen's or the Tropics. other night he had dinner with June Havoc, an old friend just back in town. Dinner's no good unless it's topped off with lemon

meringue pie. If it's early, he'll take in a movie. Loves to get into a studio projection room and run old pictures—sits entranced through a number like "The Women." Feels like a novice sitting at the feet of masters.

And so home and to bed.

Doesn't sound very exciting, but it suits Van. It's all he wants, till the Nazis and

Japs are finished. After that— Well, he'd like a new car and four good tires and a tankful of gas, so he can roll cross-country to see his dad. Dad's really the one who stays put. The farthest he'll stir from Newport is up to Providence for a baseball game. The mere mention of Hollywood scares him stiff. When Van lay smashed up, half-conscious in the hospital, voices came through—"Don't you think we'd better send for his father?"

He managed to move his head. Someone bent down. "Don't—send—for Dad. He'd be frightened—lost. I'd—worry—"

Even now Van worries about him. He's always lived so much to himself. Now people have found out he's the father of a movie star. Kids fall all over him. Some-how he doesn't seem to mind the kids answers their questions, drags out scrap-books and the old family album. In fact, Van sometimes wonders what the devil he's worried about—looks as if Dad might be enjoying the whole business. Because when he sent home a set of his first color

photos, Dad wrote that they were being displayed in the local A&P and the bank. "How did they know you had 'em?" Van inquired. No answer to that one. And then —he takes most of his meals at the same little restaurant. On Van's last birthday, came a card signed by five names—"From the girls who feed your father.

Father and son have drawn closer since Van's been away. Rather, they've grown less shy—at a distance—of showing their love for each other. Once a month Van

phones his father—
Dad says, "I saw your new picture—"
"Has it hit town already?"
"

"I went up to Providence for it-" "Golly, I rate! Same as a baseball

He wants every detail of the new house—how many rooms? How close to the neighbors? Always asks when Van's coming home. "Your room's just the same—movie stars all over the walls and ceiling."

Dad always calls a halt to the conversation. "You've talked long enough—"

"Worried about the bill?"

"Someone's got to worry—" game-

"Someone's got to worry—"

Van's convinced he lives on an eighth of his monthly check. Probably sticks the rest in the bank for the boy. Figures the boy's doing all right at the moment, but how can you tell about this movie business? So Van gets back at him by sending stuff—oranges from the Farmer's Market, Martha Smith candies, sweaters, material for suits-

Did you have that suit made up?"

"Yes, but I'm saving it till you come

That's the first thing he wants to do after the war.

He'd also like to get married, and have a lot of kids—a happy mixture of boys and girls—the more, the merrier. Thinks Thinks he'd make a good father, except he might have a tendency to spoil 'em—especially the girls. His favorite picture is of Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson plus kids plus dogs in a homey house with a green, green lawn. When he's married, he won't go anywhere; they'll have everyone at their place.

By himself, he's no good at entertaining.

Takes the responsibility too hard. When Keenan Wynn got back from overseas, Van gave him a welcome home party. All he remembers is leaping around, shoving plates and glasses at people, under the illusion that an empty hand reflected on his hospitality and disgraced his name as a host. Marriage'll simplify the whole thing. "All right, honey," he'll say. "I'll be charming, and I'll pay the bills. The rest is on your shoulders—" is on your shoulders-

Honey's still an unknown quantity. Van hopes she'll show up—with other good things—when the war's over.

C'MON, SHELL OUT, RAKE IN!

We're running a swap shop hereone story gets you five bucks. Some

odds, eh?
What kind of a story, you ask? Well, it doesn't really matter, as long as it deals with your encounter with a Hollywood personality and is a STORY—y'know, one of those things with a beginning, a middle and an end? It can be funny ha-ha or funny peculiar, it can be glad or sad, it can be long or short—in other words, it can be 'most anything as long as it'll interest the rest of the M.S. gang and deals with a movie star. So c'mon, shell it out to: I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and rake in your five dollars.



Window shades to mend... snapshots to mount...torn pages to repair (and sheet music, too, f'rinstance)...remember all those tricky little jobs that are so tough to do without "Scotch" Tape?

Well, soon again you'll be doing 'em the easy way . . . because be-

fore long, "Scotch" Brand Cellulose Tape will be back from war duty and all set to help you at home. Fact is, some "Scotch" Tape's already going to work in offices and stores.

So courage, ma'am, things'll be a shade brighter soon, when you can again "Stick with 'Scotch' Tape."

FOR QUALITY...
look for the "SCOTCH" Brand...
it identifies the adhesive tapes
made only by Minnesota Mining
& Manufacturing Company.

SCOTCH Cellulois TAPE





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Scientific, proven and for Brittle, Splitting or Thin Nails. Acts to tuffen nails and help cuticle. Quickly

applied, non-staining, does not affect polish.

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Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, fairer, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters, 30 million iars already used. Ask for Imperial size.

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Please send me a free sample of Golden Peacock
Bleach Creme. I want to try it.
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

The beaux who crash Lana Turner's table and ask her for dances when she is out with another guy—and she accepts.

The violent pink color of Lucille Ball's hair. The moody, unhappy expression on Helmut Dantine's face even at the most gala social events.

The fact that Wally Beery is one of the best dressed and groomed men in Hollywood-off the screen.

Gloria de Haven eating three husky meals a day and still never putting on a pound.

Paulette Goddard's "little girl" voice combined with her truly sophisticated personality.

Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball's ex) has been seeing cute little Marianne O'Brien, but the torch he still carries for Lucille lights up every little table where Desi dines even when he is with another charmer.

A song was written for Betty Hutton titled, "I'm the Bobby Sox Sinatra Doesn't Sendand she wouldn't sing it. Betty says she likes Sinatra, and he sends her.

I'm in the dog house with Bette Davis.

I'm afraid l was responsible for the Atlanta newspapers finding Bette living in a small house down there with her sister and her maid. I had printed that she was meeting Corporal Louis Riley, her new heart, somewhere in the East, and since the Corp was stationed close by Atlanta—well, Bette's incognito visit was no longer a secret.

The one and only Davis is plenty annoyed at me for interrupting her peaceful vacation, and hot wires were sent to Warners' Studio asking how—and where—I got the tip.

But poor Joe Cotten really got the bad end of the deal. He was in Atlanta appearing with "Since You Went Away" and would have grabbed off plenty of space if the excitement of finding Bette on hand hadn't overshadowed his visit.

Dennis Morgan was attending an art exhibit and was very much taken with one of the lovely pictures.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Morgan—it is a delightful subject" enthused the dealer, "and a bargain, Mr. Morgan. Only \$5,000."

"Listen," grinned Dennis, "My name is Dennis Morgan. Not J.P."

Van Johnson and Kay Williams are the cutest couple in town—and the blondest. Van's hair is almost as light as Kay's, and they look wonderful dancing cheek-to-cheek.

Their favorite number at their favorite spot Ciro's is—oddly enough, "I'll Walk Alone." No, I don't think it is because Kay is carrying a torch for Clark Gable, either-or Van for June Allyson.

The Gable-Williams romance is finis—to be sure. But they were never more than good playfellows, and it became embarrassing when it was insisted that they would marry.

I think Clark felt the only way to solve the tangle was to make a clean break.

Is Robert Walker's face red!

The other day he went over to Jennifer Jones' house to see his two kids, Bobby and Michael.

"Daddy," said Michael, "are you an actor?" "Yes." said Bob.

"Are you a good actor?" persisted the boy. "Why-er-" Bob stalled.

"I guess you aren't very good," said Michael, "or you would have one of these things"-and with that he brought out the Oscar Jennifer won for "The Song of Bernadette."

The argument was permanently closed.

Betty Grable is calling the hair-do she created for herself in "Diamond Horseshoe" by the unflattering title of "Flat-top."

Another fashion tip from Grable: She's wearing her nails very long but completely minus polish.

Who said that all actors hate their agents? Dick Haymes, the swoon-maker, and Helen Forrest have the same agent, Bill Burton, to whom they are deeply devoted.

Recently they took out a joint life insurance policy for \$100,000 which Bill will collect if either of them should die.

Oh, what an actress is Tallulah Bankhead! Had the time of my life spending a couple of hours on her set, "Night For Scandal," formerly "The Czarino."

She looked like a million wearing a regal upswept hair-do and a voluminous green velvet gown that weighed twenty-five pounds.

"Louella!" she called in her rich, throaty voice when she caught sight of me, "Wait a minute, darling. I want to show you something funny." She came over with a small photograph in her hand. "Don't tell Veronica Lake-but look!"

It was a photograph of Tallulah taken when she was eighteen wearing a peekaboo bang with one eye completely hidden!

"Now tell me who started that damned thing!" she laughed.

Vignette on Gloria De Haven: She hates carrots . . . men who hum when they are dancing . . . girls who call each other "honey" . . . big hats . . . fried apples . . . getting up early in the morning . . . escorts who argue with waiters . . . chartreuse . . . affected accents . . . New York charmers who turn up their noses at Hollywood beaux . . . She loves cinnamon . . Crosby records . . . Perky little hats with veils . . . red sports clothes . . . men with low pitched voices . . . peach ice cream cones .. blue night gowns ... rubies ... violets . . . Sunday mornings . . . cheese . . men who use nicely scented shaving lotion.

That's all for this month. See you next month. But I don't want to close without thanking all of you who have written me such interesting letters. Please keep on writing, for I get valuable tips from you about your favorites and what you want to read.

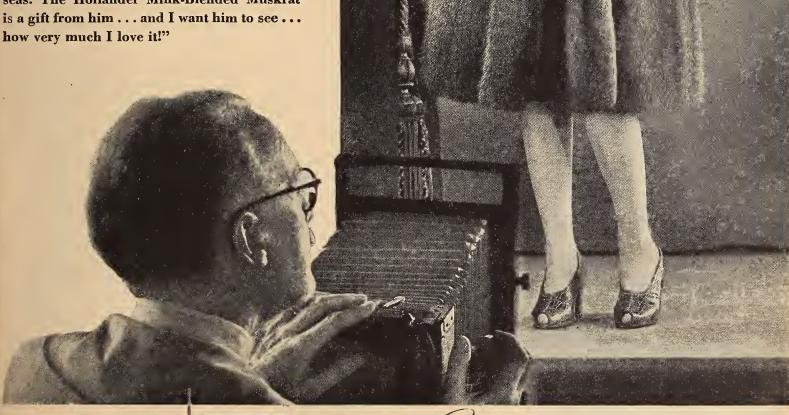
"Please wait, Mr. Jennings, I'm crying again!"

of my system, but I guess these darn gray velvet drapes Mr. Jennings uses set me off again.

You're with me everywhere I go, Joe, darling...we scattered so many memories around in our few short weeks together. You climb the old mill stairs with me when we picnic on Strawberry Hill. You tease poor Miss Burrows at the post office so unmercifully about reading the mail she blushes at the very sight of you. You share my sodas at the corner drug store, my laughter at the movies, my dreams at night. And here where we had our wedding picture taken, I can almost feel your hand in mine.

Oh, Joe, Joe—you've loved me, cared for me, spoiled me outrageously. Certainly I said (when you asked me) that I'd never had a fur coat, but I've never had the sun, moon and stars either! And when your sister brought IT over on Christmas Day with your dear letter...all I could think was a lifetime isn't long enough...to be with someone like you!

"I'M READY NOW, Mr. Jennings. Please make it your best picture—it's for my husband overseas. The Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is a gift from him . . . and I want him to see . . . how very much I love it!"



...next to WAR BONDS, the best loved gift...FURS



HOLLANDER

WIS KEEP THEIR BEAUTY LONGER

* YOUR FAVORITE FUR RETAILER HAS THEM



Lipstick stays on!

- 1. DON JUAN STAYS ON when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed. No greasy, smeary effect.
- 2. LIPS STAY LOVELY without frequent retouching. Try today.
- 3. NOT DRYING OR SMEARY. Imparts appealing "glamour" look. Creamy smooth — easily applied.
- Creamy smooth—easily applied.

 4. STYLE SHADES. Try Blackberry or Raspberry shade. 'Smart' say beauty editors. Seven other shades.

 Do luxe size \$1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge and cake make-up. Trial sizes at 10c stores. In Canada, too.

STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELY



These beautiful matched bridal rings quickly turn courtship into the "real thing." Genuine DIAMOND solitaire with dazzling cut stone. Darling, embossed wedding ring, rich with sparkling chip diamonds. Both 10K solid gold. Astonishing value. Either ring \$5.57—both for \$9.57, plus 20% U.S. Tax. (You save \$1.57 by buying both). Examine at our risk. SEND NO MONEY with order; just your name, ring size or string marked with ring size. Pay C.O.D, on arrival and give rings 7 day trial, on MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Supply limited at these low prices; rush order today. Supply limited at these low prices, rush order today

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IMPROVE MECHANICAL PENCILS

or other it always winds up a free-for-all with everybody's feelings hurt. How to avoid it? Well, either stay off dangerous subjects like Roosevelt or Sinatra, or add to your vocabulary such shock-absorbing phrases as, "I think you have a swell point there, but—" or "That's very true, but—." Don't be bull-headed about the person in question. Admit his faults, thus taking half

the wind out of your dissenting friend's sails, but say you'll string along anyway.

"Then How About a Month From Next Tuesday?" How to dispose of the persistent swain, the one who will not take no for an answer. You've tried pleading other dates, sick headaches and visiting cousins, and he still doesn't get the picture. The boy will just have to be told very gently but firmly that you're a girl who likes mobs of men, and that you can't possibly give him a date more often than every two or three months. Say you don't blame him if that makes him mad, but it's just the way it is and you're sorry. Say further that you don't make the dates weeks in advance, it's just first come first served.

S'posing a boy you're out of your head about asks you for a date on a night you're already spoken for, how to say "no," without terminating the whole thing? By your expression let him see you're heartsich expression let him see you're heartsick that you can't make it, and say something like, "Darn it, not this Saturday, Bill, but I'll be hanging on the phone till you ask me again." Bold? Well, frankly, yes, but faint heart never won slick guy, y'know.

co-ed mailbox . . .

I am quite nice-looking, have attractive clothes, am popular with the girls—but draw a complete blank swain-wise. Why do you suppose the guys don't like me, and is there any hope for me at all? M. R.,

Denver, Colorado.

With slightly different wording, and various postmarks, this problem has shown up at least a hundred times in this month's mail. And isn't it a stinker? We asked the boys what it is that perfectly darling, smoothly dressed gals lack so heartbreakingly often? It's a subtle combination, they told us, of warmth and casualness. An easy friendliness. A grin or a wink or a whiswhen you eke into class five pered "hi" minutes late. Warmth and casualness. As small a business as that. How do you get it when you're just plain frantic at the sight of a boy? This way, kids. It sounds impossible, but try it for a week and see for yourself. Imagine that you are a very popular girl. Imagine it so hard that you get a feeling of security and self-confidence right down to your very soul. Clutching that feeling tight, whip off to school or work and act ac-The feeling of terror, of descordingly. peration will be gone, and you'll find yourself able to grin at familiar male faces on the bus, actually able to say "Hi, Joe," in a perfectly natural voice. Don't you see, it's only the fear that boys can't stand you that makes you act so differently with them than you do in the warm friendly circle of gals or family. Once you overcome that nonsensical, but ever-so-real terror, we promise you that within a month you'll be date-bait.

Johnny and I are very much in love, but recently another girl has come into the picture. She's new at his school, and I'm at a bit of a disadvantage for I go to another school. What can I do to keep him from liking her more and me less? A. R., Birmingham, Alabama.
You don't give us too much evidence,

but we imagine that he's been dating this gal and that is why you're alarmed. Well, don't get Maggie-and-Jiggsish and start heckling him about her. Ask him no questions, and—if it kills you—show no signs of jealousy. Above all, do not belittle her in any way within his earshot. A new girl is always kind of fascinating to the boys, and your boy will come out of it without a sorratch. Only if the thing rose on and on scratch. Only if the thing goes on and on should you make an issue of it, and at that time do be serene and unfeline. Offer him his freedom. We feel sure he won't take it, but if he does, you'll at least have your pride. And say, if he does choose her, you're well rid of the old fickle-puss.

I am a teen-age girl who is simply crazy about Frank Sinatra. I live with my grandmother who seems to think Frankie is awful. I lose my temper a dozen times a day with her and am anxious to know how I can make her feel differently about

m. Kathryn M., Menasha, Wisconsin.
If it's his voice your grandmother can't bear, we're afraid nothing you can say will change her mind. It's just one of those things, like olives or bridge. You like it or you don't. However, if it's Frankie as a person she doesn't like, we guess she doesn't know him very well. Get her to read our life story that ran in the September and October issues, and bet you'll have a new fan on your hands.

My sister was a regular devil and con-sequently got into all sorts of trouble when she got out of school. Now my parents have the idea that I have to be protected from the evils of the world. I'm 17 years old and have never been allowed on a date in my life. They won't even let me go with the have I'm a great and the same I'm the boys I've grown up with. My mother insists that she trusts me, and certainly she has had no reason to doubt me, so why must I suffer because of my sister's mistakes? Gwynne, North Dakota.

We certainly see your point, chum, and we can see your parents', too, although we think their tactics are off the beam. They probably feel that your sister got into trouble because she wasn't watched carefully enough. This business of policing you is sort of overcompensation. We think the only solution is a really deep discussion of the situation with your mother. Ask her if she thinks it would be fair for the state to punish an entire family for the wrongdoings of one of its members, and let her see that that's the very theory she's going on. If you are self-supporting or expect to be soon, you can make her realize that whether or not you live at home is really a matter of choice, and if things continue the way they are that you will have no alternative but to move elsewhere so that you can conduct your life normally and happily. Try not to get excited during the happily. Try not to get excited during the talk, but be at your most clear-headed and logical. Agree to compromise at first on home dates or double dates, until you've established your "credit," so to speak; then proceed gradually and belatedly to the average dating schedule of a 17-year-old.

We're the original problem-gal, you know, so if you've trouble with a guy, a career, a baby, write and tell us about it. We'll answer by mail if you like, but be sure to put your name and address on the actual letter not just on the captal letter actual letter, not just on the envelope. They have a way of getting separated. Stop getting gray hair over your own fiendish dilemma, and write us about it this very second. Here's who and where we are:
Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149
Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longerthe scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal - if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before-in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.



convincing Juelene testfor7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrill-ing results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen ... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

MAIL COUPON

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

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Marvelous Help

FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men — sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat.

Try Juelene. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"!
This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

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JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today-NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

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	CIVIL		

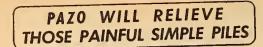
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LON McCALLISTER

(Continued from page 43)

who hadn't lived in a house since his baby days. Raised in this modern factory town, Hollywood, utterly unknown, with no more pull than a busted-down jeep, no money,

no name and often not enough food.

But still a kid who never dimmed his natural sunshine, never let disillusioned cynics of the studio extra ranks touch his high hopes or blight his faith. A kid who still doesn't drink or smoke or swear or

chase around.

That is the modern movietown miracle of Lon McCallister, more miraculous be-cause what has made him an idol of millions is the fresh, honest, unspoiled, American youth nature of his personality. The rare charm which made a great author like James Hilton call him "the most charming boy discovered in Hollywood in many seasons," and which made the great Katharine Cornell write after "Stage Door Canteen," "when I saw our picture I though of sending you a telegram . . . I was so touched and impressed by was so touched and impressed by your performance. Time and time again you made me cry . . . I felt very lucky my scene was with you, for you were the one who gave it reality."

Spring came late to Southern California in 1923. Rain washed the streets, and the morning ocean mists were still cold when Madaline McCallister entered the Angelus Hospital to have her first and what was to be her only child. On the evening of the seventeenth when her baby was born, it should have been daylight, but electric lights still blazed in the maternity ward rooms. A white clad nurse glanced briefly at the chart marked, "Mrs. H. A. Mc-Callister" and waited for her patient to wake up. When her eyes fluttered open at last, the nurse smiled cheerily.

"A fine baby boy," she said.

"How is he?"

"Don't you worry about that boy," chuckled the nurse. "He'll do all right. I've never seen a baby get started so quick. Why, he's already opened his eyes-they're blue—opened them up bright and wide, just a minute ago. Stared right up into the electric lights and kicked his coverlet off! And, Mrs. McCallister, you know what? The little rascal looked at me, and I'll swear he laughed!"

Madaline McCallister smiled.

just your imagination."

"No—that's exactly what he did. By the way, you aren't the only one who's had a baby. Mrs. Hoot Gibson is right down the hall."

"The movie star's wife?"

velvety future . . .

The nurse nodded. "Now we'll fix you up nice and comfortable, and then we'll let you see your new boss."

Madaline McCallister settled back on her pillow and smiled. A baby boy, healthy, the nurse said, and happy. Already she made plans. He'd be Herbert Alonzo Mcmade plans. He'd be Herbert Alonzo Mc-Callister, Junior, named after his father, only they'd probably call him "H. A." around the house as most Midwestern families did when there were Juniors and Seniors with the same first name. He'd grow up to be something important, a doctor or a minister, maybe. He'd have the best of every care, the finest schooling, the higgest chance a baby ever had, that was biggest chance a baby ever had, that was certain. Madaline McCallister said a little prayer thanking Heaven she had plenty of means to raise little H. A. with every advantage. It never remotely occurred to her that the wealth which now made her feel so warmly secure could ever vanish.

Because the Scotch-Irish McCallisters

and the English descended Hockings, her side of the family, were people of property —always had been. Around Carmi, Illinois, R. B. Hocking, Lon's grandfather, had his finger in a lot of profitable business pies, jewelry stores, theaters, farm lands and city property. When Lon's parents married and moved down to Little Rock, Arkansas, they sold out their Illinois. Arkansas, they sold out their Illinois holdings and acquired new ones there. Always they prospered, it seemed, and after 1918 when Lon's dad came back from Army duty in the first World war and decided to cettle in Colifornia it was and decided to settle in California, it was no Arkie-Okie migration. The McCallisters settled in style.

boom town . . .

They chose the town of Inglewood, Lon's mother and father and her parents, Grandfather and Grandmother Hocking. They owned the biggest house in town, so roomy that today it has been made over into a sanatorium. Herbert Alonzo McCallister, Sr., and his father-in-law went into partnership in the real estate business, ran smack into a California boom, and in hardly any time owned half the town and had a mortgage on the other half. On paper Lon's father and grandfather soon were millionaires. No wonder Madaline McCallister felt content and secure about her new son's future.

her new son's future.

It seemed to Lon in his toddling days that his papa must own everything nice there was in the world. There was the bowling alley in the Hocking Building, named after his grandfather, of course. When Lon was barely able to walk, his grandfather would let him tumble the tiny duckning with his hands or help him push grandiather would let him tumble the tiny duckpins with his hands or help him push a bowling ball into the "blocks," as he called the pins, and send them toppling. And there was the even greater wonder, the fantastic child's dream come true, of his father's candy factory down in industrial Los Angeles. There his father would take him among the rich tantalizing smells. take him among the rich, tantalizing smells of chocolate, taffy and butterscotch and a million kinds of creams and nougats. He'd hold him up, screaming with delight, and let him dip his tiny fingers into the vat of cooling chocolate and smear his face hap-pily with the nectar and ambrosias of moppethood.

Particularly Lon liked the big Packard roadster with the rumble seat and its wonderful smell of leather upholstery. The McCallisters and the Hockings liked to travel. They had the highway adventure spirit of a generation that had discovered wheels and distant horizons. wheels and distant horizons. Lon was bundled in blankets and put with Grandmother Hocking in the rumble seat where he insisted on riding. He liked to sit back

there and have his grandmother sing old-time songs. Then he'd try them himself. None of his family wanted to have him out of sight a minute. He went tagging along, as soon as his stubby legs could carry him, with his mother and grandmother when they shopped in Los Angeles. Their greatest dread on these excursions was that somehow, despite extreme vigilance, Lon would get lost. For this reason as soon as Lon could talk, he was trained as soon as Lon could talk, he was trained to spout his name, address and telephone number right back at anyone who even said, "Hello" to him. Kindly ladies, attracted by his rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, would stop to pat his yellow curls and coo, "Hello there, little man." To their surprise Lon would recite rapidly, "Herbert Alonzo McCallister, corner of Hill-crest and Locust, Inglewood 5433!"

He was a friendly little guy from the

start. He seldom cried. He never got mad. On the block of the big Inglewood house he played serenely with his first chum, Billy, the kid who owned a tricycle and coveted Lon's wagon, while Lon envied his tricycle. They got together right away, hitched the trike onto the wagon, and everybody had fun. Lon learned right away the benefits of friendship, something that has since become almost a religion with him. Lon had a mess of distant cousins in California, too. Some of them he was crazy about. One or two were the kind of kids who make trouble.

kiddie crises . . .

But in all his kiddie crises, Lon was open, aboveboard and naively honest as he is today. Once a troublous cousin and Lon were playing around Grandmother Hocking's fishpool. The cousin stepped on

Lon were playing around Grandmother Hocking's fishpool. The cousin stepped on a slippery spot, and down he went with a splash. He set up a loud wail and out ran the family, terrified.

"He pushed me," cried the cousin. "H.A. pushed me when I wasn't lookin'. He's mean to me. Wah-wah-wah!"

That astounded Lon. He had never been unjustly accused before. All he could think of was to tell the truth. "I didn't push him," he said, and then frankly, "but I didn't pull him out either."

Lon's first real chance to stray away from the shady side of the house and the apron strings of his adoring family came when the family moved from Inglewood to Los Angeles, selling the big mansion and building two white stucco, California-Spanish homes on Crenshaw Boulevard, down the hill from Hollywood. One for Lon's parents, one for his grandparents. For Lon, only five years old, it meant an exciting plunge into a new world, one where he would be getting around, meeting new kids. The prospect thrilled him, even then. He has always been wide-eyed about life. His mother bought him a new suit to celebrate the move into the big city. It had exciting, glamorous long suit to celebrate the move into the big city. It had exciting, glamorous long pants and a real miniature man's fedora pants and a real miniature man's fedora hat, and he carried a tiny cane. Now Lon thinks he must have looked like a midget in a circus, but then he thought it was hot stuff. Lon's mother was proud of his handsome looks. Perhaps it was pure and simple pride that her boy was the cutest ever born which made her enter him in an annual haby show spongered by the Lor annual baby show, sponsored by the Los Angeles Daily Express at Long Beach. Certainly then she could have no designs on movies or the theater. She was far too careful with little Lon to expose him to any kind of a kiddie show business, and certainly money was no bait; they already had plenty.

Just the same, Herbert Alonzo McCallister was announced in the kiddie parade, and he walked, stiff and proud, down the promenade on the pike at Long Beach, resplendent in a blue drummer boy's suit his mother had patiently sewed, and tapping a toy drum. In his first professional appearance, Lon McCallister's eyes shone with delight, and the judges took notice. He didn't win—there were too many doll baby taffy curled cuties. But he took a prize. Five dollars. He clutched it proudly in his first all the way back home, and his in his fist all the way back home, and his mother put it in his bank. He would like to have that bill today as a souvenir, but Lon's bank and its contents were put to

practical uses before very long.

Now in the new neighborhood a new event confronted him—school. It would be private school, of course. Nothing was too good for the little H.A. then. A suitable school for children was found, near the Crenshaw Boulevard homes. Miss Lindbergh's Children's school. Lon was almost six then. It was his first venture away (Continued on page 74)

MARIA MONTEZ, STARRING IN "QUEEN OF THE NILE" A UNIVERSAL PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR Maria Montez

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Romance to her Hands

To her Hands

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For the Lucky Seventh in our Regional Series, Ronald Reagan's mother joins Jane in proving that folks eat well in THE MIDDLE WEST



What's Cookin', America?



When home on furlough, there's no sweeter sound to Ronnie, avers Jane, than the dinner bell . . . especially when little Maureen rings it!

Winner of varsity letters in college, Ronnie has athlete's liking for hearty food . . . such as egg-topped hash served with corn and cole slaw.

What dishes do "typical" Middle Westerners prefer? Knowing that Ronald Reagan comes from Illinois, we asked Jane Wyman what her husband likes to eat. Got a rather general but definitely revealing reply, "Good, hearty food—and plenty of it!" Plus a couple of examples. Asked Ronnie's mother and received some specific and pleasingly varied recipes. Sum it up and you'll find that this particular Middle Westerner likes plain, filling fare with little or no frills. And since this goes double with most men—regardless of what part of the country they come from—all of you will be happy to know more about these Reagan recipes so that you can serve them to your own particular man. Reagan recipes so that you can serve them to your own particular man.

Reagan recipes so that you can serve them to your own particular man. It was great fun learning about Ronnie's food tastes from the three charming women in his life—his mother, his wife and his daughter, Maureen, who insisted on having her say, too, about her daddy's preferences. However, when this young lady came up with "Cookies! Peanut Butter Cookies . . . yummy!" and we noted the accompanying gleam in her eye, we had our suspicions as to the source of this suggestion. However, since a simply super recipe for these particular cookies was made available to us, who were we to question anyone as adorable as the Reagans' cute and cuddlesome four year old!



By Nancy Wood

Actually, most of our information and Middle West-style recipes came from Mrs. Reagan, Senior, who still lives in the little house she shared with Ronnie's father who died some while back. Ronnie and his brother Neil often drop in on her there.
Ronnie invariably comes over and lets
Mom cook for him when La Wyman is on
a bond tour or in New York for personal appearances—as she was recently, in connection with the showing of "Doughgirls." (Which picture, incidentally, has nothing to do with bread making. You have our word for it, in case you haven't already seen it!) You'll be seeing Jane soon again, by the way, in Warners' big new musical "Hollywood Canteen." And won't that be a show—with sixty big name players in it!

But to return to Mrs. Reagan. A pleasure, we assure you, for Maureen's "Nana" is a warm, friendly person; besides being a darned good cook!

Obviously her sons get their liking for typical American dishes from enjoying the fine meals she has always loved to prepare for them. "Ronnie," proclaims his proud parent, "has always preferred simple stuff, simply cooked. Has fruit, cereal and coffee for breakfast, little more than a sandwich for lunch, but demands a big dinner.'

It seems he loves steaks, mock chicken legs (a family favorite of which more later) and corned beef hash. (There's corned beef hash and corned beef hash, as any man could tell you-and as any man will, for they set themselves up as con-noisseurs on the subject. Bet they can't find a better version than Mrs. Reagan's.)

Then, too, Ronnie—like many another Middle Westerner—takes great interest in the soil, gives part of every furlough to his Victory Garden and thinks there's nothing finer than his own home-grown vegetables. Especially favors sour cream slaw and corn on the cob.

To this list Jane added corn off the cob, in the form of corn fritters. (Being from Missouri, Jane says you'll "have to show

her" that fritters come any finer than these!) Then, of course, there are desserts. Specifically there's Cocoa Cake, a big favorite with both the Reagan boys-especially when eaten as a late-at-night snack, accompanied by a big glass of milk. Fact is, Ronnie and Neil always were and still are inveterate refrigerator raiders. Used to rout Mom out of bed when they'd get in late and have her join them in the kitchen where they'd eat their own version of a Dagwood sandwich, followed by generous slices of Mom's famous cake.

And now how about recipes for all these Corn Belt favorites which come to you with the Reagans' hearty endorsement? They include the following: Corned Beef Hash, Mock Chicken Legs, Crispy Corn Fritters, Sour Cream Slaw, those "yummy" Peanut Butter Cookies that Maureen men-tioned and Mom's Cocoa Cake. Six specialties, with directions for making a Dagwood Sandwich thrown in, for a "Lucky Seven" in the line of recipes. Trying them out will prove to be a fine way to start the New Year; and they're yours for the asking, as always. Be sure to enclose a stamped selfaddressed envelope when you send for your FREE Reagan-Wyman leaflet.

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(Continued from page 71)

from the guarded supervision of home. He took to it at once, in spite of the spinach which popped up at lunch, the spinach he hated and the gagging rhubarb pie, sup-posed to be so good for growing kids. Another bore was the daily afternoon nap.

But Lon remembers Miss Lindbergh as a patient, kindly lady who took good care of him and taught him his elementary lessons with thoroughness and kindness. Years later, when he saw Martha Scott as the schoolmistress in "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Lon was right back in the double seat where he learned his ABC's along with his first lady love, a little French girl with shiny blue-black hair. Her natural-born French coquetry and her intriguing way of saying her words made six-year-old Lon fall, as today his affectionate nature still falls for every girl he works with on the screen. Jeanne helped him with the baffling French words. They held hands under the desk top and at recesses raced around the school yard on their tricycles. Jeanne is the only pupil at Miss Lindbergh's Lon remembers clearly

today. She was his first girl.

But he didn't have much to say about it. Pneumonia seized Lon when he was barely in knee pants. He had never been a strong kid, physically. Lon was his mother's boy. He inherited a fragile build from her, and it was only through strenuous gymnastics in his grammar and high school days later on that he developed the small, compact and musterly her beginning to the same home. cular body he owns today. He came home one day from school with a fever that soared that night. For days it was a quessoared that night. For days it was a question whether they'd save him, but he passed the crisis. Then for gray weeks he lay in bed, too weak to move. The doctor feared his lungs might succumb to t.b. There was only one thing to do, Lon's mother reasoned—take him to Arizona where the ozone charged air would banish that danger

that danger.

tiny tramp . . .

They went to Phoenix and found a place to stay right out on the desert at the foot of Camelback Mountain. When they carried Lon there, he couldn't walk. In a few weeks he could trudge a mile or two with his dog, "Bunny," and play like he was hunting Indians. Then one day Lon was missing. Missing with him was "Patsy" of course, a blanket off his bed, his bowand-arrow, an umbrella, a grocery basket and cookies off the shelf. It wasn't hard to guess what had happened. Lon had set to guess what had happened. Lon had set off on a hunting expedition. Frantically the McCallisters scoured the desert—but no Lon. Just before nightfall a truck roared up to the camp. A burly driver swung Lon down from the seat.

"Found him on the highway" he

"Found him on the highway," he laughed. "Kit Carson here wanted me to take him to the mountains, but I reckoned home was a better idea!"

Lon told his story frankly. He'd set out into the desert for wildcats or some other interesting big game. But after a while he ran into a fenced range crowded with cattle, and a big bull had lumbered up bellowing angrily. That was bigger game than Lon bargained for. He scurried back to-ward the highway, and the truckdriver knew a runaway kid when he saw one. Lon's naturally adventurous spirit had

got him in trouble before, but even the dismal consequences of his first runaway had not cured his spunky habit of hunting distant horizons. His first Christmas in the new Los Angeles house had been badly crimped by that escapade, too.

trailing south . . .

Lon had made chums with two little Japanese kids, Esau and Tetzel, sons of

the corner vegetable market man. Quickly they confided the wonderful news about Christmas in the Crenshaw neighborhood. A chain of gasoline service stations had corralled Santa Claus himself in person, and Saint Nick was handing out marvelous colored baloons. It was late afternoon when this bulletin was flashed to the incredulous Lon. He was so fascinated that his mother's ultimatum not to leave the front yard went glimmering. "Come on," front yard went glimmering. "Consaid Esau, "let's go see Santa Claus.

No kid could resist a challenge like that. Lon tore off immediately. But the station attendant in their block grinned. "You kids are too late," he said. "Santy Claus just left here. Filled his reindeers up with gas and went off sixty miles an hour. No, he didn't leave no balloons here. Where is he? Why, I imagine up the street towards Wilshire at Number 20 station."

Off Lon and his two Jap pals chased Santa wasn't at Number 20. Nor at Number 22. They kept up the hunt breathlessly. Pretty soon they were lost. That was a black day for everybody concerned. At home the McCallisters were wild with fear. There had been kidnapping scares; kids were run over every day on the fast traffic of Los Angeles boulevards. The traffic of Los Angeles boulevards. whole neighborhood joined the search. The police rolled up with wailing sirens. Lon's dad raced his Packard up and down all the neighborhood streets. Darkness fell and still no trace. Madaline McCallister's nerves snapped, and she cried hysterically. As for Lon, he was way across town by then, still hunting Santa.

Around nine o'clock at night a policeman found the three seekers of childhood's grail. They were dirty, tired and panting, grail. They were dirty, area and paragrails that still gamely in the chase. He raced but still gamely in the chase. He raced them back home to Lon's hysterical folks. Lon's dad took him into the house, into

his tearful, distracted mother.

"This is your mother's birthday and now see what you have done! You've ruined

her happiness, made her cry.'

Lon himself broke into tears. That touched him. He couldn't bear to hurt anyone, especially the person he loved best in the world. He couldn't give any excuses for his crime, except to stammer out the reason: He was hunting Santa Claus.

His father took him into the back room, and unknown to his prostrated mother, gave him a good tanning. When that was over, he said, "And now I suppose you might as well know. You've been chasing

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We'd seen three stage shows the day before, and we were sitting through our second the next day. The show was "Tars And Spars" featuring Victor Mature. My girl friend and I had gotten the autograph of nearly everyone in the cast except Vic's, and frankly, we were a little amount at his sitting. we were a little annoyed at his sitting in the boxes during the first part of the stage show and mugging. So when he stuck his head out from behind the curtains, we made a face at him, repeating the gesture as well during his performance that evening.

It wasn't very nice of us, I admit, but Vic got back at us. We were sitting in the first row, and Vic looked down at us and declared, "There are my two cousins-Im-mature and Pre-

Even though we were embarrassed, we were Mature fans from then on.

By the way, we got his autograph after that show.

Dorothy Stewart, West Allis, Wisconsin

something that wasn't there. Just a man dolled up in a red suit. There's no such

thing as Santa Claus."

Lon's tears dried, and he stopped his sobs. He was paralyzed by the awful thing his father said. No Santa Claus! It was the end of the world. He forgot the smart of the spanking in the greater misery of of the spanking in the greater misery of

this shattering news.

Lon's ready palship with the Japanese market kids was typical of his warm nature and democratic outlook on life. Although he was a little rich boy, he was never, thanks to his sensible Midwestern folks and his own character, ever tainted with a touch of snobbery. Even today race distinctions and prejudices make him crawl inside. His own character, too, made him naturally eager to know and like everything and everybody. As a kid he was always getting pitten by dogs, because he'd walk right up to all of them, strange or familiar, and put his arms around them. He was riding in the open Packard one He was riding in the open Packard one summer day with his mother when a bee flew in and settled on the seat. Happily Lon reached out, grabbed it and pressed it to his face, thrilled with the buzzing wings. Of course, the bee blitzed him pronto, right on the end of the nose. It seemed Lon would never learn.

That was one of the reasons he begged to go to public school after he came back from the Arizona health trip. Lon wanted to be like the rest of the kids. He sensed that private schooling set him apart from the rest, and instinctively he didn't like it. He got his way, and it was a lucky them. Events were to enter Lon's young life that would demand all his talent for making his way in the mob of underprivileged humanity. The rich boy was to lose his riches and become poor, about as poor as they come, and almost overnight.

house of cards . . .

The whole nation shared in the first tragedy—the Great Depression. The crash that came out of the blue in 1929 caught H. A. McCallister and his father-in-law, R. B. Hocking, with real estate holdings and business interests scattered all over Southern California. Some of the bigger prop-erties were held on a shoe-string, and to save them, the assets had to be cashed in. As the Depression yawned and values plummeted, the fortune they had built tumbled like a stack of cards. Meanwhile Lon's mother and father had come to a parting of the ways.

It would be hard to say which disaster had the most effect on Lon's young life. His father had been away a lot on business; Lon had never been half so close to him as to his mother. He had always liked his dad, as he does today (they see each other frequently), and he remembers him as kindly and indulgent.

The split in Lon's family came before the crash that swept them from wealth to poverty. Lon's grandmother had bought an apartment house in Los Angeles. Lon and his mother moved in there, and for a short time life went on as if nothing had happened. Then one day Lon saw the tight lips and anxious fragment that bought and happened. lips and anxious frowns on the grown-ups' faces. That night when he lay awake in his room, he heard the murmur of the family conference. He caught snatches of conversation, "No place to raise the money conversation, "No place to raise the money ... bank's calling the loans ... panic ... everyone's in the same boat ... guess this is the end ... they want us to leave. ..." He wondered briefly what it was all about, but pretty soon he was asleep. Next morning his mother told him. "We're going to move.'

"But," said Lon, "I like Granny's apart-ment house."

"I know," smiled his mother sadly, "but it isn't Granny's house any more."

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boy's world . . .

At first poverty didn't mean much more in Lon's life than the family separation had. When kids are young, they accept changes as new adventures. There's no room in an active child's life for pride or social distinctions. Lon went on to grade school as if nothing had happened. But he felt the cloud of anxiety which settled over his family and hovered there. He saw the tight, pinched look around his mother's eyes, and he saw his grandfather sit staring vacantly out the window. Sometimes he even caught whispers, "I'm afraid R.B. won't be able to stand this at his age." few times he caught ominous hints that were supposed to be kept from his ears. His grandfather had been muttering something about "ending it all." The shock of losing the security they'd never questioned even stole the bustling cheeriness of Grandmother Hocking for a time. Madding McCellister, to the last time of the security of th time. Madaline McCallister's fragile body grew thinner, and the bright girlish smile that Lon adored was absent. But the family despair was like a brief sickness that passed. Today, when Lon looks back he "I'm pretty proud of my family." They did what Americans have always done when the going got tough. They got busy.

As a girl, Madaline Hocking had been

handy with a needle, and her mother had taught her what she knew. They'd set up a dressmaking establishment. Lon's mother designed the dresses and Grandma Hocking sewed them. Their prices were cheap; they had to be. But nobody knew them, few customers came in. In a few weeks they knew they'd have to try something else, something, too, that Grand-father Hocking could have a hand in. He was getting restless and gloomy.

was getting restless and gloomy.

They turned to the only other domestic skill they had, cooking. Back in Illinois, as she is today, Grandma Hocking had been famous for her cakes and pies. They found a café they could rent down in the industrial section of Los Angeles. All of them went to work, even Lon on Saturdays and Sundays, washing dishes and days and Sundays, washing dishes and hustling out trays. The customers were mostly truck drivers and laborers, and to cater to them, the lunch room had to open early and close late. Every morning the house was empty, except for Lon, at five o'clock. His breakfast, cooked, but cold, was on the stove. When he got up, Lon warmed and ate it and went off to school. He had lunch at school, and he fixed his own dinner at night. He didn't see his family again until they got home, exhausted, at 9 o'clock that evening. And Lon was just eight years old.

But already he was a cheerful, self-sufficient little guy. He had no playmates in the new neighborhood, but he had a new pup, Patsy. He could have fun by himself. He glued together kites and flew them until they snagged on telephone wires. His electric train, Lon's most prized possession, had survived the financial wreck. He sat it up in the house. He had some books, too, kids books—"The Wizard of Oz," "Black Beauty," Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses." He could lie on the floor for hours lost in these and other books he could bring home from school. But most of the time he just sat out on the front steps of the flat, watching people go by, playing with Patsy and day-dreaming. He could always find plenty to dream about, as Lon still can today.

such little pleasures . . .

The worst part of the day was supper alone. Especially since the cupboard was so often bare. Beef bouillon cubes were cheap and nourishing. Lon supped bouillon until today he can't look at the stuff without gagging. The high spot was when his folks trudged in tired from the long day, and his

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Walter Pidgeon was here in Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, I called him at his hotel with the intention of getting an interview with him for my school paper.

When I was finally put through to his room, a man sounding suspiciously like Mr. Pidgeon answered, and after hearing the purpose of my call told me, "Mr. Pidgeon is taking a shower."

I told him he sounded very much

like Mr. Pidgeon, whereupon he said he was complimented and called out to the "bathing" Mr. P., "She says I sound like you."

After a moment of "conversation," he reported that Mr. Pidgeon said he was insulted but that he would talk to me anyhow.

Lo and behold, the receiver was picked up, and the same voice continued with, "How are you, my dearthis is Walter Pidgeon-what can I do for you?"

Golly, what a grand guy he is-and what a sensayuma!

June B. Klein, Washington, D. C.

mother and grandmother prepared late supper for themselves, which Lon usually managed to share. He knew he should have been in bed and so did his folks, but it was the only time they could be together.

But the café venture was a flop. The profits weren't enough to pay the rent. One night Lon learned he was to move again. His mother had lost the lunchroom. She had taken a job as a waitress at the Mesa Cafe in Huntington Park. There was part of a house there she had rented on the promise of her first pay check. "Things will be all right," she smiled bravely. "With a salary we'll know what to count

Before he reached Junior High he was to switch around to ten or twelve different schools. In every one he had to establish himself with the kids and teachers both, a tough job for a youngster. But his natural friendliness and eager personality saw Lon through. He hadn't been in the Huntington Park grade school week before he organized a club. They met to go to the picture show every Saturday morning. There was a special rate for kids on Saturdays. Lon's mother could usually spare a dime or two for the movies. So Lon found a new setting for his world of dreams—the high adventures made in Hollywood. From that moment on he was a movie fan. He still is.

from bad to worse . . .

But soon even the dimes for Lon's Saturday club movies couldn't be spared. There wasn't half enough to make ends meet, and finally Lon's mother was laid off. People laughed at her and at Grandmaw and Grandpaw Hocking when they maw and Grandpaw Hocking when they hunted jobs. Jobs? Know any other funny stories? They came down to the end of their rope. The landlord came around. "I'm sorry," he said, "to have to do this to nice folks like you. But I've got to pay my taxes. Guess I'll have to ask you to leave." to leave.

There was no place to go. Something had to happen, and of course it did. A friend of Grandmaw Hocking's in the days when she was an apartment owner heard of a vacancy at the Alcazar Apartments, in Los Angeles. The manager had left; they needed a couple, manager and houseman.

Grandmother and Grandfather Hocking hastily got on their best clothes. But when they started to leave, they remembered an item. The carfare. They looked in their pockets and pocketbook. They were bare

as bones. There wasn't enough money in the house to get them to the job. Finally Madaline remembered, "I've got a dollar put away in my Bible," she said. "I've been saving it for Lon's birthday present." Out it came, and the journey was financed. Grandpaw and Grandmaw came through. They got the job—also an advance in salary to stock up the manager's cupboard with groceries and to bring carfare to Lon and his mother. Lon McCallister moved

On the busy blocks near the Alcazar he started a magazine route and earned his first money. The Alcazar was on Alvarado Street, center of what used to be the swanky district when Hollywood was young. Randon Notaro's odd house stood nearby, and sometimes in the afternoons Lon would sneak over the fence and wander around the grounds. There was a neighborhood movie house, too, on Alvarado, right across the street, and soon dimes

again for Saturday morning shows.

He went to Union Avenue Grade
School, and it kept him busy. He was a
good student. He liked history and English and geography and languages. He hated math. On the playground Lon found he was good on the double bars, the swings and rings. He was too light for rough games like football, but he was fast. In the Sixth Grade he won sprints and made the school relay team. Later on in Junior and Senior High School he was to make the gym team and win his letter at basketball. Lon was a leader, too—into everything that had to do with school activities. He was in all the school shows, and as usual, he tumbled for the first girl he played with. Her name was Patricia, with black Irish hair. Later on in Junior High, Lon's girl, Dorothea, was to be a brunette, too. The influence of his first girl, little French Jeanne, clung to him. For a long time young Lon was one gentleman who never preferred blondes.

The move to Hollywood took place when Lon was about thirteen. Grandfather Hocking found a steady job at last as night watchman at Universal Studios. That was too far a ride from Alvarado Street. Grandmother found another apartment house to run now, on Yucca Street in Hollywood right off the Boulevard and smack behind Warner Brothers' Hollywood Theater. The first night Lon moved into this strange new world, he saw crowds hurrying to the theater, shiny cars jamming the street, searchlights combing the sky. Entranced, he wandered down to the corner of Wilcox and the Boulevard. "What's going on?"

Lon asked the newsboy.

"Pro moon" said the newsboy.

"Pre-meer," said the newsboy, shortly.
"What's that?"

"What's a 'premeer'?" Lon found himself shattered with incredulous scorn. "Say, kid, you don't know nothin', do you?"

It was true. Lon didn't know much of anything about the ways of Hollywood. But he soon found out. Living a block from the Boulevard a kid would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to learn fast. And going to LeConte Junior High, as Lon soon did, was almost a pre-induction course in Hollywood studio life. All the kids there, it seemed, were veteran extras, stand-ins, even stars. Bonita Granville went to school at LeConte, and Jane Withers' stand-in was in Lon's class.

Everywhere he turned he ran into glamorous show business. Walking down the Boulevard, a treat he still loves, he saw famous faces. At his favorite Boulevard, moving house, the Living Boulevard, and the Boulevard, and vard movie house, the Iris, where he redoubled his fervor as a fan, he used to spell out his name "B-u-d M-c-C-a-l-l-i-s-t-e-r" (for now he was "Bud;" long since the school kids had razzed him



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shamefully about the "H.A." and made rowdy cracks about it) up in imaginary lights, as almost every kid in Hollywood has at one time or another.

on the outside . . .

Grandpaw Hocking, on special nights, would slip Lon in with him at Universal to make the rounds, explaining what he had learned about the mysterious movie plant. Sometimes there would be night companies shooting on the blazing stages, and Lon could stand silent in the dark shadows, open mouthed, and watch. On Friday nights, when he could sleep late the next morning, Lon would stay all night.

Even his mother, who now had a receptionist job in the office of a Hollywood dentist, would come home with stories of movie-famous patients.

The Hollywood fever struck all of Lon's family. His mother found she was just the same size as petite Janet Gaynor, and she learned that Janet was looking for a stand-in. For a while she talked about getting the job. Grandpaw Hocking was snatched from his watchman's post a time or two to walk before a camera at Universal. Even Grandmaw Hocking was told by people who ought to know that she was a wonderful "grandmother type" for the movies. Later on, too, she was.

There wasn't much glamour behind all of this. The object was money. The Hockings and McCallisters were still living from hand to mouth. Lon, young as he was, felt guilty that he wasn't helping out on the family budget. It hurt him to see his grandparents and his frail mother working while all he did was go to school. He was old for his years. The tales of easy studio money the kids at school told inflamed his desire to earn his own way. But nothing seemed to happen. After all, kids weren't any too anxious to cut a newcomer in on the studio know-how. It might take money away from them.

At last Lon's eagerness for activity won him his chance. Mere school work wasn't enough for his energies. He joined a boy's singing organization called the Maxwell Choristers. Lon had a clear young tenor voice. One Friday night the director had

voice. One Friday night the director had a surprise for the group.

"Everybody show up tomorrow afternoon," he said. "M-G-M is looking for choir boys to sing in their big Shakespearean movie, 'Romeo and Juliet.' We're going to try out."

The whole kid's choir tumbled out of the bus the next morning at M-G-M's big

bus the next morning at M-G-M's big gates. Lon was in the front row, excited and eager. For the first time in his life he was entering a studio by the front door to be an actor himself. He had visions of the bright, blazing sets he had seen nights with his Universal watchman Grandfather. Stars would be smiling a welcome. He Stars would be smiling a welcome. He knew his dream movie queen, Norma Shearer, was the star of "Romeo and Juliet." Probably she would walk up to him, smiling dazzlingly and say, "This is just the young man we've been looking for!" He marched inside in a daze.

by the skin of his teeth . . .

But instead of that rosy picture, Lon found himself directed to a big, barnlike stage, dark and dusty, with carpenters pounding in the wings and rough workmen brushing past. No lovely Norma Shearer was anywhere about! A man in slacks and a sport shirt stood on a chair and looked over the group. "Can't use half that

over the group. "Can't use half that many," he stated and Lon's heart sunk. "Line them up," he ordered.

Lon lined up with the rest. An assistant director walked down the line, and as Director George Cukor scanned the faces of the group and nodded, he had them step out of line. The last one stepped out before they came to Lon. "That's enough,"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One of Hollywood's best known juvenile leads made a personal appearance in our city to help boost War Bond sales, just before being shipped overseas. As it happened, one of the last pictures he'd made before entering the service was being shown at the was being besieged by eager fans when one girl, especially noted for her gushing manner, cooed to the star, "Oh, have you seen yourself at the State?" local theater, which only served to in-

The actor didn't even look up. "No. As a matter of fact, I have a very weak stomach"—and went right on signing, "Lieut. Tom Brown!"

David Ragan, Jackson, Tennessee

said Cukor. "Okay, kids," barked the assistant. "You can go now."

Lon turned slowly toward the door with

his heart down to his heels. Halfway to the heavy sound-stage door somebody yelled, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! We're one shy. Line up again."

Lon lined up with the rest. But now he was disillusioned. They would never pick him. This time Cukor himself walked down the line. He didn't walk far. The minute he saw Lon he said unmistakably. "Didn't I choose you before?"

"No," said Lon.

"I meant to," said the director. "You're a perfect choir boy. All right, that's all. Everybody show up for wardrobe fitting Monday morning!"

Lon McCallister rode home with a whir-Lon lined up with the rest. But now he

Lon McCallister rode home with a whirling brain. He was actually to work in a studio like all the rest of the kids! He was to begin as a choir boy and maintain through all his scores of extra jobs that spiritual freshness which set him apart from the other extras and earned him the nickname of "The Angel Extra." What George Cukor had noticed in that brief choir-casting other directors, stars and finally the great American public were to discover and like well enough to make Lon McCallister the brightest young star in all Hollywood.

But thoughts like that were completely absent from Lon's spinning brain that day as the bus jolted him back home to the small apartment back of the Boulevard, where about this time his mother would be coming home from work, tired but courageous. Where the harassing apartment house duties of his cheerful grandmother, which never ended, would be going on. Where Grandfather Hocking would be rousing himself from his day's rest and packing his snack for the all-night rounds at the studio.

What thrilled fourteen-year-old Lon was the triumphant thought that now he, too, was a family breadwinner. Now he had a man-sized job with a man-sized check to contribute to the pot. He felt suddenly grown up and strong. He recognized then his first goal, which he never abandoned until he realized it. "I'll be earning enough soon," he told himself, "so that Granny and Mom can stop work." Ambition was to come later. What loomed large about the wonder of Hollywood to Lon McCallister then was the money, and what it could mean to the people he loved best in the world.

"Five days at ten dollars a day!" he exulted. "Five times ten is fifty. Fifty dollars! Golly!"

Part II of Lon McCallister's life story will appear in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN.

OH, KAYE!

(Continued from page 33)

he lisped, and suddenly saw himself—a grown man, standing there like a big dope, talking baby talk. He blushed his way

taking baby taik. He blushed his way through the number.

After the rehearsal, Vinton Freedley came up. "I'm a little worried about that fairy tale thing."

"Don't worry," said Danny. "I've been through this before. If it's bad opening night. I'll out it faster than anyone else." night, I'll cut it faster than anyone else.

Opening night. The murmur from be-yond the curtain. The hush that's like no other hush in the world as the lights dim and the curtain rises. Danny stepped out, and his eyes met that sea of faces, and the

spark ignited-

"Onth upon a time," he lisped, and the audience went woff! He forgot about himself and his inhibitions, about being grownup and looking like a dope. He was inside and outside his skin at the same time, doing things he'd never dreamed of in rehearsal, feeling almost as if they were doing themselves. All that existed was the live current running between him and the audience, electrifying both. The number Freedley was worried about stopped the show.

Lots of movie actors hate being watched. It makes them self-conscious. It makes Danny self-conscious not to be watched. Before a big production number, they start herding people in from all over the lot to

spark Danny up.

Both his parents were gay people. At five, Danny was singing the Russian folk-songs they loved. What tickled them most, though, was the way he'd spot people's oddities—a characteristic gesture, a quirk of expression—and reproduce them to the life. It tickled the kids at school, too. But all that was just a minor sideline with Danny. As he grew into his teens, two passions obsessed him. If he wasn't playing baseball or yelling from the bleachers of Ebbets Field, "C'mon you bums!" he'd be tagging along with an older friend, already in medical school. He'd never consider being anything but a doctor. To Danny, a smashed finger spelled remanage Danny, a smashed finger spelled romance. "Wait a minute," he'd beg. "Let me fix it."

That dream was shattered by an experi-ence which his father shared with others around that time. He lost most of his money, which meant no college. For a while Danny was lost, too. Cut off from the clear road ahead, with its shining goal, he could find no other. His father, a wise man, kept his hands off. Even when Danny ran away.

It was a pretty casual flight. "Hey," said a friend, "wanna hitch-hike to Florida?"

"Gee, that might be fun!"

In addition to their thumbs, Danny was equipped with a voice, the other guy with a uke. They bartered entertainment for mileage. Pop was upset at first and had them traced to Baltimore. But when the cop said, "They're okay—I'd let 'em go ahead if I were you," Pop took his advice. Neither did he bether the box during the

Neither did he bother the boy during the dim days that followed when Danny's life dim days that followed when Danny's life was bounded by movies, sleeping and brooding. For want of other occupation, he developed complexes, turned sour on the gang. With his songs and mimicry, he'd always been the life of the party. There the guys would sit, laughing their fool heads off, and next to each guy sat his girl. Danny had no girl. He concluded that they loved him not for himself alone, but for free entertainment. So he forsook society for the movie palaces—patronized four of five shows, got home at one and slept the morning through.

Pop's friends were disturbed. "He's a

Pop's friends were disturbed. "He's a big boy. It's time he went to work. Why



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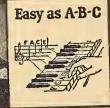
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don't you talk to him?"

Only Pop remained tranquil. "When he decides what he wants to do, he'll do it. Meantime, I'll make believe he's going to college." And Danny'd find a five-dollar bill under his pillow.

He'd fill in with odd jobs. When a friend said, "I'm going to a summer camp—want to go along?" it was just another odd job at first. Even when he got to be star of the borscht circuit, earning top dough of a thousand a season, that money had to last him the winter. But they did a new show every week—with Danny as character actor and general funny man—and the experience was good. An idea that had long lain fallow in his mind began to sprout. Could he make a living this way?

He was still too diffident to look the thought straight in the face. He'd kind of sling his eyes round at it, then quick turn the other way. Nevertheless, it was taking root. "Gee, why don't you try show business?" the kids would ask, and the little plant would grow another green leaf. But it always wilted under the eyes of agents.

ching bound . . .
Because he did finally muster the courage to beard a few agents. He'd walk in and they'd say, "What do you do?" so he'd turn around and walk out again. He didn't know what he did.

"Sing?" the agent would ask.

"A little."

"Dance?"

"Dance? "A little." "Jokes?

"I dunno," he'd mutter and get the hell

out before they threw him out.

Then at camp one summer, he fell in with Dave Harvey and Kathleen Young, dancers. Among them, they whipped up an act, got themselves bookings nobody else would take and toured all the waterholes of America. To Danny, they were glorified waterholes. He was on the stage, having fun, earning enough to eat and sleep on. For the moment, that was ecstasy enough.

For the moment, that was ecstasy enough.
In Detroit, A. B. Marcus, theatrical big shot, caught the show and arrived backstage. "I need a dancing act," he said. "How would you like to go to China?"
Who, them? He must be crazy. Or if it was a joke, haha! But they'd work for him here.

him here.
"Okay," said A. B. "Those two people I want. The blonde fellow I don't need."

Dave was no blonde. He looked at Kathleen, got his answer and delivered an ulti-matum. "We're not breaking up the act." But what A. B. didn't need, he wasn't

paying for. He'd take all three at the salary he'd intended for two. Thanks to Danny's partners, that's how the deal was made. At the end of two weeks, the blonde fellow was working in fourteen of the show's sixteen acts, and the team was on its way. As the passports and travel folders started coming in, they caught the fever. Why China? became—Why not China?—and they sent for their passports.

A year and more in the Orient, then Danny drew up a balance sheet. He was getting priceless experience in pantomime and dialect, he was part of a big friendly family, he was earning fifty a week and saving. On the other hand, he was twentytwo, he could stay with the troupe thirty years and have nothing to show for it, now

was as good a time as any to break away.

Back to New York and the agents.

"What've you done?" He told them. "Can you do an act alone?" He didn't know.

That was 1935. For four years he knocked around, taking club dates, touring with Sally Rand, stooging for Nick Long, Jr. through a London season, getting nowhere but deeper into the slough of despond. At last he set a deadline. "I'll give myself till I'm thirty, then I'll quit."

It was in the spring of '39 that Nat Lichtman asked him to do some songs for a semi-professional show they were putting Danny went with him to the rehearsal loft, and there sat the dark-haired girl, running over some music. Like all good love stories, this one started with a fightabout tempos or keys or some such nonsense. But as Danny sang, Sylvia looked up, startled. And when he was through, she went over to the producer.

"I've just heard a great new star." "What're you talking about?

"What're you talking about?

"That blonde guy who just sang. He's going to be a great star."

Soon Danny found himself seeing Sylvia home. "You happen to know a Dr. Fine who used to live in East New York?"

"He's my father."

"I would to drill helds in his woodwork."

"I used to drill holes in his woodwork." While his boss was out, Danny'd turn dentist, don a white coat, open a drawer, pick a drill, start the machine and look around for a patient. He couldn't drill air, so he drilled the woodwork.

"We used to wonder about those holes,"

said Sylvia.

With that bond established, others grew. Sylvia'd been working with Max Liebman at Camp Tamiment-the Theatre Guild of the summer places. She was going back that season and talked Danny into going along. She wrote some numbers for him, along. She wrote some numbers to limit, and they found the professional partnership exciting. Sylvia'd get an idea, they'd discuss it, she'd put it on paper, they'd fool around with it, change it, rehearse it—with Danny adding business. Like Gilbert and Sullivan, they complemented each other—fathered and mothered a new form of entertainment. It was hard work, but profoundly exhilarating.

The best of that summer's output went into "Straw Hat Revue" which didn't last long. They still hadn't found the right presentation formula. Danny decided he had to get away from it all. His last few dollars took him to Florida.

One day Sylvia's phone rang. Danny's voice on long distance. "Why don't you

voice on long distance. come down to Florida?"
"What for?"

"I want to get married."

"Who's the girl?"
"You."

"Mhm. Well, I'll come down, but I don't think we'll get married."

So they got married—both shaking with fright in the car that took them over to Ft. Lauderdale. Sylvia had a solid capital of thirty dollars. Danny's was misty—he can't remember whether he had or owed forty. If either had said, "Let's call the whole thing off," the other would have dissolved in blossed relief. Being stall have

whole thing off," the other would have dissolved in blessed relief. Being stubborn, they both kept their mouths shut.

Back in New York, they started re-working their numbers. It meant nothing to them that a man named Dario was opening a swank night club called the Martinique. Operating on a shoestring, he was frantic for entertainment, but couldn't pay more than two hundred fifty a week. Bestry, the agent, suggested The Kayes—"Who are they?"

He murmured something about summer

camps.
"Yah!" snorted Dario. "All right, get them. No, what do I want to see them for? If they're from summer camps, I know they stink. But for two fifty, you can't buy orchids."

To the Kayes, two fifty was celestial music. The café opened, Danny went on for the dinner show, and flopped. They didn't know what to make of him. No risque songs, no jokes, some screwy number about Stanislavsky. Anyway, they were hungry.

Down but not out, Sylvia and Danny re-routined the show. Next time he was

less nervous, the crowd less concerned with food. This time the numbers got through in all their wit and slyness and subtlety, and the crowd fell on its face. Danny Kaye's name became a Broadway byword, the customers poured in, and the Martinique flourished, not to mention the Kayes. On their first payday, Sylvia was ill. Danny collected their salary in fived dollar bills and strewed them over her bed.

Among the repeating customers was Moss Hart, who said to Danny one night: "If I ever do a revue, I'd like you in it."

Three days later he phoned, and his voice was apologetic. "Look, Danny, I hate to ask you—there's a part in 'Lady in the Dark,' but it's pretty small—would you be interested?"

be interested?

Danny didn't fall down, because he was sitting, but the floor rose up and hit him in the face. A part in Moss Hart's show with Sam Harris producing and Gertie Lawrence starring! And Hart asking him to do it as a favor yet! A strangled voice reached Hart's ears. "Sure," it said. "Sure. I'd be interested."

As usual, Danny didn't shine in rehearsal. He was all right, and that's all. The Broadway boys told Hart he was crazy, taking a chance on a night club entertainer "So I'm crazy," said Hart.

a night to remember . . .

They opened in Boston. The first act didn't hold much for Danny. His big moment came in the second, with the Tschai-kowsky number. Big was the word for it. As he jumped on the horse for the finish, the house broke loose. Ira Gershwin walked out to the lobby, smoked a cigar-ette and, when he came back, they were still applauding. Danny sat on his horse, happier and more worried than he'd ever been in his life. Because who was the

ON YOUR TOES!

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star of this show anyway? And how was she going to like this demonstration—?

Miss Lawrence looked at Danny and bowed. Danny bowed back. She stepped toward the footlights, lifted her chin and sailed into "Jenny." Never had she sung it as she did that night. It was magnificent and thrilling-a thoroughbred rising to the challenge of the race—a master show woman topping her own heights—Gertie Law-rence, incredibly better than her superb best. The audience went wild, none wilder than Danny up there on his horse, mopping the sweat from his brow, thanking God for Gertie. For what seemed exquisite hours on end, the crowd kept them bowing to each other and wouldn't let them go. The Englishwoman had known many nights of triumph. This was the Brooklyn boy's first, and its memory is hallowed.

His father's pride in Danny's success was thing of gradual growth. So he was in

a thing of gradual growth. So he was in for a shock at the New York opening of "Lady in the Dark." Danny's first appearance in his chauffeur's uniform brought a nice hand from his café following. Be-wildered, Pop turned to his companion.

'You mean they know him?" Backstage, after the show, he didn't say a word, just kept looking at Danny. Here was a whole new kind of a son.

Later, he grew more articulate. At least once a month he'd go to see "Let's Face It."
Danny could spot him from the stage and noticed that, after the first few times, Pop didn't watch him. Arms folded, he gave his attention to the audience. When they got hysterical, he'd nod and beam encouragement, much as to say, "You haven't seen anything yet." Now and then he'd lean over to some particularly appreciative stranger. Clearly as though he could hear the words, Danny knew what they were. "That's my boy up there."

Sam Goldwyn snagged him because he

Sam Goldwyn snagged him because he was smart enough to take an agent's advice. While Danny was still in "Lady in the Dark," Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris agency, phoned Goldwyn, "You better come see this guy." For the first time, Goldwyn planed East to catch a performance. "How about pictures?" he asked the performance was "Panny was "t ready was the performance of the performer. Danny wasn't ready yet, but agreed to get in touch with Goldwyn when the time came. A week at Ciro's in Hollywood really set the wires buzzing.

with Goldwyn when the time came.

Now he's working in "The Wonder Man."

But he doesn't want to make so-called Danny Kaye starrers all his life. Nor has he any suppressed urge to play Hamlet. What he does want is variety and scope in characterization—to play, not a stereotype, but people as he's observed them, with their humors and crotchets and vagaries. Guthrie McClintic once said to him—"I'd like to do a play with you some time."
"Wouldn't that take a lot of guts?"

True to his promise, however, Danny went

"No. Never be afraid to do the unexpected. People don't expect romance from





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you, for instance, yet I saw you do a simple love scene that moved me very much. No good glassblower goes on making the same mold forever. He breaks it and tries another and another. The new one may not be as pretty, but at least he knows he's alive—and it may be prettier. Don't be afraid to break the mould, Danny." Give him a chance to break it, and he won't mind being the biggest flop on Broadway.

He and Sylvia still have that bird-of-

passage feeling, so they live in a rented house. Sylvia's just finished sweating out her stuff for "The Wonder Man." Each number's like having a baby, and leaves her exhausted. Danny's working his head off, too, gets home at 6:30, sits around for a couple of hours after dinner, and tumbles into bed. He doesn't drink, but goes off on food binges—all-Chinese or Italian food for two weeks in a row till he can't stand the sight of it. But he'd still rather watch an

appendectomy than eat.

The biggest fizzle of his life came when "Let's Face It" opened. For years he'd dreamed of seeing his name up in lights. New York was blacked out for the first time that night, and stayed blacked out. His biggest thrill, apart from acting, was putting on a Dodger uniform, working out with the boys and gazing up at the bleachers where he used to sit for fifty-five cents. He met Durocher five years ago, and they've been fast friends since. When Danny was between pictures, they toured Army and Navy camps together. The Lip told baseball stories for an hour, wound up doing a song and dance with Danny and fractured 'em. Danny's the same sizzling fan he always was. If he'd been back East last

summer, personally watching dem bums slide down dem cellar stairs, he'd have killed himself.

the kitchen cabinet . . .

Since the Martinique days, he hasn't seen a salary check. His affairs are handled by a four-man kitchen cabinet—himself and Sylvia, Eddie Dukoff—his agent, Lou Mendel—his lawyer. Like a diaper company. "I'm the diaper," he says. "Sylvia adpany. "I'm the diaper," he says. "Sylvia advertises me. Eddie sells me. Lou manages me." He gets an allowance and doesn't have time to spend that when he's working. Never plays cards and has no talent for gambling. If he saw a pair of socks he wanted for sixty bucks, he'd buy them. But let him lose a dollar on a golf game, and he'll kick himself all over the joint. and he'll kick himself all over the joint.

He likes to give Sylvia presents because she gets a very cute expression on her face. One day she admired a garnet necklace in a

window.

"Why don't you buy it?"
"Oh, that's silly. I don't need it." So he hoarded his allowance in an old shoe and bought her the necklace. She got a very cute expression on her face.

For himself, he doesn't care about jewelry. All he wears is his mother's wedding ring, and that's been on his finger for

16 years.

He's careful to call himself, not an actor, but an entertainer. That's the old diffidence cropping out, plus pride. He'll claim nothing that's not freely granted. A shrewd operator in the business, whose words are few and to the point, heard of this foible. "So he ain't an actor," he snorted. "So he's only a genius."

PERFUME WEAVES A MAGIC SPELL

(Continued from page 53)

evening. But, instead, there are many new and exciting ways to use perfume that will mark you as something pretty special. When a gal is in a Humphrey-Bogart-leading-lady mood, she wants a provocative scent, with a definite lilt to emphasize her femininity. A perfume on the "heavy" side is her choice, something like an untamed fragrance. A few drops down her bosom, across her shoulders and around her ankles, will surround her with an air of naughty-but-nice charm.

And for that special time when hearts are gay? I nominate an intoxicating scent with a spicy tang, neither light or heavy, yet having a definite note . . . a heartbeat! A gay, lilting perfume, brushed across her lips and finger tips will make a girl feel that she's floating on clouds.

Then too there are times where are times and the state of the state of

Then, too, there are times when a girl is off in a cloud of fantasy. A clinging floral bouquet, "a poetic dream," is exciting in the flight from the obvious. So, naturally, let's not be obvious in the use of perfume. A few drops behind the knees, trailed at the hairline framing the face, and on a cotton pellet tucked in the bra surround a charmer in an aura of romance.

When you're wearing that pastel sheer wool number with its ruffled neckline, you feel dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. Try a floral, gay and light perfume . . . a real April shower. It will become a particular

pet of yours, I promise!

The secret of using perfume enchantingly is simply this: Not one heavy application in one place but many light ones, scattered. Suppose you're simply swoony about an irresistible perfume (I am). Then spray it directly on your skin, so that the warmth of your body releases the scent and sends it around you like a delicious cloud.

Herewith is an extra list of perfuming ways and means. (1) Start with your

lingerie; spray undergarments after laundering. What could be more refreshing than to slip into a delicately perfumed slip? (2) Your dress should be pre-perfumed, too. If sprayed on an hour or two before wearing, you'll be sure of not being too heavily perfumed. (3) Wide sleeves, floating draperies, should leave a trail of perfume in their walks. fume in their wake . . . and a perfume that says "follow me" would be grand. (4) Artificial flowers should smell like the original. (5) Gloves carry perfume well. (6) Every heroine of romance has per-fumed hair. Men adore this siren touch, so don't neglect it! A few drops of perfume (or eau de cologne or toilet water) in the last rinse is a good idea. And don't forget eyebrows! (7) A drop on the blotter in the stationery box scents the paper.
When you know how, shopping for per-

fume is fun. Always try the perfume on your skin. The back of your hand will do. Taking a whiff out of the bottle is an untrue test because alcoholic gases form at the neck of the bottle. Too, sometimes the chemistry of the skin mixes with perfume (I know this even though I flunked Chemistry 3) and gives it a slightly dif-

ferent fragrance for each individual.

Once you collect your favorites, take care of them. Don't leave loosely stoppered perfume bottles on your dressing table. It may impress your girl friends, but perfume much prefers seclusion. Bright light is bad for it. Keep it in the cool dark. Keep it tightly stoppered. Never hoard perfume—enjoy it!

Drop me a note if any problems of skincare, hair-do's, figure or general beauty routine are perplexing you. I'll shoot the answer back by return mail. Carol Carter, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

DREAM WALKING

(Continued from page 35)

"Please, Mr. Meiklejohn, isn't there some tiny little bit I can do?"
"Well, we're thinking things over. We've got some ideas."

She mightn't have cared so desperately if things hadn't started off with such a bang. Sometimes she wished they hadn't started at all. There she'd been, minding her own business, peacefully going to school and playing with Peter Merenblum's Junior Symphony Orchestra. She'd started playing at four. Mother taught music. At three, Dolly'd sit on the table and listen. Then she began picking out notes for her Then she began picking out notes for herself. Later on she lost interest. But when she was about ten, she began to understand music and really to love it.

treading on air . . .

One day Virginia Ellis's mother phoned. Virginia was a violinist with the orchestra, and Paramount wanted her for an audition.

Could Dolly go along to accompany?
Well, you can imagine! Being 13 and going to a movie studio for the first time!
"Now, darling, don't get excited," Mother said. "Remember you're just accompany-

ing Virginia.

She tried to remember, but how can you She tried to remember, but how can you remember anything when a man opens a door for you, and you look up, and it's Joel McCrea! And suddenly there's Susanna Foster, looking so beautiful! And after you finished playing for Virginia, somebody says, "Can you play a solo?" and you play a Chopin waltz, and they say, "We'll call you."

"That's what they always say," Mother warned her that evening, trying to calm her down. "It doesn't mean a thing."

A couple of weeks later she was awfully

A couple of weeks later she was awfully glad she hadn't told the girls. Because Mother'd been right. Nothing happened. Not for a month. Then they called her back. This time Mother went along. Dolly played and talked into a mike, and they asked if she knew Grieg's Concerto. No? Well, could she learn it? Well, could she learn it?
"How long will you give her?" asked

Mother. "Two weeks."

Well, the story's been told and retoldhow she went back and played the first movement of the Concerto, and one Saturday morning they finally signed her, and she raced home to tell Lois and everyone. And she worked in the picture, and Susanna Foster became her guardian angel; and when it was over, they were sent on this wonderful tour of the South together.

That was months and months ago. Now the bubble had burst, and the rainbow faded. Yes, she was still under contract—for all the good it did her. Nobody knew

she existed.

But she didn't want to go back to the piano—not for a career—she wanted to act!

Dolly walked to the window—waited and watched the sky—and at last she saw it. Her lips moved:
"Starlight, starbright,

First star I see tonight—" She wasn't really superstitious, but she always wished on the first star. This time

Johnny Del Valle, one of the publicity men, said, "I'm sick of seeing you around," and took her to Jules Schirmer, who said he'd use her in the next Aldrich picture.

he'd use her in the next Aldrich picture. But that wasn't all. Before they could get the Aldrich script read, Mr. Mayo of the talent department sent for her. "I've been thinking of you for "The Major and the Minor." Only Brackett and Wilder want a younger girl. You'll have to wear flat





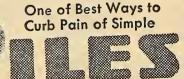


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heels and lie about your age."

She'd have worn horns, if necessary. They tested her, they measured her up against Ginger Rogers for height. At last came those unbelievable words, "Guess she'll be all right."

overtime in heaven . . .

Those first days on the set whenever the business manager appeared, her heart would stop, waiting for him to come over, waiting for the words, "Sorry, we're replacing you." He never said them. All they did was change her name. Loehr was hard to pronounce, and Dolly sounded sort of childish. Her real name was Do-lores, but nobody'd ever called her that.

The only bad thing about the picture was, it came to an end. "You're not going to cry," Diana told herself. But she couldn't help it, so she ducked into an empty dressing room that happened to be Ray Mil-

ing room that happened to be Itay Milland's, and bawled.

Well, there wasn't much to cry about after that—what with two Aldrich pictures, then "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," "And the Angels Sing." But by now she was fast becoming everybody's little sister—and Paramount had bought "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Young and Gay. So she started brooding again, but constructively this time. Jim Davies was her friend. He was also the studio masseur. Among others, he massaged Sheridan Gibney who was writing the screenplay. A little scheme shaped itself in Diana's head. She planted herself where she'd just happen casually to run into Jim Davies.

"Gosh, Jim, that's a wonderful book.

Who d'you think's going to do it?"

"Would you like to?" grinned Jim.

So she stopped being subtle. "Would I!"

Jim was an angel, he drove Mr. Gibnoy.

Jim was an angel, he drove Mr. Gibney crazy. With every whack and pummel, he'd say, "Why don't you try Diana Lynn?" Every day she'd sneak up to whisper, "How's it going?"

He'd wink and whisper back, "I'm working on it."

One day he talked out loud. "Gibney One day he talked out loud.
wants to see you. He doesn't think you can
do it, but he'll see you anyway."
She bought her first really sophisticated
cutfit—payy blue and white. "Too old,"

outfit—navy blue and white. "Too old," Mother said, which pleased Diana no end. So first thing Mr. Gibney said was, "You're awfully young."

"I'm nearly 17—and getting older all the time," she pleaded.

me," she pleaded.
"But you look so young."

"That's on account of the dress." Never did anyone do a backflip so fast. "It's a very young dress. I can look much older." "Mhm. Well, we'll test you and see."

They tested lots of others, but she finally got it. And that seemed to do the trick. got it. And that seemed to do the trick. Because afterwards, without any prodding, they gave her the romantic lead in "Out of This World" and a dressing room on the set and star billing with Eddie Bracken.

She'll be 18 in October, and it was a thrill to graduate in cap and gown last June with her class at University High

School.

The worst chore of her life is waking up mornings. Also, she belongs to the cheerful - at - breakfast - nasty - before - dinner school. Mother says, "What happened at the studio?" and she won't talk.

In many ways, she's a trial round the house. Mother and Dad spend their life saying: "Turn that radio lower." Then Mother can't stand disorder. So you might know she'd have a daughter like Diana, who strews clothes all over the room and says, "I'll pick 'em up later." Also loses things in a steady stream—keys, scarves, scripts, anything that's not nailed down.

Besides wishing on a star, her only other

superstition is not singing before breakfast or you'll cry before dinner. Blue's her favorite color. She likes jewelry, but forgets

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to put it on. Her real passion's perfumethe wickeder, the better.

There are two types of people she can get along without—(1) athletic, (2) sweet-and-lovely. On vacations, the athletics get you up at 6 AM and say, "Let's go riding." No sooner are you back than they say, "Let's go swimming." She'd rather lie in and sun and bake. The sweet-and-lovelies she doesn't trust. They mostly turn out to be terrible characters be terrible characters.

The first time she steps out with a new dancing partner, she gets stiff and em-barrassed. Till she's sure she can follow, no matter how madly he whips round the floor, then it's wonderful. She doesn't hate night clubs. Because you can't be normal and 17 and hate night clubs. Diana's not blase, and hopes she never will be. Night

clubs are beautiful, and they're fun. She's not permitted to drink, and doesn't think she would if she were.

She's a sucker for tear-jcrkers and good musicals—never misses Ingrid Bergman or Vivien Leigh or Judy Garland-her folks don't flatter her about her own pictures.

Two years ago they built a house in View Park. It's Mother and Dad's house, not Diana's—much closer to Dad's work with an oil supply company than it is to the studio. She's the daughter in her parents' house, same as she's always been. That's how they wanted it. She contributes something toward upkeep—which is only fair—and buys her own clothes. That's all. Fifty percent of her earnings go straight into War Bonds.

Say, now that dream's talking!

A XMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

(Continued from page 25)

forgetting all about it for the minute. But there it was, poking out from under the pillow and making a liar of her.

Auntie didn't say a word, just looked at her as if she were terribly disappointed. June felt so ashamed. Auntie just said: "I'm sorry, June. I'm afraid your mother'll have to know about this," and went out with the picture.

It wasn't that June minded Mother's knowing. But suddenly she felt that she had to tell her herself. She could tell Mother anything. She could explain how it happened. The words wouldn't choke Loneliness for Mother rose and engulfed her, dissolved the lump in her throat to blinding tears. "I want my mother," she sobbed, fumbling with buttons, wiping her eyes clear with the back of her hand—"I have to find my mother."

June rubbed her aching eyes. It certainly didn't pay to be bad. All it got you was misery. The way she felt now reminded her of that other awful time when she stole ten cents. Mostly she hated thinking about it, shoved the memory deep down to the bottom of her mind. Now it gave her comfort to remember how darling Mother had been-

It happened soon after Christmas. Less than a year ago, but it seemed like ages because everything had changed so. The dime had been sitting on the dresser for three days. Every morning June was given her lunch money—enough for milk and a sandwich. The other kids always had candy money too, but not June. Mother couldn't afford it. She didn't make much, working on those printing machines. June had promised never to spend her money for candy-

But, golly, how her mouth watered! Standing on line, watching the other kids buy it, she thought sometimes she'd die if she couldn't have a piece of candy. And suddenly, there sat the dime on the dresser. Of course it wasn't hers, and of course she wouldn't take it. Next day it was still there. Maybe it didn't belong to anyone, maybe it was an orphan that nobody wanted. June's hand went out and drew back again, shocked. Of course she could ask whose dime it was. But as long as she didn't ask, there was still a chance—

At school next day she kept praying that the dime would be gone—so she could stop thinking about it, stop seeing visions of chocolate and licorice sticks. But when she got home, the dime was still there, glittering. For a moment she stood irres-

olute—
"I'll take it and pay it back," she thought,
knowing perfectly well that there wasn't any place in the whole wide world where she could get ten cents. But she took it anyway, and bought candy-the kind you got ten for a penny—and it tasted so good and made her so miserable that she wanted to go off somewhere and howl like a wolf.

Between candy and wretchedness, she couldn't eat supper. Granny didn't mention the dime, so it must have been Mother's. Mother wasn't home yet. She never got home till late, and Granny kept her supper hot. June went in and sat down on the bed. After a while, Mother came in.

"What's wrong, honey?" "Nothing-

"Want to go for a walk?"
But June didn't want to go walking tonight. "Feel sick, baby?" June shook her head. "Well, never ind. When you're

ready to tell me about it, you can—"
"Mummy, mummy," she wailed, and the arms came round and held her, and the hand stroked her hair back from her damp

forehead, and the story came out—
"All right, Junie, stop crying now.
There's no sense in my telling you it was wrong, because you know it yourself. And you won't do it again—"
"But I can't pay you back, mummy—"
Suddenly, the tearstreaked face lifted, and

a brilliant idea washed out half its woe. She slipped off the bed and opened the dresser drawer, where her white silk blouse still lay in its issue paper. "I haven't worn it yet, mummy. Maybe they'll give you the money back.

For one horrified moment, she thought Mother was going to cry. But June must have been mistaken. Because her face smoothed out, and she said, "Keep it—"
"I don't want to keep it. It wouldn't

even make me feel good any more to have

"All right, here's what we'll do. I'll keep it till you've done something special, then I'll give it you as a present all over again—"

She thought nothing could ever make her feel worse than that dime. Till one

day when the whole world went black— Coming home from school that day. Thinking how nice to have Mother home, only wishing it were for a different reason. Granny'd gone to the hospital for two weeks with a bad leg, and June had been marking the days off on the calendar. Marking Granny home and Mother away. Why couldn't she have them both, the way other girls did-?

The kid from next door came down the

reet. "Your grandmother's dead—"
June stood still for a moment. What a horrible thing to say! Of course it wasn't true, but how could anyone tell such a horrible lie! She kept looking at the kid, who started backing away. June's heart, that had seemed to stop, started pounding. It couldn't be true. She flew toward the







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house. Mother opened the door, and she saw the truth written in Mother's face-

All that day and next, June stayed in her room with the door locked. They rattled the knob, they begged her to come out. Once she heard Mother's voice—

Someone said, "But you've got to get the child out. She hasn't had a mouthful of food since yesterday—"

Mother said, "Evidently she needs to be

alone more than she needs food."
You never had to tell Mother anything. She knew without telling. It was as though June weren't a girl any more, but just one big hurt. Never to hear Granny laugh again, never to see her-that was the awful thought she couldn't bear. It lurked like some monster, ready to claw her apart. She lay there, trying with all her might to shut out the monster

She'd never said Granny's name to anyone since-not even to Mother. She'd never stopped being lonely inside. If she could have lived with Mother, it might have been different. Not that she didn't like Auntie and the girls—she just couldn't be happy, not living with Mother. She'd even been mean about it at first. Did being unhappy make people mean? she wondered.
"Darling," Mother had said, "I can't afford

to pay someone to stay with you."

"I don't need to be stayed with. I'm eleven years old. I'll just wait there till you get home from work—"

"But I'd worry, Junie. I'd sit there all day and worry, and world."

day and worry, and you wouldn't want that. It'll be lovely at Auntie's. You'll have fun with the girls, and you'll be helping me. I've got to know you're safe—"
They'd been over and over the argument,

and June had lost. She wasn't very nice about. On the train to Long Island, she cut

Mother pretty short—
"Oh, I'll be all right, don't worry about me, I'll be fine—"

She said good by very coldly. "Well, g'by," she said, just like that. Mother'd hurt her, so she wanted to hurt back. And the minute the door closed, she'd have given anything just to be in Mother's arms. It tought her a leasen that her a leasen t It taught her a lesson that lots of people don't learn till they're much older. Turning her soaked pillow that night, she thought: "When you hurt somebody you love, you're just hurting yourself."

She looked out the window. Still teem-

ing. Getting darker and darker, too. Well, never mind. It didn't matter now. She knew what she had to do. Go back. Mother certainly wouldn't like her acting this way. Neither would Granny-

Besides, it was mostly her own fault. Auntie'd always been kind. But June had come with a chip on her shoulder that never quite fell off. Guessed she was jealous, too. The girls—all three of them were pretty and cute and popular with the boys. June was little and skinny and no boy ever looked at her twice. She had to be something, so she studied like mad, and was very smart in school. Which made her

stuck up. She was nobody's angel— But mostly, it was missing Mother. Missing Mother was like a stone inside her heart-

As the small drenched figure dragged itself back up the steps, the door opened— "Mummy, Mummy, how did you get

"Auntie phoned me at the plant. She was worried-

"Oh, Mummy, I didn't mean to be bad—" "I know, darling. Auntie understands too. We've decided a girl needs her mother more than anything else. So I'm taking you home with me-" home with me-

They went home that night because Mother had to work next day. Home to the little cold-water flat-one room and a kitchen-but it looked like heaven. The room has a sofa and a pull-out bed. Mother

wanted June to take the bed, but she said nothing doing. "I won't sleep anyhow. I'm too bursting with happiness." Next thing she knew, the sun was waking her up. The neighbors were lovely. "Don't worry," they told Mother. "We'll look after her till you get home." As if she needed looking after—a great girl of turduo. looking after—a great girl of twelve—
Four o'clock. Mother'd be home soon—

they got off early Christmas Eve. June opened the oven door and took out the cake. It didn't look so hot-

The cake was her Christmas gift to Mother. She got the idea out of a magazine. "YOUR MOTHER'S ALWAYS BAKING YOU COOKIES," said the ad. "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HER SOME CHRISTMAS COOKIES FOR A CHANGE?"

"A cake!" thought June. "That's what

I'll bake her-

She got the recipe from a cookbook, and the ingredients from a neighbor lady. The lady had offered to lend her some money for a present, but June had been taught never to borrow money. Ingredients were different.

She'd done everything the book saidstuck straw in the cake and walked gently, so it wouldn't fall. But it fell anyhow.

Never mind, Mother'd like it anyway. She got the matchbox out, lighted the matches, burned them down to the end, and arranged them on the cake to read "MERRY CHRISTMAS." Some of them crumpled, but the effect was okay—especially if you didn't stand too close.

Mother made a great fuss over the cake even cried a little. She'd brought home tiny table-tree. They didn't have any balls to tie on, but it looked nice with the cake sitting under it, and June's present all done up in Christmas ribbons.

They had supper, with the cake between them. "May I help you to some of this delicious dessert?" asked Mother.

"Who do you think you're kidding?"

crowed June.

After supper, she opened her present. A beautiful pink hair-bow! "Golly!" breathed June in front of the mirror. "I'd almost look pretty—if I had another face."
"Your face suits me." That's what

Mother always said. Now Mother was in the big chair, June on a hassock at her feet. The lights were out, and Granny's little radio was playing

Christmas carols.

Last year Granny'd been listening with them. And suddenly it came to June that for the first time since Granny'd died, it was easy to think about her. Not only easy, but sweet. Against Mother's knee, June whispered: "That's Granny's favorite carol. D'you think maybe she's here, listening with us?"
"Could be," said Mother. "Especially if

you don't keep her out, Junie.

She looked up, wondering. "How do you mean, keep her out?"

"By not talking or thinking about her. Remember how she loved you, dear, instead of trying to forget, and she'll always be close."

The room was quiet for a long time after that. Till June laid her cheek against her mother's hand. "You just gave me the loveliest Christmas present," she said. "Better than a million hair-bows."

June's looking forward to Christmas of '45. She's saving to buy her mother a mink coat, and by then she'll have enough.
"Let's take a walk," she'll say, and Mother'll go to the closet for her coat.

She'll probably stand in the closet, crying, and June'll have to go in for her.

"Come on, Mummy," she'll say. "We're not sticking this cake in the garbage can." and there'll be the mink with a big sign on it in matchsticks: "MERRY CHRIST-MAS TO MUMMY."

"IF HE WERE SINGLE . . !"

(Continued from page 44)

else, they knew Hopper. So when Walter

got in, he called me.
"You're an answer to a prayer," I told him. "I'm about to throw a housewarming. Will you come and sing?"

"What time?"

"Well, the invitations read from four to

In New York we'd been agreeable, but rather casual, acquaintances. Before that party was over, we became firm friends. He had two qualities that never fail to bowl me over—generosity and a divine sense of humor. The generosity came through in his singing. His voice was then at its beautiful best, and nothing was too much. "Just tell me when to begin and when to stop." At 4:30 P.M. he was singing, and at 3:30 in the morning he sang "Good-

So Walter became one of the gang, and his marriage to Ruth made everything perfect. On the subject of Ruth Pidgeon, I'm likely to go off the deep end. She's one of those rare people who combine sweetness and strength in just the right balance. I doubt if any woman in Holly-wood's better loved. Walter himself

summed it up when he said: "If you're not crazy about Ruth, you're crazy."

The funniest thing was the way she refurnished the house, piece by piece. Like most men, Walter has a mania for durable stuff. If it wears like iron, it's beautiful. Unless it's made to outlive him, it's junk. So you can imagine the effect—heavy, solid,

dark-not to say depressing.

he'll never forget . . .

Well, Ruth's a tactful person. Instead of making a clean sweep, she'd kind of sneak up on him every once in a while with a chiniz-covered chair or a lovely antique. At first he squawked. Then he began to like it. But her great triumph came when he kindly allowed her to re-cover the davenport that's the light of his life. Made to order it was long enough for him to to order it was, long enough for him to stretch out on and covered with something

guaranteed through eternity. But don't think the original fabric isn't still there, under the chintz. "We may go broke some day," says he, "and be glad to have it." Actually, he's sentimental about it because it's served him well. He'd no more get rid of it than he would of an old dog. Loyal, that's Walter. He's lived in the same house for fifteen years. Keeps the same house for fifteen years. Keeps the same friends. Goes round about once a week to pay his respects to Elsie Janis, who doesn't get out much. Sits in the garden

and regales her with the town gossip.

When Walter says, "I'm the luckiest guy in the world," he means just that. When he says, "Except for the breaks, I'd be a floorwalker at Bullock's," he's not being smart or trying to make an impression. He'll say it not only to you, but to Louis B. Mayer.

For instance, he didn't want to play

For instance, he didn't want to play Parkington. "It needs an actor," he told L. B. "Someone dynamic and vital like Ward Bond. I've never acted anything. I

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feel a part, and it plays itself—"
"What about Curie?"
"Same thing. I felt it. This I don't feel. I don't want to gum up a swell script with

a phony performance."

It was Tay Garnett who convinced him.
Put him into period clothes and fixed him up with a moustache. Made him look like Parkington, so he could feel like him.

in the kitchen with dagmar ...

His charm of manner's inbred. He has the faculty of making every woman feel she's a queen. I had a Swedish cook whom he treated with the same courtesy as he treated me. Never did he eat a meal at my house without going to the kitchen to compliment Dagmar on her cooking And Dagpliment Dagmar on her cooking And Dagmar worshipped him. If anyone had taken a crack at Walter in her hearing, I believe she'd have knocked him down. Whenever we gave a party, Dagmar'd ask, "Is Mr. Pidgeon coming?" I'd say no, and her face would fall. I'd say yes, and she'd get busy fixing date-and-nut bread sandwiches, spread with sweet butter and cream cheese. spread with sweet butter and cream cheese. The minute Walter arrived, Dagmar'd bring him this plate, and he'd clean it. Didn't dare pass it around, she'd have been heartbroken. If any of my other guests liked date-and-nut sandwiches, they were just out of luck.

Ruth loathes cooking and makes no bones about it. She'd rather wash dishes for twenty than cook for two. Like everyone else, they've been having help trouble. Ruth'll mop floors and scrub bathrooms till she drops, if only Walter'll take her out to By the same token, it's he who dinner. hires the cook.

He's a crank about food, especially soups and desserts, so his hiring routine goes something like this. "Can you make good soups? Good lemon tarts? Crêpes suzette? Chocolate soufflé?" The man says yes, and he's hired. After four or five days, they discover he doesn't know crêpes suzette from flannel-cakes, so Walter tells him good-by and starts all over again.

He drinks nothing but wine, and on wines he's a connoisseur. Thinks all this to-do about imported stuff is nonsense. Get Walter started on the subject of California wines, and you've got a poet. We were having supper there one night. The food was served on bridge tables, and Walter was circulating among his guests.

Sir Charles Mendl took a sip of burgundy. "Hmmm. Putting on the dog just a bit, aren't you, Walter?"
"Nothing's too good for my friends," says

Pidgeon.
"Where in the wide world do you get

this kind of precious stuff in wartime?" "Oh—just a little thing I picked up," says

Pidgeon. He got us good and steamed up, then dropped his little bomb. "It's a California wine. Put up by the Simi Wineries. Twelve dollars a case." That left us just where he

wanted us—with our jaws down.

Then nothing would do but each of us must take a bottle home. He's got a special gift for giving-makes you feel as if you were doing him the favor. And I don't believe he's ever presented a gift that he hasn't shopped for himself. "Doesn't mean much," he says, "if your secretary picks it, and all you do is sign the check." If he's on a picture, he goes shopping Thursday nights when the stores are open. I know it took him months last year to track down took him months last year to track down a set of Mason's Ironware dinner plates for Ruth. This year he gave her a gorgeous ruby ring, and that's a funny story.

He couldn't make up his mind as between two of them, so he brought them home and showed them to her. "I want to give Pidge a ring for Christmas. Which do you like best?"

"This one," she said. "There's no comparison." A few days later she asked him which he'd bought. He told her the other

one.
"Well, what's the use of asking my advice, if you don't take it?"

That gave the whole thing an extra bang for Walter—watching her face as she opened the box on her birthday and found the ring she'd picked. That's all the bang he wants. Hates to be thanked. When Ruth showed me the ring, he got embarrassed, tried to hide behind a crack. "Only trouble with giving your wife jewelry, you have to insure it, and she knows how much it costs.

For reasons not clear to me, people think of Walter as a man-about-town. Because he looks the part, I suppose. Actually, if he stuck any closer to home, you'd have to pry him loose. He's an easy man to have round the house. Never loses his temper, says Ruth, except with himself. I was on the phone one day, when his voice came through, clear as a bell. "You stupid so-and-so-!

'Who's he talking to?" I asked. "Himself. Second time this morning he

tripped over the telephone cord." The garden's come to be a mania with him. Don't get started on gardens with

Pidgeon unless you really care.
It was Ruth who got him interested, but she's satisfied now to leave him holding the bag. Except when he starts out with a saw or a pair of clippers. Then she hangs

around. And if you want to know why he's limping right now, ask Hopper. I was there, sunning myself on the lawn with Ruth. Walter'd climbed the big orange tree to pick fruit off the top branches, when he struck a beehive. You should have seen him—our dignified Professor Curie—doing the factors slide down that tree in his the fastest slide down that tree in his garden shorts, rolling over on the grass, then hobbling in to phone his mother.

"What in thunder did we use that time I got stung by wasps?"
"Soda-paste—"

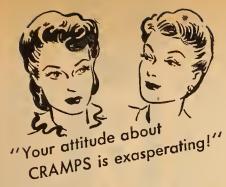
In no minutes flat, Ruth and I were in the kitchen, mixing soda-paste. That was two weeks ago, and he's still limping.

Between pictures, he's in that garden all day long, except for a fast game of tennis at noon. Golf bores him to tears. What he likes is to play hard for an hour and a half, take a shower and forget it. If he's not in the garden, you'll find him in the notice shiping the family's shows. Oh not in the garden, you'll find him in the patio, shining the family's shoes. Oh sure, they can afford to have their shoes shined, but look what Walter would miss. He'd rather handle leather than diamonds. "Nothing's more beautiful," moons Walter, "they a riding best. Deek makeson walter, "than a riding boot. Dark mahogany where



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the sweat comes off the horse, blending into light. Well, he can't ride now—not having the gas to get to Griffith Park—so his boots stand in the closet, and he shines shoes instead. His own take longest. He's got the biggest feet in the world, outside my son's. Bill's 6'4, and very conscious

of his feet.

"Tell him not to be," says Walter. "When he's full grown, they'll shrink."

"If he's not full grown at 6'4, God help him. Anyway, what do you mean, they'll shrink?

"The boy needs encouragement, doesn't he? Just tell him they'll shrink."

He and Ruth spend nine out of ten eve-

nings reading or playing backgammon.
However, if you do want to get Walter out, promise him music. Especially vocal music. He won't sing any more himself, except in the bathtub or for a few friends. But to hear good singing, he'll turn out in the middle of the night.

That's what happened one evening. I'd gone to a concert with them. Walter was driving me home, but we stopped at their house to drop Ruth, who was feeling tired. On the phone pad was a message from Irene Manning. "We're having some wonderful music. Come on over."

Ruth, being tired, decided she wouldn't. Me, I'm always ready to go. Irene's house was in one of those hillside hideouts, that

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you can't unearth in the daytime without a road map, much less at night. It was after one before we found it. As we started up

the steps, we heard this singing.
Walter stopped in his tracks. "For the love of Mike! Did we come out to hear gramophone records?"
"What makes a started up

"What makes you think it's a record?" "Because I've heard every tenor since 1910 but Caruso, and there is no such voice outside a gramophone record."

Well, we went on in, and the voice was coming from a throat. Walter looked dazed for a second. After that, nothing mattered but what he was listening to.

Later, we met the young man. Mario Lanza, 23, an Army corporal. He'd debuted with Koussevitzky at the Berkshire festival before entering the service. Walter couldn't keep his eyes off the kid.

"Will he sing again?"
"Give him a break He's just finished four

songs."
"I'll hang around all night if there's any

chance of hearing him again—"
We hung around till 4:30 and got our money's worth—three big arias, including "Pagliacci," and a little song of Tosti's to wind up with. I've never seen Walter so excited. All the way back to my house, he kept on raving. "Most beautiful bel canto I've ever heard—that dark velvety lusciousness—that terrific color—did you hear him soar up to B natural, and come down?

—Mark my words, Hedda, there's going to be the great tenor of the century.

That's been going on ever since. anyone who'll listen.

One thing he's bad about-names. Can't remember them to save his life, so he's given up trying. Calls all the boys Joe, and all the girls Darling. They reciprocate. I've even seen his name on a studio call-sheet as Joe. "Joe Pidgeon. 8 o'clock in Makeup." I've never seen him written down yet as Darling. Pidgeon. But he's that as Darling Pidgeon. But he's that, too











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M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 47)

proper place. Clever, don't you think?

Another product of the crochet hook is the beret and gilet combination in blazing the peret and gilet combination in blazing turquoise blue. Smartest way to wear the beret is straight-on, unless you're very much a shortie. In this case, give it a slant for extra height. You can also wear the gilet in all its backless bareness with a dinner skirt or dirndl. But don't let me see a sign of a bra strap showing. (You see a sign of a bra strap showing. pet, the stores have halter bras.)
Getting back to everyday matters, your

black dress turns into a pinafore at the flick of a wrist—your wrist. Just add a long-sleeve blouse. Something in a fresh Spring print . . . taffeta in candy stripes or plaids . . . gleaming shell pink satin.

Or—say you're perishing for peplums. Then snatch yourself a short length of contrast fabric—velveteen in beige or slate blue.

blue . . . pink and black striped satin . . . or a pin-check taffeta. You make it just the way you did your first apron in sixth grade. You wear it lots of ways. Peplum in front just as you'd expect. As a side in front, just as you'd expect. As a side drape, with bow over your right hip. As a bustle, with the bow flat in front.

a bustle, with the bow nat in front.

Speaking of aprons, those hostess jobs are another way of pepping up a world-weary dress. Have a whole routine of 'em, but not in apron-ish fabrics. Try the flash of metallic cloth . . . or the shock effect of emerald green or fuchsia taffeta, demurally edged with black rick-rack braid

demurely edged with black rick-rack braid.

Why, you're just geting started. Think of the things you can pull with chiffon scarfs—one twisted through your curls, the other hold by a pin at your collar-hone. other held by a pin at your collar-bone. Look into the possibilities of metal or jewel-studded belts and Carmen Miranda

sashes in Latin-country colors.

Try a stole (that's nothing but an overgrown scarf) of gold-color crepe faced with deepest wine . . . or printed crepe with plain-color taffeta. Just drape around your shoulders and use the belt of your dress to keep it within bounds at the waistline. To be veddy veddy somethin'—have it long anough to reach the hamling of your dress. enough to reach the hemline of your dress. Helps to give you height that way.

Haven't even mentioned the tricks to be done with extra white and pastel collars and dickies. You learned all about that in kindergarten and are probably miles ahead of me this minute.

If you want to know how to track down the fashions I've mentioned—or have a special clothes problem that's been haunting you—just pop a letter or postcard in the mail-box, and I'll answer quick as an echo. Marjorie Bailey, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

To my way of thinking, Vera Vague is, besides being a wonderful person, one of Hollywood's best "ad libbers." Even without a script, Vera is never at a loss for words and can pull a gag out of the air faster than any other comedienne I've ever heard.

Recently, while she was giving a performance at an Army Camp, a horn performance at an Army Camp, a north sounded. Vera inquired about it. When a G.I. told her it was a bugle, she exclaimed, "Oh, I just adore bugles! In fact, I love anything that makes a man pucker his lips!"

Mrs. E. E. Mart, Jr.

Providence, R. I.



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At Your Favorite

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YOUR FAVORITE STARS OF 1944

(Continued from page 37)

Farley Granger, Bill Eythe, Dick Jaeckel, Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Jeanne Crain. I don't know whether it's judgment or instinct you use, but if you could bottle

it, you could name your own figure.

I wonder if you realize how important your poll is to Hollywood. How studios watch for their stars to appear on it. How the stars themselves glow when they're told they've made it. Sonny Tufts, for one, phoned his sister, "I'm on the poll."

Being nonprofessional, she didn't know what he was talking about. "The Gallup Poll?" she asked, bewildered.
"No. The Modern Screen Poll. That's

more important to me."

And when Al Delacorte was out in Hollywood, he made a solid hit with everyone. Sue and Alan Ladd threw a poll party for him. Very few people who weren't on the Modern Screen Poll were invited. This is the first time in the history of Hollywood that guests were chosen by the readers of a magazine.

I have been happy that through this Modern Screen Poll, Ronald Reagan, who's been off the screen for two and a half years, has been kept among the top ten. That knowledge is priceless to him, to us who

are his friends, and to his studio.

I asked Al Delacorte to give me the names of the ten top stars of the year who were selected by the poll because I am so interested in the property of the poll because I am so interested in the way it works. Here they are—winners of '44 in order of popularity.

- I. Frank Sinatra
- 2. Alan Ladd
- 3. Pvt. Lon McCallister
- 4. Van Johnson
- 5. Betty Grable
- 6. Capt. Ronald Reagan
- 7. Lana Turner
- 8. Gene Kelly
- 9. Shirley Temple
- 10. John Payne

I then asked the studios to dig up the preview cards for the first pictures these stars had made. In every case the cards upheld your judgment. Just for the record I picked out some of the comments. You can read them here, under the pictures of your favorites and give yourselves a pat on the back.

So keep it up, FANS, and a Happy New Year to you all.

P.S. Turn to page 16 for complete 1944 poll listing.

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

(Continued from page 49)

he did on the champagne itself. The only disappointed Garfield was Katherine—whom they call Pigeon. Right along she'd been pleading, "Can't you araits itself." range it so we have a brother and a sister?" All they brought home was a brother, and

he was funny-looking—
"Not much of a present," was her candid comment. "He's not even tied up with pretty pink ribbons."

Ever since he'd toured the Caribbeans three months before Pearl Harbor, John



Beautiful lockets
are in style today more
than ever. No other locket that we
know of today is quite so be autiful
or stylish since this one is in 2-tone
with red roses and the heart deslgn.
The 18-inch chain has a special safety
lock fastener and space for two pictures
in locket.

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and 20% Federal tax, on arrival. Wear Ten Days on money-back guarantee. The supply Is limited. Write today and have your dreams come true.

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Mail us \$1.05 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with the salve this ladiessterling silver sparkling Wnite Stone set ring, your size. You an sell 4 salve and get back your \$1.00. The 5c is for U.S. Sales Tax on ring, so ms OSEBILID PERFILME CO. Ros 56. WILL

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WANTED POEMS

Collaborate with the nationally famous hit composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", "When the Bloom is on the Sage" and over 300 others. Send your poems today for free examination and liberal offer.

SCREENLAND RECORDERS Hollywood 28, Calif.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood, Get Doan's Pills.

had been wanting to go overseas with an entertainment unit. Robbie was all for it.

So, with David safely launched, "Between Two Worlds" and a Bond tour out of the way and the Hollywood Canteen going strong, John set out. En route to the greater adventure, he stopped in Washington for the President's birthday ball.

Waiting on line to be introduced, John's pulses pounded. "Little East Side boy," he kept thinking, "going to meet the President." Because, whichever way you slice your political leanings, it remains a

Now it was his turn. "John Garfield—"
"Hear you're going overseas," said the President.

'Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, I hope you have as good a time as I did."

John was so dazed with excitement that he started shaking hands with the butlers. But there was more to come. He had to leave almost directly after lunch to catch his train to New York. He couldn't bear

to go without seeing the Lincoln room—
"It's the President's study," said Mr.
Roosevelt's daughter-in-law, "so I'm not sure we can get in. But let's try."
She knocked at the door. "Come in,"

said a voice, and there he sat, cigarette holder in mouth, opening birthday gifts. "Come in, John."

big talk . . .

He couldn't budge. The daughter-in-law gave him a gentle shove, closed the door behind him, and there he stood—alone with the President of the United States. For fifteen minutes they talked about Lincoln. John doesn't know how he got to New York unless he floated there—

Of his three and a half months with our troops in Italy, he could write a book. But the highlights were these—

Flying the North Atlantic at night. Sitting in the co-pilot's seat, learning about the instruments, being allowed to hold the wheel. Alone—because in spite of the others, you feel alone-with the stars over you and nothing between you and the sea below but this man-made machine that had once seemed so huge, that's dwarfed now by the immensity of space, yet is winging its way confidently toward some unknown dot on the other side of the world. It's a

Living with the GIs. Dressing like them. Trying to be one of them. Telling them about home—the only thing they want to hear. Playing to front line soldiers. Their hunger for entertainment—their response out of all proportion to what you can do for them, so you want to climb a hill and yell all the way back to Hollywood, "Send more, send more!" The sense of their deep comradeship, wrought out of what they've been through together, wordless but unmistakable and beautiful—so beautiful that you want to cry out, "Why does it take war to make men brothers?"
A GI on "Stars and Stripes" knew a

Jugoslav colonel who said his people were begging for some kind of American show.

Would John do one for them? And how! Hundreds of Jugoslavs—the place is a military secret—sitting through his per-formance with an interpreter. Only, for the movie names, they needed no interpreter. Every time he mentioned a Hollywood personality, they clapped like crazy. Then they got up on the stage, and danced their folk dances for him. And gave him something he'll always guard like his right eye. A gun captured from the Germans—Eddie Foy. John and Eddie worked to-

gether. John had never known anyone like Eddie. A regular guy who was deeply religious, whose faith was like a rock. Every night the Nazis came over and bombed Naples. They'd sleep through the ack-ack, hear the first siren, get out at

the second. Ask Eddie if he was scared, and he'd always say yes. But he didn't show it. John showed it—

One night a colonel, in helmet and bath-

robe, asked for a match.
"You scared?" Eddie whispered to John.
"Damn right I'm scared."
Eddie chuckled. "Look at this guy. He's a colonel. Asks for a match, and no cigarette in his mouth. We're only hams. We got a right to be scared—"

Bombs or no bombs, sleep or no sleep, Eddie would be up early next morning, hunting for some little church where he

could hear mass.

Robbie and Katherine were at the station. John was carrying a huge doll. Not till he got to New York, did he realize that he hadn't brought anything for Katherine.

That was unheard of.

It was Sunday in New York, and the shops were closed. But there was a big doll in the window at Longchamps where he went to dinner. White and shaking he went to dinner. White and shaking as the train pulled in, Katherine made a dash for him, flung herself into his arms and cried as if her heart would break. Eventually she accepted the doll with pleasure, but refused to let go of father's hand all day.

David was waiting at home. If you could call it waiting. John turned to Robbie, his face a mile long. "He doesn't even know who I am—"

"Don't hold it against him. Would you have known him if you'd met him walking down the street?"

That first week, he spent most of his time on the phone. He'd met hundreds of boys in Europe and brought dozens of messages back to their families. He knew how those guys felt who hadn't seen their people in many times four months—and didn't know when they would. He'd returned, expecting to go into the

Army. Re-classified 1-A while in Europe, he went down for his physical, bragging that he'd pass 100%. He did, too. They figured out a budget which would keep the family going for the duration.

"At least we've got a long lease on the house," said John.

A few days later, some men appeared and started moving furniture out of the house. Court order. It seemed the owners had separated. Husband got the house, wife got the furniture.

The Garfields were caught in the middle-in the middle of the housing shortage as well. Every morning John went hunting. Each evening he returned downcast.
One day a rumor reached him that Bill

Haines was anxious to get rid of his place. Ten minutes later John was on Haines's doorstep. Yes, he'd heard correctly—only Bill wanted to sell, not rent.

tongue in cheek guy . . .

It was a beautiful house, but they didn't want to buy. Deadlock. John gazed at Bill pleadingly. "I've got to get my family settled, before I'm called." In the end, Bill couldn't stand John's mournful eyes. He agreed to a 3-year lease. As it turns out, John's living there, too. When the Army's new age rulings took effect, he was automatically reclassified.

At sight of their new bedroom, Robbie broke into giggles. "The bed's bigger than our whole apartment when we were first married!" That's one thing about the Garfields. They'll never be smug. Time was when Johnny'd refuse to ring for the maid. "Why should I? Does she ring for me when she wants me?"

Recently he wandered into the kitchen, where Luther was helping Ida May iron—
"Good boy, Luther. I used to iron sheets for my wife—"

for my wife—"
"Tell him how you ironed them." "She'd fold 'em and I'd sit on 'em." It wasn't altogether a question of what

they could afford. Because when Katherine was born, Johnny was doing all right.

But Robbie got a bee in her bonnet—
"Look, Julie—" She still calls him by his pre-Hollywood name. "Look, most people take care of their own babies. Let's let the nurse go and take care of ours. Just to prove that we can." So for three months, John would get up at 6 to feed and change the baby before leaving for the studio. Then Robbie took over. When they'd proved they didn't need a nurse that got one. a nurse, they got one.

"Look at the life we lead," grins John.
"It's a racket. That's why I want Katherine to be an actress."

Katherine prefers dancing. She's unimpressed by the fact that her Daddy's an actor-thinks everybody's daddy does the same thing. Not till he went abroad did she see him in a picture. Robbie doesn't believe in too many movies for six-yearolds. But after John left, she got what she calls a funny feeling. She wanted to see him, and she wanted Katherine to see him with her-

"Destination Tokyo" was the only one playing. "Your daddy's in it," she told Katherine, "but that's a big secret between you and me. When you see him, you you are the property to the propert mustn't make a noise and disturb people-

Still, she was a little nervous. As John's face flashed on the screen, she turned to see how her daughter was taking it. Katherine had clapped her palm over her mouth and was waving like mad. After a while, Robbie felt a tug at her arm.

"Daddy's getting so wet. Why don't they give him a raincoat? He might catch cold."

On the whole, she didn't care for the picture. No dancing. "I'd rather see Gene Kelly." Kelly's a friend of the Garfields, and Katherine's not-so-secret passion.

John's just signed a new contract with Warners'. He's just finished "Hollywood Canteen," playing his real-life role of executive vice-president. But the big bang came out of knowing that 40% of the gross would go into postwar rehabilitation.

Right now he's working in "Nobody Lives Forever." Most of his non-working hours are spent at meetings—Victory Committee, Screen Actors Guild, Canteen. He operates on the theory that if a thing's worth giving your name to, it's worth your time and effort and enthusiasm.

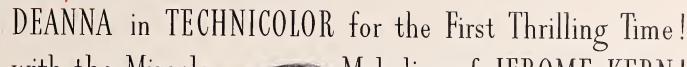
For relaxation, he plays tennis. He likes to take Katherine along to lunch at the club and watch the playing. One day she got excited and rather noisy, and an irritated player told her to shut up. She has her father's spirit. "I'll be glad to keep quiet, but didn't your mother tell you that it's not nice to say shut up?"

On rare evenings out, John and Robbie go to the Beachcombers—because it reminds them of New York—then to a concert or movie. But mostly they dine at home. John'll eat anything, as long as it's cooked with garlic. His favorite Sunday breakfast is lox (smoked salmon) and bagel. A handy man to have around the house puts the shidron to had and dries. house—puts the children to bed and dries dishes on maid's night out-

When they're alone, they read or listen to records. The radio's tuned on only for news. As a rule, they're not alone long. People drop in, and the refrigerator's al-

ways stocked.

After the war, they plan to build or buy a house in the valley. A small house with lots of ground. Ground enough for trees and a pool and maybe a couple of horses. Indoors, there'll be records and books and furniture you can put your feet Oh yes, and more kids. Having one of each gender now, they don't really care what the next three or four are. Essentially, all that matters to John and Robbie Garfield is that the kids should grow up in a brave new world—free and democratic. Not only their kids, but everybody's. Lovely . . . is the Word!





DAVID BRUCE LEONID KINSKEY RAY COLLINS JUNE VINCENT ANDREW TOMBES THOMAS GOMEZ

Produced by FELIX JACKSON Directed by FRANK RYAN Assoc Producer FRANK SHAW

Music by JEROME KERN Lyrics by E Y HARBURG

SEE HOW Gove Eyes WILL REFLECT

SEE HOW GOVE EYES WILL REFLECT

LOVELINESS WITH - May be AUTY AIDS

LOVELINESS WITH - MAY BE AUTY AIDS

SEE BOW Years Mile Maybelline
SEE BOW Hess



Radiant... Softer, Smoother Skin

MINOULLET OKIL with just <u>One</u> <u>Cake</u>

of Camay!



Tests by doctors prove— Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for your skin—with just one cake of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very first cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

... it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's mildness...your proof it can benefit the skin. "Camay is really mild," confirmed the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." So why don't you try this tested beauty care... and see what striking improvement just one cake of Camay can bring to your skin!



Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

... go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just one cake of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!

Lovely... gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! "You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too," she confides, "with your very first cake of Camay."



"O course, if you like dancing with your brother."



GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I adore dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller...older... and not my brother!

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a *smile*, for instance!

GIRL: Smile? Me? Plain old me? Look, Cupid: I'm no beauty. And my smiling wouldn't help.

CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't *always* the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—



"pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for every girl in the country:

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl...that "pink" is a sign that you'd better see your dentist right away. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."





GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth...and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

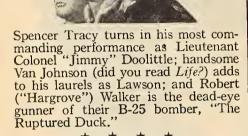
For the Smile of Beauty



This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatiza-tion of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!



Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It delight, takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.



Judy Garland is the star—young, viva-cious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley," that you're hearing on the hit parade.

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great enter-

tainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

Which, by the way, we've wished you.



modern screen

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THIRTY SECONDS

Captain Ted W. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off

from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La ond blasted Tokyo!

OVER

TOKYO

The love story behind the greatest story of our time! M-G-M has brought Captain Ted Lawson's book to the screen! True, thrilling, tremendous!

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

VAN ROBERT

JOHNSON · WALKER

PHYLLIS THAXTER • TIM MURDOCK • SCOTT McKAY
GORDON McDONALD • DON DeFORE • ROBERT MITCHUM

JOHN R. REILLY • HORACE McNALLY and

SPENCER TRACY

as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Ploy by Dolton Trumbo • Bosed on the Book and Collier's Story by Captain Ted W. Lowson and Robert Considine • Directed by MERYYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Fannie Hurst selects "winged victory"

Civilian, do you know what makes your Air Force tick? Have you any idea of the baptisms-by-fire that create that trim young Air pilot in his natty uniform whom you just passed on the street, or to whom you fed chocolate cake and coffee at the Canteen last night?

Civilian, you are going to have a fair idea of the crucible that molded this young airman when you see "Winged Victory." It is going to be packaged for you as an alive, entertain-

ing and skillfully conceived story.

But despite its many deft and diverting touches, "Winged Victory" remains an outand-out war picture. Begot of war, its theme is war, its implications are war, its thunderous overtones are war.

The story opens quietly in what could be any American town. This one happens to be Mapleton, Ohio. The girls and boys are any American girls and boys, the front lawns are any American front lawns, the talk is that of the fellows in the barbershops, in the banks and garages, of regular American guys. Of their pretty girls, frail in appearance, bendable but unbreakable under pressure, the girls who typify and beautify the American scene.

A group of young men in Mapleton, three to be exact, are dreaming the American youths' dream of the air. Wings are over Mapleton, Ohio. Before the first roar of a plane is heard, the faces of its young (Continued on page 8)









It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent-because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.



DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a Stronger Grip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



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

men are tilted skyward.

Alan, Frankie and Danny (Pinkie) have applied for admission into the Air Forces, and the opening scene of the picture finds them anxiously watching the mails for their notifications.

One afternoon one of their mothers appears on the scene where the three of them are congregated with the long-expected letter in her hand. Instantaneously, Mapleton becomes the springboard for three hilarious young men, for they leap out into the arena of a world as far re-moved from the serenity of their home

scene as Mars.

Alan, Frankie and Pinkie, as their highly personalized little dramas unfold, are also telling the stories of the eleven million of their kind who have ganged up into the most colossal war-machine in the history of wars.

on a wing and a prayer . . .

Well, from the moment the letter arrives summoning the three air-struck Maple-tonians with their feet on Ohio soil and their heads in the clouds, they are on their way. What they do not know about the air (one of them is addicted to train sickness) is written in their untried, untired faces.

They kiss their best girls good-by, but Dorothy, Alan's wife, decides to accom-pany him, and Frankie, on second thought, decides to marry Jane, or rather Jane decides it for him. The shadows of the pleasant town of Mapleton deepen into fade-out, and presto-chango, three more Americans are on their way to qualify for the hierarchy of the air.

Civilian, how much do you actually know

about what happens to one of these boys between the time he sets forth from his

between the time he sets forth from his particular Mapleton and the time he rides his first ship as its pilot or bombardier?

Well, you can't know much less than did our trio; a bank clerk, a barber and a chemist, the morning they found themselves plunk in the midst of a bunch of trainees at the Blair Training Center. There they quickly discover that, as precedets they are not only a long way cadets, they are not only a long way from the mere sight of a plane, but are just a bunch of greenies, about to be hazed because they are just that.

To see these three fellows move into

their basic training is to never again fail to understand just why our airmen are put together like precision instruments; just why they ride the ether like supermen; just why they are playing their triumphant conquering roles in our terrible war.

conquering roles in our terrible war.

We sit in our comfortable plush chairs and see these boys whom we know so well put to test after test after test. We see their frank American faces tighten into masks of anguish. We see their eyeballs strain, the sweat pour, the nerves tighten, the chests expand almost to the point where we, in our comfortable chairs, smother under the physical strain of watching. watching.

We see these boys tensed to their ut-most, trying to focus the eye in these grilling examinations, to coordinate the nerve impulses, to calculate, react, make lightning decisions that are ultimately going to mean life or death. And while we watch, too tense to breathe, we know everything else there is to know about these fellows. They aren't just robots, try-ing to coordinate. We know their mothers and their sisters, we know their wives and their sweeties. We don't only know it about our three from Mapleton, but we know it about the bunch of recruits who are starting training with them at the same time. The boys from Brooklyn, from Texas, from Canajoharie aren't just mechanisms. They're our national flesh and blood, under test, under fire.

And when Pinkie is "washed out" in his

examinations and fails to qualify for the higher form of air service, grim fact merges into story-telling that makes a combination hard to beat.

That scene where the men are being put to test for the physical control that every flyer must conquer, is a lesson in the mastery of the individual over his body that fills one with self-respect as well as added respect for the superb human machines under fire of the examiner's challenge.

under fire of the examiner's challenge.

And right here is as good a spot as any to pause and ponder upon the manner in which the love interests have been handled. In a picture seething with modern youth, skitterers over the thin ice of danger and death, the women alone seem a bit dated.

The girls, sweethearts and young wives, vitally and rightly concerned with the "my man" angle, exhibit a single-track monotony of purpose and interests both mystifying and fallacious.

There is, however, one notable piece of acting when the news is brought to Janie,

acting when the news is brought to Janie, (played by Jane Ball) of the death of her

pilot husband, Frankie.

Whether or not Mr. Cukor realized it, he sets a new high in this scene which should become a classic in how to make the most

become a classic in how to make the most out of the least number of gestures.

The grim news is carried to Janie by one of Frankie's Mapleton pals, in the house she shares on the edge of the camp.

The effect of tragedy and heart-break is accomplished by the opening of a front door by the young wife, and nothing more than an exchange of looks between the young man on the steps and herself. The heart of a girl and the heart of the audience break in that silent instant.

Story telling that!

Story telling that!
But the picture does not close on death. It closes on life, as one of the Mapleton fellows living in the midst of death, receives the news of the birth of a son.

Life marches on.

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Sorry, folks, we're raising the ante this month. Yep, seems you've been getting too high scores to make this a game, it's becoming a walkaway!
And it's no excuse alibing that you're just so hep to the news—being MS readers—that you couldn't miss if you tried. Sooo, this month, you gotta get 80% at least—or else!

Remember, you score 5 points if you guess the personality on the first set of clues, 4 if you have to look at the second batch and 3 if you hit a blank spot and gotta go snitching to number 3. Good luck!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. A Doughgirl

1. A Doughgirl
2. Toured to Tito
3. Cracking kid sister
4. Stilt-walker was in dumps
5. Minister's son
6. "The Body"
7. Won his suit while Sue-ing
8. King of the Jukers
9. "Little Norway"
10. Marrying widower
11. Nazi-hating "Field Marshal"
12. Man-hating man-eater
13. Nixed croon to spoon

Nixed croon to spoon Life's a bowl of Cherry

15. EGR16. "Discovered" 3 times

17. Dancing mother

18. Fugitive from a chain store

19. Lithe and blithe 20. Sturges' star

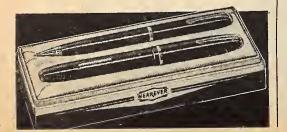
(Continued on page 85)

LOVE...IN THE SHADOW OF A MAN ... who defended the world's greatest A GIRL ... secret with his life! with a past which must be kept hidden! The lives of millions hung on what these two dared against terrifying odds! Paramount Presents RAY Hunted and Haunted by the EAR "MINIST with MARJORIE CARLESMOND · PERCY WARAM HILLARY BROOKE Directed by FRITZ LANG Screen Play by Seton I. Miller A MASTERPIECE OF MYSTERY from the Thrilling Novel by GRAHAM GREENE who wrote "This Gun For Hire." Thrilling Direction by FRITZ LANG, who gave you "Fury" and "Man-Hunt."

WEAREVER Zenith By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer TELESCOPE PRECISION in a smart writing beauty

Wearever Zenith is a flashing beauty of a pen...but it is a great deal more besides! It is made with exquisite precision...built meticulously, like a fine telescope. And, like a fine telescope, it is thoroughly dependable...promising years of devoted service. Zenith, with its 14-carat gold point... exclusive "C-Flow" feed, rich styling, is today's most rewarding pen purchase. Made by David Kahn, Inc. (Established 1896)

Wearever Zenith-Pen and Pencil Set in fine gift box



MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

HERE COME THE WAVES

■ I'm confused. Here is Bing Crosby playing a crooner that the bobby sox brigade swoons over. What does that make Sinatra—the Dowagers' Delight? Anyway, Bing does all right with the role, and Betty Hutton plays opposite him. You can say that again, because Betty plays a dual role. One Hutton is enough to exhaust most men—you can imagine the trouble Bing has coping with two.

Betty, as Susie Adams, lo-o-o-ves crooner Johnny Cabot (Bing Crosby). Betty, as Rosemary Adams, detests him with equal fervor. She's pretty sick of watching sister Susie moon over photographs of him and get that wild-eyed look when she hears him sing. Rosemary joins the WAVES, and Susie lays in an extra supply of Johnny's pictures and joins, too. At a New York night club they actually meet the crooner in person. He's accompanied by an old friend of his, just back from the South Pacific. The friend, Windy, is a big blond lumbering guy played by Sonny Tufts. (You had that all figured out yourself, didn't you?) Well, Susie gives Johnny one long soulful look, and swoons. Rosemary surveys him coldly, and definitely does not swoon. With typical male contrariness, Johnny develops a yen for Rosemary.

About that time his draft board re-classifies him, and whoops, dearie! he's in the Navy! He and Windy and the two girls all get together at San Diego. Both men try to date Rosemary and avoid the swooning Susie. Johnny no sooner seems to be making a little progress than Windy manages to get him tossed in the brig. To make matters worse, Susie is afraid the crooner will be sent to sea, so she writes a letter to his commanding officer, signed with Johnny's name, suggesting that he organize a show to recruit WAVES. Rosemary hears about it and thinks he's a coward, dodging active duty. Johnny doesn't know what's going on, but suspects Windy of a complicated double cross. Eventually there is a super duper show, with Johnny and Windy singing a duet (that you gotta hear!). Hutton as Rosemary gets kissed by Johnny and (Continued on page 12)



Susie (Betty Hutton) is swoony for bobby sox crooner Johnny Cobot (Bing Crosby) and soilor Windy (Sonny Tufts) from the moment she meets them in New York. Her twin, Rosemory, con't see either for dirt. Motters are complicated when both boys foll for Rosemory.

All of Hollywood's heart is in itand 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!

ANDREWS SISTERS Y JACK BENNY + JOE E BROWN EDDIE CANTOR* KITTY CARLISLE JACK CARSON-- DANE CLARK * JOAN CRAWFORD' HELMUT DANTINE RETTE DAVIS FAYE EMERSON VICTOR FRANCEN JOHN GARFIELD SYDNEY GREENSTREET KALAN HALE PAUL HENREID ROBERT HUTTON JOAN LESLIE & PETER LORRE 1 IDA LUPINO IRENE MANNING JOAN MCCRACKEN DOLORES MORAN * DENNIS MORGAN *ELEANOR PARKER LOYCE REYNOLDS ROY ROGERS & TRIGGER S.Z. (CUDDLES) SAKALL TACHARY SCOTT ALEXIS SMITH BARBARA STANWYCK JOSEPH SZIGETI DONALD WOODS JANE WYMAN "DON'T FENCE ME IN" "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"
"SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART" SIMMY DORSEY & HIS BANC ETTIN' CORNS FOR MY COUNTRY CARMEN CAVALLARO & ORCHESTRA WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THE REST OF YOUR UFE" "YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES-JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB



Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer...and closer...But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather...to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they need an effective cream.

Not sticky...not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.



ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Hutton as Susie gets kissed by Windy. That, kids, is a double feature, but good!—Par.

In keeping with a resolution made at the time of Pearl Harbor, Mark Sandrich, producer-director, is maintaining his record of making nothing but pictures which will aid the war effort. . . . He began this record with "So Proudly We Hail." . . . Betty Hutton, playing twins in the picture, was Hollywood's busiest gal. She had an average of eight hairdos a day. Every time the red wig was removed, it meant a shamthe red wig was removed, it meant a shamthe red wig was removed, it meant a snampoo. In spite of all this Betty had enough,
energy left over to do camp shows, radio
spots and hospital tours over the week
ends. . . . The WAVE uniforms are authentic with a few Edith Head touches.
When Edith got through with them, there
was more sex in them than a banned
specific over processed. was more sex in them than a banned sweater ever possessed. . . . Sonny Tufts brings his singing voice to the screen with a duet "Accent on the Positive" with der Bingle Crosby. . . . There are eight other original songs in this picture plus a Crosby solo of "Black Magic". . . Because of transportation difficulties, Sandrich didn't take his troupe to Hunter College. New transportation difficulties, Sandrich didn't take his troupe to Hunter College, New York, or to San Diego for resulting action. Instead, a second unit, under direction of Dink Templeton, spent six weeks in New York and four in San Diego shooting backgrounds of WAVES at work. The producer-director also insisted that no WAVES be deterred from their war work. Factual shots of their drills and labors prove more effective. Reproductions of Hunter effective. . . . Reproductions of Hunter College and the Barracks at Coronado, College and the Barracks at Coronado, Calif., were constructed on giant sound stages at the studio. In order to further authenticity, WAVES from both spots were retained as technical advisers. Gals were Captain Helen McAfee, Lt. Comm. Louis K. Wilde and Lt. (JG) Kathleen Quinn.

NATIONAL VELVET

If you read "National Velvet" when it was a best seller, you are probably won-dering where Mickey Rooney fits into the picture. The answer is that a part was written in especially for him, and the result is fine. Mickey can really act when he wants to, and he brings a warm depth of emotion. This portrayal of a young exemotion to his portrayal of a young exjockey. The principal character is still Velvet, played by a beguiling child named Elizabeth Taylor. Velvet is a dreamy twelve-year old, whose love of horses is an all absorbing passion. Her oldest sister, Edwina, has discovered boys, and Malvolia adores canaries. The youngest member of the family, Donald (Jackie Jenkins), regards them all with solemn detachment gards them all with solemn detachment and lives in an entrancing world of his

They have a very understanding mother. They have a very understanding mother. Mrs. Brown (Anne Revere) swam the Channel at twenty years of age, and won fame and a hundred sovereigns. After that she married Mr. Brown and settled down to a placid life in a country village. Mr. Brown regards anything out of the ordinary with a suspicious eye. When young Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney) turns up out of nowhere, broke and hungry, it takes considerable persuasion to make Mr. Brown give him a joh in his butcher show considerable persuasion to make Mr. Brown give him a job in his butcher shop. Velvet is fascinated with Mickey because he knows so much about horses. She takes him to see Pie, a horse that belongs to Farmer Ede. According to Velvet, he is the "most wonderful horse in the world." There are two schools of thought on that. His present owner considers him a damned nuisance, since he can jump the highest fence and do all sorts of damage in the village. He finally raffles him off, and Velvet wins him. This is heaven! A horse of her own, and what a horse!

Mi helps her train Pie and is really re-

Mi helps her train Pie and is really responsible for her idea of entering him in the "Grand National." Pie has already jumped fences as high as any on that famous course. But there are obstacles in the way more difficult than fences—the entry fee, for one, and finding a jockey, for another. How Mi and Velvet solve these problems makes a story that you'll never forget. The picture is a masterpiece, its beauty enhanced by the Technicolor scenes of the English countryside.—M-G-M.

Proof was given to studio that the picture was all they'd expected it to be when the preview crowd (usually a cold, tough, "make me like it" bunch) stood and cheered for Velvet during the steeplechase scene. . . . Incidentally, those spills during that race are not faked—they're the real thing. . . . The paddock at Aintree, England's famed steeplechase track, was duplicated at the Santa Monica Uplifters Club Polo Field. . . . The electric bell which rings on set as a signal for the electricians to turn on the lights, sounded just like the starting bell to King Charles, the race Proof was given to studio that the picture to turn on the lights, sounded just like the starting bell to King Charles, the race horse. So when the bell rang, King Charles was off, steeplechasing around the set. Mickey, with the help of a few dozen set men, finally caught the horse before any real damage was done. . . . Reginald Owen's trip to Monterey on location was one of his most successful. He came home with a treasured recipe for Abalane Chown with a treasured recipe for Abalone Chowder. Seems Reginald had dined almost nightly at a famous seafood restaurant there, and finally talked the owner out of his formula for this favorite dish. . . . Director Clarence Brown sent to England for all books available containing descriptions of the English country folk in Sussex and the Grand National horse race at Aintree. This picture is guaranteed authentic. . . . Don't worry about the fate of the dying horse in the stall—the one who is lying prone, groaning with pain—he's been taught to do that without a bit of prodding from his trainer. Five minutes later he was peacefully munching carrots. . . . Part of the dialogue had to be rewritten when Jackie "Butch" Jenkins lost a third tooth!

CAN'T HELP SINGING

There's a joyous lightheartedness to Deanna Durbin's new picture. The Jerome Kern songs are bait for the Hit Parade, and Deanna sings, flirts and cajoles with gay abandon. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff and David Bruce lend their support to this romantic comedy of the Gold Rush days.

Caroline Frost (Deanna Durbin) is in layer with a darking Calvalant off.

love with a dashing Calvalry officer, Lieutenant Latham (David Bruce). At least she thinks she in love with him and is serious enough about it to worry her father, who knows Latham is a fortune hunter. Senator Frost uses his influence to have the Lieutenant sent to California. Caroline, as stubborn as her father, wheedles five thousand dollars from him for "a trip to New York" and then starts West with it instead, after Latham.

In those days you traveled by stage coach or wagon train, and you were likely to meet or wagon train, and you were likely to meet some pretty strange characters en route. "Prince Gregory Strogonsky" (Akim Tamiroff), for instance, attaches himself to Caroline, or rather to her trunk, which he is convinced is full of gold. Then there is the gambler, Johnny Lawlor (Robert Paige), who is wanted by the police and also by various men who would like to know since when there are five aces in a

Five little, false little words:



Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

T'S A MISTAKE so many girls make— thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be sure? Just remember, your bath only washes away past perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK-Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or

MUM'S SAFE-Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE-Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

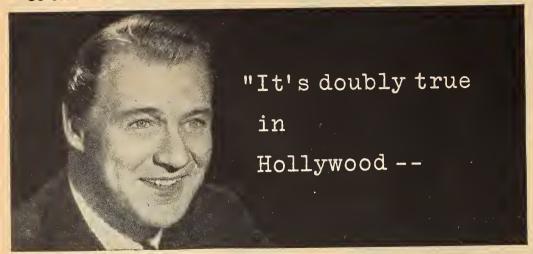
For Sanitary Napkins—Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.

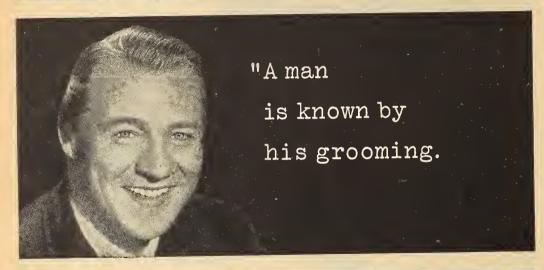


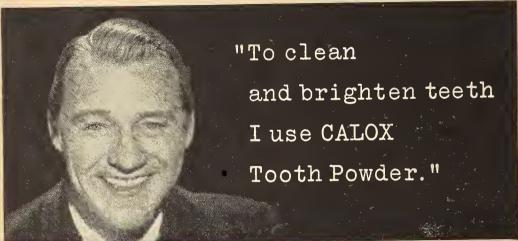
Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

SONNY TUFTS speaking:

Co-Star of "HERE COME THE WAVES," a Paramount picture









A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want utmost brilliance consistent with utmost gentleness. Calox offers you:-

- 1. SCRUPULOUS CLEANING. Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains five cleansing and polishing ingredients.
- 2. LUSTROUS POLISHING. Calox brings out all the high natural luster of teeth.
- 3. CALOX IS GENTLE. Double-sifted through 100 mesh
- 4. NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE. Children like the cool, clean flavor.
- 5. MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY. McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

pack of cards. Johnny has decided to give pack of cards. Johnny has decided to give up gambling and go to California for the Gold Rush. By now, Caroline, too, is a fugitive from justice, since her irate father has sent word ahead that she stole the five thousand dollars. Unfair, perhaps, but a good way of keeping her from reaching Latham, he thinks.

Caroline Johnny and the "Prince" join

Caroline, Johnny and the "Prince" join forces. It's a long way to California, and there is plenty of time for Caroline to decide that Johnny would be a lot more fun as a husband than Latham. But she has told him a flock of lies in order to get him to take her along and when they nas told nim a nock of lies in order to get him to take her along, and when they get to California, the flock comes home to roost. There is a hilarious scene when all the "suitors," real and mythical, get together, but Deanna persuades everyone that it was all in a good cause.—Univ.

Copies of the sound track of this picture, featuring Durbin and Bob Paige, of the songs "More and More," "Californ-I-Ay," "Any Moment Now" and "Can't Help Singing," were collectors' items in Hollywood. Somehow the sound tracks were sneaked out of the music department and copied months before the picture was ready for release. Bidding on the waxed copies was high. . . . Trade secrets: The Treasury Building in Washington, D. C. (à la 1849), was actually a new face on one end of the Los Angeles Coliseum, scene of

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A car pulled up to the Twelfth

A car pulled up to the Twelfth Street door of the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City, and the doorman stepped up and seized the luggage. "Will you please send the bags up to my room?" the passenger inquired. "I'd be glad to, sir. I presume you have a room here? And are you one of the boilermakers attending the Ship Builders Convention?" queried Ship Builders Convention?" queried

the doorman.
"No," snapped the guest, "I'm Errol Flynn, and I have quarters reserved in the penthouse!

Mrs. E. W. McMichael Little Rock, Ark.

the 1932 Olympic games and some of the biggest gridiron classics in history. . . . Tough summer location trip when the cast and crew went to Parawan Gap, Utah, for shots of covered wagon trains crossing the great Western desert. For miles around great Western desert. For miles around there was nothing but sand and sagebrush. The wind blew, whipping up dust clouds which threatened to stop operation of the cameras and sound equipment. It finally did stop operation of many of the cast who had to be taken to the hospital to have their respiratory tracks dusted. A normal day's supply of water was exhausted by noon, and a truck had to be sent to town ten miles away for fresh supplies. . . . Howand a truck had to be sent to town ten miles away for fresh supplies. . . . However, Deanna learned a few of the finer points of camping while in Navajo Lake, Utah. It was she who made gallons of coffee over a Bob Paige-built campfire each morning. . . . There are no limitations to the sources of material for motion pictures. Director Frank Ryan lifted a situation right out of his own family life for a running gag. For more than a year his six-year-old son indulged in a habit of twisting his hair with a forefinger. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan did their best to break the and Mrs. Ryan did their best to break the habit—finally succeeded by having the boy's hair clipped. Exactly as it happens in the picture!

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

You can call this the saga of an American family, or you can call it the history of a

rugged individualist. Either way, it's a delightful picture, and if you miss it, you'll be so-o-o-rry! Rosalind Russell is still playing a career girl, but this time the career includes five children and two husbands. Two, because husband number one leaves her with this dramatic but accurate farewell speech. . . . "Living with you and those kids," he says bitterly, "has been like living with Baby Snooks in a cageful of lions."

Let's go back to the beginning. The strongest single influence on the life of Louise Randall Pierson (Rosalind Russell) is probably her father. He is a genial, extravagant gentleman whose motto is "Nothing is too good for the Randalls." He dies when she is twelve, and leaves his wife a huge white elephant of a house, a diamond sunburst, two daughters and enough unpaid bills to heat the house all winter. But to Louise, her father will always be alive. His advice to "shoot for the moon and the hell with everybody" becomes her philosophy of life. It undoubtedly is the chief factor in the failure of her first marriage.

Rodney Crane (Donald Woods) is a handsome, conservative young banker. He brushes off Louise's desire for a job and turns her into a housewife and mother. He never has the faintest understanding of her character. He can't understand why she doesn't cry when Louise, Jr., is crippled by infantile paralysis. It is, of course, because she is too busy making the child realize that lameness may be a nuisance but it need never be a handicap. When Rodney loses his job, Louise goes to work to support them. Rodney promptly finds a girl who will bolster his ego and asks Louise for a divorce

for a divorce.

It is a shock to her, for she still loves him. But she determines to make a success of life without him, for the children's sake. Later she meets Harold Pierson (Jack Carson), who's an utter screwball but perfect for Louise. "Mother, are you going to get him for our new father?" Louise, Jr., inquires curiously when Louise brings him home to look over her offspring. "That child could make a fortune reading tea leaves," Harold says gravely. Reading tea leaves is practically the only thing they don't try in the next fifteen years, but it's all fun.

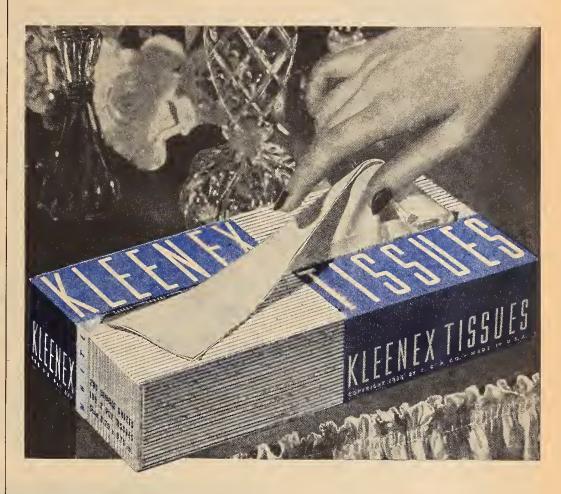
Robert Hutton, Jean Sullivan, Alan Hale and John Qualen are among the cast.—War.

P. S.

Miss Russell lost seventeen pounds during production of this picture. It didn't matter photographically because as she aged in the picture, more padding was used in her costumes to make her appear heavier. However, it mattered very much to studio officials who insisted she take a long vacation before doing another picture. She'd been resting a few weeks at a Southern California lake resort when she collapsed and was hospitalized for a long session of rebuilding her health... Picture was filmed on seventy different sets, and Miss Russell has fifty-seven costume changes. Took fifteen players to portray the five children in three different age periods... George James Hopkins did the sets. Spent seventeen weeks studying the various periods before making designs. Pictures of this type, which cover half-centuries, are the most difficult to produce. Every department: Costumes, sets, hairdressers, actors—all have a much harder and time-consuming job to do... Nineteen-year-old Robert Arthur got a terrific break. Eleven days after he arrived in Hollywood (fresh from an honorable medical discharge from the Navy), he was portraying one of Mrs. Pierson's sons. It's his first film job... Jo Ann Marlowe won the distinction of being Hollywood's youngest (Continued on page 18)

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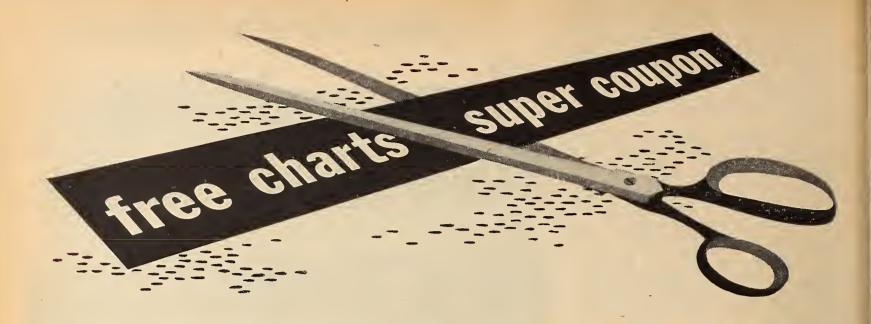


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Beauty WEARS A MASK Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave ... fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her? HEDY LAMARR GEORGE BRENT - PAUL LUKAS "Experiment Perilons" ALBERT DEKKER . CARL ESMOND . OLIVE BLAKENEY GEORGE N. NEISE . MARGARET WYCHERLY Produced by Rabert Fellaws. Directed by Jacques Taurneur Ta Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and pravided by the matian picture industry for showing oversecs in cambat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.



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PRINCESS PAT

pin-up girl, following a request for her photo from a Seabee unit. Jo Ann is eight. ... Cole Porter's famed college song, "Bull Dog," was written in 1911 when he was a Yale student. It's one of 35 songs cleared for use in this picture... Rosalind brought a small metallic doghouse to the set to be worn about the neck of any who incurred the Curtiz wrath. First victim: Miss Russell, herself, who wore it all day for being late to the set.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS

You can't blame a husband for being jealous of anyone as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr. No, this isn'f a tip-off on the love life of the Loder family. . . . It's a remark prompted by her new picture, "Experiment Perilous." Hedy wears the elegant gowns of the early 1900's and has a psychonouretic husband, who goes green eved. neurotic husband who goes green-eyed when she so much as looks at another man. Since he is played by Paul Lukas, who is a suave, subtle actor, he doesn't denote jealousy by gnashing his teeth. He does

jealousy by gnashing his teeth. He does it in a suave, subtle way, by making people think his lovely wife is going out of her mind. He even calls in a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist is Dr. Huntingdon Bailey (George Brent, and I'd be psychoanalyzed myself if George would do it!). He knows considerably more about Nick Bederaux and his beautiful Allida (Hedy Lamarr) than Nick at first realizes. That Bederaux and his beautiful Allida (Hedy Lamarr) than Nick at first realizes. That is because he happened to meet Nick's sister on a train from Chicago, and she chattered along carelessly about family matters. Too carelessly. Poor Miss Bederaux! Next day at tea with Nick and Allida, she has a "heart attack" and dies immediately. But her dressing case was substituted for Nick's in getting off the train and when Hunt opens it, he finds a train, and when Hunt opens it, he finds a

diary which gives him a clue to events past and future in the Bederaux house on Murray Hill. The diary mentions Alec, who was young and full of life and in love with Allida. Alec is dead, and now Miss Bederaux is dead, too. When Hunt remembers the look he himself got from Bederaux's inscrutable eyes when Allida seemed to like him, he feels none too safe.

to like him, he feels none too safe.

He knows the risk Allida and her five-year-old son run every day they stay in the same house with Nick. But it isn't going to be easy to get them out. It might have been easier if Hunt hadn't fallen deeply in love with Allida at their first meeting. Still, he is a psychiatrist, and he understands Nick's twisted mentality. There must be a way. There is indeed, but it lies through a grim path of horror that it lies through a grim path of horror that at last resolves into violence.

It takes a superb cast to do justice to this kind of picture. Fortunately RKO has given us one, including Olive Blakeney, Albert Dekker, Stephanie Bachelor and Carl Esmond.—RKO.

Story of "Experiment Perilous" was not changed from the book plot except to be set back fifty years. This was done at the suggestion of Miss Lamarr. She believed the role of a submissive wife would be more plausible as of fifty years ago than it would be with a modern day treatment. Also, in this manner, the studio escaped the necessity of undertoning and overtoning the picture with war, one of the most difficult of modern movie problems. arfficult of modern movie problems. . . . This is the first period picture for Hedy Lamarr, who is enhanced by sixteen costume changes. . . . George Brent returns to the screen after more than a year spent in training fliers for the Army. . . . Paul (Continued on page 20)

RABOTA BARA

Fill out the following Questionnaire, and in a flash we'll send you a FREE DELL MAG! We're holding 500 of 'em for you speed demons—so whip your coupon back to us quick-like, the supply won't last long. Be sure yours is in the mail not later than January 20th. We'll have a copy of Screen Romances or Screen Album or another of Dell's fascinating books sent to you, all for FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3

at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.		
Ham from Hamtramck (John	Sweet and Lovely (Jeanne Crain)	
Hodiak)	Lon McCallister, Life Story, Part II	
Stop, Look and Whistle! (Deanna Durbin)	"Der Bingle" (Bing Crosby)	
Cinderella Boy (Farley Granger)	Big Bad Wolf (Helmut Dantine)	
Jenny Made Her Mind Up (Jennifer Jones)	Golden Girl (Louise Allbritton)	
"I Envy Claudette" (Claudette Colbert) by Hedda Hopper	Marriage Is Strictly Okay! (Dana Andrews)	
Frankie, We Love You! (Frank Sinatra)	Good News by Louella Parsons	
Which of the above did you like LEAST	?	
What 3 stars would you like to read about	ut in future issues: List them 1, 2, 5 m	
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order of preference		
(1 1 2 2 2 2		
Do you sew from patterns: (check one)	Nice of all?	
A great deal? A little?	Not at an:	
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Lukas fans will like this one because it gives Paul a rich role as the shrewd, relentless, psychopathic killer. . . . Olive Blakeney gets a meaty role in this picture, too. Olive was a top-ranking star of the English stage and screen, has done some fine work in America. . . . Albert Dekker, who came to Hollywood to do a couple of pictures for experience and intended to return to the New York stage, has decided to stay in Hollywood permanently. His picture schedule is booked solid for several months to come. . . . Stephanie Bachelor, wellknown on the New York stage, is a comparative newcomer to films—made her screen debut in "Lady of Burlesque." This is her second venture. . . . Produced by Robert Fellows and directed by Jacques Tourneur, son of Maurice Tourneur, ace director of silent films.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

Most of us are pretty vague about the life of Chopin. We remember a detail here and there—his Polish background, his affair with George Sand, his fatal illness. "A Song To Remember" fills in all the blank spaces and weaves an enchanting Technicolor tapestry of Chopin and his music.

Cornel Wilde makes a romantically melancholy Chopin. Merle Oberon as George Sand is fascinating whether she's wearing trousers or the fabulous gowns of the period. The picture is materially aided by the presence of Paul Muni in the part of Professor Elsner, Chopin's teacher.

It is Elsner who first insists that Chopin must go to Paris as a concert pianist. Since the boy is only twelve at the time, no one takes this very seriously. Ten years later Elsner gets Chopin to Paris, but it is only because the young man's Polish nationalist sympathies have gotten him into trouble with the Russian authorities, and he has to leave the country. They arrive in Paris,

a disheveled pair of yokels, and Elsner insists that they go at once to see Louis Pleyel (George Coulouris), who was interested in Chopin ten years before. Ten years is a long time—Pleyel doesn't even remember the name and will do nothing about a concert. Franz Liszt meets the young musician, however, and is convinced he has talent. He himself arranges a concert.

The affair is a failure. Chopin has bad news from home just before he goes on—his two best friends have been killed for aiding his escape. He plays poorly because of this emotional upset, and the critics are caustic about the perfomance. All except George Sand. She—the most talked of woman in Paris—is intrigued by his looks as well as persuaded of his genius. In a few days' time she succeeds in whisking him off to her country home, and the romance between them becomes the scandal of the year. Poor old Elsner is left alone and broke in Paris. Chopin has forgotten everything except a beautiful woman. No, not everything. He remembers his love of Poland, and the rest of his life is torn between these two warring passions. Both have a tremendous influence on his work, and posterity owes a debt to, each for the music of Chopin.—Col.

P. S.

Whether you're a solid sender, a long-haired ickey or just an ordinary guy with a love of pretty tunes, the music in this will go straight to your heart. Chopin didn't write his music to the intelligentsia of his day but to the peasants and to Madame George Sand—it may be understood and enjoyed by everyone. . . . The 23 pieces in the picture include almost all of the popular Chopin compositions. Proof of their melodious appeal is that many of the American songs of the early Twenties were taken from Chopin move-

"Moonlight and Roses," "I Found You in The Rain," to name a few. . . . Muni, the perfectionist, had three pairs of glasses specially ground by his oculist for his work as the music teacher. Glasses were smaller than those worn today and were encased in steel rims. . . . The character of George Sand demanded that the Oberon legs be hidden with tailored trousers, but on her they look good. History also recorded that Sand smoked cigars, and Merle was willing to try if it would authenticize the picture. The idea was dropped, however, as unnecessary to the characterization and possibly offensive to many picture-goers. . . . Cornel Wilde practically lived at the keyboard during the months of filming. So that his piano fingering would be facile, he was forbidden to garden, golf or play tennis. Even at that, he finished production with deep callouses on his finger tips. . . . When the picture was completed, Cornel visited the nearest music store, bought a baby grand for his formerly piano-less Beverly Hills home. . . . Production was held up for three days when Borden, the mustached Duke of Orleans, absent-mindedly mailed his mustache to the Screen Actors Guild along with a check for his dues!

THE SUSPECT

It is not the policy of this department to recommend murder. But if ever anyone asked for death by violence, it's the wife in this picture. She is a Termagant, a shrew and a harpy. Charles Laughton, as her husband, makes you feel that he deserves a medal, instead of hanging, for her removal from this world.

You see, Philip Marshall (Charles Laughton) is really a quiet, gentle man. Given the right wife, he would have raised flowers, had an occasional pint at the local



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