

Modern Screen

JULY
15c

• A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL
• A DELL MAGAZINE •



JUNE HAVER

Special Serials
AUG 8 - 1945

JUL 13 1945

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Give Everything

to that Perfect Kiss

Let This Flower-Fragrant Talc Make You Sweetly Ready for its Bliss!

Now time for love is short, kisses happen fast. So always be alluring to meet your big moment. You're simply adorable—as if you were bathed in flowers—when you shower yourself with Lander's Talc. Try Lilacs and Roses for tender romance. Or Spicy Apple Blossom for a deeper thrill. But *beware*... the heavenly enchantment it creates may stir a bit of the devil in his heart!



Be sure to get one of these exotic talcs at your 10¢ store next time you shop.



LANDER'S TALCS

10¢
EACH



YOUR LOVELY LIPS deserve the flattery of this exquisite style creation—Dorothy Reed Lipstick. In smart, new *thrill-seeking* reds and *delicious* new pinks. Jumbo size, swivel case—sensationally priced at only 25¢. Ask for it at your favorite 10¢ store.

Dorothy Reed

COSMETIC STYLISTS
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



PN1993

M334

"You're a big help!"



GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? *Nothing!*

CUPID: How about *you*, Honey? What'd *you* do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But *my* sparkling-est smile is *no sparkler*. I brush my teeth, but—



GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!

CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your tooth brush? Right...? *Right!* And what d'you do about it? *Nothing!* You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist!*

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE



Singer Julie Adams (J. Leslie) loves Geo. Gershwin (Bob Alda), yet relinquishes him to his music, later, to death.

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

■ If "Rhapsody In Blue" were not a title that has a beauty and identity all its own, this picture might significantly be called: "Rhapsody in Red, White and Blue."

Here is a story that has its source in the heart of every American. It is about one of our own—a boy born out of our soil, reared in our native idiom, matured in the streets of our greatest metropolis.

It is the story of George Gershwin, translated graphically and with fidelity to the screen.

And George Gershwin is someone we love because we understand him, and by those tokens "Rhapsody In Blue"

is sure to find a place in the nostalgic heart of the American public.

Directed by Irving Rapper, it takes its title, of course, from this American composer's best-known work. By way of a combination of happy circumstances, the screen rhapsody comes to vivid life by way of sensitive direction, sensitive acting and respect for the subject.

All of this, naturally, is heightened to the nth degree by a brilliant and flooding accompaniment of Gershwin music. His more serious works and the most popular of his song hits stud the picture with the (Continued on page 10)

HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT
 AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON
 THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!



A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot
 on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! . . . Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence!
 Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! . . . There's Never Been
 Anything Like It Before! *The Funniest*
Picture Ever Set to Music!

Fred MacMURRAY
 Joan LESLIE
 June HAVER



SONGS!
 "Morale"
 "If Love Remains"
 "All At Once"
 "Song of The Rhineland"
 "Columbus"

"WHERE
 DO WE GO FROM
 HERE?"

IN TECHNICOLOR!



A
 20th
 CENTURY-FOX
 PICTURE

with
 GENE SHELDON · ANTHONY QUINN · CARLOS RAMIREZ · ALAN MOWBRAY
 FORTUNIO BONONOVA · HERMAN BING · HOWARD FREEMAN
 Directed by GREGORY RATOFF Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
 Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG · Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill · Dances Staged by Fanchon

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN



HER
Invisible Charm

IS THE SILKEN
FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh . . . keeps fresh . . . appealing, adorable.

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!

The same delightful
MAVIS fragrance in
Talc Mit, 69¢ and \$1.00
Dusting Powder
with Puff \$1.00

MAVIS
talcum
FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors



Sure, "boy-meets-girl" is an oldie. But to repeat the obvious, we present these guarantees for making you the gal in any summer love story

CO-ED LETTERBOX

■ How do you get the boy across the street to look at you—with a glint in his eye—when for years he's been thinking of you as "Bob's little sister?" I'm sixteen; he's seventeen. J. L., Cicero, Ill.

First thing to do is to stop acting like "Bob's little sister." You know you do. You boss him, tease him, tussle with him—just the way you do with your brother. Why, you even let him see you in curlers, we'll bet. Be just as friendly with him as you've ever been, but instead of diving into all their rough housing, stay a little bit aloof. Go in for a touch of glamour when he's around. A flower in your hair; a shot of perfume. Have another girl over some afternoon when he and brother's there and lure them in for some records and a snack. They might even break down and dance with you. Don't swing into the new routine too suddenly, but by degrees you can get him to think of you as kind of a queen.

■ Can you do anything at all for so-called adolescent skin or do we just have to grow out of it? Betty Jane and Mary Anne, Toronto, Can. (Continued on page 26)

■ Comes summer—comes sunburn and poison ivy—and love! If you know your first aid, you can cope with the first pair, and we're right here to help with the last, so your summer should be daisy.

First of all, you may as well know that summer love is tricky stuff. It's beautiful as moonlight, but usually it's just about as lasting. If you don't expect too much of it, your summer can be gay and beau-studded. And even if it doesn't net you a deathless romance, it can help you grow in poise and experience, in humor and understanding, in the things that will eventually snag you a permanent man.

Have Fun! Now's your big, fat chance to get to know the boys you see all winter long but don't dare speak to. Where? At the tennis court, the beach, the community garden. At bond concerts and at ball games. They're all over the place, and if you are, too, (looking cute as a bunny, being friendly as can be), things are bound to happen. They'll ask you to have a Pepsi after your swim, a hot dog during the ball game. They'll show you how to tie up your tomato plants, they'll sing off key in your ear at the concerts. Those things just happen in the summertime to the gals who make the most of their opportunities. Are you making the most of yours?

Be Careful! Summertime is sort of perpetual fiesta time. Everyone's less inhibited, more relaxed. A guy who wouldn't hold your hand in December will kiss you goodnight in July and think nothing of it. If you try to make something of it, you'll scare him away forever. Handle the whole business in a kidding, light-hearted way and you'll hang on to his friendship a long while.

If you vacation away from home beware of walves. Summer resorts are favorite hangouts for married guys or the loose, older men who talk a swell wedding but rarely follow through, adventures of (Continued on page 10)



JEAN
KINKEAD

How Could It Be Anything Else But

G R E A T . . .

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"... Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances—And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," how could it be anything else but GREAT!

Paramount presents

Dorothy
LAMOUR

Arturo
de CORDOVA

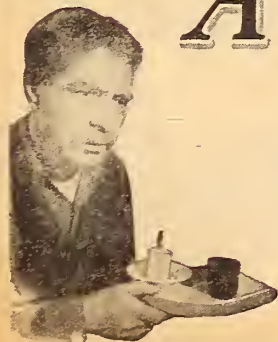
"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by JOHN STEINBECK and Jack Wagner

with J. CARROL NAISH • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado

Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL

Screen Play by Frank Butler





Double Exposure

Legs are bared by fashion... the underarm by every gesture... and so you need double protection—NEET Cream Depilatory that removes hair, and NEET Cream Deodorant that halts perspiration, for the assurance that comes of being well-groomed.

BETTER GET
NEET TODAY

neet

at cosmetic counters
in stores everywhere



CO-ED

(Continued from page 8)

all kinds. Be sure you know something about the place. Inquire about it through a travel bureau or the Chamber of Commerce in the town where it's located. Go with at least one other girl and stay together as much as you can. You can have just as much fun, and you'll be twice as safe.

If you've got a summer job or are going to summer school, you'll find yourself in closer contact with the great wide world than ever before. Be reserved and make friends slowly. Steer clear of pick-ups. Double-date if you don't know a boy well. Avoid blind dates unless you know and trust the girl who's arranging them.

Postage stamp sunsuits and bathing suits are peachy for your own backyard, but a lot of lads are going to get the wrong idea if you wear them around. Be a little conservative and you'll spare yourself a lot of passes from all the wrong people.

And if you do get Burned: You ignore all the warnings, and you go and fall for a boy who doesn't fall back! Or maybe he does for a while and then tosses you over for a pint-sized blond. . . . Anyway, your heart is black and blue, and you're through with woo. Ah, no you're not, baby. You can drop that torch in short order if you really want to. First, take the halo off the guy's head and see him with all his faults. His lack of consideration, his awful posture, his inability to laugh at *your* jokes. He wasn't so red hot, taken all in all, was he? Dwell on his defects. That's step one. Next, put away all the records, poetry, dead corsages that remind you of him. There's no future in living in the past, now is there? Especially when living in same makes you all red-eyed and haggly. Stop talking about him to everyone. Lay off writing him letters that you know perfectly well you'll never mail. Stop seeking him out and shadowing him. Censor him from your life and substitute a new interest. A hobby will do for a while—learning Spanish maybe. Or learning how to make your own clothes. Gradually, as the hurt goes away, the new interest will be a new man. You think we're kidding? Try it and see!

* * *

If we didn't hit on your special problem this time, won't you write and tell us about it? Whether you're in a stew over a guy, a parent, a career—anything at all, there's a solution, and we've got it. Write to Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

FANNIE HURST SELECTS

(Continued from page 6)

brilliance of jewels.

Make up your minds that you are in for entertainment, heart-beat, heart-ache and ebullient music of Grade-A variety. Warner Brothers, careful to preserve the motivating forces behind George Gershwin's life and works, are equally meticulous in casting this memorial film.

Robert Alda, a comparative newcomer, gives a finished and believable performance in the difficult title role. Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith, as the two women beloved of the young genius, are rightly cast. Charles Coburn, as usual, leaves no stone unturned in the completeness of his characterization of the producer. Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary DeCamp play the parents and thus round out an excellent casting achievement.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Is your boy in blue and off to the sea? Then here's a nifty secret just among the three of us. We have autographs of all the stars listed below and they're for you—that is, if you send a quarter for each one you want. And where does that sailor lad come in? Well, those quarters heap up in great big piles for the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND that is doing so much to help our seamen and their families. And now, I guess we'd better let everyone in on this: You can get FIVE for the price of FOUR! So ship-ahoy and unanchor those coins, for even the canniest Scot would go for this investment.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| June Allyson | Jennifer Jones |
| Dana Amèche | Arlene Judge |
| Dana Andrews | Danny Kaye |
| Lois Andrews | Kay Kyser |
| Lauren Bacall | Alan Ladd |
| Jane Ball | Hedy Lamarr |
| Lucille Ball | Dorothy Lamour |
| Jess Barker | Carole Landis |
| Joan Baxter | Peter Lawford |
| William Bendix | Joan Leslie |
| Joan Bennett | John Loder |
| Ingrid Bergman | Myrna Loy |
| Turhan Bey | Ida Lupino |
| Julie Bishop | Diana Lynn |
| Joan Blondell | Fred MacMurray |
| Humphrey Bogart | Lon McCallister |
| Charles Boyer | Joel McCrea |
| Eddie Bracken | Roddy McDowall |
| Jim Brown | Fibber McGee & Molly |
| Eddie Cantor | Dorothy McGuire |
| Marguerite Chapman | Alan Marshal |
| Dane Clark | Trudy Marshall |
| Claudette Colbert | Marilyn Maxwell |
| Nancy Coleman | Carmen Miranda |
| Ronald Colman | Maria Montez |
| Richard Conte | George Montgomery |
| Gary Cooper | Constance Moore |
| Joseph Cotten | Dennis Morgan |
| James Craig | George Murphy |
| Jeanne Crain | Tom Neal |
| Dick Crane | Lloyd Nolan |
| Stephen Crane | Merle Oberon |
| Bing Crosby | Edmund O'Brien |
| Xavier Cugat | Margaret O'Brien |
| Helmut Dantine | Virginia O'Brien |
| Linda Darnell | Donald O'Connor |
| Bette Davis | Maureen O'Hara |
| Gloria De Haven | Dennis O'Keefe |
| Olivia de Havilland | Kevin O'Shea |
| Tommy Dix | John Payne |
| Ted Donaldson | Gregory Peck |
| Brian Donlevy | Susan Peters |
| Tom Drake | Walter Pidgeon |
| Jimmy Dunn | William Powell |
| Irene Dunne | Tyrone Power |
| Jimmy Durante | Frances Rafferty |
| Nelson Eddy | Ella Raines |
| William Eythe | Martha Raye |
| Jinx Falkenburg | Ronald Reagan |
| Alice Faye | Walter Reed |
| Geraldine Fitzgerald | George Reeves |
| Errol Flynn | Ginger Rogers |
| Clark Gable | Roy Rogers |
| Ava Gardner | Rosalind Russell |
| John Garfield | Gall Russell |
| Judy Garland | Ann Rutherford |
| Peggy Ann Garner | Eddie Ryan |
| Greer Garson | Peggy Ryan |
| Faulette Goddard | Ann Sheridan |
| Betty Grable | Dinah Shore |
| Farley Granger | Ginny Simms |
| Cary Grant | Frank Sinatra |
| Bonita Granville | Red Skelton |
| Kathryn Grayson | Ann Sothern |
| Jon Hall | Barbara Stanwyck |
| June Haver | Shirley Temple |
| Dick Haymes | Gene Tierney |
| Susan Hayward | Phyllis Thaxter |
| Rita Hayworth | Spencer Tracy |
| Sonja Henie | Sonny Tufts |
| Paul Henreid | Lana Turner |
| Katharine Hepburn | Robert Walker |
| John Hodiak | Cornel Wilde |
| Skippy Homeler | Esther Williams |
| Bob Hope | Jane Withers |
| Lena Horne | Monty Woolley |
| Betty Hutton | Jane Wyman |
| Bob Hutton | Loretta Young |
| Harry James | Robert Young |
| Gloria Jean | |
| Van Johnson | |

Enclosed please find 25c in stamps
 paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card
autographed by

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each
additional autograph I request but that only
\$1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is

I live at

City

State

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Now comes a
HUMPHREY BOGART
 you'd never suspect!
 (...or would you?)



MAYBE
 HE'LL
 KISS
 HER...

MAYBE HE'LL KILL HER!



*She's got plenty
 to be afraid of!*

WARNERS

BRING YOU SUSPENSE, SUSPICION AND MAN-WOMAN MADNESS
 — MORE EXCITINGLY THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

Co-starring

SYDNEY *(The fat-man)*

ALEXIS SMITH · GREENSTREET



*The two mighty
 men of menace!*

Conflict

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
 Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and
 DWIGHT TAYLOR - Based on Original Story by
 Robert Siodmak and Alfred Neumann
 Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

BOND RALLY

■ Didn't you always have a yen to see our Frankie and Bing in a picture together? Here they are, and it's quite an experience! And with Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Harpo Marx and Harry James' band tossed in for good measure.

Naturally, it takes something pretty special to rate such an assemblage of talent. It is something pretty special—the Seventh War Bond Drive. And look, kids, there just couldn't be anything more important than War Bonds! Not that white "formal" you saw in the window, or the cute suit with the flirt skirt— or *anything*. Because the war isn't over by a long way. There are still the Japs, and the Japs, remember, are the ones responsible for Bataan and Corregidor and the loss of more American boys than we can bear to think about. So buy all the bonds you possibly can—*please*?

When you see this picture (it's a short, and your local theater is sure to show it), you'll feel that you're getting your bond's worth of entertainment right there. Bob Hope is master of ceremonies, so the wisecracks float through the air with the greatest of ease. Harpo Marx chases a blonde (I hate to think what would happen if he ever caught one!), Betty Grable sings and dances while her husband supplies the music. The high moment comes when Frankie sings "Saturday Night" and Bing is listening from the wings. It's terrific! Then Bing gives with a few notes himself and makes a little speech which says all that about buying bonds a lot better than I can.

Those stars give their services, so it looks as if we'd better repay them by buying more bonds than we ever have before. Okay? (Continued on page 16)



There's Bing and blondes, gags and songs galore in this "Buy Bonds" short—plus Frankie!

ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD!
"Carefree Casual"
 BETTY CO-ED'S
 NEW, SMART GABARDINE DRESS



\$8.98
 plus
 postage

New, beautifully designed, figure-flattering! Tailored in rich rayon gabardine; becoming low round neckline, contrasting bows at neck and waist. Skirt shirred for slim waist and smart front drape. Sizes 10 to 20. Lime, Aqua, Powder, Melon Red, Black. **\$8.98** plus postage.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly make refunds or exchanges.

SEND NO MONEY—WE MAIL C.O.D.

Or save time and C.O.D. charges by sending Money Order or Cashier's Check for \$9.23, which includes postage and handling.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD

Dept. 966, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

PROMPT DELIVERY

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 966
 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send "Carefree Casual" at **\$8.98**, plus postage
 Lime Aqua Powder Black
 Melon Red (Mark 1st & 2nd choice of color)
 Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted)
 (Please print name, etc. plainly)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Her eyes widened in loving wonder!

*This Yank newsman was battling the toughest rats
in Tokyo singlehanded! Alone—he dared
to reveal their devil's plan of conquest
to an unwary world!*

JAMES
CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY

in
**"BLOOD ON
THE SUN"**

A
WILLIAM CAGNEY
PRODUCTION

*"Try that on her
size...you would-be
world conquerer!"*

*Lots-lovely
Sylvia Sidney—
a woman of
mystery,
too beautiful
to be trusted.*

*Now you can see
battling Jimmy in the
mightiest fight of his
career — beating the
Japs at their own
jju-jitsu game!*

PORTER HALL · JOHN EMERY · ROBERT ARMSTRONG · WALLACE FORD · ROSEMARY DE CAMP · JOHN HALLORAN

Directed by FRANK LLOYD Released thru United Artists

"Those endearing young charms"

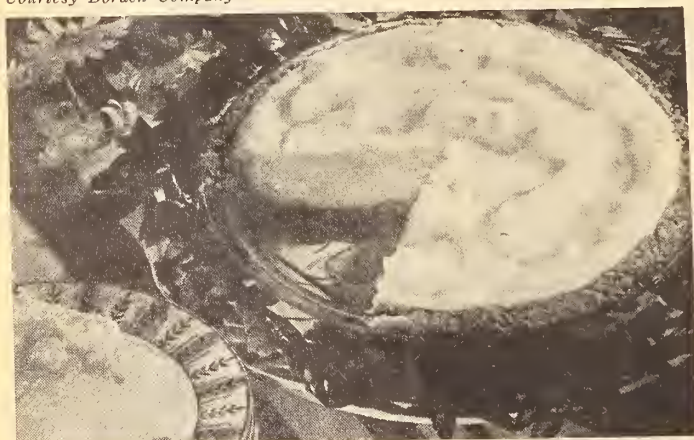
Not the least of these young charms is a well-developed ability to cook!



Judy Garland shows you what we mean!



Courtesy Borden Company



Courtesy Knox Gelatine



Courtesy National Peanut Council

■ "What's cookin'?" Cooking is a very highly esteemed art. You may take your harp to a party and nobody asks you to play, but just try going into the kitchen and giving the egg beater a whirl and everybody in the house troops in, sniffing hungrily, to see what you're preparing!

Not only does an ability to make good things to eat boost you socially—think of how practical it is! A hungry chick goes to the family refrigerator looking for snacks. She sees only raw eggs, raw lemons, a slice of raw liver, a can of evaporated milk and a package of shortening. If she can't cook, she says, "Oh, dear me" in a blue little voice and goes away disappointed. If she can cook, she gets an inspiration—"I think I'll make a batch of jam cookies! Right this minute!"

And that's just what she does. She measures and mixes carefully and they turn out swell!

JAM COOKIES

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 cups sifted flour | 1 egg, well beaten |
| 4 tsps. baking powder | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| ½ tsp. salt | ⅓ cup milk |
| ⅔ cup shortening | 1 cup raspberry jam or marmalade |
| ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed | |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; then add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 2½-inch cookie cutter. Place 1 teaspoon jam on a circle, and place another circle on top, pressing edges together. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (425°F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 2 dozen filled cookies.

You and the gang are sitting on the porch playing your favorite crooner's records. "June—moon—spoon!" Spoons! That reminds you that now is your proud moment for serving the dainty pink and delicious strawberry ice cream you've made.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

- 2/3 cup condensed milk
- 1/4 cup strawberries
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/4 cup sugar (4x)
- 1 cup light cream

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Blend sweetened condensed milk and water thoroughly. Add strawberries which have been crushed and sweetened with sugar. Chill. Add chilled cream and blend. Pour into freezing tray. Freeze until half frozen. Remove from freezing unit. Beat until smooth, but not melted. Smooth and replace in freezing unit. Beat again just before completely frozen. Freeze firm. Serves 4 to 6.

Does Pop need a little high-pressuring? There's no better way to get him in a bargaining mood than to make him a fluffy, delicately tart lemon chiffon pie.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

- 1 tbsp. gelatine
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup corn syrup
- 1 baked pie shell (9 in.)
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Add corn syrup, lemon juice, and salt. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until of soft custard consistency. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Chill and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which sugar has been added. Turn into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill.

Here's a quick bread you ought to know about, full of crunchy ground peanuts. Serve it with cream cheese and jam.

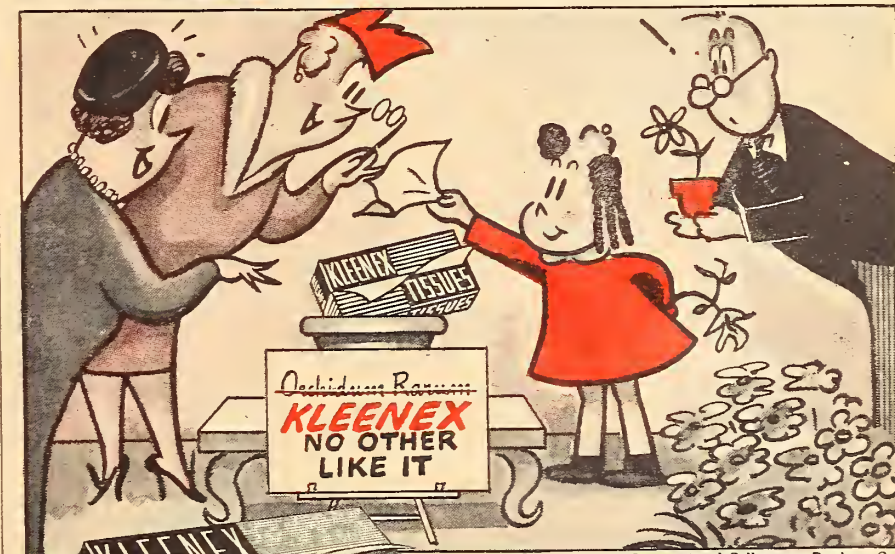
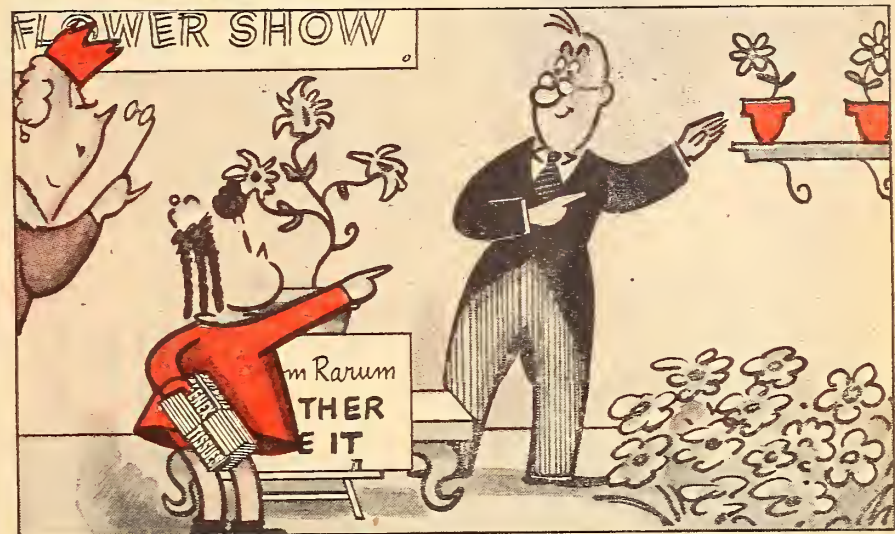
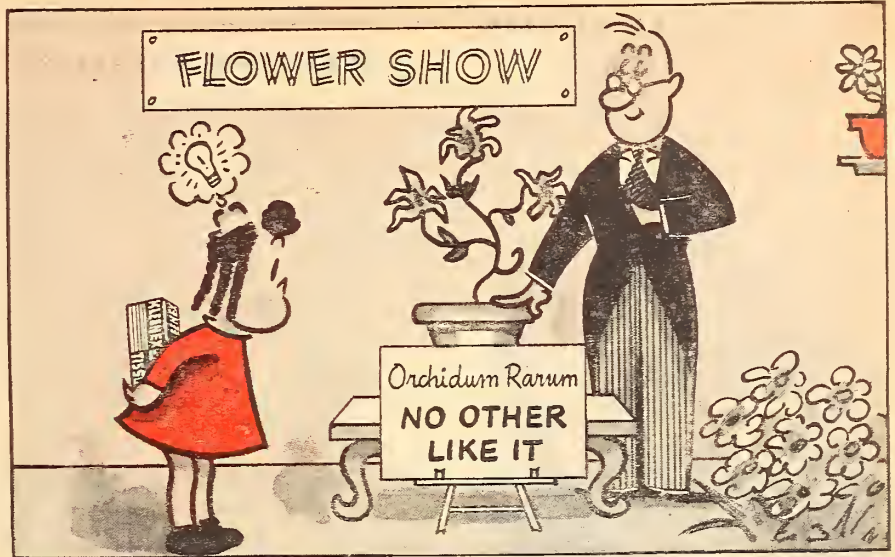
PEANUT SANDWICH BREAD

- 3 cups flour
- 1 cup peanuts
- 5 tsps. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup melted shortening

Sift dry ingredients, add coarsely ground

If you're making definite plans to enchant the boy friend with your culinary skill, let your old friend Nancy in on the secret. Let me know what kind of recipes you'd like to see in this column and, so help me, I'll see that you get them! Meanwhile, I'd like to send you recipes I like—Chocolate Frosted Orange Cake, Baked Peach Custard, Korn Kobbler, Shrimp and Peas Supper Dish and Apple Cheese Pie. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Modern Hostess, Dept. J.G., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

peanuts. Beat egg, add milk and shortening. Add to dry ingredients and mix carefully. Bake in greased loaf pan in slow oven (325°F.) 1 1/4 hours or until done.



Copyright 1945, International Cellulocotton Products Co

A special process keeps Kleenex LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

Miss DAPHNE ADAMS

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.



"A WAY TO
*Infinite
Loveliness*"

"I'm a painter," says Miss Adams, "and I know that just as a certain color complements another, a certain fragrance enhances a woman — makes her infinitely lovely. That's why I use Djer-Kiss perfume. It is the final perfect touch to the woman who values her charm." Have you tried Djer-Kiss perfume?



Pronounced
"DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS
PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By **Kerkoff**

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 12)

VALLEY OF DECISION

It's been a long while since you've seen as heart warming a love story as Greer Garson and Gregory Peck bring you in "Valley Of Decision." It's so real that you seem to become part of it as you watch, and you will cry as if it were happening to you when things go wrong.

Greer plays an Irish girl named Mary Rafferty. In Pittsburgh in the late 1800's, the Irish lived down on "the flats" near the steel mills. Mary gets a job as maid in the household of William Scott (Donald Crisp), the owner of the mills. She goes there with her father's curse on the house of Scott ringing in her ears, for Pat Rafferty (Lionel Barrymore) lost his legs in the mills years before, and he is bitter to the point of madness.

Mary loves the Scott home. Mrs. Scott (Gladys Cooper) couldn't be nicer, and makes Mary feel that any blunders she commits will be forgiven with a smile. Mr. Scott is kind, too, in a remote sort of way. Even Connie (Marsha Hunt) and young Ted, who are difficult, to say the least, are conquered by Mary's Irish charm and wit. Paul (Gregory Peck), the eldest son, falls in love with her. Servant or not, he wants to marry her.

It isn't a sudden thing. It's deep and serious, and as much a part of him as his love for the mills. It comes gradually, as Mary becomes more and more a part of the household. They all seem to turn to her,

and to Paul she is essential to happiness. The situation can't go on, and Mary realizes it. She won't marry him. It wouldn't be fair to the Scotts, who have done so much for a lonely Irish girl. She feels a deep and abiding loyalty to the whole family, and she won't let even the tremendous love she has for Paul cause them trouble.

So when Connie marries an English lord, Mary goes along with her, more as a companion than as a maid. She doesn't answer Paul's letters, and she stays there until at last a cable from Mr. Scott tells her to come home. He meets her at the station and tells her he wishes she would marry Paul and make him happy. At last it looks as if a good life lies ahead. But now the black curse of Pat Rafferty seems to take effect. Tragedy prevents the marriage, and Paul eventually marries another girl. Mary's love for him and his for her remain steadfast even then—and as the picture ends you feel that eventually they will be together.—M-G-M.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE

What chance does a mere husband have against Van Johnson? Obviously, none whatever, especially when the husband is an eighteen-carat dope, who leaves his bride on their wedding night and whisks off to a business conference in Washington. The lovely "kissless bride" is Esther Williams, so the opening scene of the picture naturally takes place in a swimming pool.

FREE OFFER!

Going, going—500 FREE copies of DELL mags to 500 prompt readers of MODERN SCREEN who rush to fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us—but pronto! These mags are fun—filled with stories, star pics, star doings! Send in your answers no later than the 20th of June, and you may be one of the smart ones to get a Dell Mag—FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- Wise Guy!* (Joe Cotten)..... *The Town Goes Wilde*
(Cornel Wilde).....
- Memo on June* (June Haver)..... *Hot Copy* by Hedda Hopper.....
- Those Reagans!*..... *"It's Lon McCallister!"*.....
- Good Luck, Shirley!*
(Shirley Temple)..... *Pennies From Heaven*
(Bing Crosby Life Story).....
- That Old Feeling*... (Tom Drake) *Cockeyed Wonder* (Dane Clark)....
- My Son* by Dennis Morgan's father *Good News* by Louella Parsons.....

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

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

.....

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I am years old.

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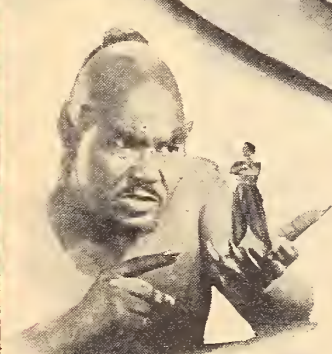
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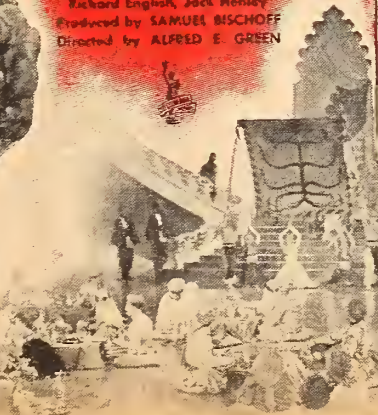
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THE ALART COMPANY, 69 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

Cynthia Glenn (Esther Williams) is demonstrating a swan dive for a group of small boys when a limousine stops by the Municipal pool, and an impressive looking young man gazes at her with obvious admiration. When she gets home, she finds three dozen roses waiting. A copy of FORTUNE arrives shortly after with the page turned down at an article on that rising young tycoon, Robert G. Delbar. Then Robert G. (Carleton Young), who is the young man of the limousine, arrives in person. Being an executive type, he has not only succeeded in obtaining her address, but has mapped out an immediate campaign to win her. Or rather his secretary has—Robert G. is a busy guy.

Cynthia receives his suit with more enthusiasm than her aunt and uncle do. They are vague, charming people, who dislike efficiency, system and all the other virtues of Robert G. But they mind their own business, and if Cynthia wants him, it's all right with them. So comes the wedding night. Comes the arrival at Arrowhead Inn for the honeymoon. But before Cynthia and Robert are even unpacked, he is summoned to Washington. Cynthia is left alone to listen to Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and the songs of a Metropolitan tenor named Knudsen (Lauritz Melchior).

It isn't Knudsen who is the romantic threat, however. He, in fact, plays Cupid for the real menace—the war hero, Major Thomas Milvaine (Van Johnson). Not that Milvaine means to be a menace, but he falls in love with Cynthia before he knows what's hit him. They keep it all very platonic, and it's just unfortunate that they get lost in the woods on the night Robert G. returns to his bride. After all, as Robert says, "Major Milvaine found his way out of a jungle in Africa!" And you can't help thinking he's got something there.

Your Van is devastating, as usual. And the cast includes, besides the above mentioned, Henry Travers and Spring Byington.—M-G-M.

COLONEL BLIMP

Colonel Blimp is to English cartoons what Dick Tracy is to American comic strips. He's a blustering old gentleman who believes wars are won on the playing fields of Eton. In this picture, however, he is metamorphosed into a romantic figure, and his name is changed to Clive Candy.

Candy (Roger Livesey) is a Boer War hero, complete with Victoria Cross. Home on leave, he reads a letter from a mysterious Miss Hunter, telling about a man named Kaunitz who is circulating anti-British propaganda in Berlin. Candy makes an unofficial—very unofficial—trip to Berlin. He meets Miss Hunter, who is so beautiful that he promptly falls in love with her. They encounter Kaunitz in a cafe, Candy knocks him down, and insults the entire German Army. Result: An elaborate duel, with sabers and scarlet coats and all the trimmings. His opponent, who was drawn by lot, is a German officer, Theo Kretschman-Shuldorff (Anton Walbrook). The duel ends when they are both wounded. They meet again in the convalescent hospital over a friendly card game. Edith Hunter acts as interpreter, and during the weeks they are there, Theo, too, falls in love with her. Candy, with true British sportsmanship, steps aside and lets Theo marry her, while he returns to England alone. He and Theo remain friends, and correspond for several years.

When World War I comes along, Candy is a brigadier-general. He has made a successful career of the Army, but he fights by Marquess of Queensbury rules. Romance enters the picture again when he meets a Red Cross nurse who reminds him of Edith Hunter, and marries her. Candy finds that Theo is a prisoner of war

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During one of the football games of the Petersburg High School there seemed to be a great deal of excitement at one end of the field. As I followed the stream of curious spectators, I saw a tall man standing with a crowd of boys and girls clustered around him. At once, I recognized him as Petersburg's own Joseph Cotten. Laughing and talking, he answered the many questions that were asked him. But he really wanted to see the football game. With a huge gang of kids around him, it was impossible to see the players. Suddenly, he made a run for the steps and went up to the top of the hill that overlooks the ball field. The crowd didn't follow him, but they surely wanted to. Imagine how happy we all were, then, when Joseph Cotten came down after the game and talked to us like a regular fellow. He's a swell person!

Betty Jane Steger
Petersburg, Virginia

in a British camp. But when Candy and his wife go to see him, Theo, with Prussian arrogance, refuses to speak to his old friend. He reconsiders later, however, and apologizes before he goes home to Germany.

In World War II, Theo comes to England as an anti-Nazi refugee, but it takes Candy's influence to persuade the Alien Board that Theo is sincere. Their friendship is soon re-established. Candy shows Theo a picture of his wife, now dead, and Theo is struck by the resemblance between her and Edith. He later notes a similar resemblance in the pretty ATS chauffeur who drives Candy around.

Candy is still a sportsman of the old school, fighting a kid glove war. But Theo and the pretty chauffeur's boy friend teach him that this war is not a "pukka sahib" affair.

"Colonel Blimp" manages to be both leisurely and exciting. It is definitely worth seeing.—U.A.

INCENDIARY BLONDE

"Hello, suckers!" That's the way Texas Guinan used to greet the customers at her night club and they loved it. Tex was one of the most flamboyant and colorful figures of the Prohibition era. She had everything in the world she wanted, except the one thing she wanted most of all. That (at least in this Paramount version of her life) was a guy named Kilgannon. Betty Hutton, an incendiary blonde if ever there was one, plays Tex, and Kilgannon is played by Arturo De Cordova, who is an even more romantic figure here than he was in "Frenchman's Creek." Barry Fitzgerald as Mike Guinan, Tex's father, contributes one of his classic performances.

Texas Guinan is quite a girl. She proves that way back in 1910. Mike Guinan has just lost his shirt trying to corner the potato market, and Tex decides it's up to her to take over. She rides a bucking broncho, wins fifty dollars, and gets a job with Cherokee Joe's Wild West Show. Only the show doesn't really belong to Cherokee (Charlie Ruggles) any more. He lost it in a poker game to a handsome gambler named Kilgannon. The new owner sees immediate possibilities in Texas, and between them they develop quite an act for her. Her personality wows the custom-

They'll Kill You —with laughter!

It's hit or miss — what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang — a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade — in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

FRED MACMURRAY

Maw hos bats
in the beltry
—and collins
in the cellor!

Elany's nuttler
than o Christmas
fruit coke!

Gronmow gets
lit when the
lights go out!

Bert'll smash you,
bash you and then
he'll crash you!

...he
says"

Bonnie's the pin-up
girl of the police de-
partment and the only
thing that makes sense
to Fearless Fred!



with
**Helen Walker · Marjorie Main
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Porter Hall · Peter Whitney
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ers—she has more vitality than any seventeen people you can name. She is also a practical gal whose favorite phrase is "put it in writing." But she isn't practical about love. She proposes to Kilgannon, when he doesn't get around to saying anything about marriage, although he is obviously in love with her. He tells her brusquely that he has a wife.

Tex, bitterly hurt, leaves the show and marries a press agent named Callahan (Bill Goodwin). He takes her to New York where he gets her a job in a chorus. With that personality she doesn't stay a chorus girl long. But when she has become a star, she and Callahan get a divorce—he knows she really loves Kilgannon. She proves it by dropping her career when she finds out that Kilgannon's wife is insane, and going to California to find him.

Their reunion doesn't last long. Mike Guinan gets to speculating again, and this time he lands in real trouble. Kilgannon takes the rap and Tex, who doesn't know it's her father who is actually guilty, leaves for New York. There she starts her famous night club. It's quite a place. The customers are insulted, overcharged, and laughed at, but they have a wonderful time and come back for more. Kilgannon turns up again, and if it hadn't been for a couple of gangsters, everything might have worked out all right. Texas Guinan, unfortunately, just wasn't destined for happiness.

The picture is in Technicolor, it's exciting, Hutton is wonderful, and don't miss it.—Par.

BACK TO BATAAN

John Wayne switches from cowboy heroes to an Army colonel in his new picture, and wears his eagles with distinction. "Back To Bataan" has more excitement per reel than anything you've come across in some time and explodes the theory that war pictures are necessarily dated. It begins with the liberation of American prisoners in Luzon by Rangers and Filipino guerrillas. Then it flashes back to the dark days of Bataan and Corregidor.

In those days there were no such things as organized Filipino guerrilla groups. Some Scouts, yes. A detachment of these under Captain Bonifacio (Anthony Quinn) is fighting by the side of American troops commanded by Colonel Madden (John Wayne). Bonifacio's sweetheart, Dalisay Delgado, former movie star, is broadcasting Jap propaganda over the radio. Her apparent betrayal of her countrymen has made Bonifacio so bitter that his judgment is warped. He takes unnecessary risks, with a fatalism resulting from his belief that the war is lost.

When Bataan falls, Colonel Madden is put in charge of organizing guerrilla resistance in the Islands. It is a slow task, but as word spreads, more and more Filipinos rally to his side. Bonifacio at first does little to help. "What's the use?" he demands. "Where are the supplies and troops that America has promised for so long?" The question is unanswerable, but when he finds out that his sweetheart has been sending secret information to MacArthur through her radio broadcasts, he regains hope.

"Incidents" occur throughout the Island with growing frequency. The theft of a few Jap trucks here, the bombing of a supply depot there. The Japs become alarmed. They decide to propitiate the Filipinos by granting them "independence." The announcement is to be made at an impressive public ceremony. It turns out to be quite a ceremony, for Madden's men attack in the middle of it. The picture ends with the return of the American Army to the Philippines, in a climax that really shoots the works!

Agnes Moorehead, as a school teacher who tries to keep her pupils' minds on their books in the midst of battle, is very effective. So is a small boy named Ducky Louis, who plays one of the pupils.—RKO

LADY ON A TRAIN

There's nothing like a good mystery to take your mind off your troubles, and this is a good mystery. Deanna Durbin is the heroine who tries to solve a murder and almost gets bopped on the head for her pains. All the characters are fascinating people, including the murderer, Ralph Bellamy, Allen Jenkins, David Bruce and Edward Everett Horton do their best to confuse you thoroughly.

Suppose you were riding along in a train and saw a murder being committed in a room overlooking the railroad tracks. Would you forget the whole thing as hastily as possible, or go to the police? Nicki Collins (Deanna Durbin) goes to the police. They take one look at the lurid murder novel tucked under her arm, and tell her to run along and not bother them. So she goes to the mystery writer, Wayne Morgan (David Bruce), but he has a jealous fiancée. He doesn't dare get mixed up with anyone as attractive as Deanna.

The next day the papers carry a story about Saul Waring, financier, who has died from a fall in the bathtub at his Long Island home. Nicki recognizes his picture—he is the man she saw being murdered, and it wasn't on Long Island. She goes out to his estate to do a spot of investigating, and finds his family assembled for the reading of the will. They mistake her for Margo Martin, a night club singer who was engaged to Saul. Since they have just learned that he left his whole fortune to Margo, she isn't received with enthusiasm, but two brothers, Arnold (Dan Duryea) and Jonathan (Ralph Bellamy), are very nice to her. She locates a beautiful, shiny clue during her visit—a pair of blood stained slippers. She takes them back to New York with her, and from that moment she is in grave danger.

She sees Wayne Morgan again, and this time he decides to dish his fiancée in favor of helping Nicki hunt the murderer. A sinister character named Saunders (George Coulouris) keeps popping in and out of the proceedings, until he pops once too often
(Continued on page 24)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last year, I was visiting a friend at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. It happened that her home was near that of a famous movie star. One day I decided to walk to the village, a jaunt of at least two miles. As I started down the road, a station wagon drove by. Much to my surprise, the car slowed up and stopped a short distance up the road. The driver, a charming woman, offered me a ride to the village. Of course, I accepted. No wonder, because it was Bette Davis! When I returned, it was easy for everyone to see that something very exciting had occurred. My breathless recital was greeted with, "Oh, that's nothing. She's always doing that!" Yes, that's right. Bette Davis is always doing something for someone. I can't imagine there being a kinder, more natural person in all of stardom.

Esther Graham
Brookline, Mass.

"Ready to Kiss Me Now?"

Uh-huh! But she plans to make it stick, brother!...and if this flying wolf thinks she's just another furlough date . . . he's making the mistake of his love life!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY

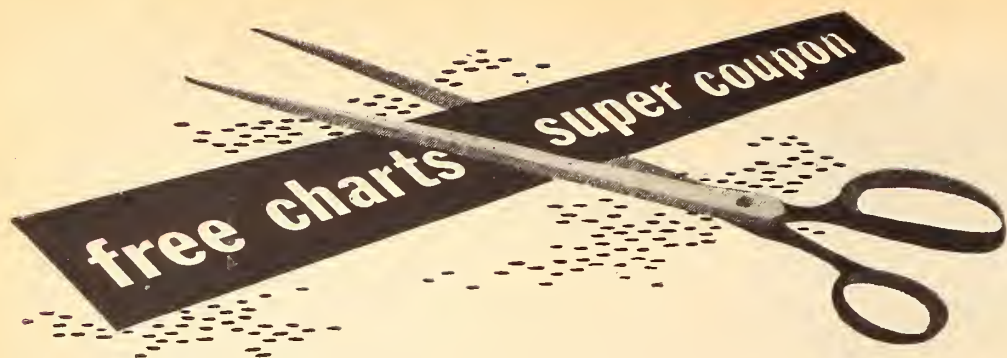
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good humor of the foot-weary, fun-loving infantry!

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

starring

BURGESS
MEREDITH
as Ernie Pyle



"Pardon me, Miss Bandini.
There goes that war again!"



"Go ahead! With every third
drink you get a furlough!"



"I believe in love at first sight.
It saves so much time!"

Released thru United Artists

and is found murdered. By now, Nicki realizes that she may be the next victim, and she's scared silly. So silly that she goes for a walk alone with the murderer. . . —Univ.

NOB HILL

This is George Raft's first picture since he came back from his USO tour. He is teamed with (a) one beautiful brunette—Joan Bennett, and (b) one strawberry blonde—Vivian Blaine, which should be reward enough even for a trip to the front line trenches: The story is set in San Francisco, and the title comes from a part of town called officially Nob Hill, but known to people who don't live there as "Snob Hill."

One of those who don't live there is Johnny Angel (George Raft). Everyone in San Francisco knows Johnny. He owns the Gold Coast, an elaborate, expensive night club. The star of the Gold Coast show is Sally (Vivian Blaine) who sings and makes eyes at the male audience with vast success, but keeps her heart for Johnny. The question is, does Johnny want it? Sally has thought he does for the last couple of years. Now, however, the situation has changed. Johnny has met Harriet Carruthers (Joan Bennett), who lives on Nob Hill and is the sister of Lash Carruthers (Edgar Barrier), Reform candidate for District Attorney.

Johnny meets Harriet through little Katie (Peggy Ann Garner), an Irish orphan whom he has taken under his wing. Class distinctions don't mean a thing to Katie. As far as she is concerned, Harriet is just a nice, pretty lady, whom Johnny ought to like. Johnny does like her, and that's what's bothering Sally. Is he really in love with this girl from Snob Hill, and if he is, what will come of it? Sally cares enough about him to want him to be hap-

SAVE A LIFE!

Listen! Yes, we mean you, all curled up in an easy chair with your MODERN SCREEN. You, who are comfortable and whole and clean. This is about those who are not any of these things. This is about the wounded who are fed life from a Red Cross bottle marked "Blood Plasma."

Since 1941, American adults have filled more than 12,000,000 of these precious containers destined to reach every battlefield where men fight. They have lent life to boys who otherwise would have had to give theirs.

Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, insists that plasma has been the greatest single life saver of the war. And on craggy Iwo Jima, the U. S. Marines who scaled Mount Suribachi and raised the American flag over it renamed the heights "Mount Plasma."

Last year, the Army and Navy started flying whole blood as well as plasma to Europe—a new, second-to-second race against death. And in the far Pacific, ten minutes after whole blood arrives at field stations, civilian blood is flowing into the veins of wounded GIs. Today, in any of the thirty-one donor centers throughout the United States, you may dedicate your blood to a serviceman dear to you and sign your name upon the label to be attached to the container. Already, men wounded thousands of miles away have returned and made a bee-line to thank donors whose blood saved them. So, give your blood! The need is deep and ever growing. What better gift can you offer than life itself?

py, yet she can't see how this new attachment will bring him happiness. She tries to tell him so, but Johnny gets angry and they quarrel. So—the first thing the Barbary Coast knows, its leading saloon keeper has come out for Reform candidate Lash Carruthers, and Sally is singing at El Dorado, a rival night club. Katie, aghast at the effect of her friendly efforts, disappears the night that Carruthers is elected. Johnny's search for her has unexpected results.

Little Peggy Ann Garner is as appealing as she was in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." She isn't a bit pretty, but she makes you want to hug her.—20th-Fox.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

"That's the spirit," and the "spirit," believe it or not, is Jack Oakie. Jack isn't the ethereal type you usually associate with ghosts, but this is a very unusual ghost. For one thing, its shoes squeak. There isn't a clanking chain in the whole picture, which disappointed me a little. But clanking chains, it seems, are corny.

Jack doesn't start right out being a ghost. In the beginning, he's a vaudeville comedian named Steve Gogarty. He is minding his own business and not looking for any trouble when he meets pretty Libby Cawthorne (June Vincent). Libby has been brought up with painful strictness by her disciplinary father, Jasper (Gene Lockhart). On this particular day she has sneaked off to come to the local theater, which Jasper considers a den of iniquity. When Steve asks for a volunteer from the audience, Libby steps up on the stage—and into love.

She brings Steve home to meet the family, and Jasper almost has apoplexy. He pulls enough wires to get the theater raided, only to discover Libby in Steve's dressing room, apparently clad in a thin

ADVERTISEMENT



"They say he drinks only Pepsi-Cola."

negligee. He calls off the raid hastily, and demands that Steve marry the girl, which is what Libby had in mind all along. She and Steve are very happy for a year. Then their daughter, Sheila, is born, and Libby is at death's door. But Steve (here we go on the ghost part) bribes the messenger of death to take him instead.

He is a very restless spirit when he gets to heaven, and after seventeen years or so of "probation," persuades them to give him a seven-day pass back to earth. He is sure that his daughter needs him, and he's so right. Sheila (Peggy Ryan) has too much Gogarty blood in her veins to knuckle down to old Jasper. When Steve arrives she is the only one who can hear him or see him. She thinks he's swell, and isn't in the least perturbed by the fact that he's a ghost. Steve determines to get her on the stage, but of course Jasper is equally determined that she shall "stay home where she belongs." The rest of the picture is a tug of war between Jasper's earthly influence and Steve's celestial power which isn't as strong as it might be. There's romance thrown in, and it's all fun.—*Univ.*

THE MAN FROM OKLAHOMA

You've heard of the feuding Hatfields and McCoys. They're just a bunch of sissies beside the feuding Whittakers and Lanes in Roy Rogers' latest picture. Roy plays a Whittaker and so does Gabby Hayes. The Sons of the Pioneers are Whittakers to a man. The Lane family, however, has dwindled to Grandma Lane, a fierce, shotgun-toting old beldame, and her attractive granddaughter, Peggy (Dale Evans).

When the story opens, Peggy is the singing sensation of a New York night club. Roy and the boys turn up there to try and

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Back in 1939, I attended a junior prom at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. Ted Weems' orchestra was playing there. Singing with the band was a pretty little strawberry blonde named Marvel Maxwell, and when intermission came, all of us fellows scrambled

up to this lush thrush and pleaded for her autograph. I decided to go the rest of the guys one better. I asked Miss Maxwell for an autographed photo, promising "to keep and cherish it forever." Marvel replied that she had no more photographs, but remembering a portrait painter in the hotel lobby she promised that she would have him paint a picture of her the next day, and that she would send it to me, autographed and everything.

Not wanting to be a bore, but possessing a feeling of disbelief, I gave her my address, implying that I would wait in suspense for the picture.

The next afternoon, believe it or not, the painting did arrive. I sent Miss Maxwell a telegram expressing my deepest appreciation. To this day that painting is one of my most prized possessions. But imagine my surprise to find, upon seeing the movie "Lost in a Harem," that the lovely blonde star in it was none other than my "portrait girl," Marilyn Maxwell!

William Lane,
Jackson, Michigan

Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake!
Yet just half a minute
would prevent it!



PRIVATE

Something's wrong all right—and it's you, Sugar! But don't expect your boss to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to you to avoid offending. So step on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.



Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.



You're going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—thanks to Mum—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Mum's Quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum's Safe—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum's Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

She's
very
very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!



The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them... for she is varvacious! Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's so very very...

Varva extracts—\$1 to \$15 • Bath Powder, \$1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1 • Bubble Foam, \$1
Sachet, \$1 and \$1.75 • Talc, 55c
(plus tax)



VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

borrow carfare back to Oklahoma. Borrowing from a Lane is definitely the last resort department, but they must get back to the ranch. They've been getting frantic wires that Gabby, who was left in charge, is very ill. Maybe dying. Peggy is definitely not pleased to see them but softens when she hears about Gabby. After she's lent them the dough and they've left the club, she gets a wire from Grandma:

"Come home. Those Whittakers are causing trouble again." Peggy is furious, thinking Roy has lied to her.

She is sure of it when they all land in Oklahoma on the same train and find Gabby not only alive but brandishing a gun and threatening to shoot all Lanes on sight. He has sent the wires so Roy and

the boys would get back in a hurry. He claims that the Lanes have stolen their horses and broken their fences. Grandma tells Peggy the same thing about the Whittakers. Roy soon decides that all the trouble has been stirred up by Jim Gardner, a smart crook who wants to get possession of Pine Valley. That's a little strip of land owned jointly by the Whittakers and Lanes. Roy can't figure why Gardner wants it, till he goes over there secretly and finds that Gardner has been drilling for oil there—and hit it! Now the cat is really out of the bag. There's a wagon race, with the property as a prize, that has all the thrills and chills you expect from the climax of a Roy Rogers epic. P.S. Trigger is a Whittaker, too.—Rep.

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 8)

You can do lots of things, and believe it or not, just about the most important of all is to stop stewing about it. Because the more jittery you are, the worse it gets. Much has been said about eating green vegetables and fresh fruits, but not half enough—for our dough—about lots of rest. Be sure about getting nine or ten hours every single night. Drink eight glasses of water a day. Eliminate sweet drinks, rich candies and gooey desserts. Keep your face immaculately clean. Apply a soothing camouflaging lotion and then let it alone. Don't touch it at all. Having done your best by it, forget it. To you it's absolutely awful, but to the rest of the world it's hardly noticeable, and we mean that. Follow our advice and you'll really get results, we promise.

■ How can you tell if a girl likes you? What symptoms does she give? And how can you tell whether she likes you a little or a lot or not at all? Bill J., Philadelphia, Pa.

The best test of whether or not she likes you is whether or not she likes to be with you. We think asking her for a date is the quickest way of seeing where you stand. If she says 'no' once, give her a second chance. If it's still 'no,' forget about her for a while. Date some other gals, let her see what a smoothie you are, then—if you still care—try her again. She'll say 'yes!'

■ I'm so confused. Tell me, is it possible to fall in love via correspondence? When Joe left for the Pacific a year ago, we were good friends but no more. Now we're exchanging love letters, and I find myself mad about the boy. How come? N. M., Boonville, N. Y.

Lots of friendships have grown into deep love through letters. Take Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, for instance. However, it sometimes happens that people fall more in love with love (if you can forgive an overworked expression) through letter writing than they do with the correspondent. It's kind of a thrill to open a letter and read a dozen terms of endearment. It's fun to write back in the same vein. It gets to be kind of a game. To see how you really feel about Joe, get out all your letters from him and arrange them in order; then sit down and read them. Do you find his character developing before your eyes as you read? Do you keep seeing fine new traits? Shining qualities? Attributes of mind and soul that attract you more and more as he makes himself known to you through written words? If so, then we think you've truly fallen in love with him. If, however, the letters are

just the same old stuff, routine, uninspired chatter enlivened by a lot of "darlings" and protestations of love, we'd say it wasn't love after all.

■ My newly returned soldier husband can't stand the least bit of noise. My small talk irritates him, the children drive him wild and if a door slams he jumps a mile. He has to walk out of a newsreel or movie that has any shooting in it. Do you think he will ever be his placid, jolly self again? H. M., Fresno, Calif.

Sure he will, but it will take some time and a bit of doing on your part. Don't comment on his jumpiness, for one thing. He knows he's terribly jittery, and the less attention you pay to it the sooner he'll be able to control it. Don't force him to rest more than he wants to. Some form of relaxation like working in the garden, going to a baseball game or just lazying in the sun will do him much more good than tossing sleeplessly in bed. If your children can be made to realize that their dad has been through an awful lot and is very, very tired they will go all out in their efforts to be quiet, and their sweetness and consideration for him will be ever so important a factor in his readjustment. It may take a little time, but don't worry too much about your husband, H. M., he's going to be fine again.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I had never before met a celebrity, so it wasn't unnatural for me to be very nervous as I waited at the home of my girl friend. I absolutely shook. Then the bell rang and a second later she stood in the doorway. I was introduced and we were shaking hands. I forgot my nervousness and was surprised to discover that she was able to put me entirely at ease. I spent four-and-a-half hours with this lady of the cinema city. We talked about everything and everyone—everyone, that is, except her. Words fail me to tell everyone how really sweet and lovely she is. But I hadn't met a movie star in a way. I had met the girl down the street, anyone's big sister. I had just met June Allyson!

Doris Cohen
Los Angeles, Calif.



Donna Reed

in "THE PICTURE
OF DORIAN GRAY"

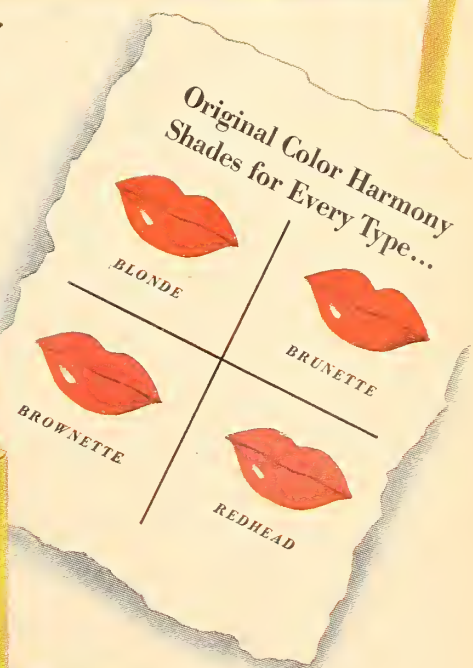
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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...the color stays on through every lipstick test

Give your lips the exciting appeal of lifelike red...
exquisite Color Harmony Shades, all based on an original,
patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*
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Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds...
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Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
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No other Shampoo...

**only Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair so lustrous
yet so easy to manage!**

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo!* Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls the lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different. It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful Hair Conditioning action!* ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!*



Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's **DORIAN LEIGH**, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(Above) **THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK!** Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! From Paris — through Drene's Paris correspondent — comes the idea for this stunning arrangement! All hair is combed sleekly to one side — straight across back (held with combs at far side). Dorian's hair was washed in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo



WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

TO OUR
READERS...

■ Don't look now, but I sneaked the idea for this month's editorial right out of TIME magazine! There's a high-powered gent on their staff who signs himself modestly: P. I. Prentiss, Publisher. Any week you'll see by his column that TIME has a throttle-hold on the world pulse. TIME somehow fires the opening gun of any invasion ahead of the Marines. This minute a TIMEMAN is hiding in your closet. Watch the door, or he'll fall out on his typewriter! Doesn't it give you goose pimples?

Ever since MODERN SCREEN's circulation reached a million-and-a-half, Henry and I have brooded about frightening our readers too. Don't you think we owe it to you?

So for MODERN SCREEN's own version of the "spy-in-every-closet" school of journalism, read "Pennies From Heaven," which starts on page 46. It's Bing Crosby's life story. To bring it to you, we dislocated Bing's hometown, Spokane, Washington. We invaded Gonzaga College. We put a man on Paul Whiteman. With the Rhythm Boys (there were three of 'em: Al Rinker, Harry Barris, and Crosby), we drank toasts to the the dear departed days of corn. Al, incidentally, is a big shot in radio, and his sister, Mildred Bailey, was chosen top vocalist for 1944 in the Annual Esquire poll. And Harry became a big-time composer, writing Bing's great torch number, "I Surrender, Dear."

We pumped the Ladds. Sue knew Bing when. As for Laddie, he's such a fan, our operatives suspect him of leading an underground Crosby organization!

So now we know more about Bing than any person or institution in the world including P. I. Prentiss, Publisher.

Of course, Spokane isn't Chungking, and Gonzaga isn't Heidelberg, and Bing, thank God, is a nice guy. So maybe we lack that global touch, and maybe we haven't frightened you out of a year's growth.

But you'll have to admit that "Pennies From Heaven" is the best story ever written for the love of Bing!



Executive Editor





Tom never falls asleep till one A.M.; goes for current novels in the late hours. He hates routine of any sort and obhors formal clothes.

That Old Feeling...

Tom Drake just couldn't forget—the summer stock gang, New York breaks—and his Chris.

■ The telephone rang like a five-alarm fire at Tom Drake's house after he and his new bride, Chris, got back from their Las Vegas elopement. Like blissful dopes, that love-happy pair had wired all their Eastern friends to call them collect and get the good news in person and already a dozen long distance congratulations had mortgaged Tom's salary for the next fiscal year, when Christopher's mother in Stroudsburg, Pa., came on the line. That was the call that counted and both Tom and Chris shouted the big news into the

mouthpiece, as excited as kids and eager as beavers. "Josie," they cried, "it's Tom and Chris. We're married!"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha," they heard over the wire. "This is very amusing."

"But we just got home from Las Vegas—"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha," trilled Mrs. Josephine Dunne. "you two can think up the silliest jokes!"

"B-but—" cried Tom and Chris desperately. "Josie, Mother, listen—we're *really* married. The license, the

By George Benjamin



Tom odores kids; likes to see a mob of em running around the yord with wee Chris. He keeps plotes of condy around for them. Misses sis Claire's two since they went back to New York.

ring, the Justice of the Peace, the witnesses—everything. Honest!”

“Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha-ha!” Tom's new mother-in-law nearly died laughing at this very absurd thought. It went on for minutes—and more minutes, while Tom and Chris stared at each other dismally and counted the long distance toll dollars ticking off. Whenever they'd sputter the true Word into the receiver, a roar of incredulous chuckles blasted their ears. “Stop (Continued on page 33)



When waiting for Chris, Tom bongos on piono, chews on condy if there's any in sight. Dick Trocy's his idol but all other comic strips ore scorned: They're just not funny! Cotch Tom's latest pic, "Hold High the Torch."

In gals' fashions, Tom prefers block suits, detests sotin evening gowns. Enjoys buying gifts, especially small pieces of jewelry—from St. Christopher medols to Zircons.



That Old Feeling...



No singer, Tom studies voice with Metro's Horriet Lee. They agree he's a "threat" but don't know to whom or what! Favorites: "One Meat Ball," "I'll Remember April."

SHIRLEY!"



With Guy back in his Coast Guard Reserve togs, Shirl jashed his dane ng, thrilled to his plans for a post-war bow and arrow big game hunt



To prove that "that dee-vine creature" had come a'calling, Shirl wheedled a pic of Guy for her school chums. Just "one of the gang," she's forever snatching 'ot menus, matches, etc., to prove her glomor treks.

(Continued on following page)

**"GOOD
LUCK,
SHIRLEY!"**



Shirley's brather Gerge, a Marine flier since the year before Pearl Harbar, has received an honorable discharge and plans to become a H'wood personal representative—press agent, to us!



Now that Westlake gals have an engagement to thrill over, they'll forget the objections and fuss over Shir's first screen kiss in "Kiss and Tell," her latest pic. (With Mam.)



Remember when Shirley announced her "retirement" in 1940? It didn't last a year. She recently got LOOK Mag' award for "growing up sa gracefully on the screen."

Fiance Jack confesses he had never been particularly interested in Shirley as an actress. 'Shirl confides hi sincerity is what rated. (With Danny Kaye at Ciras.)

IT was late, the twenty-six news photographers had left, Mom and Dad Temple were sleeping the sleep of the weary and the house was chill and quiet and dark. Very dark. The next a.m., a rested Mrs. Temple called down cheerfully, "Shirley, I heard you and Jack in the library until about one this morning. What *were* you doing?"

The answer came, brightly. "Reading the National Geographic, Mother."

There's no doubt, no doubt about it at all, "Little Miss Marker's" grown up. She's seventeen, five-foot-two and reddish haired with a three-carat square-cut diamond ring and a fella she's going to marry in two-three years. It was all very story-book and fairy-tale, how they got together, Shirley and her Sergeant. It was at a tea party Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter, held back in 1943. There were little pink cakes and punch and the radio playing and an introduction that went something like this: "Shirley, I'd like you to meet a very dear friend of mine, Sergeant Jack Agar. Jack, you've probably *seen* Shirl before but now I want you to *know* her. We're schoolmates and next-door neighbors and pals—so don't believe anything she says about me! Now play nicely, chillun. I've got to flit off and play hostess."

Well, it's highly doubtful as to whether the "chillun" even noticed the flitting-off process. Because one-two-three they were agreeing, yes, wasn't it odd that his first names were George John, a combination of her two big brothers' names! And no, she didn't mind being called "Red" and f'heaven's sake, *you* think a dancing date at the Cocconut Grove is simply copasetic, too? They found lots to talk about and later, as the months flew, lots to plan for. Then Jack was a GI and Shirley made a terrific comeback in "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You" and letters didn't seem as satisfying as they once were and suddenly it was 9:30 one evening, the evening of April sixth. They were coming home from a date in Jack's black Buick sedan, limp from all the dancing, and strangely silent. Jack pulled up to the curb on Sunset Boulevard, cleared his throat, cracked his knuckles a few times to ease the stiffness and started, "Shirley, uh . . . Shirl . . . Shirl! There's something I . . . Aw, darling here. . . ." Out shot the big, shaky hand clutching a tiny black box.

—And sitting there in the moonlight with the stars quivering and the bang-bang-honk noises of street traffic, there was very little but just the two of them on an island of quiet, all filled with wonder and throat-choked with love. Until a car

nudged them gently from behind trying to park and they woke from the trance and when Jack tried to put the ring on her finger it was about fourteen sizes too large and she wore it all the way home on her thumb, feeling guilty because she knew this was supposed to be such an awe-inspiring moment and she couldn't stop giggling.

Mother, of course, wasn't too surprised, although she cried a little and made glad sounds over the ring. Seems she and Jack had had a long, pre-engagement conference and when her "But Shirley's only a baby" and "Think of the embarrassing publicity you'll be subjected to, son" arguments didn't convince him (all he kept repeating was "I don't care, Mrs. Temple. I can't live without Shirley!"), she extracted two promises from him: That they wouldn't marry while he's in the Army and that the engagement would be kept a secret until Shirley's seventeenth birthday—the 23rd of April.

Next day, there was a luncheon for the members of Westlake School's senior class.

"Don't wear your ring, dear, it's so obvious."

"Oh, Mums, I simply *can't* take it off. I'll keep my gloves on, even when I eat. Nobody in the world'll notice it."

And nobody did. Until the Lobster Thermidor. Then the heavenly aroma went to her head and caution flew to the winds. Off came the gloves and out came an ear destroying chorus of shrieks, gurgles and "*But Shirley, we never dreamed. . .*" From all but a very smug Joyce Agar, Jack's eighteen-year-old sister. "I knew something was up all the time," she placidly commented. "Jack's been mooning for months."

Back home, Mums sighed and nearly, but not quite, murmured, "I told you so."

"Now we'll have to issue a formal announcement."

"But Mums, only forty girls *know!*"

"*And* tell your boss, Mr. Selznick."

Mr. Selznick was told. "Best of luck, Shirley dear—but you're so *young!*"

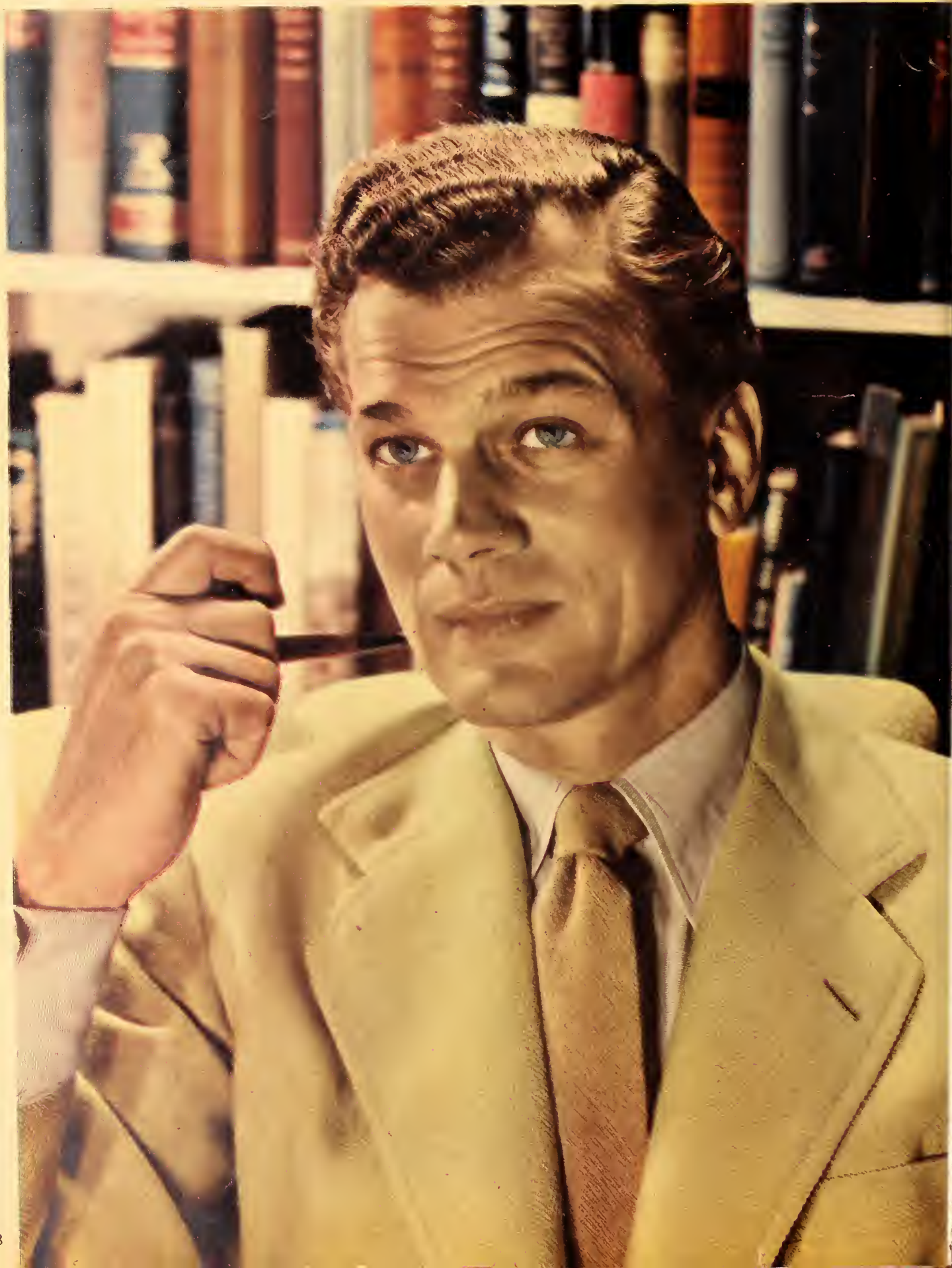
That didn't faze her. "I'll get older in time."

"Oh well, if you don't *mind* being bored. As an engaged woman, no more dating with boys. You'll have to be satisfied with just your ring for company."

That did it. She flew to Jack. "'Course I love you, but Ja-a-ack, so *lonesome. . .*"

"Uh-uh, Red darling. Relax. You've got 100% freedom. Just as long as I've got 100% of your heart."

And that's what you've got, son; that's what you've got!



**Joe Cotten's as frank
as a poke in the nose—
just ask Boss Selznick!**

WISE GUY!

Not long after Joe Cotten made "Since You Went Away" he traveled through the South on a Red Cross Blood Bank tour. One night in Baltimore, at a swing-shift theater for defense workers, the manager led Joe down the wall aisle in the dark to make his plasma plug up on the stage. It all seemed queer and unreal to Joe, anyway, a theater all lit up like a birthday cake at 3:00 A.M. and the screwy prospect of saying "Good morning" to an audience for the first time in his life.

"S-h-h-h-h," whispered the manager, "down this way." He guided Joe toward the stage. "Watch this step," he hissed. But Joe was watching himself instead. Because there he was up on the screen in "Since You Went Away," twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door gnawing on a huge chicken leg. So Joe stumbled at the step, finally made the stage, gave his blood donor pitch and sneaked out again. They hustled him on a plane and pretty soon he was in Atlanta, Georgia, at another defense worker show. It was still just as dark and just as fantastic barging into a theater in the inky pre-dawn, and to make matters even screwier, this theater was called the Grant—and in Atlanta, Georgia!

There was the manager again, saying "Sh-h-h-h!" and sneaking Joe in along the pitch dark wall. (Continued on page 110)



Joe had to go in training for "Duel in the Sun"—a cowpoke in the pic, he's scored o' hosses! Went on locotion in Tucson equipped with stocks of records 'cause he can't stand cowboy bolloids!



The Cottens' first thought of a room: is it big enough to donce in? They're one of H'wood's best-couples in the bollroom! Joe's with Ingrid Bergman in "The Scarlet Lily." (With Mrs. C. of Ciro's.)

by James Carson





Maureen cannot refrain from greasepoint orgies —it's in the blood! Just over pneumonia, Jones's making H'wood "holo hoir-do" conscious.

THOSE REAGANS!

■ You certainly wouldn't think it to look at her, but Miss Maureen Reagan is one young soul whose type of amusement has to be carefully censored. In short, she is not allowed to see any of her mother's pictures.

There is, of course, a very good reason. One afternoon Maureen's nurse took Maureen and a buddy of Miss Reagan's to the movies to see Jane Wyman's latest picture, "The Doughgirls." You will probably remember that, in one alleged comedy scene in the picture, Jack Carson gives Jane a shove that sends her spinning to land in an outraged heap on the floor.

Maureen knows Jack, of course, and likes him well enough. Maureen also knows Jack-a-boy, (Continued on page 122)

by *Fredda Dudley*

No frills to their love, no fancy words. Just
enough spilling over for Maureen and Mike.



With "Animal Kingdom" completed, Jonie's constantly with baby Michael Edward, whose "birth" announcements were in the form of military orders.

Mom's the gal taking voice lessons in the hope of title-roling Helen Morgan. M.'s the babe insisting that her piono's not off-key—like some folks!

June Haver, that diesel-powered dream boat currently dancing her way through "The Dolly Sisters," has three things on her mind at present, to wit:

1. Contrary to the report of a writer in a national magazine, she is carrying on NO feud with Jeanne Crain. She and Jeanne got their start in the same picture, "Home in Indiana," and their careers have progressed apace. They are friends, each interested in the progress of the other even though they don't spend their entire time trying to dress alike in private life, muttering secrets in one another's ear, or otherwise acting like School Days at dear old Poly High. Jeanne is quiet, thoughtful, ethereal. June is gay, enthusiastic, active.

The rumor that when the girls went on a bond tour they disagreed so desperately that one girl was sent to Cincinnati and the other to Indianapolis, is one thousand percent false. The plans for dividing the troupe were made long before the 20th Caravan left Hollywood; they were based upon the need to cover as much territory as possible within time limitations. (Continued on page 79)

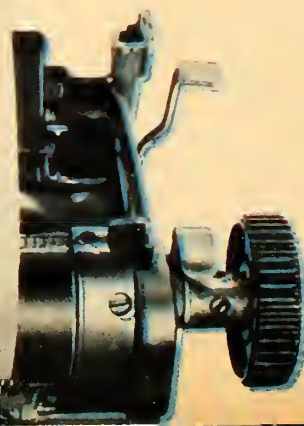


The studio picks June's "big occasion" escorts but, on her own, it's often Eddie Ryan for Coconut Groving and home by one! She buys things by the half dozen and will get something new for every date, even if it's only a hanky!

Did you know: June and Farley aren't engaged, the Haver-Grable password is "sis," and Junie's house is a dream-plus?

BY ABIGAIL PUTNAM

MEMO ON JUNE





June's painted since she was 13 and makes the family Xmas cards—plus penning the verses. Her needle-point's expert and she's composing a jazz symphony.



Perfume's a "must" with June and she loves to swish in satins, furs. Waiting of restaurants is unbearable except when she's doting. Then time flies! Don't miss her latest, "Where Do We Go From Here?"



"Junie-Bee" swipes the family shoe coupons, but the three Haver sisters never swap clothes. She's scared of mobs, and mopes if ma doesn't visit the set daily when she's working. (With her sister Evelyn, 17.)



A home gal, Junie has a horror of divorce, is sweet to old folk and fond of kids. She's teaching Betty Grable's Vicky to call her "Auntie."

"I remember . . ." begins Dennis Morgan's father.

Enjoy these heartwarming anecdotes of an American boy.

MY SON

by **FRANK MORNER** as told to *Ida Zeitlin*



The huge library and 2 guest houses lured Dennis (he's in "Xmos In Conn.") into buying Adrion's Volley home. But for the kids—let 'em of those mirrored bathrooms! (Ston, Dad Morner).

Last month, D. and pal Jock Carson threw o shindig for the town's caps. Come time to leave, Dennis discovered a ticket for parking in o red zane! (Kristen, Dod, Jimmy and Ston.)

■ When they first asked me to do this, I shied away. It's a little hard to write about your own son. You'd like to say what you think, yet there's always the danger of sounding prejudiced. Of course, I've yet to meet the father who's not just a shade biased in his son's favor, and that's fine between friends. It makes for a certain give-and-take. You brag about your son and I'll brag about mine. But on paper, the whole thing takes a different slant. You feel you've got to be objective up to a point, and you're not sure you can be.

So I'll start with a confession. When the idea was broached, my impulse was to say no. But I couldn't think an excuse up fast (*Continued on page 101*)





■ I'm writing this a week after the death of FDR and I'm not in the mood for clowning—not even over Bing. For this once I'd like to play it straight.

There was something different about the Groaner when he got back from overseas—there had to be. You can read every paper printed and hear every newscast, your heart can bleed and your imagination work overtime, and you still don't know what it's like over there till you've seen a piece of it with your own eyes.

The change in Bing was nothing you could put your finger on. He's always been the kind of guy that people took to without half trying. He and Father O'Malley have lots in common—same humor, same warmth, same tolerance, same easy approach to folks. And the same unwillingness to dress up emotions in words. Only Bing was more so. Feelings were okay. But talking about 'em was murder. That bird could outrun his own horses to give a simple thank-you the slip.

Well, he got back and, if you didn't look too hard, he was still Old Throw-it-away, doing business as usual. Pushing his four young scalawags around—and I mean push. There's not a coddled bone in the whole quartet. Pop gives 'em plenty of rope, but they know the voice of authority when they hear it. At a Command Performance not long ago, they were horsing around before the show started. Things got a little rough, and Bing sauntered up. "Okay, scram, over there—" and whoosh! they were off

in a corner like dust before a broom. No, he's not going mushy. But sometimes, when the talk's about war and the kids happen to be playing around, his eyes go to them with a certain look. You don't have to be a mind reader or a

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY...

sentimental sob sister to interpret that look. All you have to be is a father.

We were down at the San Diego Hospital together. Before singing, he'd visit with the boys, go up to each bed. "My name's Crosby. How long you been here, bud? Where'd you get it?" He knew what to say and—more important—what not to say. Coming out of one ward, filled with men off Saipan, there was that look in Bing's eyes again. And this time he talked. "What a price to pay! How little the country realizes—! In Europe they know the pain and the tragedy. Here the only ones who know are the ones who've suffered personal loss. All it takes is knowing. If they knew, they'd rise to a man and *make* this war the last—"

Then came April 12th, and the thunderbolt that sent a whole world crashing to its knees.

When I saw Bing, the same memory returned to us both.

"Maybe they know now," I said.

He said, "Maybe they do."

There was nothing else to say.

Bob Hope



PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

Bing never did need an umbrella "'cause when it rained it always rained pennies from heaven!" Life Story, part 1

■ When Gary Cooper handed Bing Crosby his "Going My Way" Oscar last February at the Academy Award dinner, Bing felt called on to say something to the glittering crowd of famous Hollywood stars gathered to do him honor for the best screen acting performance of 1944.

Collecting awards is nothing new in Bing's life, but being called an actor is. The Crooner gazed bashfully around the vast banquet hall, grinned and bent his big, blue eyes sheepishly on the gilded, plastic victory model Oscar. When he spoke, his voice was more husky than usual.

"All I can say," drawled Bing, "is that it sure is a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with *this* hunk of crockery!"

It's typical of Bing Crosby to sound off at a time like that with a self-deprecating (Continued on page 50)



Dixie Lee had given up the screen for Bing and in July '33, three weeks old Gary Evans was being lullaby-ed. She did do "Redheads on Parade" four years later, but now gets her "drama" by imitating Bing to perfection.



Bass Whiteman was in England, so "Rhythm Boys" Al Rinker, Harry Barris and Bing made a wild-aats vaudeville tour, ending up minus curtains and costumes. Then trekked west with Paul for "King of Jazz."



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Cacky Bing landed in jail offer on auto smosh-up when he first hit Universol's lot in '30. Brother Everett found the jail-bird, became his chief manager. (Bob, Bing, and Everett.)

Kote Crosby refuses to hire a maid; sews, gardens, and guards the Bing scrapbooks she's saved for years. (Bing, Mam, J. Cagney of Gary's christening, '34.)



In '24, the Ganzago Musicaladers had a four number repertoire. They played 'em—first as a 'fax-trot, then a waltz and a one-step for voriety! (Bing, as law student.)



Pop Bing doesn't believe in fancy private schools, paddles his "Irishers" if necessary. (Gary, twins Philip and Michael as babes.)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

remark like that, lazily delivered and slangily off-the-cuff. By now people expect it, chuckle good-naturedly as did the bunch at the Academy banquet. They laugh, "That guy Crosby—never serious about anything!" and wonder who writes his gag lines. It never occurs to them that underneath Bing's flippant—and always spontaneous—comebacks when he tenders himself a poke in the ribs lies the solid core of his own philosophy. He really thinks it is a wonderful world. And just why it has been so wonderful to Bing Crosby has ever been and always will be something for him to scratch his thinly thatched head over and ponder. Bing's afraid to take himself seriously—or maybe he just knows better by instinct.

No living American is more widely popular or better known than Bing Crosby. At 42 he's a legend of two U. S. generations and a basic element of twentieth century American culture whether you like it or not, but chances are you do. To soldiers overseas he's known as "Uncle Sam without the whiskers." To the krauts, "Der Bingle" and a secret (*Continued on page 84*)

In "Road to Singapore," '40, Bing was stealing Dorothy Lamour from his favorite foil, Bob Hope. Larry Crosby had become Bing's "Director of Public Relations" and Dad his courier and mail supervisor.



In '38, Bing was working on "Paris Honeymoon" while his pal, Bob did "Give Me a Sailor." That was the year Lindsay Harry was born, too, on January fifth, and "East Side of Heaven" was filmed. (With Bob.)



U. S. Marines now train at Bing's Del Mar track, but his ambition's still to breed and train a Kentucky Derby winner on the "Binglin Stock Farm" partnered by Lindsay Howard; Latest pic: "Road to Utopia."



Bing had become a sizzling success by the time he starred in "Sing You Sinners" with Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor. Donald became his first singing pupil and was heard chirping in on tunes like "Small Fry."





HOT COPY!

By HEDDA HOPPER

San Francisco, April 25.—We're a united United States. We all speak the same language—yet. So many of us here in San Francisco...

block of 200
bought the
that company
This gives the
the most power
try, and they
in Param
in RKO
They
T
G

If a giant book rolls up to your

door 'n Scarlett O'Hara pops out.

it's no dream—it's Hollywood!!



Poor Dennis Morgan was victim of his own good heart and phony GI's racket. (With Laraine Day.)

"Zaza" made headlines when C. Colbert played hastess—ta twa trained fleas! (With J. Waldo.)



■ "Why do movie players need press agents?" asked the man I was lunching with.

I choked on my vitamins. "Are you kidding, or just simple?"

Well, he *wasn't* kidding. And since I love to pour useless information into people's ears, I'm assuming, dear readers, that maybe you don't know, either. If you do, turn the page.

Movie players need press agents to get their names into print. The more often they get into print, the more you talk about them. The more you talk about them, the more tickets they sell. When they stop selling tickets, they're dead, and who wants to be dead? That's all there is to it.

Of course I could mention a few—and will—who get along fine without benefit of the praise boys. Our more impetuous (Continued on page 105)



Before his Silver Star, Lieut.-Cmdr. doys, just-arrived Doug, Jr. had a sorority
 g up on him and kiss like *mad!* (At Stork Club with Mrs. Fairbanks.)



Foye Emerson Roosevelt (with Brig. Gen. Elliott R.) just thought
 oloud about a long-lost sister. She had 200 by the next mail!

With Sex toned down and dressed up for her debut,
 Rito Hoyworth got 5 pages in LOOK and Orson, too!



Morio Montez had to get attention before she got a career.
 (She's dressed true to form of "gingham, ice cream" party.)

The town goes Wilde

Cornel's the guy who played a piano-pounding genius without

touching a note—and ran some swordplay into a paycheck!

Just past two, Wendy's been endowed with her daddy's looks and her mom's personality—make way for Miss Movie Queen of 1960.





An Olympic fencing champ, his new pic, "Captain From Castile," will be another rogue role à la Doug Fairbanks, Sr. That "rest" at Palm Springs got his second play completed; the first, "Legend," hits B'woy this spring.



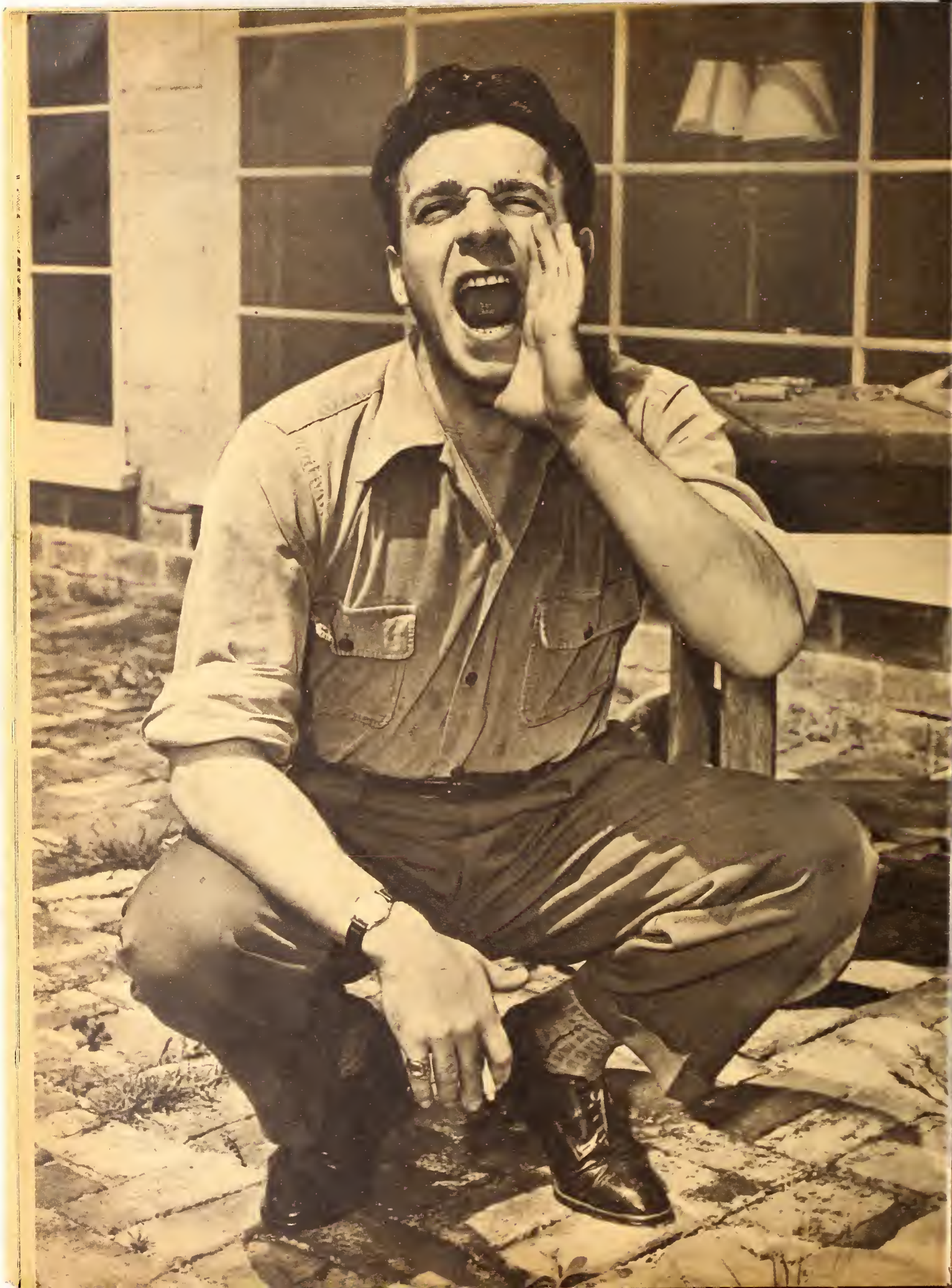
Cornel loves yodeling. "That's no blonde, that's my wife!" She was B'way's Pot Bloke, but tests for two major studios list her as P. Knight. C's okayed the plans, thinks she's "swell actress."

■ Cornel Wilde came rampaging into the world, in New York City, several weeks before his surprised mother expected him; he dashed through high school in three years and finished his college course (pre-med) in three years. He fell in love at first sight, and acted promptly—that he wasn't married three days later can't be charged against him, on account of marriage is a two-party system.

He's a perfectionist—a trait first revealed at the age of eight. At that tender period, having taken piano lessons for eight months, he was called upon by his teacher to participate in a recital. His older sister also was to perform. She protested bitterly. "He'll disgrace us, that's what!" she moaned, little dreaming that he was to be our generation's Frederic Chopin.

Cornel, a shy and bashful boy, thought this over and decided that he would render his part of the program with a perfection never before seen in one so young. When, as the youngest musician playing, he marched out on the platform, he was given a round of applause. He figured that this was recognition of his mother's supreme *(Continued on page 82)*

by Nancy Winslow Squire



By Cynthia Miller

COCKEYED WONDER

There was boxing and baseball and law and
while Dane Clark's not very pretty,
he's smart—and very, very talented.



Even pals like Garfield, Kelly and Keenan Wynn won't trust their necks to Dane's hiccupping '31 coupe.



Dane's a perfectionist, says actors must know all phases of theater—and joined a UCLA class in direction to prove it! (With Garfield in "Pride Of The Marines.")

■ "Why the hell don't they get an actor?" Bogey muttered.

The new guy curled up inside of himself and died. This is Hollywood, he thought, where they don't let you live. Are you good? do you stink?—they don't wait to find out. Kick-'em-in-the-teeth, that's their policy, what can they lose?

His first break. "Action in the North Atlantic," starring Humphrey Bogart. Every time he looked at Bogart, he'd get a level stare. Every time he came within earshot, he'd get a crack. "Where do they dig these hams up?" Every time the action took him anywhere near Bogart, he'd steel himself, waiting for the axe to fall . . .

One morning a fellow actor stopped him. "Bogey was raving about you at the Mocambo last night—"

"About *me*? Are you crazy?"

"Say, you haven't been falling for that line of his—?" The other let out a whoop. "That's how Bogey operates. It'd kill him to come out with a compliment. If he likes you he insults you. Otherwise, he keeps his trap shut—"



With producing his oim, he's leorning movie mechanics by writing a script, but his I.Q. worries him. "I belong to back clubs ond reod till down—but I still con't understand poetry!"



A weight watcher, he's an buttermilk and toast. (Chatting with Gorfield ond composer Franz Waxman.)

The new guy walked out on the set, toward Bogey. "Is that drip still around?" The new guy grinned and Bogey grinned back. The new guy felt like a colt, kicking its heels up on a fine spring day.

He's no longer the new guy. He's Dane Clark, zooming high on MODERN SCREEN's poll, playing second lead to Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life." When the powers turned thumbs down on his real name, Bernard Zaneville, it was Bogey in a puckish moment who dreamed up Dane Clark. Dane's howls of mirth turned to howls of anguish when he found himself stuck with it. As times goes on, he grows hardened—submits to Great Dane and Melancholy Dane without wincing too much, but thinks *Say-it-Dane-So* or *Great Day 'n the Morning* is hitting below the belt.

He's spent most of his life using his head as a battering ram to get through brick walls. The walls were breached and his head survived, not without scars. His hates are as cordial and staunch as his affections. He hates the man who promised him a junior law partnership and reneged—thanks heaven it happened but goes right on hating him for breaking his word. Hates the fellow who fired him from his first (Continued on page 125)

This scene with DeComp, Gorfield is a personal preview—'couse Done's IA now.





"I shake," he kids, "remembering my first role in 'Night Remembers.' Say, d'ya think the critics'll ever forget?"

COCKEYED WONDER

■ All high school cafeterias are noisy, and this one was no exception. Dishes rattled, kids laughed and shouted to each other across the room, someone was doing a jitterbug routine in the corner. So at first no one noticed the new arrival. He was a small, brown-haired lad in a private's uniform. He stood in the doorway a little uncertainly, and then all of a sudden there was a shriek. Two shrieks. A dozen. "It's Lon McCallister!" A tray dropped with a crash of china. There was a wild surge toward the doorway, and Lon was escorted like visiting nobility to a table at the center of the room. Questions poured over him in a crazy wave, and he was asked to autograph everything from a bobby sock to a baked apple. Lon answered all the questions with the friendly, happy grin that's the first thing you notice about him. The mob got a bit out of hand eventually, and when it was time for Lon to leave they wouldn't let him go.

"Hey, gang," he protested good naturedly, "I've got to get back to the theater. 'Winged Victory' has a matinee this afternoon."

They didn't care about that. They wanted him to stay right there and let "Winged Victory" struggle along as best it could. It isn't every day that a high school cafeteria gets a movie star to visit them. Finally as matinee time approached, Lon got desperate. *(Continued on page 116)*



Lon's been a whizz at shooting pool ever since grandpa gave him a miniature set when a kid. Carries autographed pic of Betty Groble.



"Winged Victory" folded Apr. 20 at Richmond, Va., so Lon had a 3-day Malibu furlough. Mo's recently posted birthday cake arrived in pieces.



Lon and Sgt. George Reeves (above) are both in A.A.F.'s "Report to the Nation," but "Winged Victory" was Lon's last pic till after the war.

"It's Lon McCallister!"

Those fans roar, they shriek it when Lon appears—
he's their special guy with his G.I. grin and pal's hello.

By Virginia Wilson

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide



Black magic in this butcher linen strap top dress 'n' jocket by McKettrick. Creose-resistant, expensive looking, it goes hoppily on from desk to dote.

By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines

The bare look is the look for
summer. Bare fashions from desk
to dusk, worn by Jeanne Crain



This double-duty honey from McKettrick takes Jeanne from city to beach. She just removes the tiny jocket—presto! a midriff play dress!

■ There are two ways of looking in the summer: There's the limp, disheveled look of a tired lettuce leaf, and there's the clean, dewy look of a fresh gardenia. The first way is the line of least resistance. It's the way we all *could* look if we let ourselves. The second way takes some doing. It's a combination of things—a neat summer hairdo, ungoeey summer make-up, the right clothes. Especially the right clothes. Choose dresses that are stark and uncluttered. Be sure that they're washable, and that they are always whistle clean. For town clothes, for traveling clothes, try to get crease-resistant material. Always stick to cool, cool colors like lemon, lime and raspberry. Swear by chalk white; and remember that of all colors, black is the coolest to wear, the coolest to look at. We've selected these four ice-makers—all of them tubbable, all of them lovable—to do right by you when the mercury is wa-ay up there.

Black Magic: For brewing up a romance from a casual friendship, for rekindling the old stuff with the guy you married, there's nothing like a touch of the

siren. Nothing like this inspired little dress of butcher linen—black as a moonless night. There's romance in the heart-shaped neckline, in the princess lines, in the full, graceful cut of the skirt. The tiny bolero jacket stays on for street wear, comes off for rooftop dancing, for candlelight evenings at home. Either way, it's an exciting, important little dress that will go places and do things well into September. Of Tebilized butcher linen, it's crease-resistant and expensive-looking, and it's guaranteed to unbalance the beau but not the budget. Price? Just about \$9. Pink scarf by Glentex—but beautiful pearls by Coro.

Double Duty: Countrybound of a Friday afternoon, and you in a Jeykll-Hyde gingham that fools all of the people all of the time. At the office and on the train, you're a well-turned out career gal in a wide black and white skirt, a wee, black jacket. You're cool, trim, chaste as the Mona Lisa. At the seashore, on the farm, you doff the jacket, and there you are, bare of arms, bare of midriff. A sun- (Continued on page 75)



For fun in the sun—have this colorful, washable play dress by Korday. Jeanne loves the huge patch pockets, the squared-off neckline.



Nothing's smarter under the sun than Jeonne's all-black Korday ploysuit, made blockier by rows of white stitching. Plastic roses by Coro in her hair.



Hausekeeping woes sent the Dona Andrews (with Lono Barry, center) off to relax at Mocombo. Their just-won phone is a plug-in. Each time it rings, the family races to discover what room it's in!



With wife Jennifer Jones suing for divorce, Bob Walker's been playing the field, with accent on Diana Lynn, who's grown 5 inches in a year. (At Mocombo.) MS's Louella Parsons fixed their first date.

LOUELLA

Junie Allyson hasn't a hot in her wardrobe! Wore first one in "Music Millions." You'll see Bobora with Humphrey Bogart in "The Two M Carrolls." Linda's busy going on tours of the town with blinded seam





Ingrid completely won over the kid cast of "Bells of St. Mary" by throwing parties—and developing a terrific pitching arm! (With "Coop" at a CBS show.)

Nora will sue papa

Flynn for divorce—Baxter-

Hodiak dreams are

called off—La Hepburn and

Laddie miss by a mile

PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

■ If you think for a minute that curly headed Shirley Temple is ac-cent-u-a-ting the dignity now she's officially engaged, you can think again.

Shirley is still just as much of a cut-up as she was before the handsome Sergeant Agar slipped the three-carat square-cut sparkler on her engagement finger.

She came over to see me just a few days after her engagement was announced. She thinks John is "everything and more" and she's taking on all bets that state she won't marry him at the end of two years. "Don't you worry that I won't collect every cent of that cynical money," she laughs gleefully. "I'm Dutch and thrifty!"

Shirley says the news of the engagement leaked out when she attended a luncheon for 40 girls and refused to remove her glove from her left hand. "The girls could see there was a ring under the glove—and they chased me all over the place until they caught me, took off the glove—and there it was! Isn't it smooth," she said, holding out the finger with the fine sparkler glittering in the sunlight.

But engaged or not—Shirley is still very much the

mischievous kid and loves to talk about the gags she pulls.

"I had more fun the other day," she told me, "a girl friend and I were entertaining two boys who had just arrived from overseas. They wanted to see some stars. I breezily said, 'Oh, I know them all,' and showing off like mad, drove them up to Gary Cooper's house.

"I rang the bell and said, 'I want to see my father.' (He once played her father on the screen when she was very small.) The maid looked at me as though I were crazy and slammed the door in my face! I rang the bell again and told the girl my name and that I must use the telephone. I don't think she ever believed me because all the time I was talking she was guarding the house like she expected us to walk away with the furniture.

"Just as we were leaving Gary's house, we were stopped by a dashing soldier who asked where Keenan Wynn lived. The officer, in case you want to know, was Jean Pierre Aumont—and so, having nothing better to do, we followed him to the Wynn home.

"We could tell they were (Continued on page 66)

having a party from all the cars outside—so what did we do but walk in? Keenan was just home from the hospital and everyone was in the back yard.

"The funny part of it is that no one seemed surprised that we were there. Keenan thought Mrs. Wynn had invited us—and she thought he might have extended the invitation. It was all very silly—but fun!"

At the time I saw her, everyone in Hollywood was still saddened by the death of President Roosevelt. Shirley told me about her meeting with the President when she was about eight years old.

"Just that day my front tooth had come out and so I wasn't doing much smiling. The President said, 'Shirley, where are those famous dimples?' I smiled and he saw what was the matter. 'Well,' he said, 'that doesn't matter. You'll get another one. I've lost a lot of teeth, too, but they aren't the variety that grow back!'"

You would be surprised to know the name of the actress who puts up her husband's hair in pin curls every night! Yes, he's in the movies, too—and has such wavy hair, girls!

Don't let anybody tell you that Humphrey Bogart has changed the name of his boat from "The Sluggy" (in honor of his former wife, Mayo Methot) to "Baby" (in honor of Lauren). Yep, Bogey and Lauren go sailing often—but it's still "The Sluggy."

Several months ago we told you that the alarmist rumors being circulated about Van Johnson were assuming serious proportions. I still can't reveal all I know about this story—but it isn't just an accident that almost every month or so there are "flashes" to radio commentators and newspaper offices that Van has been seriously injured, that he is getting married, or that he is dying!

Just before my broadcast one Sunday, I was called to the telephone and informed that "Van Johnson just died on the operating table!" It was a terrible shock—but I'm glad to say that I took time out to check the report before putting such an awful thing on the air.

It was false, of course—but apparently someone had wanted me to flash the report, not knowing that I always check every story.

The person who is doing all this is suspected by the studio and the authorities. All I can say is that no matter on whose shoulders the blame falls, he or she will be exposed and the reasons for the persecution made public!

Carmen Miranda couldn't have been more surprised than she was the other night when her doorbell rang and she found Esther Williams and Van Johnson standing on the porch.

Carmen had never met either one of them before—proving that Hollywood isn't as small as it's painted.

Esther said, "We hope you'll excuse us, Miss Miranda—but we have to do a hip-wiggling Samba in 'Early to Wed' and we decided to come to an expert on the subject for instruction!"

Carmen roared with laughter and said she was very flattered. So for two hours la Miran-

da "swung it" while Van and Esther looked on and learned.

Thoughts in passing: Wonder why Gloria de Haven always wears her hair the same way?

The best looking hats in Hollywood are worn by Joan Fontaine. She had on a honey at Ciro's the other night, a small black chapeau with two deep roses at the nape of the neck.

The best letter writer among actors is Lieut. Richard Ney. If Richard ever wants to give up his career before the cameras he would make a darn colorful reporter.

The best letter writer among the women is Gypsy Rose Lee. Is that gal a salty wit!

All of you who have written me inquiring about Donald O'Connor's health will be glad

EASY PICKIN'S—FIVE-SPOT FOR A MEMORY!

Gather round chillun 'cause here's a true story: Once upon a time a true-blue, nice-as-a-screen-star, MODERN SCREEN reader saw something happen. And she sat right down and wrote us all about it. But she didn't win a prize and she didn't get her name in print. She was very sad—and so were we! But do you know why she didn't succeed? Because she forgot all about making the story about a real movie celebrity, and the only thing that seemed to be important was the fact that she was there.

Moral? Honestly, you don't have to live in a garret and wear horn-rimmed specs to rate printer's ink! Just don't forget that it's the star that counts and do your story up proud—full of laughs, or tears, or just plain interest. Write yourself that five dollar happy ending! Send your brain storm to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Last month we were so full of "Happy Birthdays" for our fifteenth anniversary, that there just wasn't much room for your accounts of adventures with the stars, but we'll make up for lost time! And why don't you make up for past disappointments by sending us a real gem-eroo!

to know he is much improved. So much better, in fact, he has been making a few appearances on bond drives and things like that.

Everyone believes that Don's illness, right after he went into service, was just a matter of a very high strung boy suddenly transplanted into strange and unusual conditions.

Just a lot of eyewash that report that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope had had an argument that almost resulted in fisticuffs.

Those two guys are still the best of friends and always will be. I betcha.

The reason you haven't seen any pictures of the beautiful baby of Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington is because Errol has objected.

Nora, who tells me she will sue for a divorce in a couple of months, but who is still very friendly with Errol, tells me, "Errol has

asked that the baby not be photographed. Not that he isn't proud of her! He thinks she is the prettiest little girl in town—but he says she is so small and just getting a good start in life and he thinks the flash light bulbs and smoke might be bad for her.

"Anyway, he was so sweet to me when she was born in Mexico City and so tender and thoughtful at that time, I wouldn't want to do anything he would not approve of."

I still believe that Nora is very much in love with Flynn—divorce or no divorce.

Such a lot of things happened before Clark Gable's return movie, "Strange Adventure" or whatever it is to be called, actually went before the cameras.

First, Greer Garson was very, very sick and had to take ten days off before the movie started. Then, Clark got himself all scarred up in an automobile accident and delayed the starting another week.

Just when both Greer and Clark were ready to go to work, Gable's favorite director, Victor Fleming, broke out with an attack of temperament and walked off the lot. Vic, who objected to having to present a pass at the gate and to the parking attendant, after working on the lot for fifteen years, stayed away another seven days.

Clark used his influence to get him to return and now Vic is back. Everybody's happy—we hope!

Alan Ladd may be "all and all" to Miss America and the Bobby Socks brigade—but Katharine Hepburn never knows him when she sees him.

I suppose everyone has heard by now how Katharine was sitting in a cafe in New York with a stage producer, spied Alan when he walked in, and sent someone over to ask he would be interested in an acting career. It's been told (and gleefully by Alan, I might add) many times.

But the pay-off came later, on the same jaunt to New York, when Katie tried to make amends for her "boner." At a cocktail party Alan was standing with a young attorney talking, when la Hep blew in. Taking the young lawyer's hand, and totally ignoring Alan, she said, "Oh, Mr. Ladd! I'm so embarrassed about the other day!"

Too bad about Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. This romance is colder than an ice cube. Now I hear that the man in Anne's life is her old flame, Richard Derr, now in the service. We'll see. She seems to be a lady who changes her mind.

One of the funniest imitations I've ever heard is Betty Hutton's take off on all three of the Andrews Sisters singing "Rum and Coca Cola." Betty actually sounds like the record and all by herself.

Speaking of the little Hutton, she's certainly a subdued girl most of the time, these days. There was a time when she was very much like her screen personality. But lately, for some reason anyone can uncover, she seems reserved and quiet.

A little "heart" trouble, Betty?

Major and M
of Stonybro
announ
of

Later!

HIS ORDERS RECEIVED

Patricia Hicks Weds

Lt. William Michael Miller

Service Orders brought a quick change of wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as for so many engaged couples right now.

*Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
U.S.M.C.R.*



COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.



PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

SHE IS VERY YOUNG and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

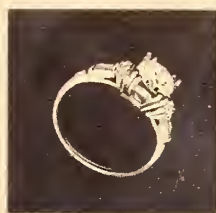
She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with more luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This double creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."



You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of both hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

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POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES**

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- Lady Edward Montagu*
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*TWO
make you twice as
Lovely*

**Jergens
Make-up Cake
+
Matching
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PENNY EDWARDS... APPEARING ON BROADWAY IN THE NEW OLSEN AND JOHNSON LAUGH HIT, "LAFFING ROOM ONLY"

"QUICKER THAN A FLICKER, you're super-fascinating with this new Jergens Twin Make-up!" says beautiful Penny Edwards.

FIRST, sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils) ... to color-tone your complexion, bring it a flawless look—smooth and radiant!

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MATCHING CAKE AND POWDER ... a \$2.00 value for \$1.00... that's Jergens Twin Make-up! Today, choose your shade for a twice-as-lovely look!

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Twin Make-up
Both in one box—both for
\$1.00 (\$2.00 Value)*

*Plus Tax

THAT OLD FEELING

(Continued from page 33)

They first met under a summer moon as teen-age kids and fell head over heels in love. In fact, ever since Tom Drake's bright brown eyes, silky voice and attractive male screen talents in general popped him out of the bottom of nowhere to the Hollywood brush circle of feminine fans, he's been pretty much written off by the gossips as a mystery man and a four-F in the real life romance department.

Blue bachelor . . .

Whenever anyone would corner him and demand, "Now, give, Tom—who's your best girl?" he'd return a blank stare and say innocently, "Why, nobody." And the funny part was—he himself thought he was quoting gospel—until a certain lonesome New Year's Eve in Hollywood when a heartache out of the past caught up with him.

Tom Drake was seventeen when he first saw Chris and she was just fifteen, a pert and pretty young Irish-Dutch butterball from the Poconos, with peaches-and-cream skin and yellow-gold hair, just like she is today. Only then she had braces on her teeth. Tom had those same darting hazel eyes, those same long lashes and brown curls that flopped down over his eyes if he didn't watch out. Tom was Alfred Alderice, a New Rochelle boy just out of Mersburg Academy, and Christopher was June Dunne, who wanted to be an actress and had talked her mother into letting her start young. To show you how close they'll become from then on—June took the same Christopher for her professional name after Tom's sister, Claire, named her first baby Christopher. And later, Chris (Tom's new wife) named her little girl Christopher, too. Which makes three Chrises in the family now. But away back then (around 1936) it was June and Bud," because that's always what Tom's close friends have called him. Bud and his sister Claire both were at the Reginald Goodie summer drama school near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., because they had the same idea Chris had then. They wanted to act. So it wasn't exactly fate that put Bud and little June Dunne in the cast of their very first play. Practically the whole school acted in the plays. Only maybe it was fate that played the little trick that Tom and Chris remember as their very first romantic moment.

That was when Tom slashed his hand right before opening night curtain trying to crack a can of milk and the doctor pumped an anti-tetanus shot into him.

Well, that was okay, and he didn't even feel woozy until the second act, when all of a sudden he broke out in a mess of itchy rashes that made him feel like an army of ants had invaded every item of his costume. Probably what Tom Drake would do now would be yell, "Cut!" scam off to his dressing room and just scratch luxuriously, but in those days he was Sir Galahad in creasepaint and he'd heard the show must go on. So he wriggled himself through the show miserably, but when it was over he rushed up to his sister's room, peeled off his shorts and yelled "Do something!" Chris was there and together the amateur nurses took over poor Tom, who at that point resembled a walking boiled potato.

And it was at that very unromantic juncture, both Chris and Tom swear, that love popped in for tea. Chris will admit she had a desperate crush on Bud anyway, the minute she saw the 17-year-old dream boy, she thought he was about the cutest thing ever invented. But seeing him looking so

darned, helpless—well, the first thing she knew she was leaning over and giving him a very sweet (but lingering) good night kiss.

All this happened right before sister Claire's eyes and that's the way it was from then on. One for all and all for one, Claire and Chris and Tom and the little group of Reginald Gooders who cut their acting eye teeth up in darkest Poughkeepsie. They all lived—about fifty of them—in a vast boarding house, took a bus to the theater together and had their off-hour fun around the hot spots of Poughkeepsie, like coke and hamburger stands, movie houses and juke joints. They had picnics in the woods and they took moonlight rides in somebody's jalopy and trudged around Poughkeepsie selling tickets to the reluctant merchants for their colossal productions. They sat together in the audience when they were not acting and formed an applause claque and they talked at night in somebody's room until all hours about art and the theater and what great stars they'd all be some day. They were all thicker than thieves, but Chris and Bud were something special.

Manhattan reunion . . .

But it was in New York City that Tom and Chris really got serious. When their mother died suddenly to leave Tom and Claire orphans (his father had passed on earlier), they moved into Manhattan, taking an old remodeled apartment house on Riverside Drive. Their first visitor, of course, was Chris Dunne and the Poughkeepsie gang of summer stockers, all of whom had moved on to the big city to

pursue their art. Chris was Claire's best friend by then, they corresponded constantly and she'd always say in her letters, "give my love to Bud." So when Tom and his sister moved into town the gang, Chris included, rallied around to fix up the place. They painted the poor old Gay Nineties house a modern white and blue and moved in their heavy Victorian furniture from New Rochelle and, while the artistic effect was pretty awful, it was their very own nest and they loved it. And somehow Chris Dunne was over there more than the others. And Tom found himself telling her about everything that happened to him and calling her on the phone every night to report every rosy prospect he could glean out of his long, dull day haunting agents' offices and tramping up and down Broadway looking for a job. He'll probably never forget the first job he landed, either—because it was Chris he called first to brag expansively about it. It was Chris who'd be most thrilled at the news—Tom knew that.

He rushed to a phone booth and dialed Chris. Tom was so impressed with himself at that point he could barely button his coat. But he pulled a world weary, nonchalant tone out of his diaphragm.

"Hello, Chris," greeted Tom, "just thought I'd call to say hello."

"Oh, hello, darling," came back Chris, "anything new?"

"No," yawned Tom, "not much. Oh, by the way, I'm starting a new show."

"What! Oh, darling, how wonderful!"

"Yes," sighed Tom in his best bored tones. "I'm working, just joined Actor's Equity. Director said they'd been looking all over. Start rehearsals tomorrow."

Chris said she'd never been so thrilled. She said she was sooo happy for Tom. Sure he'd be a terrific hit. She was impressed to pieces and the guy glowed like neon.

And so the next day he strutted down

"IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD"

Mary was only a little girl. Maybe seven or eight years old at most. So when the teacher brought all those visitors to her school in Springfield to see how this "experiment in democracy" was working out, no one expected a very good answer to their question, "Do you know what democracy is?" Until she piped up, flushed and sure, "Democracy is, my daddy is a Democrat, and my grand-daddy is a Republican, and I love 'em both!"

"It Happened In Springfield" is a short movie, maybe twenty minutes long. And yet in those twenty minutes is covered the whole fight America is putting up against the men with the fascist by-lines, the clever men with the hunger to split up America.

They tried some of that talk on John Knudson. He was a simple man who loved the wooden Indian outside his general store, and the little children with their precious two pennies for jelly beans, a good man who couldn't wait until his son, Bill, came home on furlough. But John never did get to meet him. Because a bunch of kids ganged up on "the dirty foreigner" and tore his store down. And beat him unconscious. And when Bill heard about it he cried, "My father was a friend to everybody, why pick on him?" Somebody sputtered, "They're only a gang of hoodlums, only kids, they don't know any better." And Bill retorted, "But where did they get the idea? They didn't cook it up themselves. This race hatred was passed on to them, deliberately and viciously, by men who knew what

they were doing!"

Ann Carter used to buy all her school supplies from John Knudson. She liked him, just as she liked all the Johns and Isaacs and Pasquales and Patricks in the world. And liking them, she became a teacher in one of the many elementary schools operating on "The Springfield System." To explain in Ann's words, "Young children know nothing about racial hatreds. They get that sort of thing from older people. Under this method, we teach them not only the true meaning of democracy, but they learn to live it from the very beginning of their days at school." And to prove America's wisdom to Bill, she took him on a tour of her school. She let him meet little Mary, she showed him the classes where aliens were studying for their citizenship exams and where Mrs. Perelli was using the new word "pray" in this sentence, "I pray God He make me a good Americano!"

Yes, Ann Carter showed Bill the Springfield System. She was also showing him a glimpse of America as she could be. And as she will be, with your help. And yours. And yours.

You MODERN SCREEN readers have never needed your bitter medicine sugar-coated, you've never worn rose-colored glasses to those newsreels of Tarawa and Iwo Jima and the bloody butcher camps of Germany. That's why we'd like you to see "It Happened In Springfield" when it reaches your neighborhood theater. You cannot afford to miss it.

LILY FAIR BLONDE

—BY ANDREW LOOMIS—



Blondes — take a bow! Famous artist shows how to bring out delicate skin tones with original*

"Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET

face powder



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural*, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Want to see your skin look fairer, smoother, more beautifully blonde? Then dust it tenderly with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Natural, and see those blonde blush-tones come alive. Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder clings for hours; veiling tiny blemishes with a satin-smooth finish. And remember Cashmere Bouquet comes in "Flower-fresh" shades to complement *all* skin types from an exotic brunette to a red head's pale ivory complexion.

Broadway and into the theater for rehearsals and who do you think was his leading lady, right there on the stage with just as big a part as he had, and ever more money? Yep, cagey Chris!

always together . . .

From then on it was Poughkeepsie all over again for Tom Drake and Christopher Dunne. It seemed like half the flops that Tom worked and hoped in, Chris landed a chance to work and hope in, too. They kept in touch all summer whenever Tom would dash off to Westboro, Mass., for the Red Barn theater and Chris would go home to the Pocono hills and Stroudsburg. And Tom would find he wanted to see Chris—but bad—and take a train down to Stroudsburg to visit Chris and her friendly mother, Josie. But autumn would find them back in Manhattan again, catching up with the gang which somehow seemed to stick together after Poughkeepsie.

Then they all moved into the Tudor City section, and Tom and Claire and Chris had an apartment there, too. And Peter Cookson, Tom's best friend (and best man at his wedding) and about a half dozen more. And Maggie Ledbetter and K. T. Steven when she was in New York getting a star on her own away from her Hollywood pap-director, Sam Wood. And they found themselves closer than ever because half the time some of the gang would be in the chips and the rest broke, and then it was a case of eat off the flush party while it lasted and then stake him when a check came from home or some other lucky place like a fast soap opera job up in Radio City or a turn at a night club, or sometimes Broadway play that lasted longer than 24 hours.

Sometimes Tom and Claire, when the bank guardian paid off the first of the month, would be the meatballs and the meal tickets. Sometimes, broke, they eagerly riffle through K. T. Stevens' mail for Papa Wood's check from Hollywood. Once, Chris came up, she remembers, with a hundred bucks from home—earmarked "dancing lessons." Chris has a swell singing voice and she can act too, but her main talent was dancing and this hundred dollars was to polish up her taps. Unfortunately, hungry Tom and some one of the lean Tudor City wolves happened to be around and poor Chris never did get her lessons. The check got gobbled up like that. That's the way it was—but Tom and Chris look back they had more fun than they've ever had since. Certainly Tom Drake had clung like fly paper to the fellow travelers of those days. Some of them like Peter Cookson and his wife Maurine, are right next door in Beverly Hills today and they're the closest people Tom has. It was a homesick nostalgia for those carefree Bohemian Broadway days, too, maybe, that wound up in Chris and Tom becoming Mr. and Mrs. Drake in Hollywood the other day. It was the Tudor City Blues that brought Tom and Chris back together way out in Hollywood. For of course, they'd had marriage plans before. Several times before.

"yes," but . . .

In fact, whenever Tom would snag himself a job or even the promise of a job in New York, he'd rush down the hall to propose to Chris. And Chris would always say "Yes." What kept them from maturing when they were still kids was just that—they were still kids. The first time they set a date and Tom went to a flash jewelry store on Broadway and bought a ring worth twenty dollars. Then they got on the phone and called Josie, Chris's maw.

"We're going to get married—Chris I," announced Tom in his most bass-grown up voice.

"Oh, no you're not," replied Josie in a no-if-and-or-but voice. "You're much too young."

"I'm nineteen," began Tom.

"And June's seventeen," pointed out Mrs. Dunne.

But trouble always seems to muscle in on little private paradises like Tom and Chris had in their brave young Manhattan world. Like that song, "Together," they'd both pretended it would never end. But it did—it always does, if you keep on doing nothing about it. Pretty soon the gang started to break up. Sister Claire got married and moved away. K. T. came back home to Hollywood and after Tom was all pepped up over a chance in the new show, "Life With Father," and then missed it by a mile, the greener fields of Hollywood looked mighty attractive. He made plans to take a crack at Movieland with a couple of other guys who were sick of getting batted in the nose by Broadway. He wanted Chris to come along but she had a show in rehearsal that looked good—and was for her ("Schoolhouse on the Lot" ran thirteen weeks instead of the usual fast one)—and that's the way it went. Tom came to Hollywood, Chris stayed in New York and absence didn't make the hearts grow fonder. When you're young like that with a million things to see and do and get worked up about, it's usually a case of out of sight, out of mind—not down deep, maybe, but—anyway, things just weren't the same with Chris and Tom after that.

He landed a contract with Frank Lloyd, the Hollywood director, and even though he was twenty-one, Tom found himself playing a son of Cary Grant and Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia." One day Martha asked Tom into the projection booth to see the rushes. It was the first time Bud Drake had ever seen himself on the screen and he sat bolt upright in his seat and stumbled out of the place feeling as empty as a punctured balloon.

"Was—was that me?" he asked Martha.

Her eyes twinkled. She'd been through the same thing long ago. "It sure is."

"Why," marvelled Tom, "why didn't somebody tell me? I'm skinny and ugly and white as a ghost! And worst of all, I look like I'm thirteen years old!"

"You're supposed to."

"But I'm twenty-one!" cried Tom in his agony. He hated Hollywood. By the time the Eastern snows melted he was on a plane heading home. But it was a different New York when he got there. Tom wouldn't be bothering about Broadway for one thing. A war was cooking and Tom thought it was the Army for him. There was another difference. A big one—Chris was married.

She'd met another young actor, Michael Ames, and well—she was sure Tom must have found a girl in Hollywood, she was sure this romance was the real thing for her. The old times were gone for good.

singin' the blues . . .

Tom stayed with Claire and her husband down in the Village and got ready for the Army. He had three physicals and before each one his friends told him goodbye and loaded him with presents. He flunked all three examinations—something wrong with his wiring or his plumbing. So he traipsed back on up Broadway one day, low as a snake in a swamp, looking for maybe some of the old gang, because he was lonesome. He had those Poughkeepsie-Tudor-City-Blues and he could sure stand the sight of a friendly face. He tried not to think of the friendly face he'd like to see most, with its milky, rosebud cheeks and laughing blue eyes. Just any friendly face from the old bunch. Tom never found one, but hunting them around the agents' offices, he found something else—a job in "Janie," and that was going to be a hit and send

Glamorous
Joan Blondell
Famous Hollywood
Screen Star
says:



"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

Joan Blondell

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which Safely helps

STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE

Overglo
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FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN



WALLY WESTMORE, Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, using House of Westmore cosmetics to make up Dorothy Lamour.

TONIGHT...today...in just one minute...look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day or night. *Non-drying, definitely!* Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts months. Six flattering shades. \$1.50, plus tax.

NEW...ONE-SHADE...OVERGLO FACE POWDER

A make-up discovery! *Practically colorless*—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. \$1 plus tax.



Tom Drake right back to Hollywood with an M-G-M contract.

Here's the report New York wired the studio after his first test.

"Tom Drake—A skinny kid on the Dead End boy type. Hard face to photograph. Ready for the next draft."

After "Janie" clicked and Tom was draft deferred and they looked again with a test camera, came back this gem:

"Tom Drake—fairly decent actor—draft exempt but cross-eyed." I don't know where they got that cross-eyed stuff unless it's the way Tom shoots his sparkling eyes around, they're lined up as straight as railroad tracks. Anyway, it didn't faze Hollywood. The wire they shot back said, "Sign up the cross-eyed boy. Everyone else is in the Army!"

But after a few pictures like "Two Girls and a Sailor," "Maisie Goes to Reno," "Mrs. Parkington," "This Man's Army" and "Meet Me in St. Louis," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer became very fond of their "cross-eyed boy," thanks.

There have been lots of thrills for Tom Drake. Having Judy Garland see him in "Two Girls and a Sailor," for instance, and say "That's the boy for 'Meet Me in St. Louis'" and getting the part that helped him click in a big way without even a test. It has been a pleasant surprise for Tom to rocket up so high on the fan mail lists and find out that people all over the world like him plenty. To get letters from people he doesn't even know saying, "You remind me of my son I lost in the war," or "you're just like my husband overseas," or "my brother," or "my best beau." It has been great to put over a real acting job on his own like his last in "Hold High the Torch." So, professionally, Tom Drake had no real kicks from the start—this last trip to Hollywood.

pencil memories . . .

But when he slumped on the set in the long waits between takes, he'd find himself doodling with a pencil on the pages of his script. And—funny thing—what he doodled, absent-mindedly, was always the same doodle. A girl's face, always the same girl's face.

Judy Garland caught him at it a few times. "Who's the girl, Tom?" she'd tease him.

And Tom would start like he'd had a hotfoot. "What? Oh—I—I don't know. I just draw those things when I'm not thinking. I don't know who it is." But he knew down deep inside he was lying to himself. He knew who it was. It was Chris.

That's how his private life kept kicking around in the air and getting nowhere—until a year ago last New Year's Eve.

New Year's is a time to be with old friends and that's where Tom was, with Peter and Maurine Cookson and some other old pals of his from the East whose names don't matter because you wouldn't know them anyway. They were all at Peter's house for a private party. Surrounded by all those personal strings back to his happy days, Tom couldn't help a lump of loneliness and a longing for yesterday to sneak up in his throat.

And then a kid he hadn't seen for years, who was fresh out from New York, came in. "Hi, Tom," he cried and the first thing he said after that was only natural to this guy who remembered when. "Say, do you know that Chris is out here?"

Tom felt that old feeling, hitting him like an electric shock up his spine.

"No!" he said.

"Sure—right here in Hollywood."

Then Tom remembered. Of course. She'd married this actor fellow and he was in Hollywood. Very natural. He also remembered the fact that that let him out—long ago. "I'd like to see Chris," he said

a little wistfully.

"Why don't you? Call her up. Here's her number. I just saw her," said the guy, "a few days ago and she's the same old Chris—looks swell."

Tom said, "You kidding? Chris is married."

"Not any more."

In two seconds flat Tom was on the phone. He told about the party and all the kids they both knew there. He asked Chris if she had a date. She hadn't. "Neither have I," said Tom, "but we'll fix both ends of that situation pronto."

So that's when it all started up again with Tom and Chris, just as if nothing had happened in between, except that both of them were a little bit older—but not much—and Chris had a darling two-year-old baby girl named Christopher, of course, after Claire's little girl, which suited Tom fine, because he's crazy about kids.

The funny thing was that in the more than a year that Tom and Chris were romancing again around Hollywood, nobody ever knew about it. And it wasn't as though they sneaked around like a pair of Garbos, either.

steppin' out . . .

When Tom and Chris stepped out, it's true, it was usually to some quiet little restaurant like Vesuvio's in Hollywood or the Casa di Amor, but sometimes they went dancing, too, to the Grove and other bright light spots. Maybe the reason no one ever got hep to what was going on is because Tom wasn't exactly front page Hollywood news all that time and Christopher Dunne certainly wasn't. She'd given up acting long before, so the flash bulb boys hadn't the slightest hint that she and Tom Drake were worth a picture, even if they'd sat ringside at Mocambo and held hands right out in public.

They'd have eloped sooner, if Tom had his way. He proposed so many times he couldn't keep count, but there was always something, it seemed, to keep them from skipping off to Las Vegas or Reno or Yuma or somewhere where the California three-day gin-marriage law wasn't working. Usually it was a studio job for Tom or an interview, or a gallery sitting or something that wouldn't let him get out of town. And Chris, from the start, has been cautious as a cat about Tom's budding Hollywood career. For one thing, because she's a sensible gal and for another because both of them remember only too well what a tough time they had getting a break back in the old Broadway days.

I think the funniest fear that Chris latched on to, though, was one she popped not very long before they eloped—and it's one where MODERN SCREEN (of all people) plays the role of an anti-cupid villain, blitzing true love right and left. Chris got the idea somewhere that her marriage to Tom would be bad medicine for his new career (yep, she does love him) and when she found out that her true love had landed in seventh place on the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Poll, she was impressed, but also leery of what wedding bells would do. So when Tom pleaded, as usual, "Chris, dear, let's get married," she'd argue, "But darling, you're seventh on the Poll now—and if we get married you might be twenty-seventh!"

off to the wedding . . .

It wasn't exactly the kind of wedding you picture Hollywood stars staging, but you can't boob it to Chris and Tom Drake. Typically Tom, he simply yawned to M-G-M that he was running down to Palm Springs for a few days. But instead, he and Chris rushed around Hollywood like ants that busy day after they decided on the fatal step. Bought a ring, plane tickets,



NELL REPPY

Happy Ironings to You!

Shirts of white, and shirts of blue,
Shirts of ev'ry handsome hue,
Join the chorus, sing with Sunny,
"Linit Starch will save you money."

A solo then by Master Linit—
"You can mix me in a minute.
Best of all, it matters not
If the water's cold or hot."

"See how Linit keeps our collars
Neat and clean as new-made
dollars.

"Then any starching that you
please
You'll do with pleasure, speed
and ease
And when you iron, you'll agree
'Linit is the starch for me.'"

How ev'ry neckband, ev'ry cuff
Feels sleek and smooth and
never rough."

© Corn Products Sales Co.

EVEN SAD IRONS JOIN THE CHORUS
"LINIT IRONINGS NEVER BORE US!"



LINIT LIGHTENS
LAUNDRY LABOR

At all Grocers



Exciting!

says Mrs. Charles Boyer—
glamorous wife of the screen's
leading romantic actor

MRS. CHARLES BOYER:

SMART MODERN MAKE-UP is a "must" for a wife who wants to hold the screen's leading romantic actor. Your exciting new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are just what my lips were waiting for. And for super-excitement I choose that rich dark Tangee Red-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

YES, MRS. BOYER, my new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks really are going places... they're going on the smartest lips in America. You'll find, also, that these heavenly colors have a perfectly delightful habit of staying on for many extra hours. There's no run... no smear. Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish insures lips that are not too dry—not too moist... lips with a soft, satin-smooth radiance that works wonders for your charm... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

and thought they'd made reservations at Las Vegas' fanciest tavern—but nobody ever heard of the course of true love sailing smoothly along, even in such an ideal a match as Chris and Tom.

First off, the weather switched and their plane was grounded.

"You can fly tomorrow probably," said the airport.

"Not me," gritted Tom, "I'm leaving today if I have to walk," and Chris felt that way too, once they'd made up their minds. But the train people shook their heads too, and it looked like a pair of hitchhikers over the Mojave desert for sure if love was ever to bloom. But then Peter Cookson and Maurine came to the rescue, like the old friends they were, and hauled them over the border to Nevada. They've only been married nine or ten years, the Cooksons, but you'd have thought they were the bride and groom, the way they carried off that sentimental mood. But at that, Tom and Chris admit, all that cooing and sentimental sighing set the stage a bit for themselves—and it could certainly have stood a little setting.

Because right off, the minute they rolled into Las Vegas they knew it wasn't going to be all orange blossoms and flower girls for that wedding. Las Vegas is a war boom town and as wide open as a barn door. It's smack on the desert and the main business, outside of defense work, is gambling. There wasn't a flower in the place, although Tom was dying to buy Chris some gardenias, her favorite posy. When he got back to Hollywood, by the way, a reporter asked him about the wedding flowers and Tom tried to think fast. "I gave her petunias," he said, "Chris wore petunias," and he wondered about that funny look he got.

But the flower shortage wasn't half. The little chapel in the Last Frontier, Las Vegas' snazz hostelry, was supposed to be all gussied up for the event, but something went wrong. So Tom and Chris and their wedding party ended up at a house called "Wee Kirk of the Heather" although if there was any kirk or any heather around it was keeping out of sight. A big sign stretched across this place, announcing, "Complete Wedding Ceremony including everything—\$12." You couldn't go wrong at those prices and besides it was the Wee Kirk or nothing. So in Tom and Chris pranced—in a Mendelssohn mood and for twelve bucks it was cheap at half the price—although they had to stand in line while a 6-foot woman and a spouse half her height got hitched (marrying is another major industry in Las Vegas) and in between ceremonies the local marryin' Sam had to heed his wife who hollered from the kitchen, "Hey, come in here and get your eggs and coffee before you marry them folks!"

And to top it off, of course, Tom couldn't jam the ring on Chris' finger—so she had to put it on herself!

lucky omen . . .

Tom and the new Mrs. did Las Vegas up brown after Peter and Maurine started back home. M-G-M thought Drake was in Palm Springs and no local Las Vegas news hawk guessed that Alfred Alderdice (Tom used his real name) and June Dunne were anybody worth looking at twice. So they had their honeymoon alone together. They visited all the cafes and the houses of chance in Las Vegas, and it was before the curfew so that meant all night, all over town, dollars clinking, wheels spinning dice clacking. At the spots—Last Frontier El Rancho Vegas and all of them—Tom and Chris made merry, and Tom ran smack into a good omen that their marriage was going to be loaded with luck.

He walked up to the first roulette table



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tongee
and one of America's foremost
authorities on beauty
and make-up.

"How do you play this game?" he asked. The croupier did a take—here was a nice fat pigeon who didn't even know the rules. He explained them patiently. The easiest way was to play the red or black. "Oh, I see," said Tom, plunking down 150 bucks on the red. The wheel spun. Red! "Thanks," drawled Tom, "nice game," and he picked up his winnings, and walked away while the house man muttered.

That happened five times the wedding evening. Tom Drake could do nothing but win. He couldn't lose. He put his arm around Chris and they walked out the last lurid play palace door and strolled under the stars up the lane to Ye Wayside Inne.

Then at last Tom Drake knew why he felt like he did—walking on air, right on top of the world, loaded with luck. They opened the door and he squeezed her hand, the familiar hand of familiar Chris that now wore his wedding ring.

Tom knew it would always be like this in everything from now on—as long as he had Chris by his side, holding his hand.

M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(Continued from page 63)

worshipping sprite who never fought tooth and nail for a subway seat, never soiled hands on a typewriter ribbon. You'll enchant the commuters in your fitted butcher linen jacket, captivate the farmer's boy with your brief cap sleeves, pert gingham bow. Can you possibly miss in this darling McKettrick? It's a gift at about \$7.

Bareback: Here's that heavenly, once-in-a-lifetime item—a dress that you whip on at 8 AM and that still looks like a cool million at 8 PM. It's a dress for gardening, for marketing, for playing. Practical as red flannel, alluring as black lace. Another Korday honey, it features an irresistible strap neckline, a pair of out-sized patch pockets, a clever belt arrangement that whittles your waistline. It comes in a Crown Soap 'n' Water Fabric in a good-looking black and white print on raspberry or turquoise. A hunk of smoothness for around \$6.

Beach lure: Let who will wear flowered prints and screaming colors, nothing's smarter under the sun than a really good looking black play-suit. Our pet is this baby with its dead white stitching, sturdily made of Loomshire cotton poplin. The bra, jersey lined, is cut for flattery and security; the shorts have the slick, slim look of a small boy's pants. The whole business is head turning without being censorable. You'll love the way it charms your figure into smooth lines even if you are an imperfect Venus. Korday makes it, so you know that the workmanship is beautiful, the styling the best, the price right. This one is under \$8. Plastic roses by Coro.

Your letters are wonderful, and it's a good feeling to know that we're actually pointing the way to charm for you. It's a thrill, for instance to know that you landed a job in a suit we showed you, that you landed your guy in one of our cotton heartbreakers. Thank you for telling us. Keep on writing us your clothes problems, won't you? We want to help, and we know we can.

* * *

There's a store near you that carries these MODERN SCREEN fashions, and if you'll drop us a note we'll tell you where it is, what sizes the clothes come in, the exact price and anything else you can think of to ask us. Better do it now, don't you think? This is where to write: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Teen-age girls glamour-bathe *your* hair like gorgeous Powers Models



Miss Athalia Ponselle, another divinely beautiful Powers Girl, who has discovered the remarkable beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo

Leaves Hair 'Spanking Clean' Silken-Soft, Bright and Glossy for Days!

Here's a beauty tip from some of the world's most gorgeous girls—those 'million dollar' Powers Models—many of whom are still 'teen-age' lassies themselves.

Powers girls—noted for their enchantingly lovely hair—are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash it and here's why:

1. Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp clean of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. It actually 'unlocks' the natural sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every girl's* hair.
3. Leaves hair shining bright for days.
4. Positively contains no harsh drying chemicals.
5. Instead, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry.
6. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a charm and helps keep your hair looking its ravishingly beautiful best for days.

Buy Large FAMILY SIZE. All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores

What Powers Models say about Kreml Shampoo



JOHN ROBERT POWERS (one of America's foremost beauty authorities) advises his models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo. And here's what some of these lovely beauties say about it:

DORIS ANNE MOORE: "Kreml Shampoo brings out the natural highlights in my hair. As it's necessary for me to re-arrange my hair style several times each day—my shampoo must not dry out the hair. It's *always* Kreml Shampoo for me!"

RUTH STUART, another enchantress, says "Kreml Shampoo gives my hair a natural sheen that lasts for days. It certainly makes my hair look and feel like a million."

SHIRLEY POIRIER: "Kreml Shampoo makes my hair feel silky as a baby's. It brings out all the natural lustre."

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



Footing the Beauty Bill

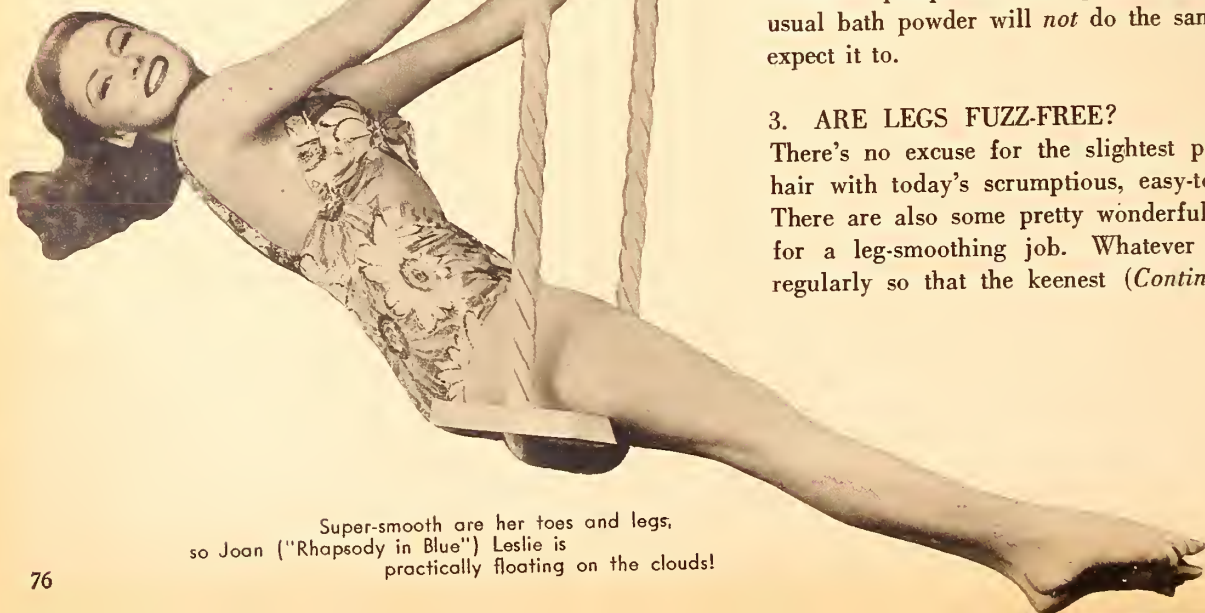
**Want twinkling
toes and smooth, tanned
legs? Then work
out this Beauty Dept. quiz!
. . . by Carol Carter**

■ Did you ever see a dream walking? That, my lassies, is the point of this quiz that wants to know so much about your pedestals . . . your slim Grable-like legs and trim, high-arched feet that twinkle like Hayworth's. There are ten queries . . . ten points for each. You'll be stepping handsomely if you rate 90 or higher. An average mark is 80. If you fall below that, you're a disgrace to the Exalted Order of MODERN SCREEN Beauties. Pun or no pun, to the foot of the class with you!

1. ARE YOU ROUGH WITH YOUR PEDESTALS?
You should be. When soaping them (a special granulated foot soap is extra nice) give legs and feet a circulation treatment with a stiff-bristled brush. When the exhilarating scrub is over, dry thoroughly with a flourish of your Turkish towel. Thoroughly, you'll remember? This rough treatment banishes all scaliness.

2. ARE YOU GENTLE WITH YOUR PEDESTALS?
You should be! Legs must be smooth as Turhan Bey's line. They will be if, after every scrubbing, you pamper them with a creamy lotion. Your pet hand lotion will do the trick neatly. A dusting of foot powder to follow, and feet will slide, cool and comfortable, into your new wedgies. Besides eliminating odor, foot powder helps to absorb perspiration and prevent shoe friction. Your usual bath powder will *not* do the same work, so don't expect it to.

3. ARE LEGS FUZZ-FREE?
There's no excuse for the slightest patch of unwanted hair with today's scrumptious, easy-to-use depilatories. There are also some pretty wonderful abrasive gadgets for a leg-smoothing job. Whatever your pet, use it regularly so that the keenest (Continued on page 79)



Super-smooth are her toes and legs, so Joan ("Rhapsody in Blue") Leslie is practically floating on the clouds!

“I feel like Cupid!



Sister Sally's complexion
has that Ivory Look...



...and here's the beauty tip
that did the trick! ”

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

*More doctors advise Ivory
—than all other brands put together!*



99⁴/₁₀₀% PURE

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

letter perfect!

good news, plus these marvelous Jantzen shorts
enough to keep a girl feeling cool, calm and confident...
all summer! Tailoring and fabrics are super as in everything "Jantzen,"
cotton covert shorts 3.95, combed cotton shirt 2.00...right: "Green light,"

and addenda are
looking magazine-coverish
colors joyous! Left: rayon and
washable rayon shorts 4.95, bra 2.95
(quantities limited)

Jantzen sun clothes



*tan
with
Jan*

Jantzen's new sun lotion
for a smooth soft skin

MEMO ON JUNE

(Continued from page 43)

Got that straight? There is no feud, there has never been, and there will never be. Moreover, don't expect to see any rumors of feuding between June and Betty because, when preliminary tests were being made for "The Dolly Sisters," June broached the subject bravely. "Because this is my first picture with you, because we're both blondes and both dancers, and because I'm new and you're established," she said to Betty, "some bright brain might get the idea that there might be some jealousy between us. Let's not let it happen, huh?"

hi, sis . . .

"You're my sis in the picture, and my sis in the commissary or wherever I see you from now on," agreed Betty. The first day of shooting, Betty shouted at June when she came on the set, "Hi, Sis—glad to see you." And that is the attitude that has prevailed.

Item 2: It has been published here and there that June is engaged to Farley Granger. 'Tisn't true. They are good friends; they exchange letters regularly; if Farley were here they would undoubtedly be dating frequently. But Farley is a long way away (in Honolulu) and this will probably be a long war. June wants it understood that, much as she likes and admires Farley, there is no formal understanding between them.

Item 3: June has a new house, a dream department, that is taking up every possible spare moment of her time.

No, this isn't the house she thought she had bought in a Wilshire district lane amid a settlement of elegant, but rather austere mansions. There is a story about that original purchase that failed, investing the Haver honey with some theories about one's not getting the thing one thinks she wants most of all.

Take the instance of her car. One night she, her mother and her sisters, were touring the town's used car lots. On an apparently deserted lot they found exactly what June had been seeking: A low-slung blue convertible with radio built in, plenty of pre-war chromium trim, and fairly new white side-wall tires. "That's for me," she jubilated, sliding under the wheel.

The next morning, as soon as she imagined the proprietor of the car lot would be in attendance, June and her family rushed down. They arrived in time to see another lucky customer driving away in the blue blaze. But, a few weeks later, June found her present car, newer, neater, a hotter job on every count. "Everything happens for the best," she confided sagely.

To get back to the Haver housing situation, after having made all the arrangements to buy this Wilshire place, June learned that a series of legal documents forbade the purchase. The woman seeking to sell the house could not do so as her title wasn't clear. But June had planned a circus playroom and had bought a dozen clever accessories; she had told everyone about her plans and had driven past the address whenever she had time and gas.

So instead of being floored by the disappointing news that she couldn't buy this property, June and her family began to devote Sundays to finding another home. And, as reward for their patience, they finally located a Colonial house in Cheviot Hills—not far from the studio—that could be had reasonably.

The lower floor consists of a living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room and maid's quarters, a formal entrance hall

distinguished by a romantic stairway ("I'll walk down that when I get married," June bubbled to her mother), and a library. Upstairs there are three bedrooms and three baths.

June is buying the vacant lot next door and on that will have constructed a swimming pool and an outdoors playroom, the decorating motif of which will be music. In a shadow box she is going to have a miniature orchestra that—when agitated by an electrical current—will appear to play a recording. The coffee table is to be a discarded bass viol, fitted with legs and planted in the middle.

June's room has pale blue walls, a huge blue tufted headboard bed, and a dark blue rug; her dressing room has cupboards for hats, shoes, coats and dresses, and there is a mirror arrangement that will reflect June in triplicate. Her bath, even the tile, is pink.

So far her favorite room is the breakfast nook because it is papered with red strawberry decorations, and the kitchen is done in red and white.

Everywhere in the house the inquisitive guest will find music boxes that June has collected: There will be that green leather box playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" that was sent by a fan after the picture of the same name was released. She also owns a yellow china friar who plays the Illinois loyalty song, as well as several powder boxes that sing when the lids are removed, and a little gold grand piano.

At no time will there ever be a shortage of guests among the happy Havers. For example: A few weeks ago, a stationer friend of June's (who had printed her name on a huge box of pink stationery, then displayed it in his window) telephoned to say that three returned service men, taking a day off from the hospital, had noticed the stationery, entered the shop, and asked if the man knew June.

When he said that he did, they asked if he would telephone June and ask her to allow them to visit her. June said that afternoon would be great. When the bell rang around two o'clock, she opened the door—not to the original three—but to *thirty-five* men!

music à la carte . . .

They trooped into the living room, sat on lounges, on tables and on the floor. "Play for us," they said, so June gave them an energetic hour of music. Then everyone adjourned to the yard and spent nearly two hours taking pictures. June changed clothes twice to give them three different poses, one in slacks, one in the dress she had been wearing when the delegation arrived, and one in a bathing suit.

The boys had a glorious time, June had ditto, and so did her mother and two sisters, who swore afterward that when the gang left the living room it looked like a Disney short in which a platoon of Mickeys trailed out of a toy-town cab.

You can see why June needs a big house; she intends to have walking wounded from all the nearby hospitals as frequent guests. News of this sort naturally gets around, which fact explains the couplet recently received in a fan letter from the South Pacific:

Others may hanker for spring, winter or fall,

But I call 12 months of June the best year of all.



Vacation



anytime -
of-the-month!

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

Be sure to take a
supply of Tampax with you
(Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The *Tampax* form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine *those* advantages during hot summer days! You don't even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month's supply will slip into a purse . . . Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Say, how do you like our new style? Now, all you do is flip your glance to the beginning of each paragraph, and there you have, in big, black letters, the object of your current musical affections, with much straight-from-the-horse's mouth chit chat about sundry performances and people sandwiched in between.

And by the by, we've whipped up a list at the end of the article that should make you the gladsome object

■ Well, here's another month, and we're off again with some really great records—guaranteed to make your blood pressure leave your tired old body six miles back in the road. But who cares about a body, long as you've got a soul? In which prayerful mood, we give you, first off:

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (Talk, Talk, Talk)—This is a novelty that won't stay novel for too long. Bing's done it with Judy Garland for Decca, the King Sisters have waxed it with Freddy Martin for Victor, and Harry James has given it a going-over on Columbia.

Harry's the boy who's married to Betty Grable, as you may have heard, and instead of retiring, as you'd expect, he goes on making money. He just bought a piece of a Sacramento ball team, and that'll probably complicate his income tax some more.

Incidentally, there's a re-issue of "Shoe Shiner's Drag" with Harry playing side man out now in the Victor Album called simply:

LIONEL HAMPTON—And this is really a terrific thing.

The Shoe Shine number was made when Lionel and Harry were both with Benny Goodman and if you listen real close, you can pick out Benny Carter on it. Dave Matthews, too. Dave used to be James' arranger (Continued on page 97)



Kitty Kallen and Leonard F. swap Armenian vittles at H'wood's Haromar Restaurant.

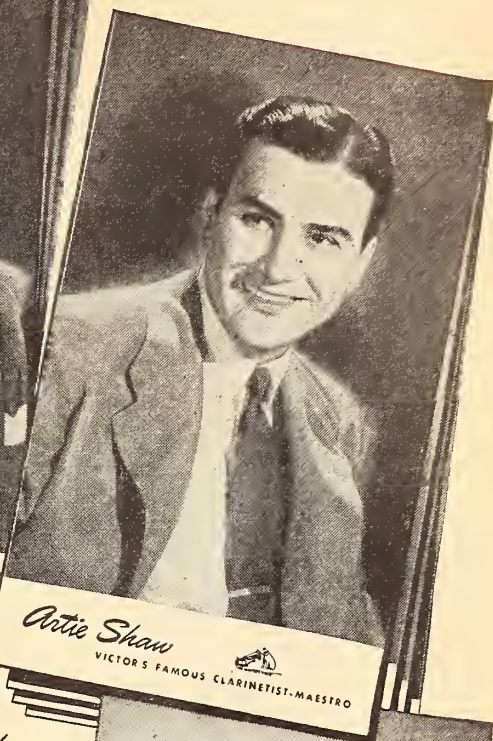
of any music clerk's heart. 'Cause all you do now is tear it out, tote it to the nearest disc shoppe and say, "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dem and one o' dose." The gang will yell, "Super!" Okay? Okay.—THE EDITORS.



The King Sisters
VICTOR'S CAPTIVATING HARMONY QUARTET



Hal McIntyre
VICTOR'S TERRIFIC YOUNG BANDLEADER



Artie Shaw
VICTOR'S FAMOUS CLARINETIST-MAESTRO

16 POST CARD PIN-UPS IN RADIANT COLOR

of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!

- | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------------|----------------|
| Perry Como | Spike Jones | Hal McIntyre | Artie Shaw |
| Tommy Dorsey | Sammy Kaye | Glenn Miller | Dinah Shore |
| Duke Ellington | King Sisters | Vaughn Monroe | Charlie Spivak |
| Lena Horne | Freddy Martin | David Rose | Fats Waller |

GET YOUR SET TODAY! While they last, you can get this full set of 16 pin-up portraits . . . printed from breath-taking oil paintings by Albert Fisher! Each is in glowing color . . . on a heavy, glossy card 5½" x 3¼" (actual post card size). Highlights of the

star's life are on back. You get the full set of 16 pictures for only 25 cents! But don't wait till they're gone. Send your name and address, with 25 cents per set, to Dept. 12, Box 23, Camden, N. J. Or see your VICTOR RECORD DEALER. Do it now!

Ask your dealer for records of these Victor and Bluebird artists
Perry Como • Tommy Dorsey • Duke Ellington • Shep Fields • Erskine Hawkins • Lena Horne • Spike Jones • Sammy Kaye • King Sisters • Wayne King • Freddy Martin • Hal McIntyre • Glenn Miller • Vaughn Monroe • Phil Moore Four • Tony Pastor • Alvino Rey • David Rose • Artie Shaw • Dinah Shore • Charlie Spivak • Martha Stewart • David Street

Listen to "The Music America Loves Best" Sundays, 4:30 p.m., EWT, over NBC. Buy More War Bonds

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR

AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N. J.



Charlie Spivak
VICTOR'S BRILLIANT TRUMPET-PLAYING BATONER

ACT NOW—LIMITED SUPPLY ONLY!

DEPT. 12, BOX 23, CAMDEN, N. J.

Please send me ___ sets of 16 portraits, for which I enclose 25¢ per set. PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY OR PRINT.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

*Look your
loveliest always*



Guard against "Wayward Skin"...keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning...with these two creams that make **CARE a CARESS...**

KEEP your skin on the beam of beauty. Coax it away from "wayward" periods—dryness, shine, other minor blemishes that even slight neglect may cause—by pampering it daily with these two creams. Both contain friendly, familiar Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—an ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream provides emollient oils to smooth your skin and help keep it petal-soft...plus cholesterol to guard its vital moisture. Remember them...Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream and Cleansing Cream...to make skin care a caress!

Phillips' ★
MILK OF MAGNESIA ★
Creams ★



★ **Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream** — Softens and neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay supple, soft. Use it at night for prolonged effect...by day as a base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.



★ **Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream** — Rich and really cleansing! Removes make-up, surface dirt, any accumulations from outer pore openings...easily and quickly. Leaves your skin feeling sparkling, dewy-fresh! 60¢, plus tax.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

(Continued from page 51)

weapon. Like Mickey Mouse, Crosby has a double-dozen affectionate tags in far-away lands. Any American citizen from six to sixty—and then some—can spot his voice at the first deep husky note, because Bing Crosby's voice has been heard by more human beings than that of any man who ever lived on this weary old world. For over a decade he's been crooning out records at the rate of two a month and over 75,000,000 have been sold like the hotcakes they invariably are. Since coast-to-coast radio began, Bing Crosby has never had a program that wasn't solidly high in the top ten. Since he started making movies seriously, he's never skipped a season when a Crosby film classic wasn't a box-office record schmeiser.

tradition maker . . .

In fact, listing Bing's honors get to be a bit of a bore. By now, when you tick off his interminable triumphs, it's tiresome. The first star to write a million dollar contract. The first to incorporate himself as big business. The first crooner to win a Doctor of Music degree from a university. To raise a husky family of boys. To turn into a sports magnate on the side. To run a defense plant. To win a golf championship. To cop an Academy Award. To set a style in singing that's been copied more than any other style in history. To have nothing but success—and still nothing but friends and worshippers, male and female—including even his hottest rivals. To roll on—and on—and still on—getting bigger, deeper, stronger all the time, like Old Man River.

You'll never get the answer as to how he does it from Bing Crosby. Not in a million years. Not only because he won't talk (which he won't) but because he doesn't know. It's all as much a mystery to Bing himself as it is to the rest of the world.

Fifteen years ago, when a hit tune, "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee" proved that Bing Crosby had arrived nationally, Bing himself considered his fame a flash in the pan. To a pal, he confided, "I guess I've got about two more years to make myself some hay before they take up some other crooner and give me the pitch."

Five years later, when Bing Crosby had graduated from mere mike music to movies

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Even as a child, Ann Sheridan was my favorite actress. One afternoon she was visiting our local theater, and after the show I went back to get her autograph. But many other kids had the same idea. I was pushed back and

Ann left before I could get her signature. I started to cry. Soon I heard a voice asking me what had happened. My eyes were filled with tears, so I didn't know who it was. I answered by telling about missing Miss Sheridan. Then I realized that it was Ann Sheridan, herself! She gave me her autograph and one of her cigarettes as a souvenir. I wonder if she would like that cigarette back. How about it, Ann?

Rita Murphy
Berwyn, Ill.

and was hot on records, too, he was interviewed over the air. His quizzer asked Bing what he wanted out of life. Said Bing wistfully, "Why, I guess I want what everybody wants—steady work and security for myself and my family. But I'm not kidding myself. That's a crazy pipe dream for a song hustler like me."

And that amazed, slightly guilty, when-will-they-get-wise to me? theme still lards Bing's thinking.

One reason Bing feels that way is because for him things are so absurdly easy. He creates without birth pangs, an artist without agony. He has no more nerves than a possum; he has never even been seriously sick a day in his life. Nothing bothers him—not even Sinatra. When Bob Hope first heard Frankie sing in a New York night club and called Bing long distance in the middle of the night to rib him with—"I'm bringing a kid to Hollywood who'll make you go to work!" Bing laughed sleepily back into the receiver, "Hurry up—I'm getting fat and lazy."

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago, Bing called up Bob disgustingly early and suggested a game of golf. Bob was momentarily speechless with surprise. He knew what Bing had done that week—recorded all his songs for "The Bells of St. Mary," waxed two new Decca records, acted every day at Paramount until night-fall, knocked off a Command Performance with Bob for GIs overseas besides his regular Thursday night Kraft broadcast. In addition, he had checked up on his Del Mar War plant and staged an army camp show 500 miles from Hollywood.

"Go back to bed, Merry Sunshine," growled Hope at last, "and restore your tissues. I wouldn't pick on a dying man."

But Bing pestered Bob out on the Lakeside course and proceeded to wipe up the links with him. He was fresh as a daisy.

Bing has the reputation for being the laziest man in Hollywood. Bing is lazy like a bee in blossom time. But the false impression is understandable. He makes work look like play—and for Bing Crosby that's actually what it is. And always has been.

A boyhood friend of Bing's who knew Bing away back when, told me, "Bing Crosby doesn't deserve one bit of credit for his success, silly as that sounds. He couldn't help it. He couldn't miss. He was a natural, right from the start and that's what he is today!" Another word is genius, or, as the Irish say—"sure the bhoys has a gift." For that Bing Crosby has indeed, the golden gift of the Irish—and that's not too strange, considering that Harry Lillis Crosby is as Irish as Paddy's pig.

blarneyin' son o' erin . . .

When occasionally today Bing lets himself go with the rollicking lyrics, "H-A-uh-double-uh-R-I-G-A-N spells Harrigan—"Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me—

"Divil the man can say a word agin me—"

—he's not just loosening up his tonsils. Bing's mother was Kate Harrigan, whose folks came from County Mayo in the Ould Sod. They settled in Minnesota and a lot of them cut their livings from the dark forests as lumbermen. But Bing's grandfather Harrigan was a plumber by trade and he migrated West to the Coast to make his fortune.

The Crosbys came from Erin and England, too, but farther back, because the legend around the State of Maine is that the first American Crosbys came over on the Mayflower; way back yonder, Bing's Yankee ancestors were mostly salty old skippers from the rocky shores who sailed their clipper ships around the stormy Horn



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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Mrs. Dan Gerber



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15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods

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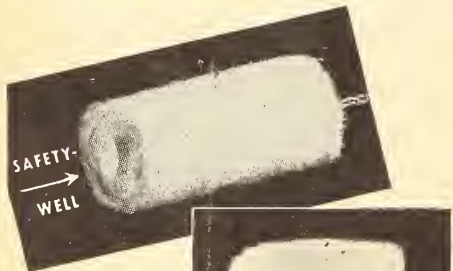
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to the Pacific Coast on their way to China. Several of them liked the Oregon territory so well that they stuck around and helped build the present day cities of Portland, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington. Other Crosbys were Forty-Niners who invaded California for the gold rush, as Bing himself did later on—but in a very different way. Not long ago, Bing was called up to his home state of Washington to christen a Liberty ship, the *S. S. Nathaniel Crosby* named after a hardy forebear of those rugged rigging days. Bing's dad, Harry Crosby, was born in Washington and there he met his wife, Kate. They were living in Tacoma by the time Harry, Jr., came along, and being good Catholics, had already started a big family, a circumstance which made Bing Crosby's first appearance in this world a definite flop.

That historic event occurred the rainy morning of May 2, 1902, in a small, white, wooden cottage on North Jay Street in Tacoma. Bing was a flop because he was a disappointment. The Crosbys wanted a girl.

That was understandable, because all three other children were boys, Larry, Everett and Ted, although later, the next two children were Bing's sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose. The most disappointed member of the family, perhaps, was Papa Harry Crosby. He had had his heart set on a little Crosby colleen. It was hard to disguise his disappointment as he walked out of the bedroom into the parlor, his wife's voice calling after him.

"We'll call him 'Harry,' dear," she said. That would take out some of the disappointment, to have a son carry on his own name. So the Crosby babe became Harry Crosby middle name Lillis, after a family name in Kate Harrigan's line.

pretty boy toughie . . .

Bing was a good looking—almost pretty kid—from the start. Maybe his father's wish for a girl had something to do with the peaches and cream complexion, the gold-brown hair with a little wave in it, the even, pearly teeth and the enormous china-blue eyes that grew up to roll soulfully around the Cocanut Grove and make the flappers of the early Thirties swoon. From the start, too, Bing was a chunky, almost roly poly youngster, soft looking, far from tough. All this added up very soon to the most deceptive kid in Spokane. Because while Bing looked like a mama's pretty boy (except maybe for his always generous ears) that was just one of nature's come-ons. Later on, numberless pugnacious moppets, sensing a soft touch, found themselves wiping their bloody noses and running home in tears with a very different impression.

Bing Crosby always calls Spokane, Washington, his home town, rather than Tacoma. He was five when Harry Crosby, who worked as an auditor in the county treasurer's office at Tacoma, landed a better job over in Spokane as bookkeeper for a big brewery. Harry, Sr., could use a good job by then. He had a family of six kids on his hands to feed. Because by then Catherine was three and Mary Rose a baby in Kate Crosby's arms.

evolution of a name . . .

So one hot, dusty July day the Crosbys left the little white cottage on North Jay Street to ride a day coach clear across the state to Spokane. Harry Crosby had gone ahead and found a two-storied yellow house on Sinto Avenue on the north side of the Spokane River which bisected the town. Only three blocks away was Webster grade school and not much farther the Jesuit college of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga. The convent of the Holy Name wasn't very far, either. Kate Crosby noted this

and approved. The Jesuits were famous teachers. Her boys and girls could get a good, thorough Catholic education right at their own doorstep. What impressed Bing were the school baseball diamonds, football fields, the long pond at McGolderick's sawmill nearby and the dangerously thrilling invitation of the swift Spokane River. Also, the flocks of kids his age in the neighborhood—regular kids with good Irish names like his own—Ralph Foley, Bill Kelly, Johnny and Mike Dunne, Phil Sweeney and Frank Corkery. He teamed up with the gang at once.

Bing got along swell with other kids. He hadn't been in the neighborhood a month before he got the nickname that he was to carry the rest of his life. The Spokane paper had a Sunday feature called "The Bingville Bugle" which laid young Harry right in the aisles. It became his favorite reading matter and he lugged it along in the hip pocket of his corduroy knickers wherever he went. The kids began to call him "Bingo from Bingville" and one day a freckle-faced moppet showed up at Kate Crosby's back door.

"Kin Bingo come out and play?"

"Who?"

"Bingo—I mean Harry."

"No—" snapped Mrs. Crosby. "Harry's busy with his chores. His name's not 'Bingo'—it's Harry. It's a nice name and you call him that."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the kid, edging away. "Well, you tell Bingo that Mike was here."

"Bingo" was soon trimmed down to Bing and it stuck. All his family adopted it—except Kate Crosby. To her, Bing is still Harry and ever will be, and Bing doesn't mind. But if anyone else calls him that, they'd better smile.

There's another story about how Bing got his name. That in playing cowboy and Indians, he'd go around pointing his wooden six-shooter and shouting "Bing! Bing!"

Either way, Bing lived up to his nickname. He was full of bounce, absolutely fearless and full of confidence.

One hot summer vacation day the gang was lousing idly around the barn saloon when somebody got the idea of cooling off with a swim in the river. That was strictly forbidden by all the kids' parents. The Spokane was treacherous and deep, especially around McGolderick's mill, where Bing and his mob knew the older boys, including Brother Everett, were already diving and splashing luxuriously. The more they talked, the more deliciously tempting the swim loomed. "Nuts, let's go!" said Bing. He led the race down to where the older kids were swimming. Ev told Bing to go home. Bing ignored him, calmly peeled off his shirt and pants and, to his brother's horror, jumped in the icy waters. Ev knew what Bing knew and the rest of the kids didn't. His brother Bing couldn't swim a lick!

water and ducks' backs . . .

He dove in after him, swearing at what he knew his mother would do to him when he brought little brother Bing, half drowned, home. To his surprise, he couldn't catch his little brother. Bing took to the water like a duckling. Thrashing and splashing noisily, he was still actually swimming, out into the deep water, too. Pretty soon he was back on the sandbar lying nonchalantly in the sun. The gang never did know that Bing had never stayed afloat before in his life. Ev was too amazed to say anything.

As usual, he could do anything he wanted to and right away he was good. It was the same way with his first scrap, which was the mere matter of knocking the stuffings out of the town bully for jeering "Fatty!"

(Continued on page 89)

Precious Cargo!

Good company is the making of a picnic.
The beer that made Milwaukee famous makes
it perfect . . . if you have *him* and he has

you and you *both* have
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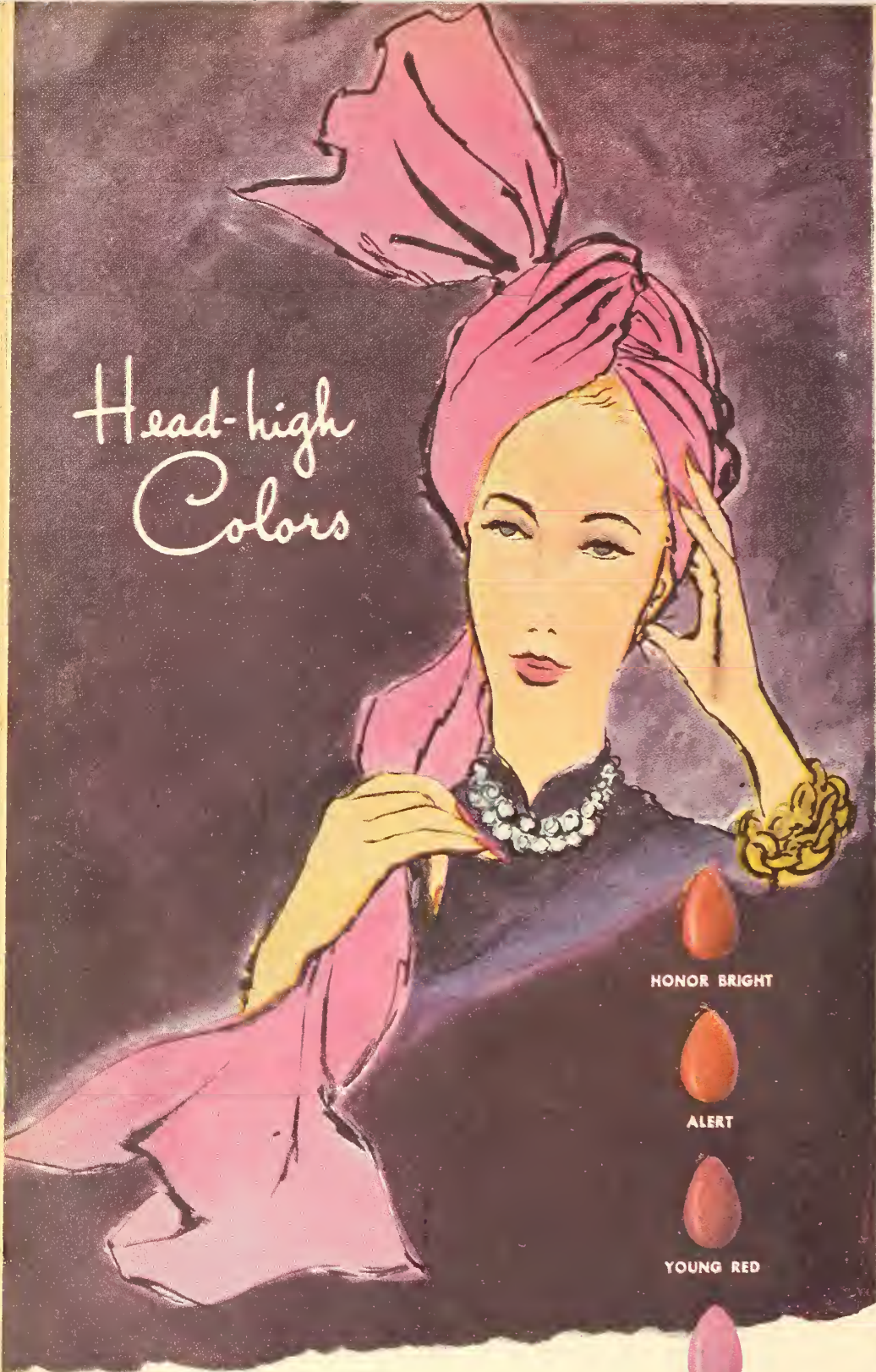
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INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Those questions have been pouring in like mad but don't think for a moment that I don't love every single one, for I certainly do. Since I've an awful lot of info to cover in this space, I'll make this short, but please keep them coming, for I'll tell you almost anything you want to know . . . and all you'll have to worry about remembering is that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Don't forget now!!

Your— Bev.

Vincent Fischera, Texas: . . . ARE THERE ANY FAN CLUBS FOR LAUREN BACALL, TOM DRAKE, VAN JOHNSON, ALAN LADD, AND INGRID BERGMAN? Sure thing! Annette Dworkin, 2480 West Buena Vista, Detroit, Michigan, has one for Lauren . . . and Viola Payner, 317 West Windsor Road, Glendale, California has Drake . . . Laddie Spungin, General Delivery, Hartford, has Ladd. . . Ruth Maloney, 99 Hampton Court, Lexington, Kentucky has Ingrid, and for the time being Van prefers NOT to have a club. If there is any change there it will be announced in this column.

Philip Pearlman, Jr., Putnam, Conn.: . . . WHO WERE THE FOLLOWING IN "OBJECTIVE, BURMA" AND WHERE CAN THEY BE REACHED?

Pilot—STEPHEN RICHARDS
Co-Pilot—JOHN SHERIDAN
Hollis—WILLIAM HUDSON
Brophy—JOEL ALLEN
Nebraska—DICK ERDMAN

Write them at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

Eddie Rothkrug, New Guinea: . . . WHO WAS "LON" IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS," AND THE BOMBARDIER IN "30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO," AND SOME INFO ON EACH PLEASE. That was Hank Daniels as Lon, born in Plainfield, N. J., one Jan. 27th. He has blue eyes and blonde hair and is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and is unmarried. Next pic, "They Were Expendable." Gordon MacDonald was the Bombardier and he was born in Long Beach, Cal., one May 17th, and has blue eyes, brown hair and is 6 feet tall, 165 pounds, unmarried. Write them both at M-G-M, Culver City.

Rosalind Gelfond, Long Beach: . . . HOW CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS "ANDY" IN "DR. WASELL," AND WITH DON TAYLOR WHO WAS "PINKY" IN "WINGED VICTORY?" HAVE THEY FAN CLUBS?

Elliott Reid is now in the Navy in Newport, R. I., but all mail sent to him at Paramount, Hollywood, is forwarded and answered. No club. Send your mail to Don at M-G-M, Culver City, as every bit counts in keeping him "up there" where he belongs. Adele Schneider, 1280 B. Sheridan, Bronx, has his club. Dues are 75c yearly and she'd love to have you as a member.

at baby sister Mary Rose.

That fistic affair handed Bing quite a school rep as a battler which started a long series of challenges and after-school bouts, and while he was never invincible or anything like that, he was a terrific scrapper forever after—which came in handy in his early crooner days when some indiscreet males tagged him for a cream puff—although he never gave boxing a serious thought. It was just his meat—as was everything else—except lady killing—and at that Handsome Harry got a pretty low mark at first.

Her name was Helen Lemon, a glamorous new girl at Webster, who dazzled Bing with her fluffy golden ringlets and baby doll beauty. He bent his big eyes worshipfully on her all day long in class. And tagged along home with her after school even though the outraged and forsaken gang of Kellys, Foleys, Corkerys and Dunnes peppered him with jeers and cat-calls. When Helen invited Bing to his first big social soiree, her birthday party, he was in Seventh Heaven.

He kept the news to himself as long as he could, but it was impossible to keep secrets around the Crosby clan. Goldfish had more privacy than a Crosby kid. Brothers Everett, Larry and Ted found out about Helen Lemon in nothing flat. "Makes you a Lemon-squeezer, Bing," drawled Larry. "Ha-ha."

"Stop that," colored Bing miserably, "or I'll punch your teeth in!" But his rage was futile. Both Ev and Larry were too big for that threat to work and he knew it. They passed on their gag to the gang and "Lemon-Squeezer!" jeers brought Bing agony for days and a flock of fistfights. However, it wasn't ridicule that broke up the romance. It was just plain discomfort.

Bing had always hated uncomfortable dress-up clothes, (and he's no better today as his failing for sloppy sports clothes shows only too plainly.) For Helen's party his proud mother togged him out in a new suit, tight shoes and a high stiff collar. At the party, even Helen's party dress glamor, ice cream and fancy favors left Bing cold under the torture of his unaccustomed finery. Next day after school he circled clear around the block to avoid Helen, and hustled on down to MacGowan's barn and the gang. Chivalry had taken a beating.

Bing failed to improve as a cavalier as he grew into his teens. More and more he became a man's man. He played center on the "Sinto Athletic Club" sandlot team and third base on the Webster baseball nine. And from the time he plunged calmly into the Spokane river, he lived all summer in the water like a fish, and when the city opened the new Sinto public pool and playground a few blocks from Crosby's, Bing practically lived there. But he was bashful about his talents. He hated to show off.

medal copper . . .

One day a swimming tournament at Sinto was announced in the paper and Bing, backed by the whole Crosby clan, waltzed away with eleven medals, nine first places and two seconds. It was a breeze. He still hadn't taken a lesson.

But it wasn't all play and fun for the boy Bing—not by a long sight. Pop Crosby fed and clothed them and kept them in school, but from kidhood on they had to make their own pocket money and later, their own tuition at Gonzaga. A family of eight hungry, healthy mouths is no easy supply problem for an auditor and Harry Crosby had his business ups and downs. The manufacturing plant failed and he got a job bookkeeping in a brewery. That later turned into a pickle factory and today whenever Bing Crosby strikes a sour note or feels a bit blue, he'll say, "Well, I guess it's back to the pickle works for me!"

All the Crosby boys had to hustle. Larry clerked in a drug store in his off school hours. Ted ran telegrams. On top of his household chores—mowing the lawn, filling the wood box and helping his mother clean house—Bing raised chickens in the back yard and sold eggs to the neighbors. Spokane was the center of Washington's "Inland Empire," the best apple country in America, and all the Crosby kids raced out to the orchards to pick apples in the harvest season. Mining and lumbering made up the rest of the "Empire's" wealth and the Crosbys tried their hand at lumberjacking, too. Bing spent one whole vacation from Gonzaga later on lumberjacking in the woods, until he swung an axe at a tree and hit his own leg.

fun pays off . . .

But somehow, Bing managed to blend his sporting with his business interests. He liked the Mission pool, so when his swimming craze was at its peak he wangled the job of locker boy there. Then he got golf happy and caddied at the country club, making money and qualifying to play free on Monday, caddy's day, with some golf clubs he'd talked the members out of. When he was only a kid, Bing could drive, pitch and putt with the best of them. Today, of course, Bing's the best amateur golfer in the film colony, the three times champ of Lakeside Club and his links exhibitions with Bob Hope, Weissmuller and various top-hole pros have coined thousands for various war charities.

The job Bing hated worst of all in his kiddie hustling days was his paper route. He hated getting up at four a.m. in all weather to toss the rolls around at his neighbors' doors, so to cheer himself he sang and whistled as he pedaled his bike around. Sometimes that brought complaints. More than one irate neighbor stalked over to Harry Crosby's and banged on the door, red-eyed and angry.

"For heaven's sake, Crosby," they'd shout at Papa Harry, "tell that damn kid of yours to stop that infernal bellowing at all hours!"

But Bing couldn't stop. Because a short time before something had happened that made his head spin with new melodies.

One day Harry Crosby came home heaving a mysterious square package. "Fellow at the office I've done some favors for gave this to me," he said. He cranked up the victrola and put on a record. "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the room. Then "The Stars and Stripes Forever March." From then on the victrola played from morn 'til night—especially if Bing was home.

All the Crosbys were naturally musical, and Sunday night was the family sing night. Harry, Sr., still had a mandolin preserved from his reckless youth and he plinked away on that. Sister Catherine, who always bothered Bing with her monotonous piano practice, accompanied on the ivories. Everybody sang. Old timers, usually—even "Sweet Adeline" although the Crosby clambakes were strictly dry. Kate Crosby had no use for the demon "creature" whatever. No Crosby—male, female, child or adult—smoked or drank in her house. Pop had to keep a bit of a nip stashed in a shoe somewhere if he wanted any—and he still does. No Crosby son, although all are well grown up now, takes a drink or even smokes in Kate Crosby's house today.

Bing rallied around for these family chorals, but it was down at the Sinto Athletic Club in the barn that he sopped up a different kind of music. Buck Williams' pop had the new Columbia phonograph agency in Spokane and he'd brought a machine out to Buck, along with some records. A lot of Hawaiian tunes and some of those snappy new jazz bands, like the

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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Dixieland, Art Hickman. Bing began to spend all his spare change for new records to bring down to the club—the Four Brown Brothers, Al Jolson. Funnies too, like "Cohen on the Telephone" and "No News, or What Killed the Dog." They sent Bing and his pals rolling on the floor with their antiquated comic gags.

But there was a more serious educational side coming up for Bing after he graduated from Webster High. Already Larry and Everett were in Gonzaga University and Ted was in the high school division. By now the Crosbys had moved from the yellow Sinto house to an ambitious nine-room tub-bathroom place they'd built, and automatically, Bing enrolled in Gonzaga.

Kate Crosby had always had a sharp lookout for her boys' spiritual upbringing. Living as near as they did to Gonzaga's great church with its many altars, a Crosby was usually serving one as altar boy.

But it wasn't only devotion to their faith that landed every Crosby boy in Gonzaga. The Jesuits were exacting teachers. And the Jesuit fathers saw to it that the cocky Crosby kids got some education pounded into their skulls, whether they liked it or not. Bing arrived at Gonzaga interested mainly in making the Junior baseball and football teams. Husky big brother Ev was already on the Gonzaga varsity.

The first day Bing met Father Kennelly, "Big Jim" the boys all called him, a mammoth 300-pounder who always swung a great bunch of keys from a chain at his belt. Big Jim welcomed Bing and Buck Williams and Phil Sweeney to Gonzaga and then asked them genially what they hoped to get out of the school.

brain vs. brown . . .

"Oh," cracked Bing. "Some baseball and maybe a little football, I guess."

Father Kennelly fingered his key chain, he let Bing expand on his one-track scholastic ambitions and then smote him a mighty lick with the keys.

"Is that so?" roared Big Jim as Bing tottered back, drop-jawed. "It's not for play you're coming to Gonzaga, me lad! It's learnin'—and don't ye forget that!"

Bing didn't. Nor did he ever forget Father Kennelly and his swinging keys. Not in the light of a menace but with affection and gratitude for a million efforts to make him a scholar and gentleman.

With his usual ease, Bing made the Junior basketball, football (although he was light) and the baseball (although he was short) teams—and later the Varsity squad at that, but still he got a respectable kick when Father Kennelly patted him on the back and told him his grades were excellent. As usual, even lessons came easy. He could skim through a text book and absorb it like blotting paper; his memory was photographic and he was glib as a side-show spieler.

The elegance of Bing's vocabulary—well known over the radio by now—is not, as most people believe, entirely due to his various radio script writers, notably Carroll Carroll, who for years ground out Bing's nifties on the Kraft Music Hall. No scribbling ghost has ever put many words into Bing's mouth. When they do they find them soon twisted à la Crosby.

Once Father Kennelly bawled him out about a temporary lag in chemistry and told him he'd have to improve. "Well, Father," replied Bing airily, "there's no use of both of us worrying about it!" The keys swished dangerously past as Bing ducked.

The first World War took Bing's mind temporarily off his pleasantly distant professional career. He was too young, of course, to go but Ev joined the cavalry and Larry went off to officers' training. That left Ted, only slightly older, and Bing

at sixteen, the senior members of the Crosby clan. There was no one around to slap him down. Freed of big brother restraint, Bing began to feel his oats.

Bing's war effort in 1917-18 wasn't impressive, but he did what a kid could. He joined an R.O.T.C. unit at Gonzaga, canvassed for the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives around Spokane. But mainly, he took up the job of helping out the family finances, with Ev and Larry gone. With all his activities at Gonzaga, Bing still had to work. He tossed packages and mail bags around the postoffice during the Christmas holidays. And he sweated out a janitor's job at the Loggers Club, down in tough "skid row" on the seamy side of Spokane. Bing had to get there by five o'clock in the morning—and it was clear across town—have the place cleaned up by seven, then high-tail it out home, breakfast and on to school. But he never beefed. It paid a buck a day and that was fair money for a school kid then. When that gave out he drove a grocery truck.

But Bing managed to blossom out in spite of this rugged life. Adolescence was creep-up on Kid Crosby and—funny—the fillies didn't look nearly so bad as they used to. Bing started smoking Piedmonts and Melachrinos on the sly. He saved up for his first long pants suit. Bing's idea of red hot night life was the dance pavilion at Newman Lake, where a four-piece band ragged out solid numbers like "Smiles," "Dardanella" and "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" He learned to two-step, one-step and fox-trot and sometimes he even danced, but usually he and his pals just hung around the stand and watched the sax, piano, fiddle and drums. At that time, as now, Bing couldn't read music. He couldn't play any instrument—as he still can't. Once, after the Buck Williams phonograph arrival at the "club," there'd been plans to get up a jazz band and then all Bing could think of to play was the drums. But he didn't have a set and nobody else had anything so the orchestra deal flopped. By now, though, Bing had managed to team with some of his Gonzaga classmates into a harmony quartet. He sang baritone—he had an ear for harmony even if he didn't know one note from the other—and the usual gallery was the convent girls at Holy Name who hung out the window until the Mother Superior passed. Bing and his pals started tossing victrola dances Saturday nights at various kids' houses, too, and inviting the girls. As usual, Bing was glib and snappy with his dance partners. They called him "cute," but he never settled on any steady date. He had too many other interests.

The war was over, it seemed, almost as
(Continued on page 92)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Gloria Jean recently appeared at the Capitol Theater, she dedicated her last song, "The Lord's Prayer," to the "Angels of Mercy," the Red Cross nurses.

I was sitting very close to the stage and as Gloria Jean sang the lovely strains of the song, there were tears glistening in her eyes. The audience was so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop. I am sure that Gloria Jean made the nicest dedication that a nurse could receive.

Lexie Fields
New York, N. Y.

Are you in the know?



Should a house-guest make her own bed?

- Yes
- No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servant-less days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and go, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. *Kotex stays soft while wearing!*



What would you do about this back view?

- Wear a shawl
- Go informally
- Make up the difference

If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.



Is the pattern of his sport jacket a—

- Gun Club Check
- Glen Plaid
- Herringbone

When your date appears in new duds—take notice. He's probably duked up just for you. If his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the special protection that Kotex sanitary napkins give. For the patented *safety center* of Kotex keeps moisture away from the edges. It provides you with a *safety plus*—so you're sure (and serene!) with Kotex!

Which chick will get the dance?

- The one on the left
- The one on the right

Why should he dance with a dolly in denims—when there's a swish dish to charm the eye? A fellow likes his females *feminine* (see the girl on the right). So, go easy on the tomboy get-up. Prinking pays! Wear your swooniest frock and be confident—even at "certain" times. With Kotex you risk no revealing lines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show. Different from thick, stubby pads, Kotex banishes revealing outlines.



Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Theodora Roosevelt

Like her famous grandfather, Theodore Roosevelt, charming young Theodora Roosevelt loves action . . . travel . . . and hard work. An accomplished ballet dancer, she has a slight, exquisite figure . . . hair and eyes of wonderful rich amber. "I'm *always* in a rush," Theodora says. "So the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal complexion pick-up for me. It does such a marvelously quick job of smoothing and freshening up my skin!"



Theodora Roosevelt has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly

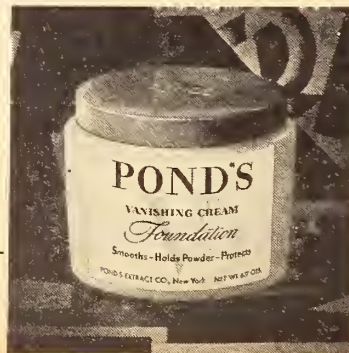
"Re-style" your face to smoother, fresher beauty

Spread a cool, refreshing coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face. Use generous white fingerfuls, covering your chin, cheeks, forehead, nose—everything except your eyes.

Leave this Mask on for one full minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream works quickly! Loosens tiny particles of dead skin and stubbornly imbedded specks of dirt. *Dissolves* them. Now tissue them off with the cream!

Your re-styled complexion looks shades lighter and brighter! And it's so much smoother—ready for softer, longer-lasting make-up.

For quick make-up base—smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. An ideal foundation—non-greasy . . . lasting!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

soon as it started and Everett and Larry were back home—and broke. They had a tough time finding jobs, but finally Larry landed one teaching high school and reporting nights on the newspaper, and Ev left home for Portland where he said he had a good job working in a hotel. By then, too, Bing was itching to travel. He'd graduated from high school. He had a job ushering at prizefights which was fun because he still liked to scrap himself.

But Bing didn't want to spend that summer, as he had all the rest, in Spokane. He would start college at Gonzaga that fall and before he dug into law books (because that was still his plan), Bing wanted to see the world and have some adventure.

With his pal, Buck, Bing answered a farm help wanted ad and worked a few weeks near the town of Cheney. But they were both just kids and the ranch work was tough. They soon quit and hopped a freight, on Bing's inspiration, to Portland where Ev had his "good job." Only when Bing arrived he discovered that big brother was indulging in a little amateur bootlegging, a popular pursuit in the Prohibition days of ex-GIs who didn't like the idea of having been voted out of their fun while they were away. Bing promptly spoiled Ev's set-up, though, by skipping a Chinese restaurant check one night and getting the cops after him. They came to Everett's hotel room on the trail of Bing—and uncovered Ev's illegal racket, too.

That night the Black Maria hauled Buck, Bing, and his very disgusted big brother down to the Portland cooler. Relatives had to bail them out. Later on in Hollywood, Bing was to sample under pressure that city's hospitality, too. But he never did like it. Bing wound up his summer's Odyssey lumberjacking in the forests of Washington's Olympic Peninsula—until he almost wrecked his knee with an axe. By fall, he was back in Spokane and ready to settle down in school with his law books. He'd seen and done plenty and he felt grown up as all Hell. In many ways, too, Bing was. He'd slimmed out, his face was longer, his jaw leaner. His voice was deeper too, the nasal business was gone.

common bonds . . .

Things were different at Gonzaga. Bing's gang had busted up. Some of the old "club" kids Bing had grown up with had quit to take jobs. Others had left town. A couple dedicated themselves to the Catholic priesthood. Bing made new friends. Their common denominator of friendship seemed to be music. There was Art Dugan, who collected a crowd around him over at the Gym when he sat down at the piano there and started thumping it. Bing found himself drifting over that way and letting go with the vocal when Art broke into something he knew. One day Art eyed him quizzically. "Say, kid," he said, "you're pretty good, you know it?"

"So's your old man," grinned Bing. But he got to hustling over there every time he heard the tinkle of Art's keys and pretty soon the kids clustered around would ask him to sing this and that. Bing wasn't bashful—he isn't today. As much of a beating as his voice takes now, he'll still let go at anybody's house if they want him to and sometimes sing half the night. Why not? He likes it.

In college, there was not so much competition from athletics, either. Bing tried out for the football squad but he was too light. He landed on the varsity horsehide squad at third base, but basketball was out and Gonzaga didn't have a swimming team. He switched a lot of his enthusiasm to melody and hot licks—and it was funny how his new pals lined up that way.

There were Fat and Bob Pritchard, who

tortured the neighbors with their brace of saxes. Jimmy Heaton who played a cornet. And a tall kid with black wavy hair named Al Rinker, who, like Bing, couldn't read "Chopsticks" from notes, but who could pick out piano melodies all day long by ear, and fake with a combination.

Al was to be the spark plug for Bing's career. He was their first band leader, a jazz-struck kid who could play and sing a little himself, but his main talent was organizing. Al held the Rhythm Boys together later on when Bing got his first important break. Today he's a radio producer in Hollywood. Just as musically ignorant as Bing in Spokane, Al could listen to a record of the Cottonpickers, Paul Whiteman's, Benny Kreuger's or Isham Jones' and peck out the arrangement. The gang took to collecting around Al and his vic after school and on holidays and a new social circuit opened up for Bing. When vacations rolled around again, Bing got a steady man's job at his dad's brewery and rolled out the barrels to earn himself some solid change. He had jack in his jeans for the first time and he began to chase around with the sporty musical gang. They had a bunch of hangouts.

One was Benny Stubeck's cigar stand in downtown Spokane, a dinky little place where you could get a sandwich, cigarettes, a free look at the latest hot bathing beauty magazines and arrange for a kid to drop by with a pint of bootleg booze. Because by now, Bing, like all sports of his day, had learned what Prohibition white mule tasted like. He thought it was pretty smart and reckless and grown up to snort the fiery, gagging stuff and pretend he was tight. He also knew that if Kate Crosby ever found out she'd explode. Saturday nights it was always the Garden, a public hall, where if you slipped on the dance floor you almost got trampled to death and where every now and then a barnstorming "name" band, like Vic Meyers, Abe Lyman, Dwight Johnson or George Olson, hit town for a one-night stand. Bing, Al, Fat, Bob and the bunch were the original "alligators" at the Garden, on those red letter occasions. It was natural that they should get together with a pick-up band of their own.

law be darned . . .

It was Al Rinker's idea. School at Gonzaga had started again and law was still on the docket for Bing. To get the practical side, he landed a job working in a Spokane law office afternoons. But the day he was supposed to start, Al and Bing and the bunch strolled past Bailey's Music Store. Bailey's had all the latest records—the "Mound City Blue Blowers" and all. Al twirled a platter, "The Beale Street Blues"—a clarinet wailed and a piano tinkled, a sleepy voice crooned a low moan. Bing forgot all about the new job in the law office. He played another disc. They went right on through the record stack like a farmhand through hotcakes. Al was carried away.

"Hell," he said, "we can do that—us guys! Let's get up a band of our own!" Bob and Fat and Miles Rinker, Al's brother and Jimmy Heaton chimed in,

"We'd be terrific!"

"Jeez, think of the dough we'll make!"

"I can double on banjo."

"I can fake 'Royal Garden Blues.'"

They all yelled at once. Everybody had an idea. Inspiration was running wild. But Bing as usual was calm and relaxed.

"That's just swell, you guys," he said.

"But you all play something. What do I do—take tickets?"

Al thought a minute. "Drums," he said. "we'll need drums."

Bing pulled a current nifty. "If I had some bread I could have a ham sandwich

NEW WORD FOR GLAMOUR

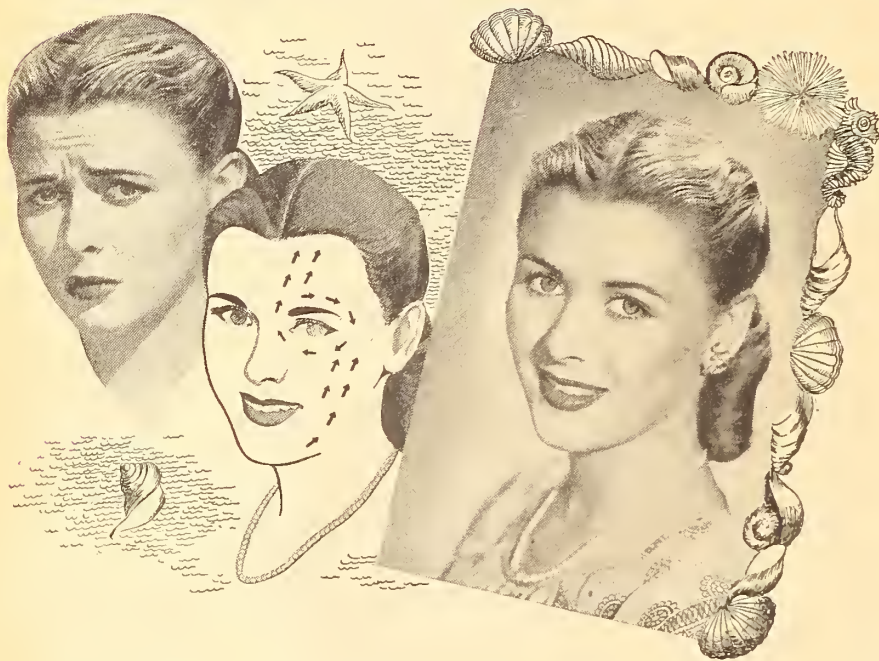
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Notice How It Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, Fresher With Each Application!

When your skin is marred by a dry, coarse textured, fading appearance—this is often due to loss or lack of oils in the skin.

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Just pat Hopper's Facial Cream briskly over the face and neck. Then gently press an *extra* amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on at least 8 minutes. For best results—leave on *overnight*.

Notice how Hopper's Facial Cream leaves your skin looking so divinely smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness. The reason Hopper's is so ACTIVE and lubricates SO EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized*!

Faithful nightly use helps maintain *natural* radiant beauty thruout the years. Buy Hopper's Facial Cream at any cosmetic counter.



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—if I had some ham. Who's got drums?" But Al Rinker was a promoter by nature. He looked around Bailey's and spied a set of skins decorated with a glorious sunburst. "Wait a minute," he said. "Mr. Bailey!" Bailey was glad enough at the prospect of finally cashing in on the crowd of record players. He sold Bing the drums for a dollar down and fifty cents a week. Bing lugged them out the door. "Now you'll have to learn to play those, Bing," said Al soberly. "Oh, sure," Bing said. "That's simple." Al looked unconvinced. "Anyway, Bing," he said, "maybe you can sing a song every now and then."

That's how Bing joined his first jazz band, the Musicaladers. Al Rinker named it and he was the head man. Al played the piano, brother Miles the clarinet, Bob Pritchard, C Melody sax, Fat Pritchard, banjo, Jimmy Heaton, trumpet, or cornet as they called it then. Bing Crosby on the skins, with occasional vocals.

They rehearsed as Al Rinker had learned his tunes—getting together around the victrola, spinning a record over and over, stealing breaks and bars from the hot bands of the day. Sheet music was out of the question; nobody read notes. Finally they got together a selection of current favorites, their hodge-podge arrangements of victrola steals, improvisations and plain corn. When they landed their first paying job at the Manito Park Social Club—eighteen bucks for the six piece band—Bing, Al and the bunch were sure they had arrived. The next day in law class Crosby yawned over his lessons. The prof sent him out of the room. From then on, although Bing didn't know it, law could go lump it. His subconscious self had room for only one double idea—melody, rhythm.

The Musicaladers snagged other jobs. School dances, private parties, business clubs around Spokane who had tiny entertainment budgets. The Musicaladers weren't good—but they were loud and cheap. They muddled around Bailey's free records and actually bought a few new ones to copycat out at Al's. "For Me and My Gal," "St. Louis Blues," "Wang Wang Blues," "Do It Again." Edgie Hogle, a non-playing gang member, started taking on the booker's job. Bing sang his first vocal at a high school club dance. He stepped away from the drums and sang, "For Me and My Gal." It was effortless but loud—because the band kept tooting away behind him. Part way through, Bing forgot some of the words. He filled in with *bu-buh-buh-boos*. It was a natural way for him to fake and finally it started a fad. To this day Bing has the worst memory in the world for words. On camp shows he hauls along a little song pony—a book with words of all the favorites. He reads them off over the radio, too. For while no tune ever escapes him, words are slippery.

The Musicaladers blossomed into the Spokane big time when Edgie Hogle landed them a spot in Finney's variety show at the Auditorium Theater. That lasted three months. Then came a spot playing at the Pekin Cafe, a big Chinese restaurant. But they really went to town in the summer when they copped themselves the contract to open Lareda's new big open air dance pavillion out from town.

For this auspicious event they invested in red-and-white striped coats, white flannels and gaudy beach umbrellas over each musician. It was pretty classy, all right, and opening night they really strutted.

wild oats and jazz . . .

With the easy money coming in, Bing turned into quite a young sport-about-town. He went in for loud plaid sweaters (instead of loud shirts) knickers, which were the stuff then, and dazzling golf

stocks. He liked bow ties, fancy shoes, straw sailor hats with striped bands. He chipped in fifty bucks with Al Rinker on a coughing, gasping, hand-cranked Ford which they painted up with collegiate wisecracks on the chassis. And he started dropping in on a Spokane speakeasy and taking along a pint sometimes to the dance jobs. The girls still thought Bing Crosby was cute and tried to trap him—but he was too big an operator. They got many a wink, grin and wisecrack from Bing—but mighty few dates. He was still sport-happy, but he'd cut his range down to golf. Some of the band bonanza had gone for a new set of clubs.

But soon the band began to break up. A college band at Washington State lured the Pritchard boys so they switched schools. One day the manager of Spokane's Glemmer Theater, where Bing had seen many a Hollywood thriller as a boy, offered him a job singing baritone with a quartet in the stage show. He joined the new bunch for two weeks. That broke it up more. Finally, only Bing and Al Rinker were left. They still spent every spare minute working out harmony combinations with tricky rhythms—all by ear. But there was no market for their act around Spokane and by now Bing had decided to give his law career the old heave-ho. That decision brewed a cloud of disapproval around home for Bing. It all added up, he thought, to getting out of town.

One day when he and Al were rippling through their tunes, they felt particularly solid. "Let's go on the road," said Bing. "What road?"

"Any road. Let's try Seattle. Maybe we'll hit."

"What if we don't—what'll we use for money?" Al was always practical.

"The Lord will provide," replied Bing airily. "Pennies from Heaven."

AUGUST ISSUE

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick!
He'll have to be to get our August issue when it reaches the newsstands on July 10—'cause MODERN SCREEN is no wallflower!

The Crosbys, Harry and Kate, were puzzled and disappointed when Bing packed his set of drums in the fifty dollar flivver with Al Rinker and set out. But they kissed the boy goodbye and wished him luck. He was going to need it.

The big noises from Spokane rolled into Washington's top metropolis after a couple of days on the road. They'd ironed out a neat singing duo act, with Bing handling the fancy vocals and Al taking care of trick piano and harmony. But Seattle wasn't having any. All Bing and Al got there was some good advice from one of their band leader idols, Vic Meyers, who used to bring his band to the Garden every now and then.

Vic remembered the kids who alligatored around his outfit in Spokane. He listened to their act and nodded. "It's okay," he said, "but you'll have to polish off the edges and develop your own style. When you've got something nobody else has got—then you've got something. And," he added, "get to a big show business town where there's lots of work."

"How about Los Angeles and Hollywood?"

"Now you've got something."

"California, here we come," said Bing.

It wasn't a sudden bright brainstorm. There were two practical reasons, besides

the magic name of Hollywood: Bing's brother, Everett, had moved to Los Angeles and was selling automobiles. And Al's sister, who called herself Mildred Bailey, (and whom the whole swing world was to know and love) was singing in a night club. Those were two interesting bets for a bunk and meals if things flopped.

Bing Crosby dates his show business career from that rugged trip down the coast. He was a barnstormer, a ham-and-egger, a bum playing for getaway money all the time, singing for his supper. It's two thousand miles from Seattle to Los Angeles and all the way it was strictly hunger and an empty gas tank.

i'm a singer . . .

Up above Santa Barbara the Ford had gasped to a shuddering stop. Bing and Al pushed it down the road to the nearest station. But they were dead broke and they knew it. Bing turned on what Irish blarney he could summon in his depleted state and he made a deal with the station man. Ten gallons of gas and five dollars cash for the pride of Bailey's Music Store show window, sunburst and all.

"Now what you gonna do without your skins?" asked Al hopelessly.

"Hell," said Bing. "I'm no drummer. I'm a singer. If I get anywhere it's on me pipes. Good riddance." He never played another drum.

Ev was not exactly overjoyed to see Bing and Al moving in on him. Maybe he remembered the disastrous wind-up to Bing's last visit in Portland when they all landed in jail. But when he heard Bing and Al run through their act he was sold. He lent Bing his tuxedo and, through a pal, got them an audition with Fanchon and Marco, a show business firm who booked Coastwise talent into movie palaces. Rube Wolfe, a Los Angeles emcee of that era,



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tried them out. They had a sixteen weeks contract before they knew it. "Two Boys and a Piano," they called themselves. They toured California and got over heavy with the strictly rah-rah set, but other places they didn't click. Frankly, Al and Bing were on the noisy side and they were very hey-hey and Fanchon and Marco used them for the one tour only.

But back in Los Angeles, they landed a job in Will Morrissey's Music Hall Revue, for another tour. The show stumbled up and down the Coast, dropping acts as it went and as the bankroll melted. For some reason, Bing and Al survived—mainly because they didn't give a damn.

Because Bing was an entirely different young bucko those days from the sober solid citizen he is today. In a way, this trip was his first wild oats fling. He was full of trick licks and snappy stuff, but the rich, deep melody that's forever Crosby today wasn't there yet. Bing and Al were flashy, that about sums it up—and clever. Their giddy young heads were turned by the glamorous, exciting, hell-for-breakfast show business life. They acted like what they were—hot-spot rah-rah jelly beans turned loose with no limits.

There were plenty of chorus cuties in the Music Hall Revue and nobody took their work too seriously. Bing and Al had a brief but torrid act. They sat on a piano in the orchestra pit under a baby spot. They could handle it with a hangover. So they had hangovers. The show finally blew up in a mighty whing-ding on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, where somebody in the cast had the fatal idea of putting on a midnight show. A fraternity at Cal took them over after the show—or rather, took over the show. There were buckets of bathtub gin. Mix that with visiting chorus girls, a couple of fraternity houses full of boys and kids with Bing Crosby's wild haired enthusiasm for fun—result—Scandal, capital S.

The orgy spread to the college buildings, with chorines tossing a scanty here and a scanty there in the hallowed halls. The cops came and The Music Hall Revue went. That included Bing and Al.

So they were back in Los Angeles and broke—as usual—and out of a job, but no more downhearted than puppy dogs in a park. If they didn't work, they played, and in the lazy days around their hotel room, Bing and Al kept the victrola buzzing. Bix Biederbecke, Frankie Trumbauer, the Memphis Five—all the hot combos of those days. They learned a lot, ate it up and their razz-ma-tazz act improved. In no time they were booked again for a tour of West Coast theatres. All the movie temples then had stage shows. Bing and Al left again for San Francisco at \$100 a week. They lugged their bags to the theatrical hotel and strolled down Market Street to look the movie house over. A block away a big marquee blazed with a magic name, "PAUL WHITEMAN." Bing was a little kid again listening to records at the Sinto Athletic Club in the Spokane barn. His eyes popped in awe.

"Al!" he whispered. "Look—and we're playing right on the same street!"

The first thing they did was take in Paul Whiteman's band, then in the peak of its fame and glory. They sat in the front row and dizzily drank in the offerings of the king of jazz with all his artists—Pingatore, Teagarden, Roy Bargy, Henry Busse. Here was the real stuff, solid, symphonic, terrific. They crept out of the holy place and down the street to their shabby little act. Later, back in the hotel room, all Bing could say to Al Rinker was, "Golly—imagine playing with a band like that!" He didn't say who. He didn't have to. Both minds were thinking of the same thing.

Days later, the great Paul himself waddled into their little show house to relax between performances and catch a movie. He saw something in the two youngsters knocking themselves out on the stage that made him sit up and grin. Something young, different, positive, Western. He laughed. "Those kids would sure slay the Eastern jazz-hounds," he mused. "H-m-m-m."

And then when the great Paul Whiteman rolled on down to Los Angeles, who should be beating the piano and shouting the blues but these intriguing kids—again right down the block. Again, he dropped in to catch them. Again he smiled. "By gosh, I've got to see those kids!" Then he told the manager, "Ask them to drop by my dressing room tomorrow."

great day . . .

The next day an awestruck head with two big, saucer eyes and a tall, crinkly headed guy with weak knees stood before the maestro. It was like meeting the President of the United States or King of England. This *couldn't* be happening.

Paul Whiteman was saying, "Boys, how'd you like to go along with me?"

It was like saying, "How'd you like Heaven?" Paul Whiteman went on. "We'll use you as a specialty. Three hundred a week. When you wind up your act meet me in Chicago. Then we'll go East."

Bing found he could talk. "East?" he rasped in an uncertain whisper. "East? You mean—New, New—"

"Sure," grinned Paul. "New York. Broadway. How's about it?"

Bing gasped. "I'll have to write my Mother." Al gave him a terrified look. What a thing to say.

"I mean," said Bing, "I'll have to write home and tell the folks the news. Sure, Mister Whiteman, we'll join your band. Why, I'd, we'd rather sing with you than anybody in the world!"

Bing stayed up all that night. Most of it he spent writing a long letter back to Spokane. He told the big news to Harry and Kate Crosby and all the family. He said a lot of things in the intoxication of the big event. But among others Bing penned, "This means the Big Time. And now that I know what I want to do at last, I'm going to settle down and make good."

When he wrote that rash promise, Bing was just past twenty-one.

He was to make good, all right, almost in spite of himself, but he wasn't to settle down—not yet. It would be some time before Bing Crosby grew up and gave his golden gift to the world—and greatness to his own odd name.

(Bing Crosby's Life story will be concluded in next month's MODERN SCREEN.)

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 80)

and sax man, and he's just formed his own band on the Coast.

There's a Hampton Decca right now too, and it lets off more steam than a Turkish bath. It's:

LOOSE WIG—The title's not so funny if you know your swing. Record has no lyrics, but the words "loose wig" have atmosphere.

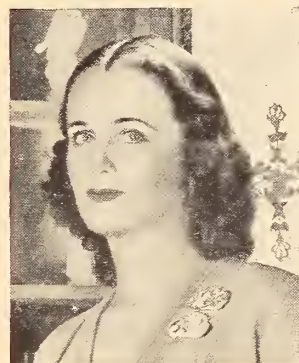
If you lose your wig, flip your lid, blow your top, snap your cap—well brother, that, in the language of jazzmen, means youse have gone crazy.

All the talk about democracy gets me to thinking of Frankie and the job he's doing with the juvenile crowd, so how about taking a Sinatra platter next. It's:



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your skin smoothly with a gorgeously clear, soft, natural tone.

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—the lighter shades of Pond's Make-up Pat are made in a featherweight formula to go on sheer, fresh, never chalky.

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- ORCHID
- TROPIC (medium dark)
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HAIRTAINER**

OLD MAN RIVER—This is a 12" Columbia disc, with "Stormy Weather" on the other side. And in case you're not up on the democracy angle passed lightly by in the paragraph above, here's a bit more.

I went to a party given by the company that distributes Frank's Columbia records. It was at the Hotel New Yorker, and when I came in, Frank was at the mike. He was kidding around with the audience, and the atmosphere was happy. Only thing was, he couldn't sing because his pianist hadn't shown up yet.

Afterward, I talked to Frank about the school tours he's been making, lecturing on tolerance. "It's a wonderful thing for you to come out in the open and fight race prejudice, because kids'll listen to you, while they won't bother about advice from well-meaning older people—but aren't you afraid you're sticking your neck out?"

"It's an important thing," Frank said. "And I want to do it no matter what kind of cracks are taken at me. I'm doing it quietly; sometimes I just walk into a meeting and they let me talk. I've tried to tell the kids how important it is to have a world without bigotry."

Maybe you've wondered, occasionally, why the big name bands haven't gone overseas in droves in this war. Between sets at the Commodore the other night, Hal McIntyre was telling me the difficulties besetting a civilian band attempting to get over there. But first, take down Hal's: SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (Victor)—(Les Brown does the Columbia disc)—Hal was saying it was hard enough to get a band together these days, with all the men having to be 4Fs. And once this was accomplished, and the guys willing to make the trip, you found the insurance companies thought they were a bad risk, and they were supposed to be insured.

One band that did get across to England and France last year, was the Spike Jones crew whose latest is:

CHLOE (Victor)—(The other side has "Serenade to a Jerk")—Spike has plenty to say about how grateful the troops are. The screwy Jones boys brought home a lot closer to the boys by shouting to pappy about mammy's biscuits. And every cowbell sounded like a tinkle from heaven. And heaven, of course, reminds us of angels.

And angels of girls. Not necessarily? Oh, well. I'm going to give you the name of a girl Woody Herman discovered as soon as I tell you about Woody's:

CALDONIA—(Columbia)—(This has Louis Jordan on the Decca, Erskine Hawkins on the Victor and Louis Prima on the Majestic). Getting back to this chick Woody discovered—she's Marjorie Hyams, a vibraharpist. Her feeling for jazz is almost uncanny—she's being seriously compared with Hampton and Red Norvo!

I remember once saying that girls didn't have the instinctive feeling for, nor the physical ability to produce, first class swing. Encountered so many exceptions, though, that I got together a bunch of girls for a recorded jam session.

Besides Marjorie, there was little Jean Starr, barely five feet tall, who plays a lot of trumpet; Marion Gange, the guitarist (once with Ina Ray Hutton), Vicki Zimmer at the piano, and Rose Gottesman who plays fine drums. Plus Vivien Garry, a bass player and a swell singer.

But to go on to other things, there's the: BENNY GOODMAN TRIO AND QUARTET (Victor)—And a couple of stories about Benny. They're old, but cute.

Seems B. G. got into a taxi one day, and asked the driver for a cigarette. The driver forked over a pack of Philip Morris, and off they drove. Benny absent-mindedly pocketed the butts. After a while, the driver asked gently if he could maybe have his cigarettes? Equally absent-

mindedly, Benny reached into his pocket and gave the driver a pack of Luckies.

You think the driver was surprised? Not nearly so surprised as Benny. He swears he only smokes Old Golds!

Another Goodman tale concerns the time Benny and his wife got into a taxi, deeply engrossed in conversation, and the cabbie sat around, patiently awaiting their pleasure. Finally, he turned around and caught Benny's eye. "Oh, yes, yes," said Benny briskly. "How much is that?"

Johnny Mercer, whose newest is: **CANDY** (Capitol; Dinah Shore's on Victor), writes his own songs—if not the tunes always, at least the lyrics—sings 'em himself, owns a piece of Capitol Record company which waxes his numbers, and is generally a one-man music world.

Johnny started singing on records as a joke. He and Jack Teagarden would tear into a piece way back when they were with Paul Whiteman. Eventually, people even began to like the guy!

It's getting fashionable for song writers to lend a tonsil to a tune. Take Hoagy Carmichael. For years, he plodded along as a peaceful song-smith, and suddenly he makes with the vocal in "To Have and Have Not" and everybody forgets Lauren Bacall. Ladies cry for him, honest.

Coming back to Mercer, remember those swell discs he turned out with Bing Crosby? And coming back to Bing, there's:

JUST A PRAYER AWAY (Decca; Kate Smith did the Columbia version.) Bing sings awful sweet on this. Brother Bob Crosby, Lieutenant with the U. S. Marines, dropped in at my radio program to say hello the other evening. He was back from nine months in the Pacific and in New York to organize a unit for the Fleet Marine Force.

"We traveled 16,000 miles on one tour with a 15-piece band. After I was sent back here, the boys went on to Iwo Jima. We were at Peleliu on D plus 30, and we were close to Leyte. I had a lot of young, spirited kids with me and the music was good, but the audiences were even better—they warmed your heart."

For blues there's nobody better than Satchmo and his Victor Album:

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—These are reissues of 1932-33, including "Basin Street Blues," "St. Louis Blues," and Louis' theme, "Sleepy Time Down South." You can hear some smooth piano being played—by a kid who'd just hit Chicago from Texas, and got a break with Louis. He was barely out of his teens and he was known as Theodore Wilson.

Yep, Teddy himself, most noticeable on "I Got the World on a String."

When you think about pianists, though—even pianists excellent as Teddy—your thoughts just naturally gravitate to Art Tatum, the mightiest of them all, so how about lending an ear to Barney Bigard's: **BLUES FOR ART'S SAKE** (Black and White)—The title refers to Tatum, and this was a session I got together. Managed—a thing I'd always wanted to see done—the two Joe Thomases on one disc.

They're not related at all. One Joe Thomas is Jimmie Lunceford's tenor sax and vocalist; the other's a very fine trumpet player, and they'd never worked together before!

As a favor to Barney Bigard and me, Tatum himself played side man on this.

Speaking of the two Thomases reminds me of Coleman & Erskine Hawkins. They're not related either. Erskine's opening at the Lincoln, after literally years of playing the Savoy Ballroom and similar spots. This is a truly momentous step for Erskine, and now he too may have song-pluggers chasing him down the streets with their little eyes shining.

THERE, I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Pay no



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attention to the tricky build-up. This "There, I've Said It Again," has an odd twist. It was written five years ago by Redd Evans, and it went over with a flop you could hear in Pittsburgh.

Now, suddenly, Vaughn Monroe revives it for Victor, and it's hitting as hard as it flopped, in a wave of popularity that keeps rushin' along.

RUSSIAN LULLABY—This is a Keynote recording by Red Norvo and about the last we have time to cover this issue. Red's had an even worse experience than Hal McIntyre in trying to get overseas with some boys. He formed a group called "Overseas Spotlight Band" which Coca Cola was to send across. The band rehearsed like crazy for ten weeks, but red tape prevented their departure. In the end, they broke up. The only souvenirs of their existence are a couple of Soundie shorts, some V-discs, and a load of bills from the rehearsal hall!

**RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather
BEST POPULAR**

A LITTLE ON THE LONELY SIDE—Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic), Frankie Carle (Columbia)

CALDONIA—Woody Herman (Columbia), Louis Jordan (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

CANDY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Victor)

JUST A PRAYER AWAY—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)

THE MORE I SEE YOU—Harry James (Columbia), Georgia Gibbs (Victor)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—Hal McIntyre (Victor), Les Brown (Columbia)

SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Felix Knight (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

THERE! I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (TALK, TALK, TALK)—Bing Crosby & Judy Garland (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), King Sisters & Freddy Martin (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Georgie Porgie (Guild)
CHARLIE BARNET—West End Blues (Decca)

BARNEY BIGARD—Blues For Art's Sake (Black & White)

LIONEL HAMPTON—Loose Wig (Decca)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Mary Lou Williams—This & That (Asch)

LOUIS JORDAN—Somebody Done Changed The Lock On My Door (Decca)

RED NORVO—Russian Lullaby (Keynote)

SLAM STEWART—Dark Eyesky (Savoy)

JOE TURNER & PETE JOHNSON—Johnson & Turner Blues (National)

HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy)

BEST ALBUMS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (Victor)

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige (Decca)

BENNY GOODMAN TRIO & QUARTET (Victor)

LIONEL HAMPTON (Victor)

OKLAHOMA!—James Melton & Eleanor Steber (Victor)

SONGS OF JEROME KERN—Risè Stevens (Columbia)

STRAVINSKY: SCENES DE BALLET—Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y. (Columbia)

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—Lauritz Melchior (Victor)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Orch. (Asch)

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Jeanette MacDonald (Victor)

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& Zone _____
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MY SON

(Continued from page 45)

enough, and found myself saying yes instead.

Then I kept hoping it was just a passing fancy on the part of the magazine. "Maybe they'll forget it," I said to my wife.

She laughed. "What's the problem, anyway? I wouldn't have any trouble talking about Stan—"

That's where they made their mistake, of course. She's the one they should have tackled. Talk comes easier to women. Besides, nothing fuses my wife.

I take things a little harder. Not where it shows, but inside. For instance, when Stan sings on the radio—

But before going on with that, I'd better get his name straightened out, or you'll be asking who is this Stan anyway? He's my son, Stanley Morner. In the movies they call him Dennis Morgan. But he's Stan to us. Always will be.

fatherly fidgets . . .

Now to get back. As often as I've heard him sing on the radio, I still get nervous. Stan doesn't. Neither does Grace—or Dot, our daughter. They're pleased and proud, but they keep calm. For reasons not clear to myself, I can't sit still. I walk round the room. "How's he doing?" I ask them.

They all poke fun at this tendency of mine to get a little worked up over my son's doings. "Dad has to see Stan's pictures twice," says Dot. "The first time, all he sees is Stan. Then he goes again to find out what the story's about—"

I'm afraid she's got something there. Coming home from "Kitty Foyle," Grace heaved a long sigh. "I like that Jim Craig," she said. "But I do wish Stan could have kept the girl—"

I said, "Who's Jim Craig?" and I haven't heard the end of it yet.

It didn't take much coaxing to get us out here. Like so many Middle Westerners, we'd long felt the lure of sunny California. And with Stan and Lillian and the youngsters settled here, that was all we needed.

All the children call Grace, Bonny. That's Little Stan's baby version of grandma. As for me, I'm Frank, and that's my own doing. I don't like the sound of "grandpa" and never will. That provides the family with plenty of amusement too, which doesn't bother me. I like to hear them laugh. Anyway, I started Little Stan off right when we first came out. Lillian's father was still living then—

"You've only got one grandpa," I said, "and he's in Marshfield."

"Then what are you?"

"I'm Frank."

Kris picked it up from him and now even Jimmy, the little fellow—two and a half—starts yelling *Frank* when my station wagon rolls in. I'm never quite sure if it's me or the wagon he's yelling at.

Having Little Stan with us is almost like living Big Stan's life over again. We're pals, just as his dad and I were. If he can't find a youngster to play with, he commandeers me to fly kites or get down on the floor for a game of marbles. His bedtime's a quarter of eight and, if I'm reading, he always jacks me up. "Come on Frank, time for bed."

I also have to get up when he does—and he's up at 6:30. David and he rout me out of bed. David's my daughter's young one, all of eighteen months. They're staying with us while her husband's in the service. Grace gets breakfast, I see Little Stan off on the bus and call for him in the afternoon. The minute we get home, he goes for the bat or the football. "Come on, Frank, time for a workout—"

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Try the wonder-working new Modess and you'll join the chorus of praise for:

Modess' extra daintiness! No need for separate powder or endless fuss.

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"The deodorant powder makes it just perfect!" Miss H.T.

"Wonderful relief from worry about daintiness."
Miss P.P.C.



"No separate powder, which always spilt half on the floor"
Mrs. F. de S.

He's a strenuous youngster, like his dad before him. When big Stan was a baby, you practically had to knock him out to get him to sleep. He was always on the go, then and later. It was lucky for all of us that his mother didn't scare easy. He couldn't have been more than seven or eight when a neighbor called one day. "Better go fetch Stanley. He's walking along the Town Hall parapet—"

The Town Hall parapet was two-and-a-half stories high. I gave him an impressive talking to and that was one stunt he never pulled again.

I can't say he ever gave us any real trouble. Stan was no goody-good, but you could reason with him. As a rule, I didn't hold with whaling. But like every rule, that one had its exceptions. I remember going to his room once to give him a wallop he richly deserved—I forget what for. When I opened the door, there he was on his knees, saying his prayers. I sneaked out like a thief in the night.

no sloppy joe . . .

Home belonged to the children just as it did to us, so they took their chores as much for granted as their fun. One thing, you never had to tell Stan about his clothes. He was born tidy. Whatever he took off—it might be a pair of old overalls—you'd find them neatly folded over the back of the chair and his shoes underneath, heels together, toes out, for all the world like a soldier on parade.

He mowed lawns in the summer, shoveled paths in the winter and hauled wood from the woodshed every afternoon. You didn't have to remind him, any more than you have to remind Little Stan to go to bed. He wasn't paid for his share in the household jobs and he got no allowance, but he knew where to come for money when it was needed.

In Prentice we lived close to a little river that ran right through town. One noon Stan came home all excited. "Dad, I just saw a big muskellunge down in the river and they're selling a new kind of bait at the store. If you'll give me seventy-five cents, I'll bring that fish home—"

"Expect him to sit there waiting for you?" But I thought the joke was worth more than six bits and gave him the money. As it turned out, the joke was on me. When I went to the window half an hour later, what did I see but Stan and another lad, with this huge fish slung on a stick between them. Struck me speechless.

He was all for outdoors—skiing, skating, fishing, hunting, trapping. First one out on the ice was Stan, to see if it would hold. And he set his own traps when he was no more than a shaver—would get up at six and make the rounds, trying to trap enough muskrat for a coat for his sister. Once he and another boy snared a skunk and hung it up back of the house to dry. Grace and I were out. We got home at about eleven that evening and didn't know whether to stay or leave—

"Didn't the smell bother you?" Grace asked him next morning.

"Smelled to me like a good, healthy animal smell," said Stan.

Hunting was the sport he loved best. I can't remember when I started taking him along, but he wasn't very big, and after the first time he wouldn't let me go without him. He had his .22 rifle and was covered with red like the rest of us. Grace bought red flannel by the yard, and she'd sew it down the back and front of his mackinaw, up the side of his pants and on his cap. In the woods, we'd station him at a certain spot, tell him to stay there and watch, and there he'd be when we got back, with three or four rabbits. Evenings, we'd build a fire and cook the venison,

along with the bacon and stuff we'd brought from home. There was a log shack to sleep in, and we'd stay out in the woods for a week or so.

a voice is found . . .

Grace played and sang, and the children took music lessons—which is how we discovered that Stan had a voice. We couldn't get him to practice, so he gave the piano up—called it a waste of time. And while I didn't exactly agree with him, I could see what he meant. But he did enjoy singing. One day the music teacher was there, and Grace asked if she'd listen to him sing . . .

That night she told me about it. "He sang 'The End of a Perfect Day' and her eyes filled up—"

"Oh, well, it's a sad song—"

"Yes, but she also said he had a very sweet voice—"

From then on he sang whenever he got the chance—at school, in the choir, at Town Hall affairs. You didn't have to coax him, either. He wasn't bashful. In a small town, where boys have grown up together, they're inclined to avoid what sets them apart from others. And when it's singing, there's always the danger of being called sissy. If Stan had any trouble that way, we didn't hear about it. His nickname was Toughie, and he could take care of himself.

I'm sure he liked singing for its own sake, but he also had a sense of showmanship. That was obvious from his first day at kindergarten.

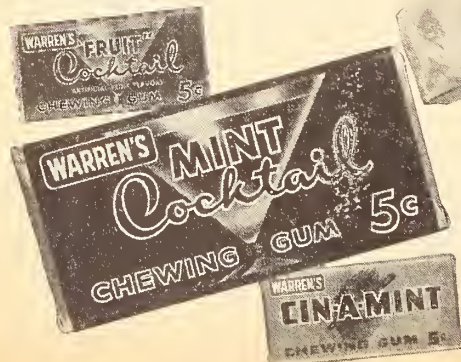
"Who sits in front of you, Stanley?" his mother asked.

"Nobody," Stanley said, "except the teacher."

Naturally, we took pleasure in his voice, but we didn't think of it as a serious asset. Not even after a program at Town Hall when the speaker of the evening said:

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"He's only a boy, but I think he'll make a fine singer some day." Being parents, that did our hearts good, but it stopped there. I know it never entered my head that he might sing for a living, and if Grace had any ideas, she kept them from me. Engineering was what I thought he might go in for, because he was pretty handy with our cars. He kept pestering me to let him drive, and I gave in long before I should.

contest coppin' . . .

By the time we moved to Marshfield, his voice had changed, and he seemed to have lost interest in singing. Then one night his mother was playing an Irish song and Stan moved over to the piano. We were sitting around, not paying much attention, when suddenly out rolled this rich tenor. I'm frank to say that I was dumbfounded. The paper dropped out of my hands and my jaw dropped open. In the midst of his singing, Stan started to laugh. "Look at Dad," he said.

Well, Grace got the head of the choir to hear him, and the upshot was that she offered to give him lessons if he'd join the choir. Which he did. But it wasn't till after he started at Carroll College that the thing really hit.

Wisconsin announced a statewide singing contest, and his teacher suggested that he try out. The state was divided into twenty-six districts. Stan won in his district, and the winners went to Milwaukee to compete. We didn't really believe he had a chance. We felt that most of the voices would be better trained than his. At any rate, that's what we kept telling each other—to keep from being disappointed, I suppose, while in our hearts we hoped against hope.

The night Stan sang we asked some friends in to listen with us. I paced the floor and, when his turn came, I didn't know how he sang, so help me. They all said it was good, but what would you expect them to say—?

It was a week before the verdict came in. I was in my office when the paper was delivered, and there was Stan's picture smack on the front page. I called my wife, then tore out and bought all the papers I could find. Meantime Stan had gone back to Carroll and sent a wire from there. So I called him up. He was pretty nonchalant about it, which didn't surprise me. I can't recall Stan's ever getting excited except on a hunting or fishing trip.

Well, that day I did it up brown. Seeing his picture in the papers, knowing he'd won so handily over the others, gave me the biggest thrill of my life. Plenty of fine things have happened since, but to me they've been almost anticlimax. Even if he pulled down an Oscar, it wouldn't bowl me over.

Then came the Atwater-Kent contest, when he pulled one of his typical tricks. He was playing football at Carroll. I told him he'd better quit and take care of his voice. But no, he had to play football. With the result that, three days before the contest, he played in a blizzard, caught a fine cold and still had a cold when he sang. At that he placed second. And knowing he had such a spirit meant more to us than the prize.

He'd come home Christmas and summers, and we'd go up to see him in the college plays where he had the lead for three years. Now you're not going to catch me calling him a fine actor. I heard some people say he was good, and I was perfectly willing to take their word for it. All I know is, whenever they called rehearsal, he was out playing ball and they couldn't drag him away till the game was finished.

Once he came to town as star soloist with the Glee Club. That was almost as big an event in our lives as his winning of the

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FACE POWDER

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HELPS NERVOUS TENSION
TO RELAX
AND LEAVES ME
CALM, SERENE**

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contest. You know how it is in a small town—his picture in the store windows, the auditorium packed with friends and neighbors—and there you sit while this boy puts a kind of spell on them with his singing. You know he's your boy that you raised from a pup, yet it's hard to believe.

After college, Stan got a radio job in Milwaukee and we'd hear him announce. He'd always get home for the deer season, and never failed to bring back his deer. We'd moved to Park Falls by then, but Lillian's folks were in Marshfield, and that's where they were married. He'd been going with Lillian ever since their high school days. Stan wasn't the kind to come home and talk about it much, but we knew.

jittery groom . . .

They had the wedding in the garden, which gave me a chance to rove around. I can't give you the usual details—music and flowers and how the bride looked. The things I recall are the things I shouldn't. Like Stan coming down with laryngitis the day before. He had to keep steaming his throat till the last minute, so he could say “I do.” He was a jittery boy that day—more jittery than he'd ever been on the stage. It wasn't till half an hour before the ceremony that he suddenly remembered he'd left his white flannels in Milwaukee. A fellow announcer of his was driving in. We caught him on the phone in the nick of time, and got him to bring along another pair.

(My wife's been looking over my shoulder. “Doesn't sound romantic, does it?”

“I suppose not. Maybe you'd better add a few fancy touches—”

“I don't know what went on. I was crying from start to finish—”)

Well, they moved to Chicago, and for a while we didn't see much of them. But we'd hear Stan sing from the Empire Room at the Palmer House and we weren't the only ones. That's where Mary Garden heard him and that's when she introduced him to Irving Thalberg and that's an old story, so I won't go into it again.

But there's one more thing I would like to say, and it's this. My wife and I know how lucky we are. Not because Stan's doing well in the movies. That's fine, but it's incidental. To older folk, nothing matters so much as their young people. We've got ours around us—all but our daughter's husband and, God willing, we'll have him too, before long.

Week ends and holidays we get together at Stan's place. Christmas is just as it always was. We always trimmed the tree on the 20th, Stan's birthday, so he'd feel that Christmas wasn't crowding him out. Lillian keeps the custom up. We sing carols on Christmas Eve, and the only difference is that now there are more of us.

He and Kris have a special number—“Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley—oh.” He smiles at her for encouragement, and her eyes get big and sparkly, and they sing with a will. And Big Stan watches them with a certain look on his face, which must be the way I looked years ago when he got up to sing. Years ago, my foot!—it's the way I looked now! Then he'll catch my eye and grin—

Well, I've talked long enough and I guess it's clear between the lines what I think of my son. But if words are needed, let me put it this way.

Little Stan came home from school one day when Walter Winchell's son was in the same school. “Junior says his father's the greatest man in the United States—”

“And what did you say to that?” I asked.

“Well, I didn't hardly believe it. I said, ‘What about the President and General Eisenhower? Anyway,’ I said, ‘I've got a dad myself that's quite a fella—’”

That goes double with his dad's dad.

HOT COPY

(Continued from page 53)

citizens, let's call 'em—the Flynns and the Chaplins—little Lana every once in a while—here of late, your favorite Bogey man. These are talented space grabbers who can't be kept off the front page. But I'm talking of the rank-and-file.

Behind the rank-and-file stands an army of Press Agents—"p.a.'s" to Hollywood, and not to be confused with Personal Appearances. Some are employed by studios, others free lance, but they have this in common: Morning and evening, Sunday, Mondays and always, their brains bubble with bright schemes for boosting their babies.

Here's a sample of how they operate. Remember when Rita Hayworth was doing bits? Nobody'd look at her then, including her own studio. They gave her a whirl in "Only Angels Have Wings," then she sat for eight months. Then they said, "We're putting you into 'Blondie'"—a polite way of saying, "We're putting your neck in a noose."

come out, come out . . .

In desperation, she and Eddie Judson went to Henry Rogers, free lance p.a. Henry took one gander and came up with the answer: Sex. What the biggies had been blind to, he unmasked at a glance.

On Rita and Judson he impressed the importance of clothes, talked them into investing a couple of thousand in slinky gowns and tasty lingerie. Next, he invented an institution and its president—Jackson Carberry of International Fashion Trends—and dispatched a wire from Jackson to Rita. Then he took the wire over to LOOK magazine. At the time, Rita's name was nothing to conjure with. Carole Lombard's was. To make it look like the real thing, the message read: "After survey of department store buyers, designers, etc., Carole Lombard selected screen actress Rita Hayworth best dressed actress off screen. Congratulations."

When the look man asked, "Who's Rita Hayworth?" Henry was ready for him. A kid, he said, a mere child, hardly more than a bit player, earning maybe two fifty a week. Yet, knowing that clothes made the woman in Hollywood, she and her husband had pinched pennies to the tune of fifteen thousand, which they'd now invested in glad rags for Rita.

Fifteen hundred was more like it, but the story listened good. They went out to inspect the wardrobe—with a couple of squints at Rita on the side. "Swell!" said the guy, "let's shoot it."

They shot her in evening gowns and lingerie. They shot her in bed, pulling up an embroidered stocking. (Nothing ever topped that one till Grable made history in a bathing suit). The whole thing was sent to New York and Rogers held his breath, hoping to get a page out of it. New York went wild, used an exotic shot as a cover and five pages inside.

So Rita got to play with Ty Power in "Blood and Sand." What's the connection? Well, you pop up with a cover and five pages in LOOK and, if you're presentable, you'll get a break on the screen. But a break is all you'll get. Don't expect the smartest p.a. in the world to make a star of you, lady. He can start you rolling, but after that you roll your own. If you get your break and have that indefinable something called screen personality too, you're in. Rita was in, thanks to the X-ray eye of Henry Rogers.

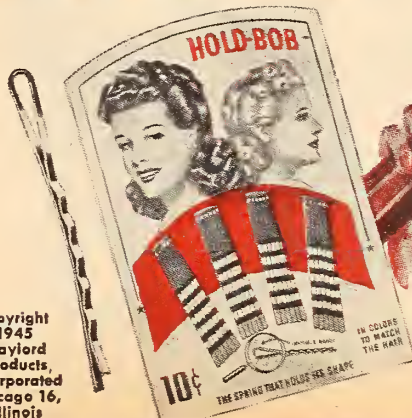
He shoved another girl in differently.

Tessie played tennis...Her strokes were alarming



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• Why is a bobby pin? To hold your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way **HOLD-BOB** bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only **HOLD-BOBS** have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends . . . and you have the advantages that make **HOLD-BOBS** America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the **HOLD-BOB** card.



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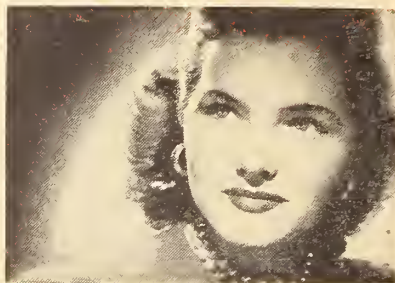
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hampden
POWDER-BASE

Never dries or cakes your skin!

Maria Montez met him at a nightclub. "Oh, I know you. You did that job on Rita Hayworth. I'd like to talk to you—"

For Montez, Henry had a new twist: "To interest the papers, you've got to be one of two things—important or unusual. You're not important, so be unusual. be the exception. Step out and tell the world, I'm the great Montez, the most beautiful creature in Hollywood and the best actress." Step out and say, 'Here I am, look at me!' They'll look, all right—"

"What will the reaction be?"
"The reaction'll be, who-the-hell-does-Montez-think-she-is! But they'll say Montez. I don't give a whoop if they praise you or damn you. Just let them talk about you. Then it's up to you—"

behold, ye great montez . . .

It took plenty of guts. At Universal, Montez was a contract player. Contract players may look at a king, but they know darn well the king'll never look back. Day after the confab, Maria walked into the commissary and stood at the door—just stood there till people's heads started turning—till every executive, including J. Cheever Cowdin, got an eyeful and the whole place was buzzing with "Montez—her name's Maria Montez."

That was the opening gun, followed by variations of the same at night spots and preems, with Maria dilating her charms to all who'd notice. People were amused or revolted, startled or pained. They were not indifferent. And boy! could she handle the scribes. Memorized their first names, cooed over them on the set, wrote thank-you notes for the barest line. The fourth estate's human, they went all out for Maria. Upshot: From unknown to legend inside of two months, and the lead in Wanger's "Arabian Nights."

When you're an agent, once your star's launched, you can't just sit back and play tiddledywinks. Now your money's on the horse and you have to keep him out front. You see the world in terms of black print on white paper. You hang on your client's lips, waiting for pearls. Anything's a potential story.

At Warners' one day, Ida Lupino idly mentioned the fact that she'd given a couple of war workers a hitch. From that seed grew a tree from which the p.a. almost hanged himself. Scrambling back to his desk, he pounded out a piece of fiction. That these two girls had just come to town, worked nights, and couldn't find living quarters. That the motor court which had taken them in was about to turn them out. That Ida had exclaimed, on hearing this dismal story, "Come over to my house, girls, and move right in."

A columnist ran it. Only he wanted to know where the girls came from. Thinking fast, the p.a. gave the name of his home town. He didn't know his own strength. Syndicates took it from there and went haywire. Where had the girls lived in this little town? They'd send photos to the place and do a layout. The frantic p.a. phoned an uncle still living there. "If anyone calls, tell 'em these girls once rented a room from you, and that's all you know, and you don't want any publicity. No, you don't have to be polite to them, tell 'em to fry—." Uncle told them to fry, and the p.a. kept his job.

Here's another that backfired. If you saw "I Love A Soldier," you'll remember that Goddard and Sonny Tufts were married in socialite Beulah Bondi's house. A p.a. at Paramount cooked up the idea of a real wedding. LIFE agreed to run it. Through the society editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, they dug up a socialite couple with a four story house who were willing to play. Through one of the service organizations they dug up

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Yes, send me your free, illustrated booklet "Guide to Loveliness."
Miss _____
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



BEFORE ↑
← AFTER

a staff sergeant and his bride-to-be. The wedding was set for a Sunday, with Sonny Tufts as best man. They bought a ring for the kids, ordered a spread and a wedding cake, reserved a suite at the Mark Hopkins Hotel for the bridal night.

On Wednesday morning the bridegroom phoned. "We can't go through with it—"

"Why not?"

"My pop won't let me."

It seems Pop, the self-respecting father of ten, had hit the ceiling. "No son of mine will be married for stuckups on Nob Hill! For a ring and a piece of cake and his name in the paper!"

The p.a. pulled in his horns and silently stole away. He'd meant well. So had they all. But when the story got out, the cheers went to Pop. Personally, I threw my three best hats in the air for him.

Of all publicity kickbacks, I think Dennis Morgan's was the saddest. And poor Dennis hadn't even thought of it as a stunt.

There was a Marine at the Canteen just before Christmas—a limping Marine, loaded down with Purple Hearts, very modest about his exploits, so modest he refused to be photographed with Joan Crawford. Dennis asked him where he was spending Christmas. The Marine didn't know—

"Why not come home with me then? Nothing exciting—just kids and a tree and music and stuff and things—"

It was sheer good will, as I say, that motivated Dennis. But you couldn't expect Warner Brothers to keep it dark. So the story went out and the FBIs came in. Practically woke Dennis up on Christmas morning. The Marine was a phony—phony limp, phony exploits, phony medals. They'd been on his trail for weeks and had tracked him down through kindness of Dennis and the publicity gang.

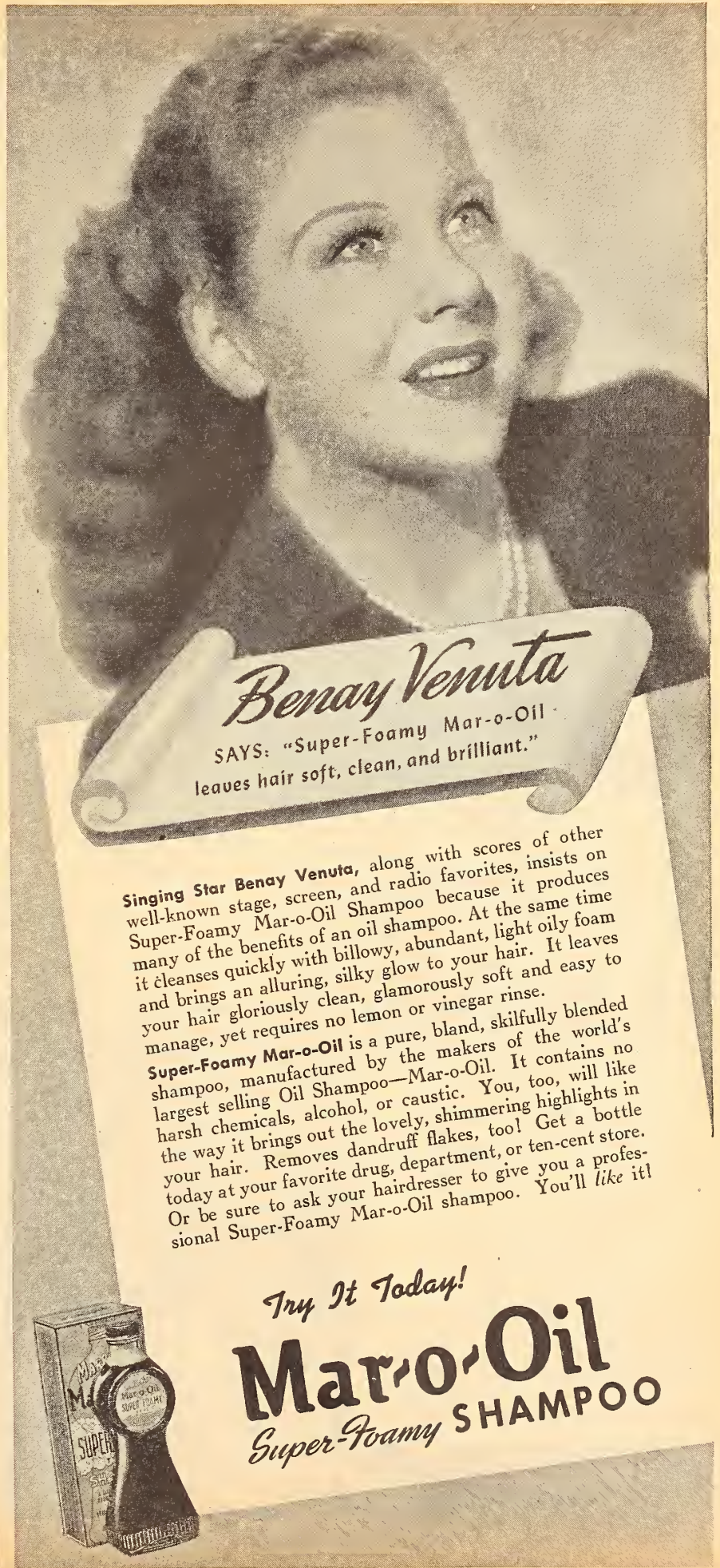
First rule in the p.a. book: Build your stunt 'round a girl.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was just coming home after a prolonged stay in Europe, and something was needed to focus attention on him. The p.a. went into a huddle with a local sorority. The sorority called its pledges together, told them they'd met all the entrance conditions but one. "Before you qualify, you've got to kiss a movie star. Doug Fairbanks' train gets in at such-and-such a time. 'Nuff sed—"

To erase any hint of the p.a.'s cloven hoof, a boy on the campus had been hired to tip off the papers. As Doug hit the station, girls leaped from behind posts and smeared lipstick all over him. Doug's still looking for the guy who pulled it, and the guy still prefers to remain anonymous.

George Glass was responsible for the topper in girl stunts. "So Ends Our Night"—which started Glenn Ford zooming—needed a shot in the arm. One of the bits was played by a pretty Viennese named Greta Rozan, whose only sequence was being heavily cut. He got her to register protest by doing a strip-tease in front of the studio. Each day she'd picket, carrying a placard—"YOU KEEP SNIPPING AND I'LL KEEP STRIPPING—" with the name of the picture in letters a foot high. Each day she'd remove another article of clothing. By the fourth day she was down to her slip, and plastered over every front page in town. By the fifth day, even George got scared. He dashed out, threw a coat over her black bra and panties and dragged her inside. For conspicuous gallantry in action, they gave her a part in "Moon and Sixpence," but her strip-tease proved the climax of her career.

Rule No. 2: If you can't use a girl, use animals. In "Zaza," Colbert stepped off a French train, scratching herself. Implication: Fleas. Fleas aren't animals, but



Benay Venuta

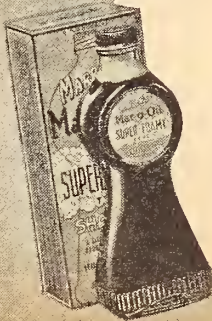
SAYS: "Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil leaves hair soft, clean, and brilliant."

Singing Star Benay Venuta, along with scores of other well-known stage, screen, and radio favorites, insists on Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo because it produces many of the benefits of an oil shampoo. At the same time it cleanses quickly with billowy, abundant, light oily foam and brings an alluring, silky glow to your hair. It leaves your hair gloriously clean, glamorously soft and easy to manage, yet requires no lemon or vinegar rinse.

Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is a pure, bland, skilfully blended shampoo, manufactured by the makers of the world's largest selling Oil Shampoo—Mar-o-Oil. It contains no harsh chemicals, alcohol, or caustic. You, too, will like the way it brings out the lovely, shimmering highlights in your hair. Removes dandruff flakes, too! Get a bottle today at your favorite drug, department, or ten-cent store. Or be sure to ask your hairdresser to give you a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil shampoo. You'll like it!

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Chafe-safe! Treat those chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. It protects trouble spots with a satin-like sheath. Makes you feel smooth all over.



**HOW TO STAY
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Sweet treat! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often on a long, hot day. It's a magic cooler-offer. And imparts to your person a beguiling scent... the fragrance men love.



Such an
inexpensive
luxury—
10¢ and 20¢
sizes

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
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with the fragrance men love

don't let's be technical. Bill Hebert wasn't. He wired the 42nd Street Flea Circus. "Want to engage your two star fleas to appear with Claudette Colbert in 'Zaza.'" Sam and Sadie were flown out—in a special box, with special food, in special charge of the airline hostess. Claudette, Herbert Marshall and the press formed a welcoming committee. At the studio, a little dressing room was built, with miniature appointments and a glass top—through which reporters peered to interview Sam and Sadie. Editors screamed for copy. All went merry as a marriage bell till a prop man forgot Sam and Sadie had to breathe and stuck 'em in an airless prop box. Next day they were dead.

Then there was the cow who chewed flowers off Barbara Stanwyck's hat in "Remember the Night." The p.a. in this case was staging a big premiere in Indianapolis, hoping to get Stanwyck or MacMurray as prize exhibits. At the last minute, neither could get away.

"Then send me the cow," he wired. She arrived in a beribboned crate as big as a house. They hung posies round her neck, presented her with the keys of the city, then turned her over to a local orphanage. She copped more footage in the newsreels than they'd ever used on MacMurray or Stanwyck. When a cow makes a personal appearance, it's news.

Believe it or not, the best of the Gone-With-the-Wind gags was one David Selznick didn't invent. Not only that, he quashed it—and what agony that must have cost him, I shudder to think.

One morning his butler roused him. "I think you'd better go downstairs, Mr. Selznick. Something strange goes on."

In the hall stood a 7-foot replica of

AUTOGRAPHS:

Allyson, Bergman, and Colbert, too—they'll all send autographs to you! It's easy as ABC. Just turn to page 10 and see how you can get a genuine signature from any star on our list.

"Gone With the Wind." As David descended, rubbing his eyes, the book opened slowly and out stepped a girl he'd never seen before—in hoopskirts and a big picture hat. "I'm Scarlett O'Hara," says she.

Never mind her name—you've never heard it and you never will. A phone operator, she'd had the book and costume made at her own expense, and hired a truck to deliver her.

"Don't let it get out," David moaned. "They'll never believe it, they'll razz the shirt off my back—"

And that wasn't all. Paulette Goddard, a leading contender at the time for the role of Scarlett, lived across the street. She'd seen the truck cruising around, decided she'd won and phoned, burling: "Thank you, David, oh thank you—"

Agents don't dream everything up out of whole cloth. Some stunts are self-starters—spring from a genuine incident, an honest emotion. The boys aren't fussy. Faye Emerson was telling one of them the story of her life. Divorce of her parents. Remarriage of her father. Birth of a half-sister named Virginia. Faye spent summers with her dad till he and his second wife broke up. Second wife died, Virginia went to live with an aunt, Faye lost sight of them all—

"I wonder what ever happened to Virginia," she mused.

The p.a. swooped. "Why not write her an open letter in a magazine?"

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**Washes Hair
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Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

The editor called it a broken-down gag and laughed his head off, but finally the letter got into print. "If you read this, Virginia," Faye wrote, "you'll remember your special name for me, and something I gave you as a farewell gift."

Answers poured in, two hundred fake sisters showed up at the studio, and the p.a. decided he should've stood in bed.

Meantime, a girl in Grand Rapids read the letter and tore over to show it to her friend, cashier at the phone company. "Look, Virginia. This sounds like you—."

Together, they composed a wire to Faye. "Dear Peggy, I think I might be your sister. If I am, you gave me a little mesh bag the last time we saw each other." Nobody else had ever called Faye, Peggy. Nobody else knew about the mesh bag.

Faye invited her to Hollywood, but the jubilant magazine insisted on footing the bills. It was their party, their baby and their story. What they didn't print were Virginia's reactions. She wasn't impressed. When they asked what movie stars she'd like to meet, she knocked them for a loop. "Lionel Barrymore and Marjorie Main," said Virginia. She wound up feeling terribly sorry for Faye who lived in a goldfish bowl with no life of her own.

Not long ago, the country rocked to the tremors of another self-starter. Back from a camp and hospital tour, Laraine Day phoned Henry Rogers, her publicity agent. "How was it?" asked Henry.

"Oh, I don't know. Unpleasant in some ways."

"What was wrong?"

"Well, look, I went out meaning to do a job. I can't sing, I can't dance, so I thought I'd talk to the boys about their homes and sweethearts and maybe tell them things about Hollywood. So the minute I set foot in camp, some colonel or major grabs me and I don't see ten percent of the boys I could have seen—."

all out for the gi's . . .

Henry'd heard squawks like that before. Other clients had come back, beefing—"You go to see soldiers, and officers are all you see—." He slept on it, then asked Laraine in, and tossed a bombshell.

"Are you game to bring this thing into the open? Would you send a report to the Hollywood Victory Committee and, at the same time, to the papers?"

"What for?"

"Because it's been hush-hushed long enough. Because somebody ought to have the guts to come out with it."

"Will I get into trouble?"

"Probably. They'll say you're exploiting the GIs for space. Or they'll say you've been victimized by some jerk of a p.a.—"

"Will it do any good?"

"Bound to. Next girl going out'll be turned over to a sergeant and do the job she's supposed to do—."

"Then I don't care if it does mean trouble. I'll do it—."

She sent the report on her own stationery, and hell broke loose. Under the pressure, Laraine never gave an inch.

Then the letters started—letters from GIs and their folks—from every spot in the world where Americans were stationed—twelve thousand letters to date and still coming strong, thanking the girl who went to bat for them.

This is no poke at officers. Officers too, have a right to like movie stars. At worst, they were thoughtless. Now their eyes are open. Now the players who go out to entertain GIs are left free to do just that. The Victory Committee, which hollered loudest at first, now agrees that Laraine had the right idea.

Even if it was a p.a.'s idea to begin with. When you publicize democracy, what's bad about that?

15 Year Old Girl LOSES 52 POUNDS

**Long left out of school fun,
Betty Parker of Tuckahoe, N.Y.
is now slim, smart, popular.**

"When you weigh 187 pounds and wear size 42," explains Betty Parker, "you can't take part in high school sports—dance, skate, hike, ride. I thought everyone was laughing at me, and probably they were!

"Then I read of the DuBarry Success Course, and my mother said I could take it if I earned the money myself. So I did—taking care of neighbors' children. I actually lost 52 pounds in four months. But that's only part of the change. I'm full of pep and ready to 'go places'. And I am asked to go to them! I dress like the other girls—wear lovely pullover sweaters and plaid skirts and bright frocks...cute young styles instead of women's dresses. My skin is creamy smooth, I know how to do my hair. And is my family proud of me!"

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There's a glamorous new self waiting for you to release it... concealed, perhaps, by extra weight, an unbecoming hair-do, a mistreated complexion. But you can bring it to light! No matter how busy you are—at home, in office, school or war work—you owe it to yourself and your job to feel and look your best. More than 200,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to become fit and fair from top to toe.

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When the Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find what it can do for you?

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Richard Hudnut Salon • New York



Before

After

What a difference when Betty brought her weight and measurements to normal! She reduced her waist 8½ inches, her abdomen 9½, her thighs 4. Through improved posture, she stands an inch taller.

DuBarry

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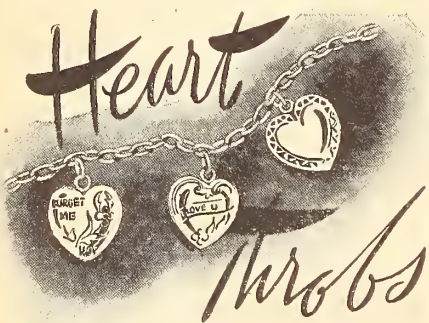
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CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

WISE GUY!

(Continued from page 39)

"Down this way," he breathed. "Watch this step. Quiet." But again Joe wasn't watching any steps. Again his eyes were riveted on the screen. Again he saw himself, twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door, gnawing a huge chicken leg.

"Hey!" yelled Joe.

"Quiet, quiet!" hissed the anxious manager. Joe didn't even hear him.

"Hey, Joe!" he yelled at himself on the screen, as the whole audience snapped around in their seats. "How the hell did you beat me down here?"

wicked wit . . .

In Hollywood and in a lot of other unreasonable places, Joseph Cotten seems to have picked up the sad reputation of being a staid and stuffy highbrow actor, with his funnybone all wrapped up in his art. Because Joe packs a wonderful wit, they call him "cerebral." Because he's busting with new ideas, they tag him revolutionary. Because he's got more spirit than a young colt, they brand Cotten difficult. Because he talks back to the Poohbahs, Joe gets "temperamental" tossed at him right and left. Because he's as frank as a poke in the nose they call him superior and impertinent.

Joe couldn't resist the temptation to pop off when his boss, David Selznick, launched that advertising campaign to put the official seal on "Since You Went Away" as the greatest picture ever made.

The mike was plugged in, the wax began to whirl, the monitor said "ready" and Joe stepped up with his script.

"Since You Went Away," announced Joe in dignified, resounding tones, "is the longest motion picture I have ever made!"

If there's anything Joe Cotten loves to do it is puncture pomposity and pretense so that it explodes with a beautiful bang. He likes it even better when he finds himself afflicted with a rush of art to the head and somebody snaps him out of it with a realistic kick in the pants, like his pal, Alfred Hitchcock, did in "Shadow of a Doubt."

Joe got so worked up over the great impersonation of the murderous "Uncle Charley" that he couldn't make up his mind whether to do a Bluebeard, a Jack the Ripper, a Baby Face Nelson or a Billy the Kid and the more he tossed the various murder angles over in his mind the more confused Joe became. He took his troubles to "Hitch," the roly-poly Britisher with the chiller-diller touch.

"H-m-m-m-mm," mused Hitchcock, "let's take a walk."

They strolled downtown in the bustling crowds of Los Angeles and walked up and down Main Street, the boiling strip of humanity where you can find every type in the world—and a couple dozen to boot. "Now," said Hitch, "point me out a murderer."

Joe took up the challenge. He scanned the tough muggs ambling along and finally fastened on a bozo who had everything—spiky jaw, low hairline, narrow eyes, flat, murderous nose. "There!" exclaimed Joe. "I'll bet he fries little babies alive."

Hitchcock walked up to this character and slipped him a five-spot. "My man," he said, "tell us the story of your life." The man obliged. He was a bible salesman he said. He had a wife and five children. He'd never been in jail. He'd been arrested once for shooting off firecrackers inside the city limits.

From there Hitchcock strolled Joe over

to the city jail. A few words with the sergeant and they took a look at the cells. Joe's next quiz question was to pick out the most innocent man in the pokey. He found one, a meek Mister Milquetoast, about 100 pounds heavy and five feet tall, with an undernourished look and watery blue eyes behind steel rimmed cheaters.

"That guy?" said the sergeant. "Say—the newspapers call him 'Cleaver Killer'. He just chopped up his wife into twenty rib roasts!"

that hitchcock approach . . .

The lesson to Joe Cotten was plain. He decided to play deadly Uncle Charley as a straight leading man and let the script and the director do the rest. It worked, too, because Uncle C. turned out to be one of the most sinister gents ever to come out on celluloid and Joe put that right down in a corner of his brain, which is full of places for ideas to hide.

On the set, Joe Cotten is strictly sold on kidding away the kinks that create knots in the psyches of stars who get on each others nerves working in the tight, tense little box called a sound stage. He had a horrible example of what frayed nerves can cook up when he made "Journey Into Fear" with his pal, Orson Welles. That was the movie that Joe wrote with Orson, helped produce and acted in, all at the same time. They were knocking themselves out on the set trying to get through so Orson could catch a plane for Brazil when it happened. They'd worked for three days and three nights steady and they were groggy as hopheads when they came to a scene with Joe and Orson and another man whose script name was "Kopakín."

In his depleted state, Orson the Great couldn't get the man's name straight to save himself. He kept calling it "Knopkin" and Director Norman Foster kept yelling "Cut!" until finally every time Orson started to say the name he exploded in a gale of hysterical laughter. After four hours of that, Norman broke it up and the whole company went down the street to a saloon for coffee and a few straight shots to pull themselves together. But the minute they got back on the set and up came the scene, Orson said, "What the hell is that guy's name again?" They told him for the hundredth time, "Kopakín."

"Oh, sure," said Orson. "Knopkin." With that the whole outfit rolled on the floor raving mad and laughing like hyenas, so they all went home. "Journey into Fear," by the way, was a pretty bad picture, as Joe Cotten will freely admit. And a good half of the reason, he thinks, is a case of grinding along without breaking it up with laughs.

cotten's oldies . . .

Joe's funnybone has saved his own skin a couple of times when the going was rough and it's helped a fair colleague of his, Claudette Colbert, too, more than once. Claudette gets deeply depressed when things don't go right on her sets and so far the only prescription to get her back on the happiness beam are Joe Cotten's funny stories. When he made "Since You Went Away" with Claudette, Joe spent half his time between takes keeping Claudette from sinking into a brown study by rattling off his rib ticklers. But while Joe has a million of 'em, he ran out eventually and had to dig way back in his memory for all the spicy nifties of his schoolboy days. They wowed Claudette, of course, because she'd never heard any of them before. But one day a mutual friend of Joe's and hers called him up and said, "Look, Cotten, for Heaven's sake stop telling Colbert all those stale jokes of yours. She thinks they're brand new

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and I have to sit and listen to all those tired old chestnuts and pretend to laugh. My lip's about to split, so for Pete's sake lay off!"

In Joe's case his trouble wasn't a brown study, because he wouldn't know a case of the glooms if he met one walking down the street. He's an extrovert supreme, himself, but there have been times when it took a gag to pull him off a camera brain block, twice, in fact, in one picture, "I'll Be Seeing You," where Joe played that psycho GI. Oddly enough, in both instances it was Bill Dieterle, the Dutchman, who's supposed to be so heavy-handed and ponderous when he gives with a megaphone, who swung the gags.

One time was the day Joe had to hurdle the big scene he'd been dreading, where he sits in his tiny YMCA room and slowly goes to pieces. It was the big nervous breakdown and after a couple of days of breathing hard and sweating and shaking and quivering and going through all the symptoms of a mental case, Joe was just about able to punch his way out of a wet paper bag, but they still hadn't gotten the take they wanted. So he was sitting talking the scene over with Dieterle before they tried it again when the make-up man came up with the inevitable big powder puff and dabbed it on Joe's face. Ordinarily, Joe Cotten hates make-up people to dab at him like a cat hates water, but this time he was so bushed and Dieterle so intense in his talk that Joe never even noticed. When finally the director asked, "Are you ready?" Joe said, "Sure," but in a voice that didn't even convince himself.

But just before the camera rolled, Joe looked, as he always does, in his little pocket mirror to see that everything in the face department is in order—and he let out a yell. From his neck to his noggin he was in blackface! The guy had slipped him a make-up Mickey Finn, on Bill Dieterle's orders, with charcoal instead of powder. Joe roared so heartily that there wasn't a nerve left in his body and the next take was it.

The other time was even more baffling to Joe because the set Gremlins got him right in the middle of a laughing scene, and if there's one thing Cotten can't hold in, normally, it's a hearty guffaw, and sometimes even when it's not too tactful he raises the roof. But this day his particular job was to hah-hah all day long and right up to a climax in the late afternoon when he was booked to really let himself go. But when Joe went in for the grand closeup of his molars—he couldn't laugh a dribble. He was all laughed out or something, because when he opened his mouth, strange little dry squeaks seeped out, his smile was crooked and his eyes looked like glazed oysters. After a few "Cuts" even the crew got worried about Joe. They all gathered around and told him the most ghastly jokes—and Joe loves jokes—they made faces and did impersonations and even dug up a few old-time clown sure-fire favorites, and Joe adores clowns (his favorite collection is photographs of all the famous circus clowns that ever tumbled around a ring). But it was still no go. Every attempt at a belly laugh only brought on a belly ache for poor Joseph and things were in a pretty pass indeed. But they kept trying, more and more grimly, and then suddenly in the middle of a take a Western Union messenger gal dashed on the set yelling, "Telegram for Mr. Cotten!" Joe ripped it open, fearing the worst kind of black news, but as he read, while the crew watched with bated breaths, they saw him relax into the first genuine grin he'd come through with all day. Then he read it out loud—this wire from a group of well-known Hollywood shady ladies,

complimenting Joe on the love scenes he'd made a few days before and making him various kinds of attractive offers. The wire was signed, "Bill Dieterle." Again it worked, because right away Joe stepped into his closeup and laughed the lens off the camera until they had to tell him to stop.

It's a cold day in July indeed when Joe Cotten finds himself limp as a dishrag on a movie set, and the brace of instances described just now are about the only times on record. Usually, Joe is as busy as a Mexican jumping bean. He's known as "the guy who won't park" by the grips and props and, as I said, make-up men try to catch him on the fly but rarely succeed. He's tried to relax, but it's not for Cotten. When he reads he finds himself looking right through the printed page; he can't even add up the score in gin-rummy, and when he goes in his dressing room and closes the door, as some stars do, he gets claustrophobia. So Joe has given up long ago. Now he never sits down. The nearest he ever comes to it is what he calls "the football squat" and he has an odd crotch about that. He played a bit of football in school and it struck him that you never saw a football player who's been in a game park himself on the bench if he was due to go in the game again. They might squat, or kneel or stoop down a bit, but if they sit down they get dull and Joe likes to keep lively. He doesn't even keep a canvas chair on the set.

rehearsin' fool . . .

What Cotten prefers to do to pass the time in the long, irking waits between scenes that curse every Hollywood actor's life, is keep right on acting. Usually, he finds another actor who's glad of the chance to run over the next week's scenes. Joe worked that way with Teresa Wright all through "Shadow of a Doubt" and with Claudette Colbert in "Since You Went Away." Joe's a rehearsing fool, having been sold on that idea in his Broadway days when he'd prepare a play eight weeks or more sometimes before he ever saw an audience. He spent two weeks with Bill Dieterle on his own time running over dialogue and action before he ever saw the set of "I'll Be Seeing You," and his huddles with Alfred Hitchcock before "Shadow of a Doubt" were as drawn out as a WPA project.

But he refuses to memorize a line at home because when he does he poll-parrots it off the next day on the set like "a Fuller Brush salesman." Besides, he has a private conviction that lines memorized are the easiest forgotten. He never even learned them by heart when he did long plays before the footlights and it's a cinch he'll never start now. Joe's loaded with all kinds of hoodoos which are hangovers from his days on Broadway. Frankly, he wishes he'd never heard of half of them but it doesn't do him any good now. The two most potent bits of black medicine he observes are the old stage spooks of hats on the bed and whistling in the dressing room.

Whenever anyone commits those theatrical sins in his presence Joe runs to the stage door, spins around like Lil' Abner's Mammy conjuring up her late, great-grandmammy, and chants a weird ritual that's too involved to print here and doesn't make much sense, anyway. However, it does two things, Joe's convinced, it keeps the guy who tossed the hat from getting fired and also it keeps Joe Cotten from getting fired (as if there was any chance of that). No superstitions make much sense when you analyze them, and Joe knows it, but he keeps right on being an abject slave to mumbo-jumbo.

The hat on the bed spook sticks with

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him so firmly that Joe even talked Hitchcock into inserting that tired old ghost into the script of "Shadow of a Doubt." Hitchcock was stumped for a sign of sinister portent when *Uncle Charley* first arrived in the little town to see his kinfolk. "What about the hat on the bed?" cracked Joe. So Hitch stuck it in the show, right where Joe says, "It's no use inviting trouble into this house," and then right away looks out the window blind and sees some trouble clouding up. It was a neat Hitchcock touch as it turned out, or rather a Cotten touch—because Joe generally manages to leave his mark on most of the movies he makes. He's a great kibitzer—can't help it. When he isn't busy with some of his own affairs on a set he watches everything every other star does and if they ask him for advice they get buckets of it. But sometimes, too, when Joe gives out with the dramatic dope, they get suspicious, like Ginger Rogers.

Joe and Ginger both have the same agent, and each packs a mutual respect for the other. But by now Joe had a fairly unsavory reputation as a scene thief around the movie lots and a lot of our better stars just aren't comfortable with him.

Ginger had a slight attack of that Cot-tentphobia during "I'll Be Seeing You," which made Joe grin wickedly. There was a scene that wasn't jelling just right and Ginger turned to Joe. "Think I ought to stand up or sit down?" she asked.

"Sit down," said Joe, and he explained why in detail. It did this and that to improve the scene. Ginger agreed to everything but when they lined up the scene—she stood up. The thing went on and on through the picture; whenever Joe would suggest one thing, Ginger'd do the other. Joe had no ulterior purpose in mind but he could see the little shadows of doubt gathering on Ginger's fair brow. But it all worked out okay and in the end Ginger saw that nothing shady was up and started accentuating the positive instead of latching on to the negative. But, knowing Joe, I'd say she was just lucky. Not that he's tricky or insincere, it's just that on that general scene stealing threat stuff he's always in there pitching. Matter of fact, Joe Cotten really likes everybody and gets along with everybody (except his boss; he just has to quarrel with whatever boss he has as a matter of principle.) But probably the greatest *faux pas* or just plain downright dumb boner he ever pulled with another star was with—of all people—Shirley Temple.

Poor Joe's early education, it seems, was sadly neglected. For some strange reason, he had never seen Shirley Temple. He'd heard about her, of course, but just checked her off as another precocious kid and skipped it. Then, when he moved out to Pacific Palisades where he lives now, Joe and his wife, Lenore, started going up the street to the Cary and Barbara Grant's to see movies of an evening. It happened that both Cary and Barbara are ardent Temple fans, have been for years. They've got every Shirley picture ever made: "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take A Bow," "The Little Colonel" and all. Well, the minute Joe saw Shirley's bright little shoe button eyes, baby dimples and curls and saw her twinkle her toes and sing, he was a gone goose. And, believe me, Joe's a tough audience, too. Just the same, he joined the Shirley Temple fan club for keeps and so when they told him he was going to make a picture with Shirley, he was twice as thrilled as if he were going to dance at court with the Queen of England. I'm afraid Joe's impulsiveness got the best of him, or maybe it was just a lapse of memory. Because when the gala day arrived in "Since You Went Away" to meet his dream tot, he

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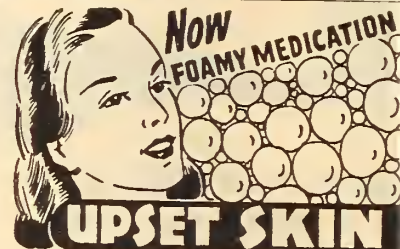


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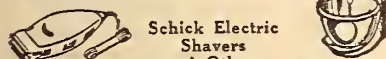


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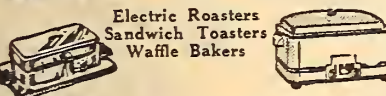
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went and bought a beautiful doll and lugged it along to the set! Needless to say, the error got rectified, pronto!

Joe's a stickler for punctuality on the set, although he's convinced that Hollywood's pretty silly to run an artistic business like a factory. No actor worth his salt, Joe believes, is at his best at 9 A.M. It just ain't hoo-man. So he proposed (and the Hollywood trade papers snapped his suggestion up for an editorial crusade) that pictures start shooting at 11 A.M. That they keep right on shooting until 7 P.M.—no lunch at all. But on the side of each set a little bar and buffet be set up, loaded with hot casseroles, coffee, sandwiches, salad and stuff—a sort of movie free lunch, where the actors can go and snatch a goodie whenever they darn well feel like it, while the show goes right on. The idea's not only more civilized Joe thinks (in Paris before the war all movie studios didn't open until 12 noon) but he's dead certain it will save thousands of dollars and—which is the important thing—brew lots better movies, unfettered by brain weary, food-bloated Thespians dragging themselves through their roles. You may be hearing about the "Cotten Plan" one of these days and wonder why nobody ever thought of it sooner. Because a big director has promised Joe to run his next production that way as a test case.

Joe has made hardly a movie for his boss, David Selznick, without sparring around for weeks. It turned into a cross-country mail order scrimmage for "I'll Be Seeing You," because Joe was in New York and his boss in Hollywood and the tug of war over "Duel in the Sun" kept half of Hollywood's communication systems exclusively devoted to the Cotten-Selznick tirades. Funny part is that socially and off-studio, the Cottens and the Selznicks see each other around at dinner parties and movie colony soirees all the time and are jolly and simpatico as kids at a Sunday School picnic.

Joe doesn't chip his shoulder much around directors because he really feels that the director is "the inspiration," the spark plug of every picture and why foul him up? Sometimes he can't resist a snide crack as he did in "Love Letters" when the direction missed fire in one scene. The usual big resolve had been made, as it often is in Hollywood, to shoot "pictures"; that is, cut the dialogue down and let the picture tell the story as all those artistic European movies do. Well, Joe had a scene with Jennifer Jones where he carried her in his arms to a buggy down the road and it was a long walk. Joe almost yawned, himself, trudging along. He knew there ought to be some dialogue in there to break it up, but for once he kept quiet and let the camera man catch it. He did right away.

"It's too long and too dull panning way down there," he said.

"Yes," agreed the director. "But we've got to shoot pictures. No dialogue. Joe, can't you break it up?"

"Sure," said Joe sarcastically, "Next time I'll drop her."

But the idea didn't get over, especially with Jenny Jones. Dialogue crept in, as it usually does, to save the day.

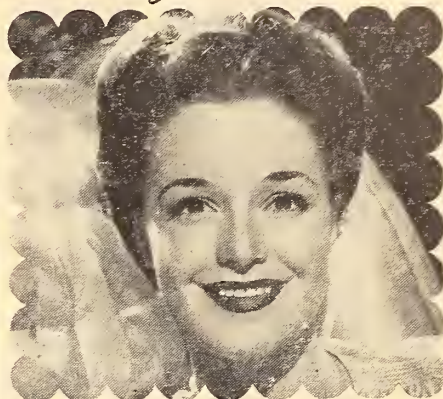
There's only one real pet peeve that Joe cherishes in his bosom, which you might tag as temperament, and it's one he freely admits. He doesn't like visitors on the set.

When he made "Love Letters," his last picture at Paramount, Joe got ganged by rubberneckerers, it seemed to him, almost daily. After weeks of it, he gave forth with a typical Cottenism.

"What I want to know," he bellowed, eyeing the throng, "is just who the hell is going to see this picture when we finish it? Who's gonna be left to buy tickets?"

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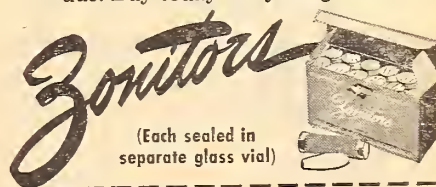
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So I guess you could call Joe Cotten an odd body, if you want to. He has his queer quirks and his crotchets, his piques and his peeves—but he also has more fun than a barrel of monkeys. And *nobody* will ever accuse Joe Cotten of being a bore.

Somebody once asked Joe what he thought of Ingrid Bergman and Joe came right back with a classic rejoinder. Said he, "The nicest thing I can say about Ingrid is that she doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood—and it doesn't worry her a bit!"

I think Joe Cotten would be particularly pleased if some one said the very same thing about him.

"IT'S LON McCALLISTER!"

(Continued from page 61)

"Listen, I've really got to scram," he told one of the older boys. "Can't you get me out of here?"

The boy disappeared into the mob and Lon looked after him uncertainly. Was he going to do anything about it? He was. He was back in a few minutes with the school football team. They made a flying wedge and, with them running interference, Lon made his escape to a waiting taxi.

The driver surveyed him disapprovingly. "You look like you been fighting the Japs all by yourself, soldier. Better comb your hair, before an M.P. sees you."

Lon gave him a wide smile. "Those were no Japs. Those were my pals."

"Fine pals," the driver snorted, but he thawed out on the way to the theater and by the time he and Lon had discussed everything from postwar plans to baseball, he was as much a McCallister fan as the kids were.

backstage barracks . . .

When Lon entered the stage door of the theater, he went into a different world. Not the usual glamor and tinsel world of backstage, either. The backstage atmosphere at "Winged Victory" was as GI as an Army barracks. It was disciplined to the nth degree, but just the same it had overtones of greasepaint to lend it excitement. Lon shared a dressing room with a couple of other guys, and when he came in, one of them looked up and said, "You're late, kid. Better get into your clothes for the opening scene in a hell of a hurry."

"I'll be ready," Lon assured him. "I've never been late yet."

Usually, of course, the personal appearances were a bit more formal than the one today. Most of the high schools arranged for him to appear at Assembly and make a little speech. Then he'd sign autographs afterward. That was nice, and he got to meet a lot of fans that way, and say "Hello" to them. But he didn't get quite such a kick out of it as he had from the wild melee in the cafeteria today. Today had really been something, he thought, grinning to himself as he remembered it. It gave him a wonderful warm feeling to have the kids knock themselves out that way. As if they really cared about him!

Maybe Lon's mind was still on this during the matinee, so he wasn't quite as alert as usual. Anyway, a funny thing happened. "Winged Victory" used revolving stages for the various sets, to preclude long waits between scenes. Lon played a scene in his Army "fatigues," and then went offstage. He was standing there, thinking to himself how much could happen to a guy in a year or two, when he was conscious of a faint whirring. The stage revolved, and all of a sudden he was

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in the glare of the footlights again. "You're not in this scene, you dope!" someone hissed in his ear. But it was too late. He was in this scene! The Army fatigues didn't belong in it any more than Lon did, because this wasn't an Army scene at all. There was a garden in it, though, and fortunately someone had left a rake there as a prop. Lon seized the rake desperately and made like a gardener, with his back to the footlights. Nobody in the audience noticed him and he got away with it. But for weeks he was ribbed by the rest of the cast.

"Trying to build up your part, huh?" they said. "Trying to get in every scene now!" And they'd laugh like maniacs.

Lon loves people but he likes to be alone sometimes, too. During the "Winged Victory" tour, he'd acquired a habit of wandering off by himself when they hit a new city. He went exploring, not just in the fancy parts of town but in the poorer quarters, too. He stooled along, gazing into shop windows, asking questions of passersby, learning more about the place in a couple of evenings than most people know who have lived there for years. When the show played San Francisco, there was no performance on Sunday night. Lon went on one of his strolls and eventually found himself in the Chinese quarter. Not the tourists' Chinatown, but the real Chinese residential section. And there on the corner was a movie house with "Lon McCallister in 'HOME IN INDIANA'" up in lights. He stood there, teetering back and forth in his GI shoes, and thinking soberly that he was the luckiest guy in the world. Then he heard soft footsteps behind him, and found himself suddenly surrounded by girls. Pretty little Chinese girls they were, with black eyes that tipped up, and white teeth, and excitement fairly bursting from their faces.

"You are Lon McCallister, aren't you?" one of them asked shyly.

He admitted it, blushing slightly. They must think he was an awful ham, standing there mooning over his name in lights. But they didn't seem to. They'd all seen the picture and loved it. They asked for autographs, of course, just like any other kids. He stood there talking with them for a long time. Just before he left them, one little girl touched his sleeve.

"I never thought anything so wonderful as meeting you could happen to me," she said. "I'll remember it always."

china-boy . . .

Lon will remember that always. He has intense admiration for the Chinese as a race, anyway, and he's liked all of them that he has met. In Chicago, during the tour, he dated a Chinese girl several times. She was almost unbelievably beautiful, and they had a lot of fun together. He met her by accident. He and his pal, Marty Ritt, wandered into a big Chinese restaurant after the theater one night. Lon, with his usual friendliness, got talking to the owner, who introduced them to his two daughters. The one Lon dated looked a lot like Gene Tierney, which was fine with Lon, who thinks that Gene is a dream walking. The other daughter was pretty, too, and the four of them had an elegant time doing Chicago together.

One thing struck Lon funny. You know how Americans are always saying, "I like Chinese food, but it just isn't filling." Well, he and Marty took the girls to a restaurant that served typical American food—tomato soup and steak and baked potatoes and ice cream. The girls seemed to enjoy it, but an hour later, Lon's date said plaintively, "I love American food, but it just doesn't fill me up. Let's go back to father's restaurant and really eat."

Lon's fans had given him an exciting

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reception all along the road on the tour. Sometimes they stopped the show completely when he came on stage. For a while Lon was in the Pacific scene in the last act. It took place on a hot little island at the other end of nowhere, and the actors wore shorts and body make-up. When Lon would appear, looking tanned and terrific, the fans would set up a yell that raised the roof at least a foot. Finally the powers-that-be took him out of the scene entirely.

Sometimes the newspapers in a new town would give Lon a lot of publicity when he arrived in their midst, and sometimes they would ignore him completely. The day he arrived in Cincinnati, there wasn't even a mention of him in a column. Then the mad melee in that high school cafeteria occurred and someone took some pictures of it, and the next day Lon hit the front pages, which amused him considerably. Neither publicity or the lack of it bothers him. He just goes along, minding his own business, doing his job, and making friends with everyone he meets. He gets a kick out of people recognizing him, sure, but sometimes he gets an equal kick out of their *not* recognizing him. Like the time he came to New York to do some advance publicity for the show. Not a soul knew he was in town, and Lon rode the Fifth Avenue busses, walked in sunlit Central Park and went to the movies, without anyone giving him an extra glance. He was just another soldier on leave, and he loved it. Then the next time he was in New York, word got around and he couldn't cross the street without being a traffic hazard. He and Nancy Walker, an old friend who was appearing in a show on Broadway, went to the Museum of Modern Art. They were wandering around, admiring the Picassos which are Lon's special weakness, when a nice looking woman came up to them. She smiled apologetically at Lon.

even exchange . . .

"I hate to bother you like this, Mr. McCallister, but I have an eleven-year-old daughter at home who would tear me limb from limb if she knew I'd seen you and done nothing about it. Would it be possible for you to send her an autographed picture?"

"I'd be glad to," Lon said warmly.

"That's very kind of you. She does admire you so much, and so do I."

Lon pulled a notebook from his pocket. "Would you give me your name and address, so I can mail the picture to you?"

She smiled at him. "I'm Mrs. Rex Stout."

If you happen to like mysteries (and Lon does), you know that Rex Stout is a name to conjure with in that field. Lon almost dropped his notebook. "Gosh," he said eagerly, "do you think your husband would autograph one of his books for me?"

"I'm sure it could be arranged," Mrs. Stout said. "We'll make that part of the bargain."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Stout."

When she'd gone, he turned to Nancy. "What a break! This must be my day."

"H'ya, Lon!" interrupted a voice. He turned and saw a lad he had known in "basic" and with whom he had done a WAC recruiting show. They gabbed away like mad while Nancy stood first on one foot, then the other. Finally, Lon said a reluctant goodbye, and he and Nancy started for the door. "I told you this was my lucky day!" he said exultantly. "I'm meeting everybody!"

"You certainly are!" said Nancy grimly, as a tidal wave of autograph hunters swept over them. The kids had heard Lon was in the Museum, and the street looked like Junior High at assembly time. "Hold your hat!" Nancy advised.

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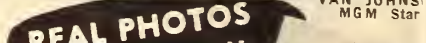
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She didn't really mind, though, any more than Lon did. Nancy was wonderful. She and Lon had known each other for ages. Back on the Coast, the two of them and Judy Garland and Van Johnson used to go to the beach together on Sundays. Lon's grandmother, who can cook like a magician, would make them a mouth-watering chocolate cake. They'd go to a place just above a fancy and very select beach club. Then they'd gradually work down till they were enjoying the same silver sands and turquoise sea as the most expensive names in Hollywood. That was the scene of Lon's first and only attempt at life saving. He and Nancy were walking along a bulkhead which stretched out into the water. Nancy had on her bathing suit, but Lon was still dressed. Suddenly Nancy slipped, and was in the water with a wild splash before he could grab her. Lon stood there a second in astonished panic, then poised for a dive. Nancy's head came up and as she saw Lon, in grey flannels and his best sports jacket, about to dive in, her expression was ludicrous. "Oh, no!" she gasped wetly just before her head went under again. Lon went in, of course, and hauled her out.

"You're loopy!" she told him with conviction when she was on dry land again. "I can swim enough to keep from drowning, and that sport coat will never be the same."

"Neither will I!" Lon assured her solemnly. "I am now a hero."

Lon seems to have the faculty, somewhat rare among male movie stars, of having lots of girl friends who are just exactly that—friends. Nancy is one and so is Jeanne Crain and so is Jane Withers. Lon was Jane's first date when she graduated from the child prodigy class into the Junior Miss department. They had a big reunion this winter in Cleveland, when "Winged Victory" was playing there and Jane was doing a vaudeville appearance at a local theater. They were both staying at the same hotel. As soon as Lon found out she was there, he called her room, but got no answer. So—he went out and the first person he met in the elevator was Jane. They had dinner together that night and then Jane had to go and do her act. "Come and see it," she urged. "The Mauch twins are coming."

Bob and Bill Mauch (remember them in "The Prince And The Pauper?") had gone to school with Lon and Jane. Lon was entranced with this opportunity of seeing them again. The three of them gave with the "Remember when—" stuff until Jane appeared on the stage. As part of her act she called for a service man to come up from the audience. Lon and Bob and Bill leaped to their feet as one man.

"Any one of you will do," Janie said, blushing prettily. But not at all! The three of them marched up together and took turns doing jitterbug routines with her on the stage. As soon as the audience realized who was entertaining them, of course it went wild, and the act was terrific.

private woes . . .

The first night that Lon appeared in "Winged Victory," the show was in Los Angeles. Jeanne Crain sent him a note backstage. It said "Meet me at the fruit juice bar after the show." Lon felt good about it. It was great to have a pretty girl waiting to congratulate you, even if you did only play a sort of glorified extra. (Yeah, honest, that's all he is in the show. The movie, of course, is different.) Lon bounced around to the fruit juice bar, all happy anticipation. Jeanne was there, right on schedule, looking as sweet as Grandmother's chocolate cake. But with her was a Colonel, complete with eagles and an air of authority. Lon grinned a sickly grin, received their congratulations, and ducked out as soon as possible.

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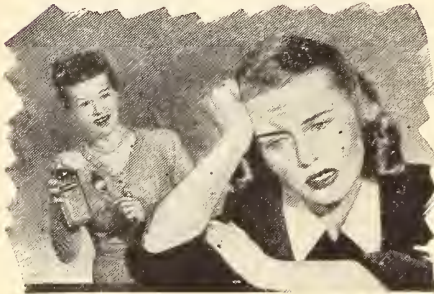
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"What a thing to do to a private!" he said accusingly the next time he saw Jeanne.

She laughed. "If the Colonel didn't mind, why should you? As a matter of fact, he thought you were swell."

He writes his mother every single day, which is probably something of a record for a soldier in the Army. But Lon and his mother are close pals. He's wearing a thin gold watch now which she gave him for Christmas, and which is so exactly the kind he wanted that he can't believe it yet.

"I think she was sort of reluctant to trust me with it," Lon explained, glancing down at it fondly. "You see, she gave me one when I was in high school, and the first day I had it I wore it in the shower. I've never worn one since, until now."

That kid sure needs a watch these days, with all the things he tries to cram into twenty-four hours. Just being in "Winged Victory" was a full time job, considering all the GI activities which went with it. But Lon had to add the duties of a movie star. When he was selling advance tickets for the show, he signed three thousand autographs in one day at the box office, and had three callouses on his hand as a result.

In Philadelphia, where the show had a long run, he and Marty Ritt shared a tiny apartment. They had a huge closet that was always full of dirty clothes, and a stove that they never used for anything but making tea, although Lon is learning to cook. He wants to have a boat after the war, as you've probably heard, and if he's going to sail off on long trips, he can't live entirely on chocolate bars and Pepsis. To date, he has learned six different ways to cook eggs, and he expects to graduate to hamburgers shortly—if he can get the hamburger!

FOOTING THE BEAUTY BILL

(Continued from page 76)

eye is never offended by your furry legs. Perchance you ask, "Is leg-shaving harmful?" No harm, but . . . ! The stubble is definitely unfeminine. Most gals think a good depilatory is preferable.

4. CAN YOU COPE WITH CORNS?

Don't cut them! That's flirting with blood poisoning. Relieve pressure by wearing the correct size shoes. Protect the aching zone with specially designed felt pads. For stubborn cases, medicated discs or special liquids help loosen the corn. Never neglect the slightest foot-twinge. Tall aches from little toe corns grow!

5. NO PUMP-BUMPS OR CALLOUS?

Neither is pretty. Soak calloused feet in warm water, then rub 'em with foot cream. An elastic arch band worn on the instep elevates the arch, removes pressure from ball of foot and, presto, relieves the cause of the callous! A pump-bump is a hard, thickened area on the heel. You'll find that a special heel protector will ease it.

6. DO TOES CRACK AND "WEEP?"

"No!" I hope. Otherwise (I'm trying to break it to you gently) you're apt to be suffering from Athlete's Foot, a fungus infection of the skin. You may pick it up by walking barefoot wherever there's infection, around showers, pools, gyms, etc. You must attack the cause, the infecting fungus. Keep feet dry and use a healing lotion or special fungicidal powder . . . for A-F has an insidious way of spreading and is darn persistent. You might also try soaking feet in lukewarm water to which you've added a powerful concentrated disinfectant. Be fussy about using clean socks, towels, bath

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7. ARE TOES PEDICURED?

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8. DO YOU USE LEG MAKE-UP?

Nut-brown legs look slimmer and more satiny than chalk white. So just whip on a pair of make-believe stockings, any color from honey beige to cocoa tan. And take your choice of liquid, stick or cream "leg complexion." To apply the liquid stuff, I find a "smoothie" gadget mighty helpful. It's a plastic handled, gauze covered roller. Just roll the color on. You can even "re-touch" rain spattered or perspiration streaked legs so that No One Will Ever Know! The no-stocking fad calls for very special foot hygiene. Use an anti-perspirant on the soles. Or sprinkle a deodorant foot powder in shoes and between toes. Then learn to wear special cloth "stocking feet" in your shoes.

9. DO SHOES AND STOCKINGS FIT?

It's just plain dumb vanity to cram your walkers into 4AA's when they crave the comfy freedom of 5B's. Toes must have plenty of room to be happy and healthy. If old shoes rub in the wrong places, then get yourself a package of feather-light foot pads. The soft discs fit onto any part of your foot like a second skin and relieve pressure.

10. DO YOU EXERCISE YOUR FEET?

Rita Hayworth suggests this: In bare feet, walk around the house on your tip-toes (fine for arches). To take the kinks out of shoe-weary toes, scatter toy marbles on the floor and pick 'em up with your toes. When you get really good, tear up an old newspaper and pick up the scraps with 'em!

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THOSE REAGANS!

(Continued from page 41)

the Carson son and heir. When the scene above unreel before Maureen's horrified eyes, she arose to full stature on her seat and yelled, "You quit that!" Turning to the frantic nurse, Maureen continued, "Jack-a-boy's daddy can't do that to my mommy. Make him stop."

In due time the riot was quelled, but throughout the picture Maureen muttered instructions to her mother on the screen, explained bewildering turns of the plot, and did—in general—all in her power to protect the Reagan family safety and prestige.

that's my mom . . .

When the picture was over, the exhausted nurse arose, collected her charges and started a thankful retreat through the smiling theater. Anyone who hadn't known that Miss Wyman's daughter was in the audience during the performance, was so informed by that lady as she exited. "That was my mommy," she exclaimed, churning from side to side.

Then she realized that, since all these lovely people weren't leaving, the picture was to be shown again. Plumping herself down in the first available seat, she informed the nurse that she was going to see mommy's picture again. It took a good brisk lie ("This is a double feature—your mommy's picture is over") and a certain amount of physical force to dislodge the loyal Reagan daughter.

From now on, the rules say, Maureen sees only non-Reagan, non-Wyman movies.

Willing as she is to come to the defense of her family, she is also able to defend herself in the minor emergencies that arise in her young life. Allowed to remain in the room one evening when her glamorous Mommy was dressing to go to a party, she asked more questions than an Income Tax form. "Why are you doing that, Mommy?" "Why are you going to wear that?" "Who is going to be at the party?" "Do you think Daddy will get here from the Army in time to take you to the party?" "Will I go to parties when I'm as big as you are?" "What time will you come home?"

Finally, exasperated, Jane turned to her small daughter. "You ask too many questions. I've answered every single one two or three times, but you keep repeating. Now please be quiet."

Miss Reagan, thus chastened, looked over her fluttering lashes for a few moments, her mouth pulled as taut as a Scotchman's purse. Finally, she observed in an outraged bass, "Well, after all, Mommy, you must realize I'm only trying to grow up!"

There came a day, shortly thereafter, when Maureen became involved in the party business on a first-hand basis. "Know what next Wednesday is, honey?" Jane asked her tow-headed daughter.

"Wednesday?" Maureen looked innocently blank.

Jane closed her eyes in slow motion, then opened them the same way to indicate that she had just heard a very corny crack. "It's your birthday. I'm planning a party for you."

Her eyes bright with 22 carat sparkles, Maureen strolled away to think that one over. She came to a conclusion: What made a party successful? Guests, of course. Hordes of them. So Maureen set to work. She waited patiently on the curbing until two Street Department gentlemen arrived to collect the Reagan garbage and tin cans.



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Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

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"Are you going to be around here next Wednesday?" she shouted above the din of tin.

One of the men wanted to know why Maureen asked. "Because I'm having a party," she explained, "and I want you to be here."

The men, exchanging glances, said sure, they'd be on hand.

Overjoyed, Maureen located the garden-er and invited him. Then the laundress arrived and was invited to the celebration. That evening, as Jane was tucking her sprout in for the night, Maureen asked through a yawn, "Do you think five people is not enough for a party. I've invited..." and she reeled off her guest list.

Trying to appear nonchalant, Jane said, "Look, cooky, the games I have planned won't interest older people at all. Suppose, after this, you let me issue the invitations."

The party was a huge success. All Maureen's favorite people, including Jack-a-boy Carson and Danny Milland were there. Jane had announced that there was to be a movie and had arranged for a projectionist to show a series of animated cartoons, but the projectionist was late. Terry O'Brien (Pat's son) kept haunting the door. Repeatedly, he slipped out to the driveway, from which vantage point he could scan the countryside. "What's the matter, honey?" Jane asked.

"I don't think he's coming," said the youngster disconsolately. "I don't think we're going to get to see the pictures."

Jane reassured him, but the next time she saw him, he was again studying the middle distance for a gentleman who didn't show up until almost two hours later.

"Now that the projectionist has arrived, come on in and have something to eat," Jane said to the self-appointed watch-bird.

He sighed monumentally. "I can't now. My stomach is just all upset. That man made me so nervous when he didn't get here on time."

Maureen took all this in. Any day now, when she doesn't want to eat whatever has been placed before her, the little lady is going to come forth with that crack. Jane is busy thinking up a fast counter-offensive.

wanted: one angel . . .

Last Christmas, guests at the Reagan house strolled into the living room, then uttered a shout of delight. Hung on the accustomed nail in the very center of the colossal fireplace was Maureen's infinitesimal bobby sock—waiting for Santa Claus. Having supreme confidence in Santa Claus' ability to leave large packages in convenient places around her Christmas tree, Maureen had hung the stocking for one purpose: She wanted an angel. She also wanted, on Christmas morning, to hang it personally on the top of the tree.

Jane, knowing that this request was a serious one, started to look for an angel sometime in September. She found fulfillment of one of Maureen's other requests at that time, too: A tricycle. It was wrapped in brown paper and stored in a catch-all closet that Maureen has never been tempted to explore. But locating an authentic tree-top angel in Hollywood appeared to be a hopeless task. (No corny cracks, please.)

Bewailing the fact, Jane described the object—in its desired dimensions and appearance—to a friend. The friend told another friend. And that friend told another friend. Along the line somewhere, a lovely lady remembered a family treasure and dug it out of the attic, feather wings and all. Back down the line it came to Jane who had it cleaned, redressed, and re-haloed. So, Christmas morning, Maureen found the one thing she really wanted in her stocking.



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Except in the matter of foods, Jane works to sustain her daughter's illusions and cater to her tastes. The two ladies of the house of Reagan went shopping one afternoon and happened to pass a store specializing in peasant-type clothes. Jane has never cared much for the gathered skirts and eyelet blouses characteristic of this sort of outfit, but she noticed that Maureen was simply overjoyed at the sight. Hauled along by one arm, Jane entered the shop behind her small tug. They bought a half-hat with matching shoulder purse of felt, decorated with vivid yarn flowers, for Maureen. "And now you, Mommy!" said the shopper.

Jane protested mildly, but her companion was adamant. Mommy would be pretty in this. "Please, Mommy, try on this dress. Oh-oh-oh—Pretty Mommy!"

So Jane, breaking a vow of years' standing, found herself purchasing a Tyrolean outfit. Furthermore, she has to wear it occasionally, because Maureen remembers it at odd moments and pleads that Mommy dress in it for dinner.

The first serious part ever handed to Jane Wyman to do was the role of Helen in "The Lost Week End," a picture soon to be released. Brackett and Wilder, searching for the right girl capable of projecting the futile, heartbroken loyalty demanded of a drunkard's sweetheart, remembered a scene in "Princess O'Rourke."

They had the picture run off again in the studio projection room, just to make sure. When Jane came on the screen, they yelled, "There she is. There's our girl!"

And so a deal was made by Paramount to borrow her from Warner's. (Warner's got Eddie Bracken's services for one picture in the trade.) When Jane left the Paramount lot a little over eight years ago, she was a line cutie.

And now she came back as a star. The first few days she kept her eyes open for someone still left from the old days. After all, a triumph, to attain final flavor, should be witnessed by some one who has seen a person in defeat. Jane looked assiduously, but she didn't find anyone left from the original gang.

Another wonderful fruit of hard work is the recent purchase of a series of lots lying just above the site of the present Reagan home. As soon as civilian construction is possible, the Reagans plan to build a new house and to sell their present property. There are two important reasons for this move: Maureen is rapidly outgrowing her small nursery and will soon be entitled to a big girl room of her own; the other reason is Michael Edward Reagan, a brown-haired, blue-eyed mite.

The secret of Master Reagan's arrival was one of the most closely guarded in Hollywood. You may remember that, on several occasions during the past eight months, there have been rumors of a rift between Ronnie and Jane; like most Hollywood rumors, these were based upon the most fragile of foundations. Jane had been seen, with luggage, taking various train trips that required sometimes as much as a week to complete.

Some people jumped to conclusions. The conclusions were quite wrong: Jane had not the slightest idea of decreasing the size of her family; instead she was seeking a baby boy to adopt.

One of Jane's best friends said in amazement, when Jane sighed and admitted that finding just exactly the right baby was a serious and difficult matter, "Heavens, Jane, your first child is such a success that I can't see why you simply don't have another of your own."

The answer to that is fairly simple:

Like all Army couples, Jane and Ronnie have had to figure financial angles carefully, because, before the war began, they

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had bought a rather expensive hilltop house and—with Ronnie in uniform after all the papers were signed—Jane wanted to keep up payments.

So Jane's earning power before the camera has been important; she hasn't felt that she could take out the precious time that having a baby would demand.

Then there was another, more important reason, for adopting a baby. Jane has said hundreds of times that she and Ronnie are two of the luckiest people in the world; they were lucky to find one another, lucky to have a button-nose like Maureen, and lucky in their careers. In a world where there are many children who never have proper care or love and who never know real home life, Jane thinks it is important for people like herself and Ronnie to add, from the outside, to their family—and then to regard the newcomer as flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone.

COCKEYED WONDER

(Continued from page 59)

acting job to make room for a relative. Hates the director who gave him a bland stare, observed, "You're no good," and threw him off "Wake Island" without ever seeing him work.

He loves Bogey, who insulted him. He loves Joe Egli of Paramount and Jim Ryan of TC-Fox, who broke their necks trying to get him a job. He loves Bette Davis, who stuck up for him when Curt Bernhardt shook a dubious hand over casting him in "A Stolen Life." "I don't think he's right for it—"

"Test him," said Bette, "and I bet five dollars you'll grab him—"

Western Union phoned her at the Las Vegas hotel where she'd gone for a rest. "Telegram from Hollywood signed Curt. Message reads, 'I owe you five dollars—'"

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"Who's a comic? I'm the saddest character you'll ever see—"

Daves was working on "The Very Thought of You". "I've written this part in and I want you to do it—"

Dane took a look. "Oh, go jump in the lake. That's for Jack Carson—"

"Carson has a style of his own. You play it your way—"

They battled, and it's no news to you who won out. Well received though Dane had been in his earlier pictures, this proved the topper. He wasn't the star, but it was for him that the preview crowds broke into applause.

He turned to the stage in despair and bravado. If you'd told him back there in Brooklyn, where he spent his boyhood, that he'd wind up an actor, he'd have put you down for a loon. His folks had to struggle for the necessities, but after food and shelter, the prime necessity on their list was schooling, and the golden goal for their children was an honorable profession like medicine or the law. The stage was outside their ken. Had it ever been mentioned, Bernie's dad would have shuddered and dropped the subject.

His own great love was the law. Unable to study it himself, he passed the dream on to his eldest son. From earliest childhood, Bernie heard tales of Fallon and Darrow and the romance of the law.

As the eldest of three Bernie learned responsibility early. Vacations were for rich kids. From grade school days on,

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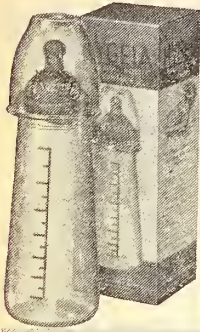
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he worked every summer—slung hash, delivered paper boxes in the garment center. Reading "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," he lived his childhood over again. Like Francie, he found release in books. Like her brother, he learned to take care of himself because he had to. The streets were his playground. Walk two blocks and you'd find yourself in the midst of a gang war. Not that he minded. With an athlete's body and a pugnacious spirit, he took kindly to fighting.

Later, his prowess turned to more legitimate outlets. At high school he was an excellent student and a letter man in baseball, football and basketball. After two years of earning his way at Cornell, he returned to Brooklyn to work by day and study law at St. Johns University by night. One source of income was professional football. That was all right with his father, himself a fan who never missed a game. It was only when the rough stuff started that Pop got sore, because somehow you could always find Bernie in the middle of it. "You and your temper! It'll land you in jail some day."

Boxing was another story. Boxing was calculated mayhem, and not for decent boys. Bernie had to keep his activities in the ring to himself.

"What happened to your eye?" his mother would gasp.

"Oh nothing, mom. Little argument with some bum in the subway."

That went on till his cousin, who'd been acting as his second, squealed, causing Pop to thunder, Mom to weep and Bernie to abandon the gloves.

During his last two years at college he worked for a law firm, with the understanding that on graduation he'd be taken in as a junior member. Just before taking his degree, Bernie was kissed off by his sponsor. Someone else had a prior claim.

Sick and sore, he made the usual rounds and got the usual answers. He turned to anything that would bring in a dollar—drove trucks, worked on roads, sneaked back to the ring under an assumed name.

This went on for a year and drove him close to desperation. Lying sleepless at night, he saw himself slipping into a "bottomless pit—no money, no job, no prospects. The scales dropped from his eyes. He saw the law stripped of the romance it held for his father. He realized that, for him, it held none.

Someone told him of a sculptor who needed a model. Another odd job. Another few bucks. Through the sculptor he met a group of so-called Bohemians—artists, writers, people of the theater. They intrigued him. He'd never run up against their kind before.

To one of their parties came a young English actor, in high fettle. He'd just been cast in a play. He just happened to have the script with him. Without any urging, he read them his part. They all joined in a hallelujah chorus—all except Bernie. The actor addressed him kindly. "And what did you think?"

Now Bernie had never seen a play. His acquaintance with the drama was limited to an occasional Saturday night movie. But why should that stop him? "I thought it stank," said Bernie the expert.

After the first stunned silence, they let him have it. But he let it break over him, and came up with a great truth like a fish in his mouth. "Any boob knows that good acting reflects life, in a heightened form. So the least you can do is talk like a human being."

"I suppose you could do better?" suggested the Britisher with icy restraint. "If I couldn't," said Bernie, "I'd go pickle myself."

His chums gaggled. If he was so smart, okay, let him try it. Van Heflin's new play

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was being cast. Let him go down and read.

What could he lose?

The theater was crowded with would-be actors. Each was handed a script as he reached the stage. Bernie, the complete greenhorn, read what was set before him, cues and all—

"Hey, what are you doing?"

This wised him up. He waved an airy hand. "I always do that. It gives me a springboard."

"Hm. Interesting method of attack."

He left the theater with the part in his pocket and his head in a whirl. Twenty-five smackers a week, but problems, problems. Where would he get the fifty-four bucks to join Equity? Suppose he got it and the play only ran two weeks?—he'd be four dollars out. Above all, how would he break the news to the folks?

The reaction at home was exactly what he'd expected—shock, horror and utter condemnation. Bernie rode it through. He had no more feeling for the romance of the theater than for that of the law.

A friend staked Bernie to the Equity fee. A week before the opening he was fired to make room for somebody's son. Now, on top of his other obligations, he had a 54-dollar debt to pay. Doggedly, he went on the hunt and landed as a super in "Sailors of Cattaro." Only twelve a week, but it ran three months, and while it was running he began to learn.

An organization called the Theater Union was putting on Sunday one-acters at the Provincetown. Bernie worked in a couple and got his first boost from the director, James Light. "Vitality sticks out all over you," said Light. "And vitality's more important to an actor than anything else."

"Ah, g'wan," scoffed Bernie, longing but refusing to believe. He'd armored himself in cynicism at all points. Don't get ideas and you won't be hurt, was his motto. Secretly, he agreed with Pop. This wasn't his game.

But Light did more than talk. He gave Bernie a part in MacLeish's "Panic"—which marked Orson Welles's first appearance in New York. This was the seed of the Mercury Theater, and for Bernie it led to new offers. He took John Garfield's role in "Waiting for Lefty," he went on the road with "Sailor, Beware." The manager left them stranded in Cleveland, the bus company impounded their luggage. Bernie proved that they weren't liable, having signed no contract. In addition, he hocked his watch and got five of them back to Broadway, including himself.

Without a dime in his pocket, he wandered into the "Dead End" casting office and was hired for a bit. But here's where the long road turned. He also understudied Hunk and Babyface. When Hunk left, Bernie moved in. Then Babyface went to Hollywood. The first night Bernie played it, he was tense. A couple of mornings later he woke up and found himself madly in love with the stage. For the first time, he'd discovered what acting was. The audience was your instrument. With a word, a touch, a gesture, you controlled their emotions. You could make them laugh and cry, chill them with terror, hold them till there wasn't a breath in the house. Pop had been right. You can't just walk in and pick up a profession. You have to dedicate yourself.

Pop had come out of the silences more or less, but any mention of his son's activities still found him looking the other way. One day Bernie took the bull by the horns. "Pop, I'd like you to come see the play."

Pop's face showed signs of an internal struggle, but in the end he said, "All right, I'll come."

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"Well, What did you think?" Bernie asked him that night.

The answer came slowly. "I think it's a mistake. It's not what I want for you, but if you want it, go ahead."

When "Dead End" closed, "Stage Door" was about to go on tour, with Joan Bennett in the Margaret Sullivan role. Every actor in New York tried out for the left-wing playwright and Bernie copped it. He dashed home, aflame. "This is it, Mom, Pop. I'm on my way."

"Take it easy," said Pop. "Don't run away with yourself."

But that was just Pop. Bernie was dancing on top of the world, and you couldn't push him off. A coast-to-coast tour—sunny California—even pictures maybe, who knew?

They opened in Hartford, where he got swell reviews, and went on to Boston. Night before opening, Ferber and Kaufman sent for him, and he answered the summons, all unsuspecting. When Ferber said, "We'll have to let you go," he thought she was kidding. When at last it sank in, he struck out wildly.

"But why, what's the matter, what've I done? You thought I was good, the papers said I was good."

"Bernie, we're almost as unhappy about it as you are. But we've sent for the boy who played it in New York. With the cast as it is, you've got the wrong value."

That's when he touched bottom, and damn near cut his throat. Thinking back to it now, he still gets sick. . . .

In a dreary downpour he rose at 5:30 next morning to make the 7 o'clock train. The ride was murder.

He walked into the house like a whipped pup. "Well, you were right, Pop. I'm canned."

And this is where Pop became for all time a great man to his son. . . .

"So you're canned," he said. "Is that something to cry over? You wanted to be an actor, didn't you? What makes you think it's all peaches and cream? Get out and fight. Show them if you're an actor."

One unbelieving second, then Bernie grabbed his father in a throttling hug. Fight? He'd lick the world. Out of his worst moment had come one of his best. . . .

Life brightened further next day after a call from Sam Harris's office. George Kaufman had phoned, telling them to put Bernie into "Mice and Men" as understudy, but at his "Stage Door" salary. Came the day when he played Curly and, eventually, George. He played lots of good parts, including the fighter in "Golden Boy" on tour. Yet, paradoxically, his name meant little.

So when a dry spell set in, he turned to radio. Not that radio flung its gates wide and bowed him in. But Bernie was no longer the beaten boy. Having skinned his knuckles pounding in vain at doors, he sat himself down and used his head. For shows, he discovered used free lance scripts. Inside of a week he'd knocked out four scripts and, by odd coincidence, each of the four featured a flashy part hand tailored to the measure of one Bernard Zaneville. Radio needs writers worse than it does actors, so producers made a lunge for the scripts—which Bernie dangled temptingly out of reach.

"Uh—uh, mustn't touch. Not unless I get the parts."

Well, he got the parts and never wrote another line, and before long he was one of the ten guys doing practically all the radio shows in town. He made lots of coin, but the wrinkles that started smoothing out his belly transferred themselves to his brow. Radio was all very well, but it offered no challenge.

"Nuts," said Bernie, "I've got enough

for a stake. Let's take a look at Hollywood."

That was '42, and New York was hospitality itself compared with movieland. He couldn't even get by the studio cops—

Anyway, not till an agent took him in tow. The advantage of an agent was that you got kicked out by the casting office instead of the cop. He wasn't the movie type, they said—neither fish nor fowl, neither hero nor heavy, neither juvenile nor character man. The pay-off came with "Wake Island"—a good part that Joe Egli wangled for him—and then biff! out on his ear. The director didn't like his face.

Bernie studied same in the mirror. Granted he was no Bob Taylor, was there actually something in his face that repelled people? Then he'd better stick to radio, where they couldn't see him. Anyway, his dough was giving out. Back to radio he went. Twenty-six weeks of "Big Town" with Eddie Robinson.

On the street one day he ran into a playwright friend who'd just finished an Army short to be produced by Warners. "There's a good little part for you, Bernie. Let's go see about it." They gave him the part, and his agent said that was fine, that would give him an entree at Warners.

The agent was an optimist. After "Rear Gunner," he kept offering Bernie to Warners like a tidbit with every meal. Warner's weren't hungry, and Bernie was good and fed up. Stalking along the corridor one AM after his daily turndown, he paused outside an office. Phrases hit his ear—"Pulaski—what about Pulaski? gotta find the right guy for Pulaski—someone like Garfield."

Bernie strode in. "How's about me?"

"You think you're as good as Garfield?" "I think I'm as good as anyone, what do you think?" Might as well get fresh, soft answers had availed him nothing. "Look, you're going to shoot fifty tests. Make it fifty-one. A test'll tell the story. . . ."

"Okay," said the producer suddenly. And that's how Bernie came to be Pulaski and Dane Clark and a star.


The day he signed his contract, he also bought a '31 Model A Ford, which he cherishes but doesn't trust. Driving downhill not long ago, the car shed a wheel and all but broke its owner's neck. Now the problem is: Should he risk killing his luck or killing himself? Then on his dressing table sits a rubber doll that traveled the country with him. Though she's seen better days, he refuses to part with her. Margot, his wife, gave him the thing when he opened in "Mice and Men."

Margot used to be a concert pianist. They can't get a piano, because their floors won't support one. By way of a house they had to take what they could find, and what they could find was a comedy number in the hills. In one wall, a beehive nestles. The stove is the kind that makes eating out a pleasure.

Both are voracious readers and do most of their reading in the patio since, short of an earthquake, they can count on its not buckling under them. Evenings they take in a movie or the fights, Margot being as rabid a fight fan as Dane. Most of their close Hollywood friendships were formed in New York—with people like the Garfields, the Kellys, the Wynns, the Whorfs. But they accept few invitations, because their own entertainment facilities are nil and they can't reciprocate.

Pop? Well, Dane got a letter from his cousin the other day—the one who squealed. "Your father called last night. Nothing special. Mentioned that he'd seen 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'" I could hear his buttons popping over the phone."

Dane grins. He can afford to grin now. His armor's cracked. He's almost quit looking for the joker.



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