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AUGUST

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THE POIGNANT LIFE STORY OF INGRID BERGMAN!

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CITY ___ STATE ___
Ever try to magnetize a Man?

Is your heart set on some particular Him?
Then hang onto your charm—always!
So many popular girls have this

1-2 RULE FOR CHARM!

1 Freshen up for your date with him—start with this refreshing bath. It perks up your spirits—makes you dainty and sweet. Baths just wash away past perspiration—but to prevent risk of future underarm odor, use Mum!

2 Give charm a future. Mum takes just 30 seconds—won’t irritate skin or harm clothes. Now—what does your evening promise—dancing, fun, romance? Underarm odor won’t break the spell—Mum is dependable!

Mum safely, surely prevents underarm odor!

YOUR ace in winning or keeping romance is the appeal you have for others, your charm! Make certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before dates!
Your bath alone can’t make you sure you’re safe—baths only remove past perspiration. Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor, without stopping perspiration. Charm is important in business, at parties, among friends! Get Mum today!

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

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

AUGUST, 1943
In the pictures to come from M-G-M, you will find every type of entertainment conveyed by the word. Patriotic pictures, exciting adventure narratives, romantic stories, youthful musicals.

The latter category is enriched by the number of big name bands under exclusive contract to the most important and progressive studio in motion pictures. Need we mention the name?

In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.

Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy." His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.

Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward." Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beg.

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People." We forgot to mention— and how could we—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samb in "Tale of Two Sisters."

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

And the Maestro of them all is — Les.
Lovely Frances Chisholm, Greensboro, N. C., deb, is really "down to earth," doing war emergency farm work. She says:

"I dreaded to think what chaff from grain and barnyard dust might do to coarsen my skin. But I'm always on guard against letting dirt clog my pores. Twice a day I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. This quick skin-cleansing with mild Woodbury Soap leaves my skin bright and fresh."

Be proud of hard work—but keep skin sparkling clear and smooth with famous Woodbury Facial Soap, made for the skin alone. Gentle, it contains a costly ingredient for extra mildness. Woodbury helps soften hated blackheads, lifts away flaky, worn-out skin. Get Woodbury Soap today.

**1. Frances confesses:** "Farm work can make a girl's skin oily. But it's no chore for Woodbury Soap to freshen my skin. I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail.

**2. "First, I scrub my face with Woodbury Soap till it sparkles. Then rinse with lukewarm water, followed by cold." Famous Woodbury is extra mild—contains a costly mellowing ingredient.

**3. No alibis** if skin looks dingy now. Frances is popular with Uncle Sam's favorite nephews. "The boys compliment my complexion," says deb. Woodbury is a true skin soap. Try it!

Petite and pretty Frances Chisholm of Greensboro, N. C., made her debut at the Governor's Ball. She comments: "Our Carolina moon is a potent matchmaker. But it's my guess—even in a Blackout—the girl with 'The Skin You Love to Touch' will win romance. That's why I'm a staunch believer in Woodbury Soap. It's a grand soap!"
JOHNNY COME LATELY

When you think of courage these days, you probably think of men dying on a battlefield that other men may live in peace. You don't think of a little old lady, running an honest newspaper in a crooked town, because that's the way her dead husband would have wanted it run. But it takes courage to defy an organization of crooked politicians, grown strong and fat on graft. It takes courage to fight for freedom the hard way—with everyone else letting things drift and maybe thinking you're a little crazy to try and reform a town at your age. Sometimes it seems to Vinnie McLeod (Grace George) that it takes more courage than she has. Sometimes she's almost ready to give up.

It's at one of those times that she meets a hobo named Richards (James Cagney). He's lying in the park reading Dickens, (Continued on page 8)
T's the naughty Nineties when necking was "sparkling"... and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising... swell Lubitsch fun!
and she likes him immediately. Mrs. McLeod knows about tramps, she feeds and lodges them regularly, but she is especially interested in this one, and when he's arrested for vagrancy, she tells the judge that he's working for her on the newspaper. She does it because that's the kind of thing she's always doing. It's part of being Vinnie McLeod.

The reason tramps are tramps is usually quite simple. They like it. Richards likes being a tramp, and he doesn't like the idea of working in an office, even for a charming little lady like Mrs. McLeod. But he soon sees that Vinnie has gotten herself into a jam she can't get out of alone. Somebody's got to help her or the whole crazy crusade for truth and freedom will go under. Nobody else dares to, so it's up to a guy named Richards.

The opposition forces, dominated by a burly Irishman named Dougherty (Edw. McNamara), think they have things pretty well under control. The graft is rolling in with delightful regularity. People in town are too blind, or too easy going, to realize the situation. There is only Mrs. McLeod to worry about, and she is so far in debt that soon they will be able to take over her newspaper and foreclose the mortgage on her house. Dougherty's son, Pete (Bill Henry) is engaged to her niece Jane (Marjorie Lord), and he thinks that should be a softening influence on the old lady.

But they hadn't counted on Richards. His arrival is like throwing a match in a box of fireworks. Things immediately begin to happen, and a lot of them are things that Dougherty doesn't like at all. There are shots in the night and a run away horse and a jail break led by a fascinating character called Gashouse Mary (Marjorie Main). Whatever happens, Richards is right in the middle of it. By now he is completely devoted to Mrs. McLeod, and, as he remarks, when things are going bad that's no time to quit. He and Vinnie see it through together.

"Johnny Come Lately" is a story of 1906, but it could just as well be 1943. Cagney plays nicey, nicey with a sincerity that is dramatically effective, and Grace George is completely charming as Vinnie McLeod. These two are a combination that we'd like to see go on together—they are perfect contrasts in every way, and the result is excellent. Edward McNamara is good as the politician who can't understand Vinnie but admires her even when she defies him.—U.A.

SHEILA RYAN • BARTON MACLANE HARRY SHANNON • PAT BRADY ARLINE JUDGE and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

SONGS "Moonlight and Roses" "Rainbow Over the Range" "Bluebonnet Girl"—and many more!
Buy War Bonds and Stamps

It's a REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)

and the story of the soldier's heart

See why millions
of FANS have made him
THE MOST POPULAR WESTERN
STAR on the SCREEN!

Among all the movie cowboys—none can ride like Roy... None can sing like Roy! He's the best of them all... See him in his newest—and greatest hit... see him in action—hear his melodies—get a movie thrill you'll long remember!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER. SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
in
SONG OF TEXAS "A"

WHY millions of FANS have made him
THE MOST POPULAR WESTERN
STAR on the SCREEN!

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

You've heard a lot about New York's Stage Door Canteen, and what you've heard has probably made you wonder. The real canteen isn't open to anyone not in uniform, but here it is on the screen, and you'll love it.

There are 48 stars in this picture, one for each nativity in the union. You've never had so much for your money in your life. Go ahead, name a star or two—I'll bet you a quarter they're in it. Katharine Hepburn? Sure. Harpo Marx? Complete with blonde. Gypsy Rose Lee? She's there, too. Something for everybody, and you're bound to have fun. The high spot for me was Ray Bolger's dancing. For you it may be Katharine Cornell playing Juliet to a young soldier's Romeo, or Kay Kyser's band. A story is woven through this Milky Way of stars. A love story, tender and heart warming, of a soldier called Dave (William Terry) and the girl he finds at the Stage Door Canteen, Eileen (Cheryl Walker) is ambitious, and on the surface a little hard. She thinks he can take care of the right people—and she doesn't mean soldiers from Dakota. But her attitude soon begins to change. She gets a part in Paul Muni's picture, and knows it doesn't seem half as important as the way "Dakota" looked at her last night.

Cheryl Walker is a new discovery, and she's something about. William Terry, Marjorie Riordan, Lon McCallister and Margaret Early give her excellent support. And don't forget—there are those 48 stars!—U.A.

P. S.

Feeling that "Stage Door Canteen" will be a historical document 100 years from now because of back-ground and tremendous talent in the picture, the producer arranged to have pic placed in vacuum-sealed can and buried in the bank vaults of New and London vaults to be opened in 2043. Cast includes 40 greats of stage, screen and radio... $5,000 govt. ceiling on sets was brain-buster since pic had to be made in both New York and Hollywood. That meant all sets had to be made in duplicate. Since food was included in $3,000 budget, Canteen doughnuts were of plaster, sandwich- ices were blocks of wood, coffee was plain water tinted with lamp black coloring. Sets and props amounted to $3,000, phenomenally small for Hollywood.

PRELUDE TO WAR

When do you think this war began? That's easy, most of us would say—December 7, 1941. But we'd be wrong, according to U. S. government's short Subjects film, "Prelude To War." The film began in September, 1931, when Japan invaded Manchuria. With the first shot fired by Japan's invading army, the garrison across the border, the bands of war were unleashed.

To have a world peace, you must have a world that's at war. That's why it's important that at that time three separate groups in the world that wanted war. This picture shows their slow but sure rise to a power
which threatens us all. They were Nazis, Italian Fascists and Japanese.

We didn't take these groups very seriously. We went to the newsreels and laughed heartily at the little man with the Chaplin mustache and a lock of hair dangling in his eye. But he told the Germans they were supermen, and they believed it. We had hysterics at the sight of Mussolini, thumping his chest like Tarzan and spouting promises of conquest. The Japanese people bowing low before their puppet emperor on his white horse were amusing—not threatening.

But it hasn't turned out to be so funny. The laugh, it seems, is on us. And now we may well remember a speech made during the Ethiopian war by Haile Selassie. A dark, bearded, little man in white robes, he addressed the League of Nations thus: "My people will fight on, while we wait for help from our tardy allies. But I say to you, without bitterness, if that help does not come, it will one day mean the death of the western world."

Help is coming, at long last—help for Ethiopia, and Poland and China and all the victims of the three aggressors. The United Nations are aroused, and the forces of freedom are on the march. They will never halt till victory is won!—War Department, distributed by War Activities Committee.

P. S.

Originally reeled by War Department as training film to introduce green draftees to things military, "Prelude" is first of series of such technical pictures to be flashed before paying public. . . . The 6,000,000 sailors, soldiers, Marines on land, ships, off-shore bases (even on Guadalcanal) who saw the picture were so enthusiastic that government and film big guns decided it was lively enough for us civilians! . . . Fifty-three minute of prints were straightway turned over to OWI by War Department for use by the War Activities Committee, Motion Picture Industry, who are footing distribution expenses . . . Fifty-three minute film is made up of newsreels and confiscated films assembled by Lt. Col. Frank Capra, head of special photographic unit of Signal Corps, assigned to Special Services . . . Large hunk of commentary, narrated by Walter Huston, was penned by Maj. Eric Knight, who was killed in plane crash this last winter.

DIXIE

That Crosby certainly gets around. Zanzibar, Morocco, and now here he is way down south in the land of Dixie. He wears sideburns and a top hat, but he's still the same nonchalant Bing, and his voice is as soothing as ever. He's smoking a pipe now, and, being Bing and absent-minded, it gets him into

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While cashiering in a Hollywood restaurant, a star whom everyone knows stepped up to me and said he was expecting an important phone call. As he walked away, I laughingly called after him, "But, sir, what's your name?" He turned, looked very serious and perhaps a little hurt. "My name's Jimmy Durante," he said.

That was the last time I tried to be funny . . . with a comedian! Alice Walker

Oxnard, Cal.
More Swimming Days!

Tampax is a real vacation help

Gone are the days when a woman would not go near the water at certain times of the month... For the user of Tampax has discarded entirely the external pad and belt worn beneath the swim suit and has adopted instead the principle of internal absorption for her sanitary protection... Whether the suit is wet or dry, Tampax remains invisible, with no bulging, bunching or faintest tell.

Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal... Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time-use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because Tampax is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous...


3 Absorbencies

Regular

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Modern Screen

GENE TIERNEY, who plays an understanding wife to Don Ameche, is a faithful real-life wife to soldier husband Oleg Cassini. Cassini's recent book, 'Parlez-vous Amour,' was written in love letters to Mrs. Tierney. GENE TIERNEY, who plays an understanding wife to Don Ameche, is a faithful real-life wife to soldier husband Oleg Cassini. Cassini's recent book, 'Parlez-vous Amour,' was written in love letters to Mrs. Tierney.

P. S.

This is Bing Crosby's first Technicolor picture... Dottie Lamour swathes her torrid torso in tight waistbands and hoop-skirts. Marjorie Reynolds wears drabber, more sensible costumes, plays most of the picture in a wheelchair... Origin of the term ham actor popped up when Crosby and his fellow minstrels are shown in one scene cutting strips of rind and ham fat to help take the burnt cork off their faces... Running gag in the picture has Crosby carrying paper bags around that start fires. Opening scene shows his wife-to-be's home burning slowly to the ground. Two days before production, the couple's own home smoldered into oblivion, but Bing swears it was only a coincidence.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Henry Van Cleve (Don Ameche) is trying to talk his way into hell. Not, admittedly, the usual procedure, but Henry, who has just died of a heart attack, is sure that hell is the place for him. Poor Henry, who has always told him he'd end up there, he explains to the Devil, and he'd hate to make a liar out of them. That's all very well," says the Devil (Laird Cregar), "but what are your qualifications?"

Well, Henry tells him, there's the matter of women. There have been a lot of them in his life, although only one of them counts. That's Martha, his wife. The first time he met Martha (Gene Tierney) she was engaged to his cousin. But Henry falls madly in love with her and persuades her to elope with him. Eventually they have is this heart eventually, too, the little question of other women comes up. None were important, Henry maintains stoutly, but you know how it is? The Devil nods sympathetically.

Martha, it seems, wearsies of Henry's fanciful explanations for his peccadilloes and goes back to her family in the middle west. Henry goes after her, but finds her immune to all his pleas for forgiveness. Well, he tells her sadly, perhaps she's right in taking young Jack. Already the boy shows signs of being a chip off the old block. Why, only the other day he had two little girls fighting over him. Martha grins proudly in spite of herself and demands details. Before she knows it, she's on her way back to New Orleans.

After her death many years later, the lonely Henry ponders the town as bright a red as his declining years will permit. The heart that once prescribed absolute quiet. But there's some champagne in the house, and the nurse is a beautiful blond girl. Well, says Henry, that's how it was. THE DEVIL looks at him reflectively. "Have you tried up above?" he inquires. Henry is sure it would be no use. But the Devil thinks Martha might put in a good word for her husband. Suddenly hopeful, Henry steps into the elevator. This is light-hearted nonsense with the gay Lubitsch touch, and a cast that includes Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Allyn Joslyn, Spring Byington and Helene Reynolds—20th-Fox.

WINTER TIME

As cool and sparkling as iced champagne, this is the perfect picture for August. Sonja Henie skates gracefully through it, and she has a beautiful, shiny, new leading man, Cornel Wilde, Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero provide the laughs—slapstick, perhaps, but who cares as long as they're laughs? Romero trying to sneak through the dining room of a Canadian resort hotel clad only in a suit. You know! Long winters make your Henie give us the funniest scene in years.

That Henie girl can certainly make with the skates! You think you've seen her at her very best, and then comes a new picture where she tops every previous performance. She plays Nora, a Norwegian girl in the United States with her uncle, wealthy Mr. Ostgaard (Z. S. Sakall). They are told they must go to Canada and come in on new love number. Skis them into going to the Chateau Prome-nade, a snowbound, run-down old hotel owned by his friend, Freddie (Cornel Wilde). Uncle almost has apoplexy when he sees it, but Nora has a heart attack of a different kind when she sees Fred—He's just the type she can arrange it. She talks her uncle into buying the hotel and getting it into shape to attract tourists. The catch, of course, is that Freddie so busy he has no time for her. Whenever she looks for him, he's in a huddle with the beautiful blonde press agent (Helene Reynolds) who sings with the orchestra (Cesar Romero to you) would like to console her. There's (Continued on page 12)
Add thrilling glamour to your beauty
...in just a few seconds

Yes, you can now give your natural beauty new glamour, new loveliness in just a few seconds...and you, yourself, will be utterly amazed and thrilled at the transformation. Pan-Cake Make-Up imparts a lovely new complexion, smooth as a pearl and flawless...and it stays on for hours without re-powdering. Try this glamour secret of the screen stars...originated by Max Factor Hollywood...and discover the miracle make-up that millions of girls and women are talking about.

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nothing like a pretty young heiress, Brad always thinks, but his style is considerably cramped by Flossie (Carole Landis) who saw him first and wants no muscle-movers. Besides, Skip is right there to protect Freddie's girl, and since she thinks Freddie is giving her the runaround, she agrees to marry Brad and go to New York. But Flossie has something to say about that—and Skip—and, at long last, Freddie!

So there you are, chums, head over heels in a snowdrift. Feeling cooler?

20th-Fox

P. S.

Sonja, who is a world champion skater and has won the Olympic skating honors three times, has another champion as a co-worker in "Wintertime." Cornell Wilde holds 22 fencing championships. Sonja studied fencing from him during the shooting of the picture with an eye toward future stage numbers...

Sonja's favorite pastime of playing cupid (75% of her original troupe are married to one another) had to be discontinued in the duration. There was only one eligible man left in the cast, and he was drafted at the close of the picture. Ninety percent of Sonja's original troupe is in the service. Henie has made two U. S. tours since Pearl Harbor. Has to give professional performances but always buys 500 to 2,000 seats each performance for servicemen—has given 110,000 soldiers, sailors and Marines free tickets to her ice exhibitions!

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

The first time Fred Astaire saw Joan Leslie on the screen he said: "There's my new dance partner." Fred got his way, and when you see him with Joan in "The Sky's The Limit," you'll hear a sigh and say, "This is it!"

It's the kind of attitude most of us are looking for these days, anyway. All about an ex-Flying Tiger who is back in America to join the Naval Air Service. But it's not a love story. The stunt pilot takes place in the interim between the welcome-home-heroes parade and the day Fred Astaire (Fred Astaire) has to show off in a barroom in Australia. A little awkwardly interim it is, too, with Fred marking the days on his calendar and trying to shuffle out his love life before he leaves.

Not that his love life is complicated—in numbers, at least. It's all tied up with one girl, a beauty named Joan (Joan Leslie), who takes pictures for a magazine. As soon as Fred sees her, he starts trying to get into the pictures. Unfortunately he has little luck for a sturdy boy get-up which, while it rescues him from parades, impresses nobody, least of all Joan. She gives him the brush, but he keeps turning up in odd places, including her own kitchenette.

Eventually she is fascinated by this combination of innocence, charm, and dedication by now Fred has fallen deeply in love with her. However, he thinks she would be better off married to her boss, Harri- man (Robert Young), the solid citizen type. Joan feels that two hundred pounds is almost too solid, and anyway, she loves Fred. But guys who ferry bombers to Australia are not suddenly to have widows, and Fred decides to duck out and let her forget him.

On Harriman figures out the set-up, and you'll like the way he plays Cupid. In fact, you'll like the whole thing, especially Fred's dance on the bar, which is breath-taking, even for Astair. —RKO.

P. S.

Fred Astaire's trickiest dance routine was the glass-breaking number. Truly dangerous, the dance involved kicking over bottles and bottles and hurling a bar stool through a huge mirror. One slip and Mr. A. would have been seriously injured, but he came through rehearsing and six actual takes without a scratch... Joan Leslie became 18 just ten days after the picture began, which meant she didn't have to take time off for formal schooling. She spent all her spare time studying, anyway, preparing herself for entrance exams at U.C.L.A. ... Bob Cary wrote a great deal of his own dialogue and is solely responsible for the speech he makes on "Bottlecans." Did weeks of research for it.

ATTACK BY NIGHT

How long do you think a member of the Underground lives? In Norway the average is about two weeks. But the Norwegians are a realistic people—they know they must meet their fate with force even though of some of them die. "Nicolette" (Marge Otten) in "Attack By Night" is like that. She has worked for the Underground a year now. It's inevitable on Thursday night. It's too late. She must start it all over again. The show must go on, just as she must keep on living. She is young. She is strong. She is strong enough to carry on. But she has no family, no friends, no real love...
Look to Dura-Gloss, to help keep things on the bright side. Its glorious colors are a sight for tired eyes. There's a lift in regarding your own pretty fingers so gaily bedecked. So sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. It goes on so smoothly, each firm stroke is a satisfaction. It will stay on, too — wears exceptionally well because there's a special ingredient in it (Chrystallyne) to accomplish this. A big help these days because it makes DURA-GLOSS go farther.
sure a trap of some kind awaits her, but what can she do but accept? She knows that another event, too, is scheduled for Thursday night—a Commando raid on the German oil tanks near the town.

There's a fast, thrilling climax that will have your pulse doing a jitterbug routine. Merle Oberon gives a strong performance as Nicole, and you'll fall in love with Brian all over again.—Col.

P. S.

The 300-man task force performing future Commando tactics in the film was made up of French-Canadians and Irish Pussillers. The action required was excellent combat training, because the men had to do the same things over and over again until the director got a perfect take. Especially valuable were the repeated maneuvers during the landing of troops and Bren gun carriers... Merle Oberon is godmother to His Majesty's Submarine Oberon. Her picture hangs in the mess hall of the huge submersible, and she, in turn, has pictures of its crew hanging in her dressing room... During production, the cast and crew tossed a surprise birthday party for Merle and brought her hard-to-get coffee, sugar and eggs. Everyone had been saving part of his own small supply to give to her... Brian Aherne spent all his spare time at his ranch near Indio, California, taking care of his horses... which has 20, but, don't bother writing to him for pork chops. Federal regulations forbid him from slaughtering any of the animals for meat.

THE PRODIGAL'S MOTHER

Let's suppose you've had a fight with your boy friend, a college freshman. You want to tell him you're sorry, before he does anything crazy, so you climb up the fire escape of the boys' dormitory. You open the window and climb in and say, "Danny! Son! Don't you ever do anything like this again!" You gasp! Because it isn't your boy friend at all. It's a sweet little lady with white hair. That's what happens to pretty Lucy Stanton (Dorothy Morris) in "The Prodigal's Mother."

There is, of course, a reason for the old lady's being there. For one thing, it isn't Danny's room—his is the next flight up. For another, she lives there. The dormitory used to be a hotel, and Mrs. Freeman owned her suite. When it was taken over by the University, she refused to move out. Many years before, her son Danny had left home. She's sure that some day he'll come back, and she's going to be there waiting.

She is startled by Lucy's uncironious entrance, but even more startled to learn that in the room above is a freshman named Dan Freeman. She can't help feeling that perhaps he's her Danny's son. When she sees him she is sure of it, but she doesn't tell him so.

Dan (John Craven) likes the old lady immediately, and she suggests demurely that since they have the same last name, he adopt her as a kind of "grandmother." She helps him with his studies and eventually maneuvers a wedding for him and Lucy in spite of Lucy's family

FREE OFFER!

How'd you like the mailman to bring you a nice fat copy of SCREEN ROMANCES, MODERN SCREEN's sister magazine, just packed with exciting fictionalizations of new films? Sure you would. Just fill out the questionnaire below, mail it in no later than July 15. First 300 entries get a free copy!

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Ingrid Bergman.......................................................... "Miss Measles, 1943" (Betty Grable) .......................................................... "The Truth About Linda's Marriage (Don Ameigh) "Men's New Girl! (Alan Ladd) ..... "Army Wife (Dottie Lamour) "His Heart Belongs to Hedy (Lamarr) "Your Handwriting and You! "For Whom the Bell Tolls" Murder? She Says (Betty Hutton) "Good News."

Which one of the above did you like the LEAST?

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

What 3 band leaders would you like to read about? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

My name is ............................................. City ............................................. State .............................................

I am ______ years of age.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN 149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
opposition. The day is approaching when Dan's father and mother are to come and visit him. From here on things move to a startling climax, as you'll discover when you see the picture.

John Craven who deserted Broadway recently for the movies turns in a fine performance as Dan, and there couldn't be a prettier Lucy than Dorothy Morris. But it's Mabel Paige as Mrs. Freeman who'll steal your heart away.—Rep.

P. S.

An entire elevator was constructed on one of Republic's sound stages, and all the scenes in it were completed without once having anyone get stuck between floors. . . John Craven is the son of the famous actor, Frank Craven . . . One of the biggest scenes in the film takes place around a Christmas tree. The day they shot it, in April, one of the electricians was called to the phone and told his son had just walked in, at home, after being at Guadalcanal for months. The cast insisted he take the tree home and hold a belated Christmas party for the young Marine.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was in the powder room of the Hotel Astor when a very beautiful girl entered and struck up a conversation with me. Later, when we returned to our tables, she introduced me to her escort, and I started to introduce her to mine but realized I didn't know her name. Laughing, she told me, "Turner's the name, Lana Turner." Mary Shelton New York, N. Y.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE

Martha Scott is young and lovely, and it's high time she had a fling at being a glamour girl. She gets her chance in "Hi Diddle Diddle" and, believe me, she makes the most of it. She plays Janie Prescott, a cafe society beauty who's engaged to a sailor.

You know how sailors are—a smile for everyone, and a girl in every port. Janie thinks Sonny (Dennis O'Keefe) is different. But she begins to have her doubts when he's late to the wedding, and from then on Sonny gets farther behind the eight ball with every reel. He and Janie get married all right, but his father, Colonel Phylie (Adolphe Menjou) involves him in so many plots and counterplots that he has no time for a honeymoon. Sonny only has forty-eight hours' leave anyway, and here it is vanishing, with Jane still a wife in name only. Meanwhile she's beginning to suspect him of an affair with a night club entertainer (June Havoc).

Colonel Phylie has married a temperament opera singer (Pola Negri) while Sonny was at sea. The colonel tries to keep her from knowing he has a grown son, let alone a daughter-in-law. Result: Janie is suspected of being her father-in-law's girl friend. It's all a little complicated, and made more so by Janie's mother, Mrs. Prescott. You'll understand why when I tell you that she's played by Billie Burke. Dennis O'Keefe is exuberant, as usual, and Pola Negri stages a comeback as the opera singer. But the piece de resistance is definitely Martha Scott in a bathing suit.—U. A.

(Continued on page 18)

What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE

1. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just pop a seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright, sparkling smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

2. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can walk around with a big broad smile and shine on your vegetables.

3. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on tooth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy. Film is what hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when common-place methods fail to clean him away.

But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely and gently.

August, 1943

15
Let's make hay this summer!

You'll harvest an incredibly vital crop of food and a gorgeous, healthy time for yourself!

Summer was never like this, was it, chums? No guys, no gas, no fun, and weeks of it looming ahead. What to do with your bitter little self? Get a farm job, of course, and take it all out on the good earth. The United States Employment Service is jumping with jobs, and one of them's for you.

You won't make your first million at it, but you'll come up with a terrific figure, a tan like Rochester, and the moolah for your fall clothes. You'll work like the proverbial dog—don't think you won't. And you may not meet many dream men—the farmer's boy who was bronzed and beautiful was not 4-F. But you'll reel with health, and you will have fun. Here's the picture:

This year American farmers are expected to produce more than ever before. Besides the huge civilian population, there are millions of soldiers and sailors, and thousands of starving Allies to be fed. Ironically, there are between two and three million fewer farmers than in 1940. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard has devised a program to meet the crisis, and part of it involves the assistance of half a million high school students. Half of these or more will be girls, and the bewildered farmers don't know whether to cross their fingers or throw their hats in the air. Confidentially, they're doing a bit of both! Quite a mob of people, then, is counting on you hill-millies.

"Who me?" we can hear you gasping. "I wouldn't know a weed from a broccoli." That's okay. You're not expected to. All you need is a disposition from angels, a good health record (we'd recommend a checkup at the doc's) and enough patriotism to carry you through that first 5 A.M. reveille and those fiendish blisters on your sissy paws. Armed with said ingredients and a month or two of time (even a weekend or a few days is not to be sneezed at), go to your local United States Employment Service Farm Bureau or to your community farm agency and apply. You'll be put either in the Volunteer Farm Corps (for high school students) or the United States Land Corps, depending on your status, and you'll be entitled to wear one of the elegant insignias.

You'll be called promptly, but there'll be time to round up your rural regalia. You'll need two or three pairs of dungarees or shorts, three or four shirts (and if you have seersucker ones, you'll be able to wash them yourself without the ogre of (Continued on page 72)
You'll wind his heart around your finger
With shining hair that makes eyes linger!

No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*

For play in the sun—make your own
"halter" from two huge bandanas.
Knot them together behind your neck,
cross-cross in front, then tie in back at
waistline. Be sure your hairdo is in
keeping—simple, practical, like this
lovely, new "upweep"! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Your glamour rates sky-high with a man
when your hair has that lustrous, shining
"live" look! But dull, dingy hair takes so
much from your allure.

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your
hair of luster!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dra-
matic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely
sparkling highlights, all the natural color
brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far
silker, smoother and easier to arrange...
right after shampooing!

Easier to comb into smooth, shining neat-
ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately,
you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.
So for more alluring hair, insist on Special
Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask
your beauty shop to use it!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of
shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous
and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.

Avoid this beauty handicap!
Switch to Special Drene. It
never leaves any dulling film, as
all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene
reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

AUGUST, 1943
FREE CHARTS
SUPER COUPON

- How's your blood pressure? Can you stand a terrific bit of news? Listen! From now on, every chart but Horoscope and the Super Star Information Chart will be given away FREE. How's that for "something-for-nothing"? Delicious, isn't it? Whiz through the following directions, study the brain-stormy charts below (this month's new one is starred), and then reach for a pencil. Ready?

1. CHECK the boxes opposite the charts you want.

2. SEND NO MONEY for any of the charts except the individual Horoscope analysis and the Super-Star Information Chart.

3. HOROSCOPE and SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART: If you want either of these charts, enclose 10c in either stamps or coins.

4. THREE CHARTS is all we can afford to enclose in one envelope. To get them send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

5. MORE THAN 3 CHARTS! If you want 4, 5 or 6 charts, send two stamped, self-addressed envelopes; for 7, 8 or 9 charts send us three envelopes, and so on.

ADDRESS: Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 119 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

○ Co-ed Beauty Chart No. 3 .............................................
   The third of our seasonal charts, guiding you toward sun-bronzed beauty, away from parched skin, steaky hair, peeling nose. Looking tallow-y, too, to a blessed Indian summer without fading sun-tan and undisciplined figure.

Don't Throw It Away ..................................................
   How to save and salvage not only for the government but for YOU. Care of your precious clothes and shoes . . . Mow's furniture, rugs and assorted treasures. This one's an absolute "must" for wartime living.

How to Write a Love Letter .........................................
   How to keep your letters glowing, varied, exciting . . . how to bridge the miles between you . . . what to emphasize and what to avoid.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) ..................
   Your personality and life possibilities individually analyzed by the famous editor of "Horoscope," who'll be working from the chandelier if the stacks of requests mount much higher. Due to tremendous demand and the fact that this is a personalized service, we're forced to charge you 10c for it. Fill in your birthday date here. Year . . . month . . . day . . .

How to Lose or Gain Weight ........................................
   Scientific as a test tube, but easy as apple pie to follow. Exercises and diets for whitening or building weight, eating your way to lustrous beauty and health.

Mind Your Manners ...................................................
   Charm, poise and accepted etiquette used as tools to guide you from your first canteen meeting to the dizzying climax of a wedding on leave.

○ Co-ed Fashion Chart No. 3 ........................................
   Summer fashions on a wartime shoestring. Where and how to buy.

Super-Star Information Chart (10c) ..............................
   A three-in-one affair, combining our former address chart, western stars and star data.

Name

Street

City State

P. S.

Adolphe Menjou spent all his spare time brushing up on Russian, one of the many languages he speaks fluently . . . Billie Burke, Dennis O'Keefe and Menjou spent all their spare time entertaining the American and Australian soldiers who came to visit the sets . . . Negri and Menjou staged a reunion lunch on the first day they worked together. Last time they met was in 1928, when both were acting in an Ernst Lubitsch production.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

Egypt, which used to mean just Cleopatra and the Sphinx, has suddenly become important to all of us. Rommel, the desert fox, is well known—and well hated. In Paramount's exciting desert drama, Von Stroheim is Rommel. It took a second World War to bring Erich back to the screen, as smoothly sinister as ever. He plays Field Marshal Rommel with a biting, effective irony.

The star of the picture is Franchot Tone, as the young British corporal, Bramble. This is Franchot at his best, which is very good indeed. Bramble is in the tank corps, but he is left behind during the retreat. He stumbles out of a desert hotel, run by friendly Farid (Akim Tamiroff), and before you can say Sid Halfaya, he is disguised as a club-footed waiter. Rommel and his staff take over the hotel, and they eye the waiter and his club foot carefully. Then they start asking him questions like "Have you anything new to report on the five graves?" It sounds like double talk to Bramble, but he stays deadpan and gives a noncommittal answer that gets him by for the moment. However, it's disconcertingly obvious that the dead waiter whose identity he has assumed was a German spy.

The French chambermaid, Mouché (Anne Baxter), is at first all hand for Bramble over to the Germans. As she gets to know both him and the hotel's new occupants better, her feelings go into reverse, and she decides to help him. Bramble is determined to find out what the "five graves" are. He thinks they're important, and he's right—the success or failure of Rommel's advance depends on them. He won't tell you the secret, that's a discovery you'll want to make for yourself. But in the end there is a sixth grave to Cairo, and Bramble, now a little different, salutes it before it, and says . . .

Nice casting in this. Anne Baxter plays Mouché with vibrant intensity, and Tamiroff affords just enough comic relief.—Perl.

P. S.

Major General Walton H. Walker's command, the Fourth Armored Corps and Desert Training Corps, cooperated in the filming of the tank battle scenes . . . Erich Von Stroheim supervised the designing of the uniform he wears as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. The candid camera Von Stroheim carried was the result of his own research reading on Rommel, an avid camera fan . . . This is Anne Baxter's eighth picture, and she uses the same French accent she made a hit with in "The Pied Piper." She had only three costume changes in the entire film, a cotton dress, a cotton skirt, plus blouse, and a $26.00 nightgown . . . Franchot Tone returns to picture after a long absence via this one. Wore a club foot disguise, a shoe with a four-inch sole weighing five pounds. Could wear it only 15 minutes at a time during the five weeks he had to work with it.
You'll win Smoother, softer Skin— on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Actual skin tests prove it!
Don't you want the charm of a fresher, more satin-smooth complexion? Then—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Proof of Camay's beauty benefits! Actual tests—supervised by skin specialists—show that the Camay Mild-Soap Diet helps soften and clear the skin—of most women! Yes—MILD Camay cleanses without irritation...

leaves skin fresher, smoother...day-by-day!
Tonight, change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet...to proper, mild cleansing! So soon—enchanting new loveliness comes to you!

"Try my skin care—Mild Camay," says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith, of Larchmont, N. Y.
"I made my own test of the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. And my!—how much clearer and more velvety my skin seems."

—THE MILDEST EVER!

Take just 2 minutes a day— on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet
Skin feels so velvety-smooth. Looks fresher, clearer day-by-day! One quick minute with Camay—night and morning—does it!

Smooth Camay's fragrant lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. Add a cold splash for oily skins. Apply cream if you like.

SAVE for WAR! Camay "Soap-Savers"
for More MILD-SOAP cleansings from every cake!

Keep your Camay dry!
After lathering—put Camay back in DRY soap-dish! Wet soap-dishes waste soap.

Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from an old washcloth. Put Camay slivers inside. Grand for lather!

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Use Every Sliver!
Make a bathmit from an old washcloth. Put Camay slivers inside. Grand for lather!
LET'S look at it this way. You're doing all right, now. You still have your home life. You still have your job. Chances are you are making more money than you ever have before. Sure, you have a lot of worry. Taxes are terrific. Prices are high. Rationing is a nuisance.

But, so what? You're still well off. Better off than any average person in the world, outside of the U. S. A. Better off than a lot of your countrymen, too. How about those eager youngsters, giving up their futures? How about the older men with wives and children, now far from home. They are giving everything. What are your sacrifices, compared to theirs?

BUT, it's your war, too. Your money, your property, your savings, your insurance won't be worth a hoot—if we lose. Ever think of that? Your money is awfully important now, though—to help win. Your government needs it, urgently.

So how about it? Buy those war bonds—buy them regularly, every pay day. Ten per cent should be your minimum—and a little extra now and then. After all, war bonds are the best investments you can make—an investment in your country's future. And don’t forget—it's your future, too.
As you've noticed, MODERN SCREEN'S price has just jumped from a dime to 15c. Ever since I heard the bad news myself, I've been thinking of something cheerful to say about that extra nickel. I read a story once about a poet who got his best ideas while shaving. I tried that this morning. And cut myself!

So—to heck with being cheerful. Instead, I'll just say what's on my mind. The news that we had to up our price was a kick in the teeth to all of us. For a whole year, we've been the only important fan mag selling for a dime. We were proud of that fact!

Now, raising the price is like running up a flag of surrender. But there it is . . . the cost of living has caught up with us.

Roast beef is high. So is asparagus. And printing. I wouldn't give roast beef or asparagus another thought for the duration if it would help. But printing—where are we without printing?

For that matter, where would you be (I hope) without MODERN SCREEN? Are you going to let a contemptible little nickel break up our beautiful friendship?

See you next month!

P. S.—There's a marvellous surprise for you on page 18!
Her father was Ingrid's world. He was gaiety and warmth and shelter and understanding. His eyes would smile down at her from what seemed an enormous height. Sometimes there'd be a special look in them. “You have your mother's face, Ingrid.” Then the look would be chased by laughter. “But I think you'll grow into a giant like your father.” Her mother had died when Ingrid was two. She had no brothers nor sisters. But only after she lost her father did she learn loneliness.

He was one of a family of 14, most of whom had gone to America. In Stockholm, Ingrid had five cousins. She played with them sometimes but more often, if father wasn't around, she played alone. The friends she invented never made her feel awkward or tongue-tied, as real people did. They didn't tease, they weren't rough, with them she could talk happily for hours, and they always said exactly the right thing back.

When Mother died, Aunt Ellen had come to live with them, to look after Ingrid and the apartment. Aunt Ellen was Father's sister, much older than he and much more serious. She loved Ingrid and adored her brother. Ingrid called her mama. She wanted to call someone mama, and Aunt Ellen seemed the logical candidate. Being called mama rather discomfited Aunt Ellen, who was Miss Bergman and held the conventions in proper esteem.

Father was a painter by choice, a merchant by necessity. As in all climes and ages, the painter's art brought meager financial returns. So he lived by photography and a shop where he sold cameras and camera equipment. He (Continued on following page)
Swedes starred Bergman in "A Woman's Face" years ago. With Mario hair-do still growing in, Ingrid feels like a shaggy sheep dog, covers her mop with kerchief.

Swedish critics called Ingrid "a natural" after seeing her in "Only One Night" (above), In current pic, "Saratoga Trunk," she's black-wigged, fiery.

Ingrid (above with Leslie Howard in H'wood's "Intermezzo") slaved 52 days straight in "Saratoga Trunk," was finally bedded with laryngitis. Pia, 4, has no accent, lords it over Mom who has!
was forever taking pictures of Ingrid, a most willing subject who loved nothing better than to pose. He’d take her with Aunt Ellen’s spectacles slipping down her nose or his own hat perched on her head or tagged out like a lady in clothes her mother had worn.

She couldn’t remember when this dressing-up business had started. It went back beyond the dawn of consciousness. She’d dream up little stories and act them out, dance to her own reflection in the mirror, learn poetry by heart before she could read. After learning to read, she’d memorize whole plays and put them on—a grave, fair-haired child, doing all the parts from ingenues to ancients, content to be her own cast and audience, applauding herself, then taking a stately bow. It was her best-loved pastime.

Next to Ingrid and painting, Father loved music. He had a beautiful voice and sang with a famous chorus in Sweden. Once he went with the chorus on a tour of America. At first she thought she couldn’t bear his being away, till he explained how badly he wanted to see his brothers and sisters in that faraway land, and that this trip would be like a gift from her if she’d be brave and cheerful. Then it became easier. And easier still after the postcards started—showers of postcards from all over America. One was so lovely—a picture of orange trees with people picking the fruit. “Some day you will come here to California,” Father wrote, “and pick yourself an orange.”

Because of his passion for music, she began very early to take singing and piano lessons. She couldn’t honestly say she cared much about them. But to please Father, she would have endured worse. School was far worse. She loathed it from the start. Like a small animal surrounded by enemies, she sat tense and quivering, utterly defenseless against she knew not what terrors. When the teacher asked a question, even though she knew the answer, she couldn’t give it. Her voice stuck in her throat.

She grew used to it after a while and refused to leave, though Father said she might. Most parents would have insisted on school. Not Father. “It must be dreadful. Why don’t you quit? You can have lessons at home, and that will give you more time for your singing.” But (Continued on following page)

“Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” flung Bergman into first hussy role. Though spouse Peter’s in California now, she’s doggedly finishing hefty woolen sweater meant for his icy winters in Rochester.
Ingrid was too young for such liberal views. All children went to school. She must go, too.

Opera was Father's delight. When Ingrid was old enough, he took her to "Haensel and Gretel." She sat through it politely, but it didn't really speak to her heart. Unwilling to hurt Father, she could tell him with truth that the music was beautiful. But the people, she thought privately, looked pretty silly.

One night he took her to the theater. By now she'd met many plays in books, and she'd heard of the theater, yet she never associated the two. Theater was a word, as opera had been a word before she saw "Haensel and Gretel."

The curtain went up. Not knowing what to expect, she couldn't at first believe her senses. These grown-up people seemed to be doing what she had been doing all these years for fun. For two hours she hung, transported, from the edge of her seat. When it was over, and Father touched her arm, she saw him through a haze. Her pulses throbbed and her brain was a tumult. This was something to be taken seriously, then.

Not a game for children, but something you could do in the world. She knew that one day she'd have to do something in the world. Father wanted her to sing. But if she could act! If all her life she could play this wonderful game!


He smiled. He didn't say yes or no, just smiled. At 11, children want to be all kinds of things—pirates, policemen, fairy princesses. He continued to smile at her persistence through the months that followed. Sometimes he'd say, "It would be much nicer if you sang." Once he said, "We'll see." But mostly he was amused. Not Aunt Ellen, though. Aunt Ellen was shocked to the core. "An actress! Justus, you shouldn't even let her say such things!"

Justus Bergman died when his daughter was 12, and for a time her life ended with his. She went through the listless motions of living, but they made no sense. Houses and people and (Continued on page 28)
At Stage Door Canteen, she divvied last Pepsi with seamen from Texas and Scotland. Thought the swing stuff was solid but also takes symphony in large hunks.

At Ciro's, Ingrid filled Cedric Gibbons with stories of Pia's 4th birthday, how package arrived from Stockholm after 4 months, how it contained dress worn by 6 generations of Bergman tykes, how Ingrid had worn it on her own 4th birthday.
Lunching with our Ida Zeillin, Bergman said she and Peter were mad for winter sports. Loved swimming together; she always talks Eng. to him, tho he answers in Swedish. Never uses perfume, sleeps in plainest Irish linen gowns, keeps hair softly permonented.

Ingrid’s dad gave her stuffed cat once when she was very, very good. She’s never let it out of sight since.

Ingrid's Bergman (CONTINUED)

everything that had been real turned into husks. Like the poet who wrote those unforgettable lines, Ingrid was a stranger, afraid in a world she never made.

Little by little she learned to look desolation in the face, to adjust herself to that strange new world. She and Aunt Ellen moved to another apartment. Father was gone. There was nothing left but acting. Turning back to her plays and poems, she found that they still had power to absorb her and, by so much, to ease the clamor of her grief. Straight from school she rushed to their solace, as one might rush into protecting arms. Aunt Ellen wept, pleaded with her to give it up.

“The stage,” cried Aunt Ellen, “is not for respectable girls. It’s a dreadful, a dangerous life. Put your books away, child. Stop this eternal reading.” You might as well have asked the wind to stop blowing.

Six months later Aunt Ellen died in the night of a heart attack. Ingrid went to live with her father’s brother and his wife and the five young cousins.

The cousins regarded her as an oddity. “Hello,” said their eyes, “here’s something a little old-fashioned.” They brimmed with good will at first, because she was a guest and bereaved. But their animal spirits presently took the upper hand. As (Continued on page 86)
Everything’s going to be Dixie this summer. ’Cause “DIXIE” is the most wonderful musical Paramount has ever “mused.” Bing looks simply super in Technicolor (his first appearance), Dotty’s divine as a glamour girl of the old South, and I loved the romantic story of how that glorious song “Dixie” was born.

Bing sings some of his five solid song hits into the adorable car of Marjorie Reynolds—you know, the blonde lovely of “Holiday Inn.” It’s a three-some romance—if you know what I mean. I won’t tell you who wins, but gosh what those girls go through. Tik-tuk!

And those costumes! One of Dotty’s was so beautifully billowy, she had to sit on two chairs in the studio commissary.

Where there’s smoke there’s Bing! And the fires he starts with his favorite pipe, and his stunning minstrel shows, are in most beautiful Technicolor!...

It’s gay down South in “Dixie.” Things you hear around the Paramount Lot... “SO PROUDLY WE HAIL” is nearly finished and it looks grand. “FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO” and “CHINA” are drawing tremendous crowds all around the country... And I’ve just dashed off my acceptance of Paramount’s precious invitation to the World Premiere of “FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS”!

AUGUST, 1943
Private Alan Ladd had been ordered to report to Camp Callen, near San Diego, to appear on a Bob Hope broadcast being done before the men in that center.

As the drive is a long one to take alone, he made arrangements to meet Bob and Mrs. Hope at Capistrano, a midway point, where they planned to have dinner together, talk over news from the Paramount lot where Bob was working in “Let’s Face It,” and proceed to San Diego in a body.

After dinner, the party emerged from the restaurant and started to get into Bob’s sedan.

“I locked my door on the inside,” Mrs. Hope said, being helpful.

“So did I,” grunted (Continued on page 57)
Your handwriting

It's easy as tick-tack-toe! A few cinchy rules. A couple minutes to spare—you can ferret out secrets of your personality and your fellah's!

Here's how, with H'wood stars for guinea pigs.

Maybe your last letter from your favorite Sergeant was hacked up a touch by the censor, and you're just about nuts for some information about him. Is he well? Is he terribly lonely? Does he love you? I'll show you how to fox the censor without in the least bit alienating Uncle Sam. Read his handwriting—and there is a sensible, scientific method that is easy to learn and gorgeously accurate! What could be more utterly the answer to a maiden's prayer?

Or a guy's for that matter? Remember that cute little trick you met on your last furlough, soldier? There wasn't really time to find out all you wanted to about her, but you could learn to know her better through her letters!

To make this more fun, let's learn this science of reading character from handwriting by studying the scribblings of some of your favorite movie stars.

Gals, does that jaunty flyer of yours write like George Montgomery? I think not, but don't let it
and you!

By Shirley Spencer

get you. He wouldn't make too plush a pilot if he had George’s large, sprawling script. There's a very

special style of writing used by boys born to fly. It is small, cramped and neither beautiful nor legible. Maybe you've had all sorts of trouble trying to decipher the stuff. Very likely you've even been heckling the poor joe about it. Well, this should hold you. Said scrawl shows the quick, flexible, technical and versatile mind that a flyer needs when he's playing around in God's attic. You'll notice that his writing is tense, angular and modest, very much like himself. Don't think he doesn't care if his letters are nonchalant, brief and noncommittal. That's the way with those birds—just remember, real heroes never did have much to say. But, mind you, they think a lot! Getting back to George, as we've seen, the sky is obviously not for him. (He's a buck private now, hunting around for a niche where he can use his fabulous collection of languages to some advantage.) His big, uneven letters—like Betty Grable's—show a lack of concentration. Those two have to be physically active to be at their best. They're emotional and restless, and what they don't crave is solitude. Take the Montgomery lad . . . He went home to Montana last Christmas, expecting to trot around to all the old haunts, give the girls a whirl, see every last one of his cronies—and what happens? He's bedded with grippe. Rest and plenty of it were the doc's orders. George said okay, okay. Anything to get the doctor off the premises, whereupon he hung on the phone till he'd gotten hold of practically the whole town. They came over in shifts (Continued on page 79)
HIS HEART BELONGS

By Rosemary Layng

Daring engagement to 43-year-old Loder, Hedy said, "We've been going together for several months, Why wait till doomsday? We're both devoted workers at Hollywood Canteen.

Never having ridden in her life, Hedy was first taken in hand by Geo. Montgomery who taught her Western saddle. Then Loder, ex-British officer, came along and insisted she ditch it for Ena saddle.

Hedy regularly holds open house for service men. While working in "Heavenly Body," her M-G-M dressing room was exact duplicate of her own bedroom at home!
His name was Jamesy; he was four; he was a very busy man. It was early morning with the dew still heavy on the grass, so he lifted his feet carefully and stepped along the path, picking flowers. Two days before he had picked a beautiful bouquet, but when he presented it, his mother shook her head in disapproval. "Those were baby plants, and you've pulled them out by the roots," she explained. "Don't you think it would be nice, after this, to let the little plants grow up so they would have twice as many flowers?"

He had agreed with this logical suggestion. Now he was being colossally careful to select only those flowers with a mature expression.

His fist turned vase for the blossoms, he trudged back into the house and (Continued on page 91)
By Farral Danton

Army Wife

All your rules go up the spout when a girl like Lamour falls in love. Imagine marrying a guy who bans orchids and umbrella-ish hats; even skips the diamond!

A Paramount studio workman hurried to a certain dressing room in Star Alley and lifted a name plate from a certain door. He carried the plate to the paint shop where it was given a fresh coat of white. Over this, black letters were inscribed: Having obliterated the name "Dorothy Lamour," a new name came to view: "Mrs. William Ross Howard, III."

Out in San Bernardino where one of the Army Air Depots is located, a certain captain parked his car. A nearby urchin, having read the local papers, yelled, "Hey, aren't you Dorothy Lamour's husband?"

The answer came back pleasantly but firmly. "No, Dorothy Lamour is my wife."

Those two incidents really (Continued on page 77)
I. In hills, Robt. Jordan, American prof. (G. Cooper) joined Pablo (A. Tamiroff), Maria (I. Bergman) and Spanish Loyalist guerrillas.

2. "No time for women," thought Robt., "yet, how beautiful she is!" Fiery Pilar, head of band, (K. Paxinou) looks on knowingly.

3. Robt. lays plans to blow bridge. Nothing else matters. Cocking their guns, he, Maria and band prepare to repel Rebel planes.

4. Flaming bullets and flames of inferno envelop bridge and hills.

5. "And tomorrow?" asked Maria. But Robert's mind was on tonight, on Maria. "I'll let my hair grow. I'll be beautiful for you," she said.

6. "For whom the bell tolls"...

There was death on Robert Jordan's brief schedule. And love. Read how he met both in this most poignant love story of our time!

By MARIS MacCULLERS and KAY HARDY
4. Pilar calls husband Pablo a coward because he's insisted that Robert's plan would cause Rebels to hunt them in hills and kill them.

5. Maria spoke of the violence and torture behind her. "When this is over, we'll go home," Robert said. "You'll be my wife, little rabbit."

6. As Maria talked, Robert could see the horror of that day... how Loyalists won town, took vengeance on Rebels with knives and clubs.

9. Pilar and her men diverted the Rebels, killing as many as possible while Robert crept silently toward the bridge to plant the dynamite.

10. He worked deftly, swiftly. In a moment the bridge would rip apart. A second's delay and he'd be crushed, with Rebels, under steel.

11. Escaping, Robert is shot. He insists others leave and take sobbing Maria. He will stay, pick off a few more Rebels while he can.

STORY
After the long climb, he was tired; he could feel it in the stiffness of his legs and in the muscles of his back where the rucksack lay heavily, slung against the brace of his shoulders. He stopped and the old man ahead of him knew immediately that he had stopped and turned toward him.

"I will carry it from here," said the old man. Anselmo. "It is not much farther."

The young man, whose name was Robert Jordan, slipped the straps of the rucksack from his shoulders.

"No," he said. "I will be only a moment."

"I will go ahead," said Anselmo. "I will tell them you are coming. It is not very far." (Continued on page 94)

PRODUCTION
Author Ernest Hemingway exchanged the rights to his best selling novel for a six-figure certified check from Paramount. The date was October 25, 1940, and Hemingway announced at that time that Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman were his choice for the leads. Took almost two years of high-powered juggling to make his wish come true. Both Bergman and Cooper had other contracts and commitments to fulfill before they were free to take the "Jordan" and "Maria" roles.

Before filming began, Producer-director Sam Wood and production designer William Cameron Menzies scouted the country, looking for location sites. Sun Valley was considered. So (Continued on page 101)
"Miss Measles, 1943"

That's what a sick bag full of feverish dough—boys called Betty Grable. But Betty was in a hospital bed for a far more serious reason!

All through "Coney Island," Betty's side had bothered her. Last year she went to the hospital for treatment of an infected gland. The inflammation had been relieved, but the doctor had said that some day the gland might have to come out. Betty's the kind who hates to give up. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything, Mother. I'll be all right in the morning."

From "Coney Island" she went into "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." Mrs. Grable didn't say much. She's one mother who refrains from minding her daughter's business. Nagging's not in her line. Only when the time comes to put (Continued on page 83)
Day after wedding Ann Miller and her mom gave reception in their home for 80 friends and relatives of newlyweds. Tiered wedding cake was topped by candy bride and sergeant groom!

The cynics were wrong about Linda's husband. Because they had only the bones of the story to work with. Here's its heart!

Cherished third party in household, Larry the canary, was loaned as morale-builder months ago when Linda was suffering from impacted wisdom tooth. Linda prays owner never shows up to claim him!
By Kaaren Pieck

The truth about Linda's marriage

All the papers said was that Linda Darnell, movie star, 19, had been married to Peverell Marley, cameraman, 40-odd. And people said what they generally say on such occasions. Tsk-tsk, they said, and youth ought to mate with youth, and why on earth should a girl with the world at her feet—? Because, of course, every movie star has the world at her feet. And it wasn't as though Linda'd been just another pretty girl. Linda was a queen; Linda had the kind of face poets dream about. What was her hurry, anyway? She was only 19.

That's what they said. But all their pet arguments added up to the wrong number.

From the day she met him, Linda had a special feeling for Pev. Not (Continued on page 99)


Wedding trip was postponed till Master Sgt. Pev's furlough. Hawaiian apartment furnished except for radio, records, books. Maid serves twice weekly; other days Linda cooks, cleans, makes twin beds.

House is littered with sketches and busts she's done of him in past 4 years. Altho he's over age, he's staying in Army making service films for Army Air Forces, First Motion Picture Unit.

AUGUST, 1943
CANDIDLY YOURS

Scotty's candid camera exposure of the
stars... where they go, what they wear,
whom they date on the night shift!

Cary Grant at Brown Derby with Dionne and Bill Powell just back
from Palm Springs, where he's been lolling for several weeks. With
his son in Marines, they plan to adopt a French refugee child.

After Paul Henreid roved about his colored maid to the press, her
fan mail from Negro soldiers out spoared his own! Above, at Veloz and
Yolando opening at Ciro's with Sally De Marco of famed dance team.

Not a soul spotted Lana Turner and Steve Crane night they went to
the circus, because of her new dark hair! Even she couldn't get
Steve and 2 captains past rigid M-G-M commissary rules.
Weekend before Glenn Ford left for Marine Officers' Training, Quantico, Va., he concentrated on Ellie Powell, gave her another sportster to remember him by.

Carole Landis' one consolation, with her new husband in London is his faithful correspondence and their good luck in getting letters through regularly. Above, with John Garfield and Robert Paige.

After finishing his role of corporal in "This Is the Army," Lt. Ronald Reagan's back with the Air Forces. His mail's doubled since joining up; fans are clamoring for more of Jonie on the screen.

Annie Sheridan developed a sinus complication from "cornflakes" snow on set of "Animal Kingdom" and was bedded a few days. Later helped Lt. Bruce Cabot celebrate winning his new gold bars.
Last March when Betty was voted best-dressed girl of the week, she was so proud she bought 100 clippings and lined her studio mirror with 'em! Above, on short-waved Command Performance with Rita Hayworth.

Feels as tho she's really arrived in "Morgan's Creek." In first 3 pics, she chased Eddie Bracken, but in this one he pursues her! Above, with Porter Hall and Eddie.

**She's daft over jewels and furs, hamburgers and skee ball—this Hutton gal. And as for sailors, it's a case of mutual adoration!**

Plays the field, including ex-fiance Perc Westmore. Of all the glamour gals he met, Barbara Hutton's distinguished house guest, Turkish diplomat Chesky Pasha, was most impressed with Betty.

**Murder! She Says**

By Jeanne Karr
The Huttons never starved. Mrs. Hutton always saw that Marion and Betty got something to eat somehow. If they couldn’t have roller skates or orange juice in the morning or graduation dresses when they finished junior high, they did at least get food.

It was a near thing once. They’d just moved from Lansing to Detroit, where factory jobs were said to be more plentiful. Weeks passed, and Mrs. Hutton could get no work. They were down to their last can of pork and beans. Betty will never forget the sound of her mother’s dragging feet nor the look on her face as she came in. “You girls go ahead and eat,” she said. “I’m not hungry.”

It wasn’t the first time Betty’s nerves had screamed Murder! and it wouldn’t be the last. She hated their poverty with a deep and desperate hatred, and her love for her mother was heightened by a fierce protectiveness. “Some day,” she’d cry, “I’ll buy you a car to ride in. Some day I’ll buy you a silver fox down to the ground.”

Marion was two years older, but without Betty’s drive. “She’s a dreamy girl. (Continued on page 73)
Any day now, you are going to pick up your favorite magazine or newspaper and study the picture of a happy, happy man named Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. At first you won't recognize him because of a certain decapitated air; Bob is determined to be the possessor of a G.I. haircut which will reduce his coiffeur to a mere five o'clock shadow. His mustache, too, is scheduled to fall victim to a clean shave.

He has a number of reasons for this plan, some of them secret, but probably the outstanding one is that he wants to get into uniform and into his new Naval Air Force job with a thoroughness and dedication that must start with his head and end only with his black No. 9's.

He doesn't know yet whether he will be given an instructor's job, or a spot in the ferrying division, but whichever it is, his duties will involve flying, and that is Bob's idea of heaven à la king.

Bob and a group of workers on the "Russia" set were spinning air yarns just before he left to report for active duty. (There were several delays in the filming because in one sequence a child's orchestra was used. Shooting had to cease for a certain period each day while the small symphony specialists were herded, con spirito, into an improvised school room and exposed to lessons, con expressione.)

"One thing I don't think any flyer ever forgets," Bob chuckled, "is his first solo. Gosh... I went up and came down okay, once. Then my teacher said I was to do it again."

He went up, circled, made his approach and—according to everything in the book and all his previous lessons—he should have made a nice smooth landing. However, he could see that his air speed (Continued on page 75)
Listen for Mickey’s new song, “Lord, Give Me a Man—Amen,” introduced on his tour of desert Army camps—stiffest assignment in show business. Ex-wife Ava got her divorce in May.

Sonja Henie’s keeping house for hubby Marine Capt. Dan Topping, in a tiny cottage at Laguna Beach, Calif., near his post. He’s doing the cooking ’cause her studio banned k.p. ever since she burned herself.

GOOD NEWS

Bob Hope newest Gypsy Rose Lee rival!

Grable-James a combo. Ty Power made

Marine Loopy. Sonja Henie’s dog ice-skates!

He was wearing his air cadet’s uniform, of course, so he had difficulty making his way across the lot because everyone stopped him for a few moments of cordial chatter. Studio Saturday mornings are rather leisurely periods despite the fact that picture-making goes on six days a week; there is a relaxed, holiday spirit in anticipation of Saturday night—Hollywood is still a small town in that respect—and Sunday.

When he finally reached the star’s dressing room, he found a slim blonde character wearing a tattered coverall and a grimy face. “Hello, darling,” said Bob Sterling. “You look wonderful.”

“I’m about to be shot,” said Ann Sothern. “Or at least I think they’re going to get to the execution shots today.”

Bob had something other than the script problems of “Cry Havoc” on his mind and launched into a discussion. Things began to happen. Ann called for Maxine Thomas, her publicist; she sent for the hairdresser; she glowed and made plans. (Continued on page 55)
and looked bewildered. She and Bob had decided, since they had already secured their license, to be married in Ventura on Sunday.

Maxine Thomas, composed and business-like, asked, "What will you wear, Ann?"

Ann’s eyes widened and her smile matched, "I haven’t given it a thought," she admitted, thereby establishing some sort of record for a bride.

However, when she emerged the next morning, she was wearing a two piece blue wool crepe suit. Bob, meeting her on the doorstep, observed, "Honey, you look beautiful!"

"My suit isn’t new," Ann said.

"A bride is supposed to wear something old," approved the bridergroom.

In several cars the wedding party set out for Ventura. They had covered perhaps half the distance when Bob uttered a roar. He had forgotten the license! So one of the cars turned back, secured the document and arrived in Ventura in time for a three o’clock ceremony instead of the originally scheduled two o’clock wedding.

Maxine Thomas checked the bride over before the service, Ann was wearing Something Old—her suit; Something New—her cyclamen gloves; Something borrowed—she secured a lace-edged handkerchief from Maxine; and Something Blue—her suit again.

It was a lucky thing that she borrowed the handkerchief because Ann wept quietly through the entire ceremony. A double-ring service was used, and she tried to place Bob’s ring on the wrong finger. When the minister nodded to indicate that the time had arrived for the kiss to seal the vows, Bob took his new wife into his arms and held her for so long that the Reverend Mr. Theodore Henderson cleared his throat. "Ah, shall we—break it up?" he whispered.

"There are a few more sentences to go."

Outside the church, an enormous group of fans had assembled. Someone conceived the idea of giving Bob a terrific military salute as lie emerged with his bride. "It wouldn’t be right," some authority piped up. "He’s still a cadet. He won’t be an officer for several weeks yet." So the bleachers compromised by waving enthusiastically and calling congratulations. "May all your troubles be little ones," shouted an approximate wit.

Ann had to return to work on Monday, and Bob’s furlough was a brief one, but there will be time for a honeymoon later.

Meanwhile, Ann and Bob Sterling are a pair of very joyous people. This is a good marriage, and your reporter is willing to predict that it will be permanent and eminently happy. Hear those bluebirds, people?

Baby Bulletins:

Brenda Marshall, like every other girl in the world, had always dreamed up miscellaneous scenes covering that moment when she should tell her husband that a newcomer was on the way. Now that the time had come, she learned that husband Bill Holden’s leave had been postponed, and she had to tell him over the long-distance wires. His reply was a yell of delight that reached Brenda without aid of the telephone.

In the midst of her happiness, Brenda had one small crumb of regret. She had just started work on her new 20th-Century Fox contract and will be able to complete only one picture, "The Night is Ending," before her temporary retirement. Holden, Jr., is due in November. (Continued on following page)
Five-year-old Maria Cooper came to her father with a problem. She had discovered a loosened baby tooth, and she thought something should be done about it.

Gary procured the traditional string and tied it to the tooth. Then he began to have qualms. "I think perhaps your mother should do this," he said, but Maria shook her head. "You."

"Perhaps we ought to take you to the dentist tomorrow," he decided. Maria still shook her head. "You."

The chap who has lived through cinematic Indian tortures, North-west Mounted Police raids, Spanish wars and various other uncomfortable experiences, quailed before his task, but Maria was adamant.

Gary fastened the string to a door knob and closed the door with satisfactory results, but he was a shaken character for an hour afterward.

20th Century-Fox learned that it was going to become a godfather a second time when Gene Tierney announced from Junction City, Kansas—which is near Fort Riley where her husband, Oleg Cassini, is stationed—that she was busy knitting blue bootees. The wearer of same will make an appearance in October.

By the time you read this, Frances Neal and Van Heflin will be singing lullabies. Whether the newcomer turns out to be a boy or a girl makes no difference to Van, so long as the youngster has the excellent taste to have red hair like Mommy's. For Mother's Day, Van gave Frances a lapel pin, fashioned in the form of a pair of triangular slacks (high fashion for babies since the world began) from which dangled a pair of tiny baby shoes. In cloisonné it is inscribed "The Three Of Us...".

Lana Turner's hair is blonde again because Stephen Crane prefers it that way. Steve also hopes he's the father of a girl and that she, too, will be a blondie.

Spookiest of Orson Welles' magician acts at Army camps is whisking Rita Hayworth off into thin air before their very eyes! In Rita's latest film, "Cover Girl," she plays her own 60-year-old granny!
Mr. Guy Kibbee, a patient man, has been having ration point trouble. It seems that his young daughter, Shirley Anne, had heard good deal about the grocery problems of those living in her neighborhood, so she decided to do something about it. She set up a small retail stand and there dispensed canned goods, filched from her family's cupboard. When Guy caught up with the racket, all his Pepsi-Cola—a rare item—had been disposed of, not to mention a can of peaches, one of apricots and some jars of sliced chicken. He had a talk with his daughter. Afterward she was describing her problem to a girl friend. "My father is upstairs now, hearing his hair," she sighed. The friend leered at her. "Are you kidding?" she said.

Miss Alice Faye Harris, Jr., made her official bow to the world recently when she was christened by the Reverend Mr. Harley Wright Smith at St. Nicholas Episcopal church in Encino. There were twenty babies christened at the same time, and all exercised the junior right to yell at the top of their lungs in protest. In telling about it afterward, Alice said thoughtfully, "But I think our baby didn't cry quite as loudly as some of the others—or maybe it was just a bit more musical."

At any rate, Alice, Jr., now hums. She is crazy about the radio and will sit quietly reeling back and forth in time with the music while doing her best to follow the tune. Because Alice wants to be with the baby every possible moment during those months when she is developing so rapidly, Alice announced her retirement from the screen. That brief statement, printed in the daily papers, brought on a flock of postal headaches. Practically ever member of the armed forces, not to mention a quantity of frantic civilians, wrote to Alice in stumped protest. Staying home with your baby is a fine idea, was the gist of the correspondence, but what about us? We need you, too. Come on, Alice, don't leave us.

As this goes to press, the decision is still in the making. Alice would like to do a slightly different type of picture—a romantic comedy without too much music for a character, or a dramatic part. Perhaps the final answer will be largely decided by future studio story policy.

Baby with the longest list of tentative names was Rosalind Russell's son. Before he arrived on May 7, weighing 8 pounds, 1½ ounces, he had been tagged "Christopher," then "Carl" in honor of his grandfather, Carl Brisson, then "Russell." As things stand now he will be called "Fred, Jr." We'll let you know if there are changes.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid were invited out to dinner one night; after deliberation, the invitation was accepted. However, whenever social usage would permit, Paul glanced surreptitiously at his watch. Finally he arose, after a glance at Lisl, and made his excuses. "We want to get home to see the baby get her ten o'clock feeding," he explained. "My daughter is so cute when she is hungry."

Which statement introduced Miss Monica Henreid, a young very citizen who has been adopted and installed in the Henreid nursery.

One of the October days you'll pick up your pet mag and find a picture of Cobina Wright, Jr. Jr. (Continued on following page.)
G O O D  N E W S  C O N T I N U E D

Yes, Cobina—whose husband, Lt. Palmer Beaudette, Jr., is in the South Pacific and didn’t know the news until long after practically everyone else had been notified—is planning on dating the stork this fall. Since Cobina is a Jr. and her husband is a Jr., the baby is going to have to be Jr. Jr. or Jr. II. It’s just a question of which looks better.

Some time ago Ray Milland purchased all the exotic equipment beloved of home carpenters and installed the stuff in a garage workroom. There, he whirred buzz saws and chiseled out various items of furniture until he got mixed up with a blade one afternoon and nearly lost a thumb. That settled it. No more carpentry for Mr. Milland.

Recently Franchot Tone was a visitor at the Milland house (for the purpose of discussing poultry raising). As the two men returned from the fancy Milland poultry apartments, Franchot happened to glance into the garage and see the cob-web-gathering workroom. "Hey, what a layout," he gasped. "What a swell bunch of equipment."

A deal was made. The contents were transferred to the Tone garage, where Franchot is busy making nursery furniture for his expected heir.

Along in 1963 you present-day jitterbugs are going to feel a new thrill along your hardening arteries when this new musical sensation with her hundred-piece girls’ band begins to beat it out. The melodies and tempo will be styled in the Goodman manner, and the name of the beauteous twenty-year-old switching the air with the baton will be Rachel. Yowsah, Benny Goodman is now the proud papa of a six pound, one ounce musician whose premier yowl, according to nurses, was uttered in a C chord.

Veronica Lake, at once the most sensible and the most unpredictable of glamour girls, has just finished giving the press and her studio the dithers. In an interview with a national magazine writer, she unchested two minor details of biography (Continued on page 63)
Bob. The keys were still in the ignition. After a conference, Bob and Alan canceled the plan of rounding the clock in search of a store, still open, in which to buy two lengths of stout wire. This obtained, they returned to the car and went there. "The plan being to put together these facts in an attempt to trip the door locks. Gradually, the curious gathered. The messieurs Hope and Ladd returned, Alana and Sol Lesser in evidence. They perspired freely. It was some 20 official minutes, by which time half the town had gathered to see the fun, before the doors were opened.

slow freight
So, a few weeks later, Private Alan Ladd was given a brief furlough by the Air Corps, out of respect for that accomplished aviator, the stork. However, his furlough was drawing to a close and the flier with the twin rudders hadn't landed with his passenger. Delmar Daves telephoned one evening to ask of the preview of "Stage Door Canteen." Mr. Daves and Alan have long been close friends, and Sol Lesser is also one of the three best list in his class.

He and Sue went early and secured excellent seats in the very center of the centermost aisle. They sat through "I Love You, Daddy," which was not what they expected. Then the preview started. Sue, watching the picture, still thought she heard the distant flapping of wings.

"Oh, well, Sue, we're going to think we're walking out on their production," Alan groaned.

"They'll understand when they hear our news in the morning," Sue whispered. So, from the very center of the theater, in the full glare of many of the leading lights of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd managed to crawl over other previewers and to make their way to the lobby where they telephoned the doctor. This was at 11 o'clock.

The nurse, Miss Alana Sue Ladd, was sleeping quietly in the nursery. At 3:30 A.M., Miss Ladd's mother was looking quizzically at Miss Ladd's father. "You're not going to look at Miss Sue, are you?"

Her husband had already notified half of Hollywood that he was a father. On several calls, when he had found it necessary to look up numbers, Sue herself had taken over the telephone and dialed a friend to proclaim, "The baby's here. She's a girl, and I feel wonderful.

Now, studying her husband's moist forehead, Sue said, "I think we've called everyone who is interested. Honey, you're sort of quiet. Is anything wrong?"

In the manner of a new mother since the world began, Sue plucked at the covers for several moments. Diffridently, softly, she asked after a pause, "Finding out that the baby is a girl, aren't you? You aren't disappointed because she isn't a boy?"

"No, I'm not," he answered as he came to her side. Looking into her dark eyes, he said, "I'm crazy about her. She's wonderful, honey. Don't ever say that again."

The nurse, being practical, took Sue's temperature first. It was normal. Then she took Laddie's. He was running a fever of 103 degrees.

The nurse summoned the doctor, who promptly ordered Private Alan Ladd to his home and to bed for three days.

In the absence of Mrs. Ladd, Sue received a huge box of flowers in which there was a card reading, "Because our happiness is now complete, and because I love you, terribly much."

On the fourth day, Sue's hospital door slowly nudged itself inward to reveal a stack of packages behind which moved a determined—overburdened figure in khaki.

Santa Ladd . . .
With infinite care, Alan closed the door—using a cautious knee and heel. Then, his eyes still on the pretty girl in the hospital bed, Private Ladd moved to a stand and deposited his bundles. He selected the largest box and lifted the lid to reveal a satin comfortable. "But how on earth did you think of this?"

"You like it?"

"What a question! It's much prettier than anything I've seen in years."

Alan gradually remembered that you said a comfortable was one of the final touches we needed in our room. And I bought this to go with it," he added.

The "go-with-it" turned out to be a white wool robe, light weight, very soft, very warm. Appliqued on the skirt was a series of blue satin love knots.

Box No. 3 contained a blue-grey sports coat, vandyedd swag. And Box No. 4 revealed a dark brown clipped beaver coat.

Every girl who has ever had a child will appreciate the thoughtfulness that inspired Alan to buy clothes for the new mother. Sue hadn't bought a single thing for herself, with the exception of a few maternity dresses, for a year.

"What in the world was the lot?"

"The lot was a tiny thing, no more than an inch square. On top of the cotton padding there was a folded note saying, 'To my most lovely wife. And beneath that cherished card was a tiny gold heart for Sue's charm bracelet."

Her brown eyes misted, Sue drew her husband's hand to her lips with all the sweetness of which she is so completely capable. "Now," she whispered after an interval, "go down to the nursery and check up on your daughter."

He was gone what seemed like time enough to plant and harvest a Victory garden. When he returned at length, he was beaming. "I've just fun to say this about a little tiny baby, he confided, "but she actually looks like me!"

"I hope she grows up to look exactly like you, darling," his wife gloomed.

Alan sat down, the responsibility of being a new father swathing him in thought as thick as a deep-sea whale's
crust. "The nurse let me look at her feet, and they are exact miniatures of mine. I think she's going to be a little goody for summer."

When he began to giggle, he looked up in some surprise. "I really think so," he reiterated.

"I think she's going to be an actress," said the little lady's mother.

Not all the telephone calls were from friends or studio people. Sue had left a request at the hospital switchboard that all calls be put through to her. She doesn't like the chi-chi thing of having telephone callers queried about their identity, then announced. So, when the telephone rang, she simply answered.

"Is this Mrs. Ladd?"

"Sue," said the nurse. "You don't know me," continued the voice, growing more breathless with each syllable. "I'm just a fan of yours and Mr. Ladd's. I wanted to ask how you're getting along."

Sue said she and the baby were fine. This voice, now familiar, asked, "Have you heard of Mr. Alan, asked what the baby had been named. "But I thought you were going to call her Victoria Susan?"

She had been named five days before the baby was born. But Alan had felt that Victoria Susan was a huge label for such a tiny person, so he had wanted to shorten it to Victoria Sue.

She received dozens of cards from everywhere in the United States, and—by parcel post from New York—a three—foot teddy bear that can be wound up to play a tummy. This gift was accompanied by no card, so Sue hasn't been able to write a thank-you letter.

When Miss Ladd was six days old, she and her mother were moved to the Ladd home. Alan had rented a standard hospital bed for Sue and had it installed in the nursery. It was beautiful. "I don't know if it looks weird," Sue told him, "but it was nice of you to think of the nurse."

Alana was installed in her own private room, a gay nursery done in yellow, white and blue. There is already a small bed, a tiny dressing table, a play table and a rocking chair installed against the day when she will be large enough to abandon her blue and white bassinet for a young lady's boudoir.

bathinne on . . .
On that first day at home, Sue told the nurse, "We'll have to figure out some way to give Alana her bath comfortably. A friend gave me a bainette, but when I started to clean it, I found that the rubber tub section had gone to pieces. I dropped it high and obviously haven't been able to find a replacement."

"We'll manage," said the nurse in that capable way that twinkles with starch. "I was a genius at ad-lib, and the tub wasn't needed, because the first thing she saw when she entered the nursery, was a gleaming new bainette. There was a card on it reading, "To Alana from Dad with love.""

On her seventh day in this interesting world, Miss Ladd looked up in the general direction of the gentleman who was holding her, and gave out an expression which her father proclaimed as a grin. "She's a glamour girl if she only had her hair fixed a bit," he said.

The nurse explained that the only thing lacking in Alana's wardrobe was a baby brush, one with very fine bristles. Also, there was the question of the nurse where Alan was. "I don't know," was the answer. "He left in quite a hurry about two hours ago."

When she appeared before Alan parked his car and came upstairs, a grin from ear to ear. "Fine way to spend my last day of furlough. I've been to practice every driving test—trip for miles around, but I finally found it," he gloated, holding up a white brush. At the door he turned to wink at his wife. "How's she," he said, "that I never have to use this on any spot but her head."

We will let you know about this and other developments in a later issue.
“Put Magic in Your Make-up”  
By Carol Carter

Make-up is a beauty-maker . . . as any bright girl knows. Here are Hollywood hints on how to use it!

- Vacation-bound? Or Victory-gardening in the back yard? Whatever your mid-summer plans, they’ll go all the merrier if you plan-for-prettiness! Says pert Dona Drake, “The surest way for any gal to put magic in her make-up is for her to learn correct application. A hit-or-miss lip-sticking job never brightened anyone’s life.” Tis true, we agree. And so we have gathered together for you some first rate cosmetic-cues from out Hollywood way!

Beauty Base

Comes sultry weather, but you’ll look really fresh and...
inviting. There's no special trick to it—except the magic of today's make-up bases. Take special care with your powder base, so that your skin will stay dewy fresh no matter how the mercury bubbles.

With every new make-up of yours, be sure to apply your skin-matching foundation base—either in cream, stick, cake or lotion form—and blend it carefully, evenly. Begin your application at the neck and smooth upward. It's really beauty-wiser, don't you think, to have face, neck and throat match?

As to color. Remember that you've probably been tanned by the energetic summer sun . . . decide upon a complementary sun-warmed color for your make-up. If "beauty under the sun" is causing you any complexion worry, turn, my pet, to page 60 where the Beauty Dept. has an answer for each and every problem.

Lipstick-Lure

When you've given yourself a complexion as pretty as a filmland belle's, you'll want those lips of yours to share in the glamour. And what's more, you'll want that glamour to stay with your lips, no matter how many Pepsis you down these thirsty, sun-scorched days. It helps lots if you know a few swift Hollywood application tricks! First, decide upon the "ideal" mouth for your type. Then pattern your own as nearly like it as possible. If your lips are too grimly thin, give them an added bloom by bringing the color slightly beyond the natural lip lines. If your lips are too full, stop the lipstick a little inside the outer borders. Could be that you think your mouth is too ear-to-earish (though Hollywood girls rather prefer wide mouths). If that's your problem, stop the coloring a little before the ends of your lips. To give added width and expression to a too-tiny mouth, extend the color a bit beyond the corners. Be sure to slant the "addition" upwards, not down. That way you'll avoid a sad expression.

After you've decided upon the perfect mouth for you, the idea is to apply it artfully. Here's another Hollywood magic-trick that will help: Draw your lip outline carefully with either a special brush or pencil. You're sure to get a smooth even line. Fill in the outline with (Continued on page 102)
It's the season when beauty flourishes... and short-sleeved, low-necked dresses display healthy, copper-colored suntans. Though they be real or faked (acquired under the summer sun or poured from a bottle), they're mighty becoming. Besides being a wonderful health builder-upper, a flattering outdoor glow is bound to intrigue your favorite male, and that's important!

When the week-end rolls around, gather your sunburn cream, lotion or oils and set up residence in your back yard. If you're a city dweller, the roof top may be your spot. Or could be you're fortunate enough to be near a beach. Those of you who can possibly spend time tending your home-grown radishes and tomatoes will find Victory-gardening gives you an excellent chance to acquire a tawny, golden color. But wherever you do your sunning, set about it intelligently!

TAN WHILE YOU CAN

If it's a-gardening you must go, slather on one of the sun-filtering creams or transparent lotions in generous dabs over your face, neck, arms and legs. Even if you're just doing

(By Carol Carter)

Paulette Goddard, of "So Proudly We Hail" fame, helps herself to a luscious, gypsy tan by smoothing on sun lotions and creams.
PRESSED from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is all food value.

For all frying, Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

For shortening, in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use 1/4 to 1/2 less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

For all salads, Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.

Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

Other Fun-to-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in 1/2-inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, shallow-fried in Mazola...sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola...summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola...scallops chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola...sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola...wet cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.

To discover the advantages of Mazola for shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins:

**Fluffy Mazola Muffins**

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/4 cup Argo Corn Starch
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
3/4 cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add all at once to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola) 1/2 full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.

Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

**Mazola French Dressing**

3/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/4 cup Mazola
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
1/4 cup vinegar
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

**Variations**

Spicy: Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

Chiffrada: Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green pepper to above.

MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

My Skillet's best friend is Mazola...it fries food so deliciously, digestibly, economically. I save precious butter for table use.

My Biscuits seem to have wings—they're so light when I use Mazola for shortening.

Fresh Salad Dressings are so quickly and easily prepared with Mazola—I wouldn't think of serving any other kind.

My Big Bargain saves points! saves money!

Mazola now comes to you in a crystal clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.
War songs, war shortages. Even skirts were shortened—to the ankle! Shapeless fashions. High buttoned shoes, spats. First permanent waves. It was 1918, and army hospitals in France—short of surgical cotton—welcomed a new American invention...Cellucotton* Absorbent. Soon nurses began using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

Flappers flaunted first champagne-colored stockings. Everything smart was "the bee's knees." People mad over radio, Mah Jong. And women everywhere enthused about the new discovery in sanitary protection...disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. In 1922, millions of women gladly paid 60¢ a dozen for this convenient new product.

I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY

Empress Eugenie was everywoman's hat. Transparent mesh made stocking history. "I'll Tell The World" was current slang. Challenged by the clinging fashions of 1931, again Kotex pioneered—perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands of pads, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby...don't cause telltale outlines.

Beer Barrel Polka


It's a Woman's World today. Women are working for Victory. Far more active, yet far more comfortable in this war, for today's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Choice of more women than all other brands put together, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. Not that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!
that had been bothering her for a long time. He is the first man to arrive at Lake Placid as she had said for years, but in Brooklyn. In the second place, her name wasn't Constance Keane but Constance O'tyman. The name Keane is that of Veronica's step-father who is as beloved as any natural father could be.

These items clarified, the press asked Veronica about those motherhood rumors. Nothing to them, she said. Absolutely absurd. The press shook its columns and wondered amidst the fact that Veronica didn't get the impending arrival of her daughter, Elaine, until a scant eight weeks before that young person was coming in her basket. On that occasion Veronica had kept her stork commitment secret because she wanted the bathroom part in Preston Sturgis's picture "Sullivan's Travels."

This same situation prevailed. Veronica was ambitious to play the Javanese girl in deMille's "The Story Of Dr. Wassell. But once the rumor was started, Veronica suggested that it was still singing over the dark-skinned part that she would have to relinquish. Mrs. John Dillol announced that late August or early September would be a second occupation in Elaine's nursery.

Remember when Butch Romer built his house with an extra suite to be decorated at some time for a bride? Well, a lady is going to occupy it at last, but don't jump to conclusions until you finish this item. She is a very small girl, the infant daughter of Constance's sister who is moving into the Romer house for the duration.

When you read this, Cesar will have been in the Coast Guard long enough to be saltier than Shakespearean monkey. And the enlistment in the Coast Guard will step up considerably when word gets around that Butch is one of the most on-sighty guys alive and definitely a good shipmate.

**Double-Takes**

Gig Young, enlisted seaman in the Coast Guard, finally had time to get away from his base to see "Air Force," the picture in which he had the most satisfying part of his career. When he reached the theater, he found his name in lights on all the doors of the manse. He stood there alone, in the glow of the neon, and smiled just as you or I would.

The screening over, Gig emerged from the theater, unrecognized, and thumbed a ride in order to get back to his station. The motorists who picked Gig up had seen the picture the previous week. They said they thought it was swell and that young Sergeant Young's name would make good. They discharged their passenger and told him good night. If he ever got leave and was lonely, they enjoined, he was to call them up. They gave him their names, but they didn't ask his.

Gig waved them out of sight, then walked the remaining distance to his station, smiling.

Your reporter had luncheon with Miss Fontaine on the "Jane Eyre" set one noon. She seemed extremely comfortable in her own Power's old dressing room. On one side of the room there is a three-sectional mirror, hiding the wardrobe. Pistoried up and down all over the mirrors were dozens of small yellow squares of paper on which lines had been inscribed in red. Investigation proved that each of these yellow squares contained a poem, written by one of the technical crew to Joan, who is always a favorite with the workmen. Some of the verses were neat, to wit: I never saw a Vitamin
I never hope to see one.
But here's the plight that I am in:
I'd rather C than B.

**MODERN SCREEN QUIZ**

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pages 83 and 89 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom the clued word refers, you'll get yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you must have gotten all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions...at 5 points each...adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 90's normal, 60's good, 40 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

**QUIZ CLUES**

### Set 1
1. **Mickey's master**
2. **B.B. (also signifying Big Bruiser)**
3. **Little Colonel**
4. **Foiled Kitty Foyle**
5. **New Baby**
6. **"Moilder" she says**
7. **Johnny Eager**
8. **Out-crooning Crosby**
9. **Loves Ladd in "China"**
10. **Bogie**
11. **Elephant Boy**
12. **Payne's dame (past tense)**
13. **For whom no bell tolled**
14. **Burlesque graduate**
15. **Cowboy (in Pop's footsteps)**
16. **Perc**
17. **Dusky delight**
18. **20th-Fox's star clown**
19. **Henreid's heart (cinematically)**
20. **Lover: Fr. version**

(Continued on page 83)

Claudette Colbert, looking out of a back window, noticed a delightfully vacant spot that would be ideal for the culture of tomatoes. She drove down to a greenhouse and purchased several flats of small but thriving plants. She spent several hours preparing the soil, then setting out her plants. That night she counted her tomatoes before they were ripe.

She awakened the next morning to the twittering of enchanted birds. "Hmmm," mused Claudette, smiling sleepily to herself, "the sweet things."

A second later realization struck. Leaping up, she glanced out of the window. The birds had finished a lavish breakfast of junior tomato plants, leaving havoc behind.

**The Social Life**
A slim, lovely girl—her hair piled high in the manner of ravish little Helen Morgan—stood beside a piano for four hours at a recent Hollywood party, and sang. She sang Morgan's torchy "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine." She sang "Why Was I Born?" and "Melancholy Baby." She said she had worked with Morgan in shows, and she knew the routine, the tricks, the technique.

It happened that Jimmie Fidler was in another room, so someone enticed him in to hear the singer. He was bowled over. "I didn't know that you sang!" he said to the brown-eyed girl dispersing mellow notes. He added. "Warner Brothers are really lucky, they own the rights to the life story of Helen Morgan, and they have the logical candidate for the part right under contract on their own lot. It looks like a natural for you, baby."

The singer?
You know her well, indeed. That beautiful button-nose, Jane Wyman. How about digging in line to tell us how she and her family know how much you approve of seeing Janie as the celebrated piano-sitter-cme, Helen Morgan?

House guest each weekend late at the Arrowhead Springs bungalow of Captain and Mrs. Bill Howard has been incandescent Betty Hutton. She has been teaching Dottie to jitterbug for Dottie’s part in “And The Angels Sing.” After last week’s live session, Dottie was too tired to finish cooking the dinner, so Bill and Betty took over. After dinner, Betty did the dishes, then started to practice some jitter steps for Dottie’s livelier education.

"I don’t see how you do it," sighed Dorothy from the depths of the lounge. "Easy," chirped Betty, "zing, zing, zoot, zoot. I’m the fragile type.

### Judy Garland and her best friend, Betty Asher, went to the beach one Sunday and took in the concessions. They tried the shooting galleries, the baseball games, the serpentine slide and finally the merry-go-round. A group of enlisted men, spotting the gorgeous Garland head, had formed a tentative queue. When the merry-go-round started, they watched Judy’s determined attempt to catch the gold rings. "Atta girl, Judy," one of them called when she emerged triumphant.

Judy looked down and smiled. "Want to ride with me?" she called. This was like asking a lady, whose goat has just eaten her orange book, if she wants a case of canned goods.

So Judy ordered practically a mile of tickets and she and her friend, rode ten trips. Afterwards the entire gang lined up at an ice cream counter, and Judy treated them to cones. Everyone had fun—Judy most of all.

**Brass Buttons**
Captain Clark Gable is according to latest dispatches from London, accompanying American bombing crews on their missions.
MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES:
No. 7. "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

PICK A NUMBER!

1ST PRIZE.............$500 in WAR BONDS

2ND PRIZE.............J. J. FOX FUR COAT

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,127 Prizes...........$1.00 each in War Stamps

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Paramount Studios.

**If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

It's dizzying... the thought of winning a $500 War Bond or a Persian lamb coat on just a guess! Yet that's the setup... or shall we start from the beginning?

This month we ask you to guess the number of fan letters Gary Cooper received between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942. That's the contest! The WHOLE contest! And frankly, we're proud of this brain-child of ours because it's so marvelously fair. Since no skill or talent or special knowledge is required, everybody's got exactly the same chance to win.

We picked the dates, Sept. 30 to Oct. 31, because that month wound up Gary Cooper's work on FW'TBT. That was the month Coop's fan mail practically scaled a mountain. Matter of fact, it zoomed to somewhere between 18,000 and 23,000. That's all we're telling you... not another crumb. All you have to do now is pick a number between 18,000 and 23,000, mail in your entry and then curl up in a corner and think what a $500 War Bond would look like in YOUR mail box.

We don't expect you to guess the exact number of letters received by Gary Cooper during the month. If you did it would be a miracle, and we don't base our contests on miracles. What we're doing is awarding prizes to the 1,127 people who come closest to the true number.

RULES:

1. Guess how many fan letters (between 18,000 and 23,000) Gary Cooper got between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942. Write your guess on the coupon.

2. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own surname—not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.

3. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Paramount Studios and members of their families.

5. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than Sept. 10th.

6. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.

7. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1943 series. If you haven't already won one of the big prizes, you are still eligible for this one.

8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

Yours for the winning... a gorgeous black Persian lamb coat—complete with latest tuxedo front and turn-back sleeves. Guess the number most nearly correct, and this prize is all yours.

MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST SERIES
No. 7—"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

Full Name
Street
City State
Coat Size
I think Gary Cooper got... fan letters
between Sept. 30 and Oct. 31, 1942.
Mail this coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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How to Win Out in your Big Moment

by Loretta Young
Star of Paramount's "CHINA"

1. When a girl knows she's met the man, how sad it is for her if carelessness has spoiled the soft, smooth beauty of her skin!

2. It's foolish to take chances. Screen stars take Lux Soap beauty facials every day. ACTIVE lather removes dust and stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives precious skin protection it needs.

3. Its soft, smooth skin does the trick! In your big moment—your tender moment—smooth, adorable skin will make his heart turn over, make him whisper, "You're beautiful!"

4. This beauty facial's so simple. All you do is smooth lots of the creamy lather well into your skin, splash with cool water, pat to dry. Now skin feels smoother, looks fresh.

IT'S SMOOTH, ADORABLE SKIN THAT WINS ROMANCE AND HOLDS IT! YOU'LL FIND DAILY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS WITH LUX SOAP A WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.
over France and Germany. With the knowledge so gained from actual experience, he will be able to direct training films for flying fortress gunners now being prepared for overseas duty.

Did you know that Lt. Tyrone Power of the Marine Corps was graduated with the standing of 17th man in a class of 142? Greer Garson got the thrill of her life one night when she and her mother were seeing a newsreel showing the landing of troops and supplies in the Aleutians. Participating was Ensign Richard Ney.

Coaxing Victor Mature did the New York night spots with Choo Choo Johnson after having placed a pyrotechnic telephone call to Rita Hayworth. The next day, Rita announced that her wedding plans with Victor had been indefinitely postponed. Bumble Bee in the cleftmen: Orson Welles.

Air Cadet John Payne is currently stationed at Independence, Calif., undergoing a course of intensive Air Corps training. While Craig Stevens was in Los Angeles on a three-day pass, he and Alexis thought they had tickets reserved for a play. However, when they arrived at the box office, there were no cards reserved and none available. Just as they were turning to leave, a dejected private clutching Craig’s sleeve. “Here, buddy, I’ll sell you my tickets,” he said. The girl friend was supposed to meet me here, but she didn’t show up. You sold, so you get the break.”

For Lt. Bill Holden’s birthday, Brenda secured, among a number of other things, an autographed photograph of Gary Cooper—a gesture that pleased Bill immensely.

**Newcomers You Should Know:**

Jennifer Jones, who is starred in her first picture, “The Song of Bernadette.” As the inspired Little French girl who becomes a saint she has had an intensely difficult task. But awed photographers have been going around the studio, telling one another in astonished whispers that here is an actress who never takes a bad picture. No plane of her face is other than lovely. And, because of the connections of the part she is playing, Jennifer is wearing neither false eyelashes nor lipstick in the picture.

Dorothy McGuire, from the New York stage, in another newcomer who is making a hit at 20th Century-Fox where “Calcutta” is being screened. She’s the sort of girl who drifts around on Cloud No. 7. She knew nothing of camera technique when she started, and her first day was made terrible by a fit of mike fright. The next morning she came back with a lower lip thrust out, and performed like a veteran.

Dane Clark made such a hit in “Action in The North Atlantic” that you will probably be seeing him in scenes of Warner Brothers pictures. His first job in a theater was that of a Leap-Bearer at $15 per week. One Sun day he had a chance to play on a pro football team for 50 bucks so he told his manager that his father was ill and he would have to take care of him. Just two things occurred to blast this mild deception: He returned to work on Monday bearing an interesting elect mark on his cheek, and the sport sections carried an exciting photograph of Dane Clark in possession of the ball.

**Animal Kingdom**

Ralph Milam, having conquered the chicken raising business, is now branching out. He recently acquired a pair of rabbits. Now he is studying the multiplication table.

**Sentimental Stuff**

Van Johnson is so much better that he was allowed to go to Romanoff’s for dinner with make-up, and for the dancing to decorate their wedding anniversary. Incidentally, while he was still in the hospital, Irene Dunne came to call on Van one afternoon. His temperature had been normal, but the nurse—noticing an admiring flush—popped the thermometer into Van’s mouth. A few seconds later she nodded to Miss Dunne. “I’ve had a very stimulating effect upon Mr. Johnson; I’m afraid, in the interest of his temperature that you won’t stay any longer.”

**Words to the Wise:**

Did you know that the Betty Grable-Harry James romance may well be serious. . . . Ida Lupino has a care for insomnia: “I lie quietly counting Lupinos coming through a gong run.” Shirley Temple is having her first young romance with a nice San Francisco boy. . . . Bob Hope, appearing at a bond rally in New Orleans, did a straight show down, this time selling half a million dollars of bonds. Look out, G. R. Lee. Hope has written a book, too, you know. . . . Sonja Henie owns a dog named “Skippy” that has been humming up the works on the set of “Winter-time.” Skippy is supposed to remain in Sonja’s dressing room, but each time he hears his name, he runs against the door until he sets himself free. He hears his name often, breaking up a take, because J. H. A. and his picture happen to be Skippy. . . . Betty Hutton has decided not to buy that house for Mom. Real estate values too high at present. There is no truth to the rumor that Betty and Estelle were singing in rhythm again. Perc is going to marry vivacious red-haired Margaret Donovan whose legs, according to Bette Davis, are the most beautiful in the world. . . . Deanna Durbin, that old party-giver for her fellow workers, recently gave a wedding shower for Sally Wohls, her secretary. She’s working hard in her new Universal picture titled “Hers To Hold.” . . . Lou Costello is recovering from his battle with rheumatic fever and will be able to go back to work in September if he continues to improve.
For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty— for you are still carrying on your traditional "woman’s" work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity— even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength— I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s— will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting— the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely— under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glazing "life" to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
FOR THE MODERN MISS

By Elizabeth Willguss

Well, do something about it. Don't wait. Even if you're down on a farm far from a dry cleaner and all your clothes are summer washables, anyway! No matter how careful, you'll spill milk down your front or juice from a ripe peach or upset the iodine bottle after fixing that thumb. So here are some special spot tactics for you summer Victory croppers:

DO wash milk stains with soap and water.
DO treat iodine to a whiff of ammonia.
DO tamp cooking oil spots with dry cleaning solvent.
DO give those letter-writing ink spots an equal dose of glycerine and water; on white fabrics, follow with scent ammonia and peroxide.
DON'T expose tannin stains (coffee, tea, fruit, mustard, soft drinks) to heat or soap. Use water.


If you don't own a jumper dress, you're way off somewhere. Think of your suit blouses and the possible changes! Don't rush out to buy new, however. Wait awhile, have your pick of the fall variety. Meantime, why not cut down an old dress? Kay Aldridge, Republic's serial queen, who looked mint-julep cool the other day in her green dress and big brim, says, "If you can manage to look cool, you've solved half the problem." And, she adds, you do it with one solid color and no fussiness!

"Starched linen blouses in watermelon pink or pale blue will freshen up any summer suit." There's your tip from Ruth Hussey, M-G-M's star of "Tennessee Johnson." And even if you can't find such a luscious shade of linen, you can dye it just the color you want, can't you?
This is what she advises her fans: "When you buy furs, look for the Hollander mark — it means beauty that lasts." And that’s true of all the Hollander furs — Featherlite Persian Lamb, Beaver, Hudson Seal-dyed Musk and others.

RITA HAYWORTH.
star of Columbia Pictures forthcoming Technicolor production, "Cover Girl," sees that her furs have expert care. Many stores feature Hollanderizing — fur cleansing and rejuvenation by the very same methods used by Hollander in processing the original pelts.

Every scrap of it can be used.
Your local furrier, department store or specialty shop will be glad to accept your old furs for the FUR VEST PROJECT. They will make warm vest linings which are given free to our seamen.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR OLD FUR COAT

Fur is Precious
That's why Rita gives the coats she no longer wants to friends, relatives or worthy charities. She won't let them idle their loves away when they can make someone else warm, beautiful and happy.

Rita often finds an old coat of hers has a lot of life left in it. She advises you to do as she does — have it repaired or remodeled at the place you buy your furs to recapture your pride of ownership.

Fur is Precious
Every scrap of it can be used.
Your local furrier, department store or specialty shop will be glad to accept your old furs for the FUR VEST PROJECT. They will make warm vest linings which are given free to our seamen.
A dynamic stage star, Katina Paxinou—as yet completely unknown to movie audiences but famous on the Continent—was the person finally picked by Paramount to play the coveted role of the indomitable Pilar in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." "There could have been no better choice for the part," you'll soon be hearing on all sides. Nor could there be a person more logical to represent Greece, in our series on The Foods of Our Allies, than this fine actress, known in better days as "The First Lady of the Royal Greek Theater."

At first Madame Paxinou demurred when we explained the nature of our interview. "In discussing the foods of my country," she explained sadly, "we can speak only in the past tense with regret, or in the future tense with hope. Of the present we must speak with sorrow and pity—and with a deep determination to do all we can to ameliorate the tragic lot of my starved and tortured fellow countrymen."

She then went on to describe the food relief program being carried out under the auspices of the Greek Relief Association—while at the same time urging us all to purchase the useful Atlas of War Maps sold for the benefit of this worthy cause; and to make any other contributions we can towards a program on whose continuing success depends the survival of an historic race.

Finally, however, Madame Paxinou did tell us about some of the native dishes of Greece which she thought would be popular with Americans. These specialties are necessarily of the simpler sort. Featured among them is Chicken Kapama—as prepared by the chef of one of New York's famous hostelries which caters with equal success to people of Greek descent and to those Americans who appreciate the semi-oriental undertones of Greek cookery.

A simple sweet like Hosafi—instead of the more familiar, but too-hard-to-make-at-home, dessert. Baclava—could follow the Kapama; while Avgolemono might well precede it, if you would have an entire meal of Greek inspiration. Then too, if you wish to have a starchy food with the main dish, by all means follow their custom of serving—in preference to potatoes—rice cooked in such a manner that each grain stands out distinct from its fellows. Here's how it's done. And here also are other recipes for dishes long favored in Greece—to serve as reminders of a happier past and as signposts on the road to a brighter future for a brave and still active ally.

Adjum Pilaff
(Fluffy Cooked Rice)

Wash 1 cup rice through several waters. Drain thoroughly. In a deep, heavy saucepan melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add the rice; cook and stir until golden brown. Add 2 cups water (or 2 cups stock) and 2 teaspoons salt. Boil gently 25 minutes in covered saucepan, without stirring. Turn off heat, stir with a fork, cover with a doubled towel and allow to stand on back of stove, or in hot oven, for 5 minutes.
AVGOLEMONO
(Egg-Lemon Soup)
3½ cups chicken stock
2 tablespoons rice
salt to taste
2 egg yolks
1/4 cup lemon juice

Bring chicken stock to boiling point. Wash rice, add to stock and cook until soft. Add salt to taste. To well beaten egg yolks add the lemon juice; beat together thoroughly. Dilute with a little of the hot soup, then add to remaining soup, stirring well as you add. Allow to stand several minutes over hot water. Serves 4.

KAPAMA
(Baked Chicken)
2 (2 pound) chickens
1/2 cup butter (or chicken fat)
1 carrot, sliced
1 celery stalk, sliced
5 small white onions
1/2 cup sherry wine
salt and pepper, to taste
1 cup chicken broth
2 cups stewed tomatoes
2 whole tomatoes

Have chickens cut into 4 portions each—reserving the wing tips, neck and giblets which should be cooked in a little water to make the 1 cup broth called for in recipe. Place chicken portions in large skillet containing the butter or chicken fat. Fry on both sides until well browned. Remove chicken to casserole, add the carrot, celery, onion and sherry. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. To the fat in which chickens were fried add the bud of garlic (more garlic may be used if the flavor is liked—but care should be exercised so as not to “mask” the delicate flavor of the chicken itself). Stir in the flour and cook and stir until slightly browned. Remove garlic and add the strained chicken broth. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add the stewed tomatoes. Taste and add salt, pepper and also a pinch of mixed herbs, if desired. Pour this sauce over contents of casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes. uncover, add the quartered tomatoes and cook 15 minutes longer. Serves 4.

MOUSAKA
(Meat and Eggplant Casserole)
1 large eggplant
fat for frying
1 pound chopped meat
1 onion, chopped fine
salt, pepper, bayleaf
2 fresh tomatoes
1 tablespoon butter

Pare and slice eggplant. Sprinkle with salt, place on a plate, top with second plate and place a weight on top plate. Allow to drain for 1 hour. Fry slices on both sides in a little fat, until well browned. (Eggplant may first be dusted with a little flour, if desired.) Meanwhile brown the meat and the onion in a little fat in a separate skillet. Add salt, pepper and a bit of bayleaf. Add the tomatoes cut into very small pieces. Cook and stir 2 minutes longer. Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with pre-cooked eggplant with a layer of meat, then add a second layer of eggplant. Dot with butter and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes.

HOSAFI
2 cups (1 pound) seedless raisins
3 cups water
peel of 1 orange
2 tablespoons sugar
Wash and drain raisins, add water and peel cut into thin strips. Simmer 30 minutes. Add sugar. Chill well.

You've had your share of worries lately... what with shortages and soaring prices, saving 'points' and stretching pennies... it's a full-time job just to keep your family clothed and fed.

Then there's the weekly wash. More than likely you're doing it yourself. And now—the last straw—you can't always get your favorite laundry soap!

It's hard to be patient about these things. But—please believe that the makers of Fels-Naptha are doing everything they can to keep you supplied. Working day and night at it. If your grocer doesn't have Fels-Naptha Soap in stock today—he will have it soon. So please keep on asking.
WOMEN WHO KNOW
have a better chance for happiness!

IMPROVED NEW FEMININE HYGIENE WAY

- Knowing the truth about feminine hygiene—the real modern facts— is bound to mean greater happiness for any wife! Are you sure your information is up-to-date?
- Today you can know! Today no woman need trust half-truths. No woman need rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures—or risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn and injure delicate tissues.
- Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!
- Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Dedoric, by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!
- Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE! Mail this coupon for a swatch book. Zonitors, Inc., 316 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

CO-ED
(Continued from page 16)

ironing). Foot-wise, just about anything goes, they do say, as long as it's divinely comfortable. Moccasins and saddles are most popular, and some coupon-conscious wear no shoes at all. You'll need a bandanna or two to do up your hair on damp or windy mornings, and if you're going to live at the farm rather Ann claims you'll need a few crisp cotton numbers for evening. We can't warn you against packing a lot of cozy, warm working clothes. They couldn't cut less ice with the farmers.

One fine day you'll be called and asked to report for work. Help is needed on a dairy farm, if you live in the cow country. Your chores may involve but¬
er-making, running a separator (elec¬
trically, lest the mere thought put you out of commission), machine-milking, mixing grains and feeds and seeing that the cows eat their spinach. You'll be sharing the repairs, so crop drooping over the thing. On a poultry farm, you'd feed and water the feathered friends, clean, grade, candle, and crate eggs and pre¬
pare poultry for putting an egg. On an agricul¬
tural farm, you'd pick the produce, wax vegetables, can 'em.

safaris cost dough . . .

If your state is a dairy country, and you crave to work on an agricultural farm, specify that in your original applica¬
tion. If you're a Westerner and you'd
love to work in the East, write to the Volunteer Land Corps, 51 E. 42nd Street, New York City. They'll try to place you on a selected and supervised New Eng¬
land farm, having first blown you to a four-week course in agriculture at Farmingdale, L.I. If you're an Easterner with a yen to work in the West (that's human nature, you know), write to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in the capital of the state you choose, and ask for job data. However, unless you have some spare cash to throw around, don't undertake a long safari. You pay your own way, you know, and it mounts up.

Now, the vital question department: What about women who vary in size from state to state, but these are fairly typical. Thirty-five cents an hour if you work for a day here and there; $30 a month plus room and board if you
work plus three months at the farm. During harvesting, you're paid by the piece, so much per bushel of corn. Are the farms co-ed? Some will be, but the majority won't. Check with the Farm Bureau first if this matters, and assure your shocked parents that the farms are well house-mothered. Can girls of all ages go? Yes, if they're hard and hearty. Child labor laws prevent the very little women from pitch¬
ing in, however.

Here's one way to combine fun and farming. Get your gang of kids to sign up for work one day a week as a group. Build a portable hovel, buy a hush puppy with your own grog money. When you knock off around four-thirty, hie yourselves to the creek for a long dip, then home to one of your houses for night. There's no running around. Important point: Don't loaf on the job. You'll get fired ultimately.

A word or two of warning. Don't offer your services directly to the farm; you'll have absolutely no assurance of fair treatment or maximum pay. (If the farmer in the case is your uncle or some¬
thing, ignore this, of course.) Don't, in a fit of misguided patriotism, offer to work for nothing. You'll force the wage scale down. Don't fib about your prowess.

hey, you with the green thumb! . . .

If you're out of school and career-shopp¬
ing, give a thought to farming. Seriously, it's going to be one of the better things for women. You see, the Department of Agriculture has analyzed the possibilities of female farmers and found them good. Ladies, it seems, have a knack for raising vegetable and animals. They are patient, dexterous and diligent —all of which adds up to this. You can, after a stretch at agricultural college, get a job as a horticulturist, or the more peaceful one as a crop production specialist or a junior soil conservationist. If you're interested in farming as a way of life—a peaceful, deep-down happy, profitable way—pick a card to your State Director of Rural War Production Training.

Co-Ed Bulletin Board: This is the month to sneak up on that gorgeous Modern Screen contest on page 64. What with everyone knee-deep in sum¬
mer and lazy days, their hands couldn't be riper for you. Give it a try right this minute. The prizes are as out-of-this-world as James on the trum¬
pet, and we'd like nothing better than to send you one of 'em!

And here's another beautiful thing. The whole string of charts in our Super-Cou¬
don (all but Hollywood Super-Star Information Chart) is being offered for exactly nothing, beginning now. No nickels . . . no box tops . . . no stuff. Super-Star Information Chart is simply staggering—combines three of M.S.'s former charts with miles of added dope on Hollywood people. For a dime it's a ter¬
rific prize. In fact, we expect the 100,000 we've printed to disappear in two winks, so take action, chum . . . and quick! Too. We've added fresh this month a beauty chart for making you a dream in seconds flat! Leaf over to Page 18 for more Super-Coupon dope!

200,000,000 PLATTERS

Remember what your Saturday nights used to be like? A mob of you around a phonograph . . . a stay of restless kids? Well, a lot of those records are tucked in the attic now . . . cracked and dated and useless. A lot of guys are sitting around a phonograph in a camp, somewhere, playing "Java Jive" over and over and re¬
memering those nights. In many cases, there isn't much besides a vic to brighten their evenings. Trouble is, there's a terrific shortage of discs. That's where you come in, with sleeves rolled up.

The American Legion and their Auxiliaries will buzz your bell some¬
time this month asking for old rec¬
ords and broken ones which they, in turn, will sell to record manufactur¬
ers as scrap. They are looking for¬
dard to 200,000,000 of 'em, and the money raised in this way will be used to buy brand new records for all servicemen both here and abroad. Better whish through your stacks of records right now. And remember, it doesn't matter a bit how or when they are; they'll make simply luscious scrap.
mother. She wasn't meant to worry. I'll take care of you both." For Betty, her mother's hands became the symbol of drudgery and heartache. Lying scared and seamed and idle in her lap for a moment, they never failed to bring the tears stinging to Betty's lids.

Mother has the car now and the fur coat. She's married to the man who waited 16 years, because she wouldn't say yes till the girls grew up.

Marlon's happily married and has a baby, so Betty doesn't have to worry about her any more either.

**lady with a capital l...**

The way things are, you'd think she wouldn't have to worry about herself either. At 22, she's covered considerable ground—from a Detroit tenement to Hollywood's plushy lap—from singing for pennies to stardom at Paramount. But there's a devil that keeps her keyed to fever pitch. Every goal is just a stepping-stone to the next.

She's always aimed for the top. Halfway doesn't suit her. As a kid in Detroit, she said, "Some day I'll sing at the Fox—" where the big shots sang. She wants to be a fine actress, because that's tops in Hollywood. She wants to be a lady, because that's tops in womanhood.

"I don't mean the kind of lady who's dull. I mean someone who has humor, has charm, isn't cheap. When you see Colbert, you don't say hello to her like you would to Joe Blow. You say it with respect. I want that look in my face like hers— that careless look."

That's Betty talking—the kid who was honest with herself from the day she could think, who looked at her plain freckled face in the mirror and said grimly, "No one thinks you're going to be anything but you. Well, maybe you're not, but I tell you one thing, my girl, you're going to kill yourself trying."

It's also her mother talking. Mrs. Hutton had her own goal, driving toward it with the same intensity that burns in

**I want to Join the W-I-V-E-S**

You see she was a very lonely girl indeed. There was no romance in her young life... "cause she looked old and faded... and love stayed away. And it was all her face powder's fault... its shade was dead and lifeless... which added years to her age!

2 They tried a glamorous new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. What a difference! For these new youthful shades are perfectly matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! And, listen... there's an alluring new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the natural, youthful coloring of your complexion, too... no matter what your age!

3 Look at her now... our sad Miss is a glad Mrs.—thanks to that smooth, downy look of youth Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! What's more, this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color true, never streaky... color harmonized to suit your skin type... goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours!

4 So glorify the youthfulness of your complexion! Thrill to the glamorous new allure Cashmere Bouquet can bring to your skin! You'll find a new, youthful shade that's perfect for you... in a 10¢ or larger size, at all cosmetic counters!

**Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder**

*In the New Youthful Shades*
Betty. She'd been handicapped by a lack of schooling. Her girls wouldn't be. No factory work for them. Marion wanted to be a nurse. Betty was smart; she could read, and that reflected in her beautiful handwriting. Mrs. Hutton quit and got a job in a drugstore. Well, Betty then. They'd both put Betty through school. Betty was a whizbang at school. At 12, Betty'd made up her mind to be a singer. Mrs. Hutton owned a guitar—one of the few relics of her girlhood—and taught the children to sing songs like "Dinah" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home." One night she took them to a restaurant patronized by her friends. Betty was moved to get up and sing, and when people clapped and threw money on the floor, her eyes popped. Money for singing! Zowie! This was for her! Betty became a familiar figure at the rollicking Italian weddings, haunted amateur nights, where you hollered the name of your song to the orchestra. She got not only the money, it was the fun. Amateur nights were her substitute for the movies and skating rinks she no longer had. She sang with color and music and tingle of life. She had a swell time up there on the stage—swinging into it, letting herself go, drawing applause.

Mrs. Hutton said, "So she's singing, so what? As long as it doesn't interfere with school." She even agreed to let Betty go to Paramount. Betty was named first. But only for the summer mind you." Fred Winegar, a bandleader, thought he could get some dates, with Betty as singer. Mrs. Hutton cooked enough chicken for their meals on the train, but nobody gave them chicken in New York. They were down to crackers and cheese when they finally got a date with a music publisher.

One look at Betty was enough. "How old are your children?" Her rouge and lipstick were too thick. So was her lie.

"Listen, kid. If you'll be a nice girl and go back to school, I'll pay your fare."

up popped fate . . .

To Betty he'll always be a prince, even if his advice stunk. Back home, she phoned her mother into her singing rounds some again. Now she ventured into night-clubs, took her crowd along so they could lead the applause. And one night fate poked a finger into the pie.

The spot was appropriately called The Nuthouse and, after Betty's song, the head waiter came back, looking re- spectably at Betty. "Is that yours?" he queried.

"Who's Vincent Lopez?" (That was the awful part. Hot bands were her dish. The smooth Lopez lay beyond her ken.) "He's got the Episcopalian combo.

Her tottering legs took her to the bandleader's table. Next day he gave her an audition and offered her $65 a week to go on tour. What did her mother say? What would you say if a blazing-eyed hurricane hit you with news of more money in a week than you'd put through years of back- and heartbreak?

Betty learned more than her songs on that trip. Betty learned for the first time, clothes, about good taste and bad, grabbing knowledge where she found it.

mom does it . . .

Billy Rose had engaged the Lopez band for the opening of Casa Manana In New York. On tour Betty had been all right, but hardly the hand for serious singing. She'd been brooding over this, but brood- ing hadn't brought the answer.

They'd set her for the opening spot, the warm-up spot. She'd be pitted against names like Morgan and Richman and Lou Holtz. Out there in the audience they'd like it, so she'd also have food to contend with.

Her mother was with her. In the dressing room they knelt and prayed, as they do before every performance. Betty's no formal churchgoer. "I just talk to Him," she says, "like I talk to you.

Mrs. Hutton sat in the balcony, shak- ing her head. Betty came on stage. "A Tasket, A Tasket." The applause was mild. She was about to go off, having been told to do only one number, unless they clom- ped for more. Then she lifted her eyes to her mother's smile, to her mother's thumb and forefinger running in an O. Unexpectedly, even to herself, Betty winked. And out front they laughed—

That did it. It was only a laugh, but it sent power surging through Betty. She remembered the way—like some- thing feeding you a steak, like laving wings—

She broke into "Where's My Little Dog Gone," and blasted it in the style that needs no description today—hurtling music around, threw the microphone over, tore off the stage and on to the tables, had a wonderful time going mad and invincible. Her hands involved and her legs went mad with her. They did, too. They refused to let her go. She sang "Old Man Mose Kicked the Bucket," and then, being only 16 and delicious, she broke down and bawled. That made the women clap harder in sympathy andudge the menfolk to keep their big hams going. It was the night to stop and not the riot. Past caring now, Betty pulled the curtain and swung off on it like some exultant Valkyrie.

They had them all backstage after the show for suggested changes. Betty's turn came last. Reaction had been good. In little, her eyes, she said, "I've just one thing to say to you. Don't tear my costume up again."

Next day he sent her a black fitted case by Elizabeth Arden—the first good thing she'd ever owned.

Betty was sent to Casa Manana to vaudeville—"Two for the Show"—to "Panama Hattie," produced by Buddy De Sylva. "Some day," said De Sylva, "I'll do a show for you." She said it. But don't, he's one who sticks to his word. Shortly after he became production head at Paramount, Betty got a wire, "Have a new show for you."

He calls her his pet protege, and she calls him the boss, and for Betty's money, he wears a halo. Because he believed in her, because he listened to her as she was becoming into acting. Because she made good, she's landed the Tex Guinan plum, to play the New York Angel-Fishing." Her only objection to screen acting is the absence of applause. She thinks Hollywood's swell. She blows across the Paramount lot like a breeze, calls De Mille lover boy. She broke her engagement to Perc Westmore because he wanted to marry soon and she didn't. Her motto is "I'll date, I'll marry."

she's still mad about jewels and furs, though no longer about dripping them.

bell-bottom trousers . . .

She likes hamburgers and skee ball, and anything heavier than light fiction gives her a headache. She's in a bigger apartment than she needs, because she can't stand the hemmed-in feeling of her childhood. The maid's got to buy her breakfast the way up.

Her best friend is Doris, who's been her hairdresser since "Fleet's In." She doesn't have a good time with terribly dressed people, but she's an act so long that they wouldn't know their real selves if they met 'em in the lift to your house and, if it's not big enough, look down their noses and say, how quaint. She likes Doris. Doris is down to her level, and Doris has a sailor story every day.

Happy-go-lucky is not the word for her. She can't stand the hate affairs and Doris has a new sailor story every day.

Try to probe her hatred of being alone. She hasn't a dinner date, she calls her mother and stepdad—or she runs over to Lucey's opposite Paramount and has a sandwich and talks to the philosophical bartender.

Be as desperate as you like, she's learning to be alone. For instance. Well, we all have our own ideas of what makes a lady. For a very gallant one, I give you Betty Hutton.
was too great to land; either that or the runway had congealed in a strip too small for Bob’s plane. He poured on more coal, took on some altitude and looked down on the field where his teacher was doing plain and fancy nips.

Maybe, thought Bob, the wind had changed, so he flew down for a look at the wind sock. Nope, the wind was still coming from the proper department.

“Make a landing approach from a thousand feet” his instructions had said, so Bob went back to a thousand and came in again. When he reached the approximate landing point, he still had too much speed.

By this time he was doing the most thinking of his life. He was wondering why no one had ever equipped a plane with an anchor and a reliable stairway.

Being a patient soul, he tried a seventh time and had no difficulty at all in cutting down air speed and making a perfect three-point on the accepted runway spot.

As Bob climbed out of the plane, his teacher came sagging over on a pair of Leon Errol’s knees. He also had an explanation: The day was so hot that strong and erratic air currents had been set up; just as Bob had tried to land, six times, the wind had swung around in exactly the opposite direction.

Bob summoned up a grin for the moment. “My thirteenth hour in the air . . . that must explain such a freaky thing!”

After 33 hours in the air he earned his private pilot’s license, whereupon he telephoned his mother. “How would you like to go for a ride with me?” he demanded.

“I’d love it,” she said instantly, then she paused. “Do I have to look at the ground?” she wanted to know.

She took to flying like a bird—so long as she could look straight ahead into the sunset, or to either side into cloud banks. What she disapproved particularly was the panorama directly below. “Down is such a long way,” she observed.

When she landed she patted Bob’s shoulder and said, “You’re a good driver,” she said. “Any time you can take me, I’d like to fly with you.” This is known as family solidarity.

**Ordered by air . . .**

When Bob broached the subject of giving Barbara privileges in his plane she was grateful but unmoved. She explained that she liked solid earth. Things grew in it, and a person five feet two inches tall had no great distance to fall to reach it.

But the air—something else again. It didn’t look like anything, yet, aerial engineers insisted that it resembled, in its flow, the golden haze of molasses. It harbored thunder, lightning, hurricane, cyclone and smoon. Practically anything could loom out of air including clouds, birds, rain, hail and other planes. No thanks, said Barbara.

It wasn’t until Bob had well over 80 flying hours written up in his log book that Barbara finally consented to a brief trial flight. She liked it—but not enough.

She has never been up since.

Immediately afterward she bought a St. Christopher medal to be placed in the plane’s cockpit; then she bought a second to be worn on a chain around Bob’s neck.

Then a new medal for fliers was introduced, and Barbara bought that.

Bob, while not superstitious, approves of any charm; although non-Catholic (Barbara is Catholic), he is grateful for blessed medals. “Anything she says is good for me, I’ll wear. It’s a fine idea.”

---

**Yanks Share a “Back Home” Favorite With Their Allies in Foreign Lands!**

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile . . . a friendly gesture . . . are saying, “We’re your friends” to people who don’t speak our language.

That’s why so many of America’s men in uniform are offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands.

They’re sharing a good thing and making good friends.

And if there are times when you can’t get all the Beech-Nut Gum you want, it’s because the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and abroad, come first of all!

**Use your free time this summer to serve your country!**

In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America’s crops. Volunteer when your local Community Committee asks for help.

Yes, you will be paid!

---

**Beech-Nut Gum**

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

**August, 1943**
It was a week or so later when Bob had his funniest mishap—landed safely—factory at a small airport, but as he taxied along the runway a determined wind sprang up—in answer to some gremlin's call—and began to nudge Bob's plane merrily into an adjacent field.

Bob's apprehensive glance noted that the terrain was planted to some sort of crop, but not until the plane came to a stop, did he realize that he was systematically manufacturing watermelon crush. It took Bob a long time to live this down, not only with the farmer involved, but with the pilots and crew at the airport.

On another occasion, when a picture company was on location in Arizona, Bob flew down to join them. There had been a good deal of studio preparation for the flight to fly, but once he had his private pilot's license, the censure died.

While flying happily through the Arizona sky, Bob felt that he was maintaining a very respectable air speed: 110 the speedometer read. Behind him he heard a zooming, and an Army plane passed him as if he had been a badminton bird in an April breeze. The Army pilot dipped his wings in greeting; it was a beautiful gesture and one that Bob tried, after a fashion, to return.

He was still brooding over the non-grace of his greeting when he made his landing in full view of the Metro crew which had dropped his car to meet him. To this day, Bob isn't exactly sure what happened. However, he did a beautiful ground loop that threatened to tear a wing off a car. All in all, a general off the lowing of the Army plane which had landed some minutes before.

Despite the delight Bob takes in telling his friends about his sloppy landings, his miscalculations and his general confusion, there is no doubt in any one's mind that Lieutenant Taylor is a respectable pilot. Bob had over 100 air hours to fulfill the 50-air-hour requirement for the job he is to do.

Bob's friends sometimes say that his attitude resembles a story told by Gentleman Jim Corbett. As Jim Corbett was entering a hotel one evening, he was jostled by a small, punchy man of questionable ancestry. This character, instead of going on about his business, turned around and gave Corbett a violent tongue-lash.

Corbett could have lifted the chubby one by his shirt front and set him aside with one hand; instead, he apologized. Afterward, the man with Corbett asked why he'd been so courteous.

"I can afford to be polite. I have the punch to back it up," Corbett answered. So with Bob. He can afford to be funny about his rare mishaps because he seriously hopes to deliver properly when the time comes.

As a combination four anniversary present and going-away gift, Barbara bought Bob his Navy luggage—stout bags of dark blue canvas. She selected them herself, and Bob was proud; ex-

**SOAPI NG**
DULS LOVELY HAIR! HALO MAKES IT RADIANT!

winged plan...

**NEW-TYPE HALO SHAMPOO REVEALS HIDDEN HIGHLIGHTS...YOUR HAIR SPARKLES**

You will be thrilled the way your hair sparkles with all its natural color, the way hidden highlights are revealed the very first time you shampoo with Halo. Halo cannot leave dulling soap-film on hair. This is a promise no soap or soap shampoo can possibly make.

All soaps and soap shampoos—even the finest—leave soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap—therefore cannot cloud the radiance of your hair with soap-film.

Halo removes loose dandruff—rinses away completely without a lemon or vinegar rinse—leaves your hair easy to manage and curl. 10" and larger sizes.

**REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE**

**EWW! Smart, long taping nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not discolor, change color. Dries after using time. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removable at will, set of 30. 75c. All 50 and like stores.**

**N U-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS**

5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 15 N. Chicago
tell as much about the marriage of Captain and Mrs. Howard as one could put into an entire novel. They indicate that a proud and self-reliant man of exceptional background has married a famous girl simply because she was the wife he had been waiting for. As for Dorothy, she has never asked more of life than a splendid husband and a happy home.

**Mutual Adoration . . .**

It all began one Sunday in November, 1942. A soldier stationed at San Bernardino happened to see Dorothy at Arrowhead Springs Hotel where she was resting, having just finished “Riding High.” This military character knew there was to be some sort of entertainment on Sunday at the camp, so he asked Miss Lamour be requested to sing.

The officer in charge of entertainment deemed this a sterling suggestion and telephoned Dorothy to ask if she would oblige. She would, gladly. She was told that an executive officer would be sent to the hotel to fetch her.

And—you’ve guessed it—the executive officer was Captain William Ross Howard, III, of Baltimore, Maryland. Dorothy glanced at the height of him, the breadth of shoulder and the twinkling eyes, and she liked what she saw very, very much.

To manufacture conversation on the trip from hotel to base, Dorothy asked Captain Howard which of the 48 states was his home state. His answer brought forth the statement from Dottie that she had spent several weeks in his home town when her mother had been in the hospital last autumn.

They reached the entry to the air base in so short a time that the trip seemed to have been taken in the space between two heart beats. Just time for a girl to begin to think that this was a man with whom it would be easy to fall in love.

And Captain Howard? With a great deal of commendable male pride, he was undoubtedly telling himself that he wasn’t going to be impressed by a movie star, no matter how natural, unaffected, and genuine she appeared to be at first meeting. No indeed. He’d wait.

He’d wait to decide, when he drove her back to the hotel that Sunday afternoon, that it would be very pleasant to have dinner with her that evening. Dorothy said yes, if he wouldn’t have too long a drive back to base afterward.

“I’m living at Arrowhead Springs, too,” said Captain Howard.

It comes up Fate, kids.

Between that first dinner date and the afternoon of April 7, 1943, when Miss Dorothy Lamour became the wife of Captain William Ross Howard, a good many things happened.

For one thing, Dorothy changed her mind about hats. She had always adored cartwheels, with now and then an ample bonnet that could have doubled for a beach cabana.

On their second or third date, Captain Howard expressed himself on the subject of big hats. The gist of this speech was simply k-nay. Shortly afterward, Dottie became the skull-cap specialist of Marathon Street.

Another thing: Dottie has always been known around Hollywood as the Orchid Kid; they were her favorite horticultural exhibit. Suddenly Something New Had Been Added. Bill Howard’s favorite flowers were gardenias—because they have a glorious fragrance, whereas...
orchids obtainable in California smell like ice in a vacuum.

Almost immediately Dorothy’s taste in flowers veered in favor of gardenias.

The romance Dolittie bloomed over took her seriously. On Christmas Eve, Dorothy and her parents had just returned to her Coldwater Canyon house, so celebrated this event with open house on Christmas Eve. Bill had asked her, in as roundabout fashion as a man can usually manage, if she would like for Christmas, and she had told him merely a picture of himself. It sounded like a good two-way deal to Bill, so he gave her a picture.

On Christmas morning, Dorothy and her mother awakened early to sniff the aromas of sputtering bacon and frying eggs. When, in return of an expectancy, they descended to the kitchen, they found that the Air Corps in the busy persons of two competent officers, had prepared a larrupin’ breakfast.

In February, Dorothy and Bill went to the Academy Award Banquet together. She cautioned him in advance that she would know practically everyone there, and she hoped he wouldn’t mind if she were kidded about her military escort.

As they entered the Grove, Dorothy saw Commissar Jack Bolton advancing rapidly. She smiled vividly and started to say something light and charming, but Commander Bolton was obviously attending merely to the usual social gesticulations with his arm on her shoulder. “For heaven’s sake—Bill Howard!” he jubilated.

From the ensuing flood of conversation, Dolittie learned that Bill and Dorothy had grown up a block apart and attended secondary school together.

One March night, Dorothy and Bill had a dinner date. It was a divine evening... but by that time this pair would have found thunder and lightning lovely as long as they were together. Bill started to say something important; something that most men find exceedingly difficult to frame in words. He managed a few phrases, then several uncertain sentences. That moment, Dorothy was called to the phone.

The caller was Ted Whitehead, husband of Dorothy’s best friend, Kathleen Whitehead. Dorothy had already observed, through the nurse window, the lusty young man who was Kathleen’s brand new son and Dorothy’s godchild.

"That’s a wonderful baby," Dorothy answered, chuckling. "I just want you to know that you and Ted, Jr., interrupted a proposal."

The interruption must not have made much difference, because a few days later, Mrs. Castileberry announced the engagement of her daughter, Dorothy, to Captain Howard. There were, the announcement stated, no immediate wedding plans. This is like saying that a hungry juvenile, catching sight of a box of candy, has no immediate intentions.

Dorothy’sCanada—her parents—had some trouble filling out the forms. "What’s my profession?" she asked her fiancée naively.

This indicates one of the nicest things about marriage. It is possible to marry, a friend said, when one is not engaged. "I imagine Dottie has more roots hoping for her happiness than any other bride in Hollywood," he continued. "For the wedding was to take place, an agitated Captain Howard telephoned Dottie from San Bernardino. It seems he had purchased a handsome new pair of officers’ light trousers worn for dress occasions with the O.D. blouse. And, just to get accustomed to the new clothes, Bill had worn them that morning... but, while going through the warehouse, he passed too close to an inquisitive nail. "So I'll wear my old ones," Captain Bill allowed.

"That's right in keeping," laughed Dottie. "My dress is sort of old."

This was partly true. The dress was hyacinth blue crepe; she had worn it in "Riding High." It was one of the few Mamour wardrobe items capable of living; her truly social friendship, so Dottie loved it, and she wore it with a consuming admiration. She asked Edith Head, her great friend and Paramount’s gifted designer, if she couldn’t be whipped into an anchoring wedding dress. Edith said it could.

The night before the wedding, Bill arrived at the Castileberry house with all his bridegroom trappings. Someone said, "It’s bad luck for the bride and groom to see each other on the actual wedding day, before the ceremony."

That was a pretty problem, but one that was brilliantly solved. The next morning, Mrs. Castileberry stationed herself in the upper hall, and called directions. She announced Dottie’s turn to brush her teeth; Dottie’s turn for a shower. Dottie going downstairs on an errand, and so leaving the coast clear for the groom and his best man. All in all it was a fairly frantic morning, punctuated by a puncturing of the peace ringing through the house, but Bill and Dottie didn’t catch a glimpse of one another until Dottie, on her father’s arm, came slowly down the stairs, a race to the strains of the wedding march.

There was a double ring ceremony, with the bridal couple exchanging plain gold bands. The service was by Captain E. I. Carriker, chaplain at the San Bernardino Air Depot.

There were only 26 guests invited to the wedding, but after the ceremony the newlyweds drove down to the Beverly Hills Hotel to receive 250 guests at the reception held in the Officers’ Club. The following evening Captain Bill and Mrs. William Howard entered the dining room at Hotel Rancho Vegas—where they decided to spend their brief honeymoon, and looked for a table. A voice demanded, "Did you want to be seated?"

Dottie whirled around and uttered a delighted shriek. The query had come from the kieding to the publicity adviser from Paramount who had had no earthly idea where the Howards were, but who had personally come north to the famous resort for a rest. It just proves that in all states west of the Rockies there is no non-Hollywood rest. That Dorothy Howard is becoming very much of a tradition of the Army.
post is proved by two recent incidents. Upon entering the gates one evening to collect her husband, she stopped at the sentry's station to be identified. At approximately the same time a huge convoy of Army trucks came to a halt behind her car. The sentry was oblivious to this impatient military train. "My little girl would just love to have your autograph," he admitted. So, while the convoy waited—with extended necks and irate voices demanding some reason for the delay—Dottie signed a notebook.

On Sunday morning they attended services at the post church and were greeted by a private soldier. Saluting smartly he said to his superior officer, "Good morning, Captain Howard." Then he grinned at the Captain's lady. "Hi-ya, Dottie," he said.

So, it's true that the ideal marriage is a mixture of dignity and laughs, of serious accomplishment and joyous escape... the Howards are just 49 years and 8 months away from a golden wedding anniversary!

YOUR HANDWRITING AND YOU!
(Continued from page 33)

(Mountain-to-Mohammed stuff), and for three days he held continuous court. Betty Grable is likewise no hermit. She had more fun on her Army camp tour than she's ever had in her life. Saw hundreds of thousands of guys, and instead of coming home on the proverbial shutter like most of the stars, she checked in blooming but lonely, "Hollywood," she complained, "is dead."

Exactly opposite, temperamentally, to Betty is Sonja Henie, and you can see it immediately in her small compact writing. Perhaps you've noticed that your soldier beau's penmanship is becoming firm and strong, à la Henie. Well good. That shows he's developing a disciplined mind through regular training and routine. Your bombardier or engineer especially should have acquired a lot of Sonja's precision. After all, doing things by the book, not a bit of the same stuff it takes to drop bombs on postage stamps of ground.

Sonja's precision trills her around after working hours, too. She doesn't like a picture to hang even slightly off the beam; hates wrinkles in her clothes; can't bear sloppily arranged flowers. If you detect a just new neatness to your awain's letters, kids, be assured he's growing more fastidious, and go easy on the blots in future hillside-dawns.

Well, how much are you learning? You know two things already—that large writing indicates an emotional nature, and small writing a controlled one. There are innumerable variations on both themes, of course. Look at Ray Milland's writing, for instance. Notice that it's vertical, fairly large with rounded, well-spaced letters. This straight up and down writing reveals a nonchalance of placidity. Writing which slants forward shows warmth and friendliness. When it slants to the left it shows shyness. When it's neither one nor the other, like Ray's, it indicates aloofness. If you knew him...
would, you'd see that he is much more a spectator at a Hollywood scene than a participant. Typical of his attitude is this little incident from his very lean movie days. He and wife Mai were at the Coconut Grove. They'd eaten hash for months in order to amass the wherewithal for this great binge, and somehow it just wasn't coming off. Ray, resplendent in white tie and tails, turned to Mai, a vision in black satin. "Wouldn't it be awful to be a part of all this?" he whispered. 

He still thinks that way, and in spite of being one of the hottest boys in Hollywood, right now glamour bores him.

Writing with a left-handed slant, as we've said, Denver. The writing is an introvert—one living largely within himself—who often appears cold and disinterested. This is especially true if the writing is heavy, like Bette Davis's. If it is more a delicate backhand, like Jimmy Stewart's, the writer is on the shy side but with plenty of the old charm. Jimmy's enduring difference was never more obvious than in the early days at Camp Moffett. He ordered clear of the first few Saturday night dances because he was sure the local gals would be heartbroken when they saw him—so long, lean and so private. Later he couldn't bear to stay home because his buddies were so disappointed when he didn't show!

If the writing is large and has a great deal of movement to it, like that of Dennis Morgan and Gene Kelly, then we know there is restless activity held in check by will power. Notice that both these gents use long, heavy t-crossings, showing energy and drive.

Look at how close to the stem Sonja crosses her ts. This again indicates her fabulous caution and exactness. (Did you know she won't let any of her troupe wear hairpins in case one might drop on the ice and trip her? If that ain't caution it'll have to do . . .) The t-bars used by Janet Blair are light and flexible, while those that Alan Ladd uses are normal for that type of writing.

And speaking of Alan's writing, you may be wondering why the supposedly tough guy doesn't write a more vigorous-looking script, like Paul Henreid's, for example.

instance. Well, chums, that's one of the advantages of being a hand-writing analyst. It gives you an edge on the hoi-polloi Mmm, you've guessed it, show her ambition and present intense joy. And who wouldn't be slightly slap-happy? As we go to press—after a serious trial—she's once more Columbia's fair-haired girl. Her yen for the spotlight shows up in those inflated loops and gaudy capitals, and you can notice the effect of mood on writing by contrasting her present frivolous script with that of a few years back.

Moos do flow up in handwriting, you know, and you can tell whether or not a writer is happy or depressed by the tilt of the lines. An oncoming illness might give writers a sort of sketchy feel, and fatigue and homesickness will make the lines temporarily droopy.

We've just learned that tall and full upper loops indicate a state of mind. Inevitably, then, long and full lower loops have physical implications. They mean that the writer is in a state of growth, an Arthur Murray-ish dancer and full of rhythm like Krupa's drums. You will find these loops in nearly all of the stars' writing, because graceful physical movement is part of their stock in trade. The loops are especially exaggerated in the hand-writing of Grable and Hayworth—for here is an extra strong sense of rhythm. Since skating is a more disciplined art, the loops in Sonja's writing are long, but they never get out of proportion to the rest of the writing.

I have told you that letters which increase in size at the end of the words reveal a naive nature, and you can see that by these standards, George Montgomery is of the naifest. Until quite recently, he admits, he thought a Zombie was nothing but a Haitian ghost, a Sidecar was the bathtub business on a motor-cycle, and Manhattan was a nickname for New York!
Now look at the end of the words in suave Ray Milland's writing. They get smaller and smaller, and the "ing" just runs off into a wavy line. This shows the diplomacy that is part of Ray's charm.

If Rita Hayworth's addiction to applause is apparent in her large capitals, take a look at the "b" in the signature of Betty Grable. Betty's self-esteem has gone soaring into the stratosphere! She's even given herself an underscore, something only the much older and well-established actresses add to their signature.

A tip for you boys: Your girl may not look like Linda Darnell, but she may be a lot like her in temperament! If her writing is small, round and conventional, she's the sweet, feminine type. Nothing flashy, but a honey of a disposition. She's the girl of your dreams, the girl just like the girl that married dear old dad, and all that. Briefly, that simple, unaffected hand indicates a good long-term investment. Sergeant Pev Marley has thought just that about Linda for quite a while now. He recently made her Mrs. Pev, and after three whole months he still considers it a shrewd move.

Well, how are you doing as a handwriting analyst? Think you could take in a few more pointers? Here are some nutshell rules that you can learn easily.

** Capitals: ** Large capitals show ambition, pride and independence. The more flourishes the capitals have, the more praise and attention the writer wants. Small, plain capitals indicate modesty.

** Heavy pressure ** shows strong feeling, arder and intensity—even though the words themselves may sound uninspired.

** Slant: ** Whether or not feeling is easily expressed is shown by the tilt of the writing. A right-lish slant is a trademark of the demonstrative type, while an inclination to the left shows a shyer nature—one not given to sweet talk.

Loop: Lots of full, tall upper loops show a romantic, talkative and dreamy nature. Unlooped letters (like Henreid's)

** Handwriting reveal **

(Paul Henreid)

indicate intelligence, realism.

** T-bars: ** Flying t-bars (Milland's)—enthusiasm, imagination, eagerness. Long,

** character handwriting **

(Ray Milland)

heavy and fast-moving t-bars (Kelly and Morgan)—strong will power, energy,

** personality handwriting **

(Gene Kelly)

aggressiveness. Short, heavy bars—caution. T-bars to the left of the stem (we haven't any in these handwritings because these are all successful people) show procrastination, indecision, lack of will power, courage or energy to take the initiative. T-bars slanting down-

** Handwriting **

(Dennis Morgan)

4. "Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!"

_You'd think there was a Love Shortage!_

1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!

2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive-carelessness about feminine hygiene."

3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."

You'd think there was a Love Shortage!}

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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet M.S.-848. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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AUGUST, 1943
ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

Do you know who's going to win the beautiful Persian lamb fur coat in our "F.W.T.B.T." Contest? No? Well, we don't either, but we do know that someone who leaves over to page 64 and sends in the entry blank is going to snag it. Could be you!

ward—love of arguments, and if in a heavy angular writing, downright pug- naciousness. Long light 1-bars (Janet Blair)

Blair's) — a flexible will.
I-dots: Circle I-dots (Alan Ladd's) indicate artistic appreciation. This type of
my handwriting
(Alan Ladd)
dot in women often shows a rather fad-
dish taste in dress, perhaps a liking for perfume. Often those with a gift for interior decoration or one of the adapted arts use this circle I-dot. It's rather an
my handwriting
(Ray Milland)
"arty" sign. Angular i-dots (Ray Mill-
land's) indicate a quick and critical mind. Heavy dots like those in the writing of
my handwriting
(Paul Henreid)
Paul Henreid show an emphatic and aggressive nature. Small, perfect dots
personality and character
(Sonja Henie)
precisely placed over the i (Sonja Henie) indicate a methodical mind.
Baseline: An even baseline (especially noticeable in Sonja's writing) indicates
personality
(Sonja Henie)

are you psychic?

balance and self-control, dependability. Writing running uphill indicates op-
timism, and if very uphill shows an impractical and visionary person. Writing
which runs downhill shows a temporary state of depression caused by disap-
pointment, illness or fatigue.
Size: Large writing shows wide in-
terests, lack of mental concentration and a dislike for routine or restriction. We
call these scrawlers the vital type—they love action and dislike mental work.
Small writing indicates concentration, and if very small, shows capacity for de-
tail. If angular, either light or heavy, a scientific bent is shown. (This type of
writing is predominating right now in the handwriting of the young men in the
service.)
Rounded writing—even disposition, good-nature and tolerance. Angular writing—keen
mentality, sharpness and skepticism.

shape: Open "a's" and "o's" (as in Betty Grable's writing) will indicate a tendency to be generous and talkative. Closed letters (Sonja Henie's, Paul Henreid's and the poker-faced Alan Ladd's) show reticence about personal

my personality
(Sonja Henie)
personalities and character
(Paul Henreid)

WHAT��
( Betty Grable)

shape: Open "a's" and "o's" (as in

Betty Grable's writing) will indicate
a tendency to be generous and talkative. Closed letters (Sonja Henie's, Paul Henreid's and the poker-faced Alan Ladd's) show reticence about personal

my personality
(Sonja Henie)
personalities and character
(Paul Henreid)

alan w. Beck

matters. The leftward swing of the
terminals in the name "Ladd" indicates this same tendency.

Which way do you slant? Handwriting which slants first in one direction and
then in another and can't stay on a straight line, reveals a person, perhaps fickle and unstable. And if the writing is full of heavy, inkly spots or has dagger-like t-bars where the pen has been pressed down on the paper viciously, then don't expect sweetness or light from the writer.

"Personality" stuff, if writing is ex-
tremely careless and full of flourishes, then don't count on the writer's fulfilling promises. He likes to show-off and talk a lot about what he will do when and if—but his big talk adds up to nothing much.

If a writing is small, cramped, heavy and sharp, the writer will be critical and
skeptical. You will have to apologize for-
ever for any of your lapses. He's the demanding and jealous type.

If the writing is light and small with sharp t-bars and letter forms, go easy—
the writer is sensitive and his feelings bruise easily.

Don't expect a backhand writer to be demonstrative. He's reserved and must
dbe drawn out gradually. Don't make the mistake of being indif-
ferent to the gal or man who uses large
letters. They like curtain calls, and they
resent it if your attention strays from them even for a second.

Now get out those blotters you've been hoarding and have fun. Betcha you're
due for some surprises about the little man—and here's hoping they're all good!
If you'd like to learn more about yourself or him, whip me off a handwriting
sample, and I'll go to work on it. Perhaps you're dying to know which star's writ-
ing is like yours. I'm the lady who can
tell you that, too. It's fun to get one of
these analyses and gratifying as anything
to know it's not just bull. My method
is scientifically worked out as the
multiplication table, and I'm kind of
proud of its uncanny accuracy.

I'll be waiting to hear from you via
the coupon below.

COUPON
Write in ink the following sen-
tence: "What does my handwriting reveal about my personality and charac-
ter?" Sign with your natural
signature, and send it along with ten
cents and a stamped, self-addressed
envelope to Shirley Deck, Madison
Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New
York 16, N. Y.
(Samples of friend's writing will be
returned.)
her foot down, she puts it down to stay.

So when Betty got home after her first day of exhausting dance rehearsals for "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," mother took one look at her face, and down came the foot. "You're going to the doctor tomorrow." Daughter's mouth opened, then closed. She knew better than to argue with the voice of authority. Besides, she couldn't argue the pain away, hard as she tried.

But she wasn't prepared for the doctor's verdict. "This thing's got to come out. You're going to the hospital, young lady."

"When?"

"Right away."

"Oh, I can't do that," she gasped. "It would hold up production."

The doctor turned to Mrs. Grable, whence he knew his help would come. It came. "You might as well call up the studio now, doctor, and get it settled."

The studio doesn't trifle with anyone's illness, let alone Betty Grable's. They made no difficulties. They were all solicitude and kindness. Which should have relieved Betty. But her face remained clouded. "What now?" asked the doctor.

"You couldn't," she suggested, not too hopefully, "put it off till after my Canteen night?"

"I couldn't. This is Saturday. You report to the hospital Tuesday evening. And between now and Tuesday, no Canteen."

Betty's feeling about the men in service is something special. "Every one of them who goes over there to risk his life," she once said, "is doing it for me. So I can be safe. And millions of others. Each of us has his own debt to them. So I feel that whatever we can do is too little."

Every Monday and Tuesday night she was at the Hollywood Canteen. For a while Monday night was Harry James night, too, but that's another story. Harry James or no, Betty was always there. Like a blonde flower, you'd see her head bobbing among the heads of boys eight and ten feet deep. Three steps with one, and another'd cut in. She wore low-heeled shoes, so she could dance longer without tiring. And her feeling for the service men in general was personalized by the boys she met.

There was the Marine who said after the dance, "Now I know I can go out and kill every Jap I meet." There was the big young Texan who said, "If you'll pardon my sayin' so, ma'am, you don't act like I thought movie queens acted. You're like the girl back home I used to take out dancin' Saturday nights."

almost twenty-one . . .

There was the sailor who looked so gay, and said he was almost 21. It turned out that his 21st birthday was 11 eleven months off. "Why don't you say 20?" laughed Betty. "Almost 21 sounds better."

Several weeks later someone came to Betty on the set and told her that a sailor had been standing at the gate for two hours in the pouring rain. It was Almost Twenty-one. He'd brought her a box of chewing gum, "because chewing gum's hard for civilians to get." All day he sat in a corner watching her work, then she took him home with her to dinner.

Then there was Jack. When Jack was four and Betty five, they'd lived in the same hotel and played together. Their mothers had grown to be friends. Last December came the telegram, telling Mrs. Stark that her son had died of wounds received in the battle of North Africa.

"What can we do, Mother? If there was only something we could do!" Betty cried in that passion of helplessness so familiar to all of us.

There was nothing they could do but beg their friend to come and stay with them. It was Mrs. Stark who went down to the hospital with Betty and her mother that Tuesday evening.

Betty'd done her own packing. Nobody's ever allowed to help her pack. "If I put 'em in myself, I know where to find 'em." At the hospital, she hung up the bed jackets and folded the nightgowns away. On the bedside table she put a bottle of Shalimar—her favorite perfume.

The room was lovely with chintz and soft lamp light and deep armchairs. Except for the bed, it didn't look like a hospital room at all. And if Betty was nervous, she didn't show it. All her concern was for her mother. "Are you sure you'll be all right, Mother? Are you sure you won't worry about me at all?"

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Now thousands who want genuine toothpaste—can get it! Without an empty tube, you can get TRANS—genuine toothpaste. It pours from the bottle economically and without mess. TRANS quickly helps remove dull film from the teeth, invigorates the gums and the entire mouth with a spray of refreshing spices and清凉s. It cleanses the gums—sweetens the breath, without harsh abrasives or other harmful materials.

Do not confuse TRANS with trans-stuff sold as a "liquid dentifrice"; it is "bottled toothpaste" that cleanses without having to use soda along with it.

Before offering TRANS for sale, many people were asked to "prove it." 85% called it "the best." Ask for TRANS Bottled Toothpaste at drug, department or 10c stores.

BOTTLED TOOTHPASTE
No empty tube needed: 25ct

Money Back If FRECKLES Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for a softer, glowing, plumpness immediately. In a few days surface blemishes, mudness, freckles, even pimples of old age will be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 10c-10c stores; or send 5c, plus 5c Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. MM, Paris, Tenn., for regular 5c jar, postpaid.

Golden Peacock BЛЕАCH CREМE 25 Million Jars Already Used

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I’ve been an awful grocer not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my feet and then killing me with calculations and burning, now I’ve reformed—or rather my shoe is broken, the ice-Mint foot you advised me to wear. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps so many others—no, nobody’s business! I’m able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say? Let’s go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

other dreams . . .

Mother lied like a trooper. Her faith in the doctor was complete, but when it comes to sleep, you can’t help but worry. The doctor had said he’d operate at nine next morning. When she and Mrs. Stark arrived at eight-thirty, they were wheeling Betty out of her room. You can be the most reasonable person in the world but, if you’ve ever had a similar experience, you know how the sight of that still form on the stretcher affects you. Moreover, they’d said the operation would take an hour. It was 11:10 before they brought Betty back. Yes, mother’s right—

Till the doctor came and said everything was fine, Betty was sleeping like a cherub. The nurse had instructions to keep her from going to sleep, but found it tough going. Betty wanted to sleep. At last she dragged her lids open and muttered, "I tried my best for you, and you wanted me to sleep."

"Have some cake, do," she murmured drowsily. "Delicious stuff. Been in the family for ages." Once she grooped toward the table. "I could have sworn there was a bottle here.

"Scotch or bourbon?" quipped the doctor.

"Scotchmar, silly," smiled Betty, her mind on her perfume, and went to sleep again.

All the rest was sort of fun. She felt weak, but no pain. Her always healthy appetite remained happy, despite three squares a day and huge milkshakes in between. For the first week, few visitors were allowed, for her room became a rendezvous for the staff. Interns dropped in for a hand of gin rummy between rounds. Nurses brought her the latest news. When Nanny’s baby was born at the hospital, Betty, clamoring for hourly bulletins, practically went through the whole thing with her.

Boys from the Canteen phoned her for permission to visit her. Almost Twenty-one showed up, shy and happy, bearing gum in one hand and Hershey bars in the other.

Then there was the radio. With a radio on hand, Betty can’t be bored. She’d tune in on every record program going. She prefers recordings, because you don’t have to listen to commercials. The Make-Believe Ballroom is one of her favorites. But so long as they have tunes to listen—and the wilder, the better. If it’s Harry James’s swing, that’s best of all. Sitting up in bed, she looked so well and rested, the nurses marveled at her sympathy at the door. Not their grins of approval, though. You couldn’t help grinning at the picture Betty made. Her nightgown, even better, thin, necked affairs of flowered French chalis, with lace edgings or rickrack at wrist and throat. A brief, ribbon-tied pigtail flopped over either shoulder. Her face did the rest.

They had to move extra tables in to hold the flowers. Though she’d broken with George, he sent flowers as any friend might, and being George, he sent them every day. So did Harry James. In fact, the other day she’d asked Jules Stein, "What can I send you to the hospital, Betty?"

"Oh," she’d flipped, "an eligible man about thirty."

What man she meant, Betty’s not saying, though lots of other people are. Anyway, Harry James won’t be eligible till his divorce comes through. So Jules Stein sent her a snowman of white carnations, complete with hat and pipe.

In the room next door a small boy was convalescing from a mastoid operation. This darn thing’s so cute," said one of the nurses. "Do you mind if I take it in to show him?"

A few minutes later came a warl from the next room, followed by the appearance of a rather golden-haired nurse in the doorway. "What’s wrong?" Betty asked.

"Oh, the kid’s just so crazy about the snowman—"

"He wants to keep it. Well, for heaven’s sake, give it to him."

Later, Betty got a note. The printing "can’t reproduce, but it read like this: "Dear Miss Grabeel the tabell wha ic can see him al the tim wen i go hom i will stike flars in him like wey mi graftel thanku for bene’so slit wasong""

She kept that with another treasured communication from some boys who were down with measles in a farmland town. "Dear Betty," they wired. "We’ve chosen you as the girl we’d most like to be quarantined with. You’re nominated Miss Measles of 1943."

After two weeks at the hospital, she was sent home in charge of a nurse. A few more days in bed, a week or so under the desk, and she was released. Then, said the doctor, she could go back to work. The Canteen? Well, that would have to wait a little—

some punkin . . .

If you’ve got to be sick, Betty’s room in the new Bel-Air House seems to be sick in. A restful, modified-Victorian room. No flounces or frills. Solid comfort in tones of gray-blue and American-beauty. Fireplace in the alcove. Desk converted from an old spinet. Oil lamps, wired. A clock that used to belong to her grandmother. A desk that had once been my grandfather’s and hung over the wide, wide bed with its gray spread and glazed chintz ruffles. Punkin, the French poodle, is crazy for the bed. Betty seemed to have persuaded the pane glass to look up at him. When’s she’s sick, he’s allowed on it for company.

Punkin’s wife Mrs. Grable’s didn’t go to Palm Springs. Betty’d broken her heart over one French poodle, killed by a car while she was away from home. She wasn’t taking any chances on Punkin. Of course we could go to a hospital. But he wouldn’t be happy in hospital, M’ther.

"Look, I’d be charmed to stay home and keep Punkin happy. If you can get Marie to go down with you." (Marie Brelle’s Betty’s hairdresser and friend. no bigger than a minute, but the kind of small package that all good things come in.) "If Marie’s there, I won’t worry. It’ll be the same as if I were there."

So one morning Mrs. Grable kissed me on the head. "Now you, Miss Marie, hear me? and wondered what was so funny about that to set the girls howling.

They stayed at the Racquet Club. Betty was good as gold, in too much of a hurry to get well to do anything but what the doctors wanted. People phoned, but she turned down all invitations. Mornings she’d read and take sun baths. After lunch, she’d sleep from noon to five. Though she did have done at the hospital. Then she’d dress for dinner—which meant changing from shirt and shorts to a slacks suit. Before going to bed, she’d call her mother, and every night but the last she was asleep by ten.

Food was the great adventure. Betty, after all, had been to Manhattan for drugs, stores. The unglimmerous fact is that she’d rather eat at a drugstore counter than at Ciro’s. It’s got to be the
They went mad, and Betty, conscious of her shorts, scooted like a rabbit for the car. The top was down, so they could see her perfectly well as she laughed and waved. They wanted a close-up. Some of them started clambering through the windows, till the c.o. put a stop to that. "C'mon over, Betty!" they yelled. "Be a good kid, and come over. We've only got five minutes." She compromised—drove the car as close as she could and stood up, waving, till the last face vanished from sight.

That night they decided on a party in Marjorie's honor—a late dinner, to avoid the crowds, because it was Saturday. For the first time Betty wore a dress—a gay print. They reached the restaurant at nine-thirty, but it was 12 before they got any food. The military had taken the place over, and they made a beeline for that corner table. For two hours Betty signed autographs and talked. A soldier finally hustled them out, so the girls could eat. But at the door they went into a huddle, and the tears stung Betty's lids as their young voices rose in "She's a Jolly Good Fellow."

She came back to finish "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," to dance at the Canteen. As this is written, Harry James is in New York and Betty's headed East. We've already said that Betty won't talk about it, that she's letting others do the talking.

alter-trekking? . . .

They're saying it started on "Springtime in the Rockies." They're saying it's serious—that the Jameses, who have long been separated, will get a divorce—that it's going to be wedding bells for Betty and Harry.

We don't know, of course. All we know is that Betty's a normal girl, with a normal girl's desire for marriage and children. We know that she doesn't flutter from man to man—that she waited three years, passionately loyal to George Raft, in the hope that they might be able to marry.

Well, that's finished now. We're sorry about George—he's a grand guy. But if Betty's to be Mrs. Harry James, we on MODERN SCREEN want to wish her every happiness. We think she's got it coming.
abused hair
MADE LOVELY AGAIN
Cheer up! It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use soapless Admiration. One shampoo shows the difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning highlights. Two types—no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiration Shampoo.

Admiration
OIL SHAMPOOS
with most large families, they'd learned the art of give-and-take, of attack and self-defense. Ingrid hadn't. They meant no harm, they were no more ruthless than the average child, but Ingrid was more sensitive—so self-conscious that when visitors spoke to her, she could find nothing to say in reply. So the cousins poked and prodded her tender spots. Not till much later, when they'd reached an age of opinion, did they realize that what had been routine teasing to them was torture to Ingrid.

To talk of being an actress in that household had been to throw herself to lions. Where Aunt Ellen had wept, her uncle would have stormed. Where Aunt Ellen had pleaded, he would have flayed forbidden. Not that it would have made any difference. Timid on all other scores, Ingrid was ready to battle tooth and claw for her dream.

But at 12 she could battle only by hiding her feelings. So she saved the weekly allowance from her father's estate, bought a second-hand phonograph, some records and the latest recordings manufactured, locked the door of her room and, under cover of the music, read Shakespeare aloud. It wasn't a foolproof device. Sooner or later there'd come a knock at the door, a request for less noise, please.

devis' play . . .

Eventually what was bound to happen, happened. Her cousins caught on and broadcast the news in high delirium. Being too good a joke to keep to themselves. Now, when other diversions pulled, they could always ring the changes on "look who wants to be an actress." She dreaded going home from school, she dreaded mealtimes. Her uncle knew all about it now, though his method was to ignore such folly.

Next day she'd take her sore heart to Uncle Gunnar, who wasn't really her uncle but the guy uncle that was only haven. Uncle Gunnar didn't think it was crazy to be an actress. He thought it was quite a sensible thing to be, although he suspected what Ingrid had talent or not he never said, and she never asked him. But now and then, after hearing her read one of Anderson's tales, Ingrid said, "I've got to go to school."

"Not bad" from most Swedes is equivalent to cheers from Americans. At 15, she took her first bold step. Each year the school gave a Christmas party, featured by entertainment from the girls. A student committee arranged the program. Ingrid spent days in combat with her quailing spirit. "Very well," she threatened. "If you don't grab this chance to do something in front of people, you'll never be an actress, and serve you right." The echo of that menace drove her committeewards.

"I'd like to say a poem."

"Oh, poem! But you're so silly! Summer's gone and the leaves are falling and everything's dreary, and who wants to listen to such stuff!"

"It doesn't have to be dreary. I know some funny ones."

"All right, let's hear."

The gay little girls made them laugh, and they put her on the program. The audience laughed, too, that Christmas Eve. Her cousins were astonished and the boy Brecken didn't show it. Ridicule had become too strong a habit. It didn't help, however, lose any of its cutting effect. Ingrid had scored a success among her classmates who eyed her new with respect and liking.

They organized a dramatic club in which to work. More of her allowance went for theater tickets. She patronized the special performances given for school children at reduced prices. Her memory was fabulous and, having seen a play once, she could put it on. The dialogue may not have been accurate, but it served. She cast the plays, coached them and doubled in all the parts nobody else would have.

magic touchtone . . .

The following year she won a prize. That was really something, for every school in Sweden took part in the contest, and one of the judges was an honest-to-goodness actress. It would have been nice if she could have framed her scroll, but no matter. Even hidden in a drawer, it proved a touchstone against barbs.

She needed a touchtone for the crucial battle was at hand. Spring brought graduation. She must be ready next fall for the state drama school's annual scholarship tryouts. Any youngster could apply, but only with parental permission.

If hers was the irresistible force, his was the immovable body. No and no he said, and that be the end of it.

"It won't be the end. You can stop me now. When I'm 21, nobody can."

They locked horns for weeks. "You can't open your mouth to a visitor in my house. What will you do on a stage? Stand there and give them the pleasure of looking at you?"

"On a stage, it's different."

How could she explain that acting released her from herself, gave her by some magic the poise and assurance she lacked. He wouldn't understand. She hardly understood it herself.

Aid for Ingrid came from an unexpected quarter. And if the intention was harmless, it was harmless. It taught her, however, no difference to her. Why look a gift miracle in the mouth? It was her cousins who pointed out that the whole headache could be solved by a little parental test. The state set high standards. There'd be dozens of candidates. She'd never get in, their big gawky Ingrid, afraid of her own shadow. Let her test and be done with it. There was the simple way out. She couldn't pass.

Uncle must have been very weary of her doggedness. What it cost him to say the words, she could only guess, but say them he did. "Very well, test."

ORCHIDS DEPT.

I am one of those girls who lives alone and loves it. But when one lives by herself, her biggest problem is bound to be loneliness. Tonight I stopped into the corner store for a pint of milk and saw the April issue of Modern Screen sitting on the newstand, smiling at me. What could I do but smile right back.

Then it struck me. Modern Screen does like Modern Screen that put tabs of color in one's dull, gray life. You're as important to the morale of people like me as the rudder is to a ship.

D. O.
Vancouver, British Columbia
Cover Girl tells: "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"My charm is my fortune" says alluring GRACE HORTON

"There's more much to my job than a 'pretty face,'" says Cover Girl Grace Bergman. "To get on the covers of the big magazines I had to learn every make-up trick, every hair style. And I had to find a deodorant I could really count on to keep my underarms dry. Even under 10,000-watt lights!

"Oderono Cream does. It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. It keeps the tiny sweat glands under the arm closed—up to 3 days!"

"My wonderful Oderono Cream is non-irritating—contains emollients that are soothing to the skin—is safe even after shaving! I call it my 'clothes-insurance,' and use it daily for 'poise insurance,' too. It doesn't irritate my skin and doesn't rot fabrics, I just follow directions.

"Think what you can put in War Stamps. For 39c Oderono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications—50c more for your money than other leading deodorant creams!"

"It's my Cover Girl answer to the underarm's problems—like I'd try every girl to try it!"

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"It's my Cover Girl answer to the underarm's problems—like I'd try every girl to try it!"

Beautiful Grace Horton

With provincial stock companies, Ingrid preferred Stockholm, and in Stockholm only the movies were open to her. Well, for a little three months they couldn't hurt. Besides, she could then despise them with more authority.

One studio needed several girls and offered her a contract. They'd work as a group, and nobody would stand out. Before committing herself, she managed to get an appointment with the woman casting director of a larger company, who gave her the once-over and a scene to read and said, "I'll let you know."

"Hi," thought Ingrid the Shy on her way home, "that's what they all say. But if they know somebody else wants you, they might sing another tune."

The casting director's phone rang. "I just wanted to tell you," said a girlish voice, "not to bother about letting me know, but I have another offer which is definite, and I don't dare hang around on a chance."

"We've decided we want you."

"The wire fairly snapped. "Come out at once."

She went to see Ingrid Bergman shaking hands with herself.

They gave her a six-weeks contract at $250 a week, which impressed uncle. They gave her one of those ingenue parts which doesn't require much acting, but at least you can be seen. The nose she'd stuck up at the movies came down fast. She roomed round the lot, sticking that same nose into all the fascinating mysteries of film-making and came out a convert. The regard was mutual. When the picture was finished, they asked her to stay.

Oh, she couldn't do that. She had to go back to school.

They fished out a script and shoved it under her nose. "This will be your next..."
part. We start immediately.

It was incomparably better than the first part, and she eyed it as Puss eyes a tauere of crabs. Why did she? There would be furious at school if she quit. Besides, there was so much to learn yet. She couldn’t give up all that training, which she fought so hard to get. She knew which only the teachers at school could give her. On the other hand, here was a chance to act and to act now, instead of waiting for years. Back in her mind a shadowy plan took form—

She talked to Peter Lindstrom about it. Peter didn’t think she’d be set at home of a friend. A tall young man, whose hair was exactly the same shade as hers. It was his eyes she noticed first through those glasses green, like the sea under clouds. He taught dentistry and was studying medicine. He felt about medicine as Ingrid felt about acting and pursued it with the same driving intensity.

She’d been a little timid of him at first. His lean face with its high forehead looked almost austere. But suddenly he’d laughed—and that laugh changed him to the gayest, friendliest person in the room. As she came to know him better she realized that was also the best-balanced person she’d ever met. With you, he didn’t have to justify your single-minded devotion to your chosen work. He took it for granted and thought it was fine.

So she told him about this idea of hers, and he laughed and said, if it worked, she had everything to gain, and if it didn’t, nothing to lose. And at least she’d find out how badly they wanted her.

Armed with so much encouragement, Ingrid marched in with her proposition. Yes, she’d stay—if the studio would pay her teachers at dramatic school to give her private lessons.

They agreed. She made two more pictures, and the studio made a grave blunder. Heady with enthusiasm, they began sending out publicity raves on their find. Stockholm may not be Hollywood, but film biz the world over shakes the same bag of tricks. Ingrid, Bergman, Svenska—YOU SEE HER!!! The words may have varied, but their gist was the same. Public and press sat up and took notice. Okay, we’re waiting, they said—show us this new wonder.

without glory . . .

On the wings of this fanfare, her first picture was released—the one where she played a milky ingenue. Swedes, like everyone else, were being gypsyed, and their gentlemen of the press came out and said so.

"Nothing but a new little face in the background," read the kindest notice in the dramatic sections.

The toughest sneered. "So that’s the wonderful Bergman. Well, they can keep her. Or better still, send her back to school."

That was low tide in Ingrid’s career. She crept back to the studio, firmly convinced that those awful words would ring forever in her ears and half expecting to be fired on the spot. To her amazement and relief, the studio flipped "That’s her face, and fingers, and eyes now. We’ll see her next picture comes out. They’ll change their tune."

From there to her professional stock mounted. As a rule, success stories tell of climbing and slipping and recovering and climbing again. Ingrid’s is unique. It shows neither dip nor decline. That’s what she means when, her face a child’s at a party, she says: "One person has no right to be so lucky."

first love . . .

Her popularity kept her from returning to the theater. Every time she said, "Now I’d like to try the stage, the studio stuck another part under her nose. Eventually she extricated herself long enough to do two plays, with success and profit to all concerned. But the studio remained movies and the movie public claimed her as their own, and she was content to have it so.

Perhaps her greatest triumph lay in uncle’s complete and unconditional surrender. While Ingrid was still at school, little doubts had begun nibbling at his certainty. To him the words "acting" and "wild" had been synonymous. It puzzled him that these people, with whom his niece associated, should seem like other people, except harder-working.

Out of mingled dread and affection, curiosity and duty, he went to see her first picture, and he went, poor man, in fear and trembling. Heavily he loved what sinister changes he thought the screen would have wrought in his Ingrid. And there she was as he knew her—no bold, forward minx but a charming young figure, going about her business like one who’d been born to it. As he knew her? No. Lovelier than he’d ever known her. For she’d flitted in his house with this grace, nor addressed people with this new-found serenity. Uncle was flabbergasted, and uncle was bewitched. General asked—flabbergasted, became an ardent Bergman fan and took in good part the television which was now a portion.

"Going to see Ingrid’s picture? But you’ve seen it twice."

"Is there a law which forbids me to see it a third time?"

Her friendship with Peter Lindstrom ripened into love. At first he had been the mentor to whom she had gone with her problems. He viewed them with interest because they were hers and with detachment because he was a man of science. More and more she learned to lean on his same, cool judgment. From the beginning, he had understood her passion for work. Not only understood but applauded it. Many men might have shared his attitude toward work and personally unaffected. But young Dr. Lindstrom was a rarity. He didn’t expect anything, and he was the more envious when she now loved him, too. For him, medicine could never be secondary to marriage. By the same token, why should Ingrid be asked to shelve her work into the background?

When she was 21, they were married in the north of Sweden where Peter’s parents lived on a farm. Bevele loved his parents. That deep childhood long-
ing to call somebody mama had never been appeased, till the older Mrs. Lind-
strom became mama to Ingrid. She
wanted to go from their home to the
little white tree-shaded church on the
river nearby. She wanted to be
the traditional bride in misty veil and
gown.

Most of it went according to plan.
There was the murmur of trees and
stream, the scent of flowers, the simple
heartwarming words in the old-fashioned
church—there was Ingrid in bridal white
to and Peter beside her—there were
the friends and relatives—and there, in
addition, were crowds of the uninvited.
Newspaper noses had pried the secret
out. From near and far, from city and
neighboring farms, by train and car
and horse—buggy, people came to Ingrid's
wedding, and she found that she didn't
mind at all. She was too happy to be
grateful for their beaming good will.
The honeymoon over, she and Peter
returned to Stockholm and to work.
When Pia was born, they made her name
out of their own— Ingrid and P and A
for Peter Aron.

Meantime, several offers had come from
America, all of which Ingrid had
turned down. Not that she wasn't
interested in Hollywood, the goal of movie
folk all over the world. But they scared
her with their talk of seven-year con-
tracts. Besides, she'd learned from the
bitter experience of others. She’d heard
how Hollywood took these European
actresses, changed their faces, kept them
hanging around till heart and hope sick-
ened, then shipped them home under
the shadow of failure.

A picture called "Intermezzo" and a
man called David O. Selznick, who knows
what he wants, changed all that. Selz-
nick saw the Swedish "Intermezzo" and
its American star. He bought the Ameri-
can rights, with the idea firmly rooted
in his mind that no one could play the girl
like Ingrid Bergman.

He cabled Bergman. Bergman said,"No,
thank you, I have a child now, I'm not
interested." He urged her to come for
this one picture. And then,"she thought,"they tie you up to an unusual
range the changes on his pleas, so
that Ingrid smiled every time a cable came,
worried what this persistent man
would want to talk about next.

the real thing ...

He outflanked her by one of the can-
niest moves of his candy career. Where
scrapes of paper had failed, an under-
standing woman might succeed. He sent
Katherine Brown, his New York repre-
sentative, to Sweden.

Ingrid liked Miss Brown. Her fear of
Hollywood was largely fear of the un-
known, exaggerated by rumor. Miss
Brown thought it was funny and a little
sad when Ingrid confessed,"I didn't
know Hollywood people could be so hu-
moral. She was sure how human she was.
Selznick was and with what fastidious
care he produced his pictures. She said
that Leslie Howard had already been en-
gaged for "Intermezzo," that nobody
Ingrid's eyes shine, and the tale of all her
misgivings came pouring out. The other
girl would have been "terrible years," no commitments, no
hanging around, no tricks, no strings.
Three months was all they asked. "Inter-
mezzo" would want such a date, finish
on such a date. Then she'd be free as air
to leave. If she didn't like Hollywood,
Selznick wouldn't try to get her back.
"I'm just Ingrid's own face?" Ingrid
asked anxiously.

Miss Brown roared. "Look, David Selz-
nick's a generous guy, but he doesn't
throw money around for the sake of
throwing it. Why do you think he kept
the wires hot? Why do you think he sent
me over here? For just one thing. Be-
cause it's your own face he wants, and
no other face in the world will do."

westward bound ...

Peter encouraged her to go, and Peter's
encouragement turned the trick. A door
had been opened into what might prove
a wider professional life. If she let it
close, she'd always be gnawed by what-
might-have-been. Three months would
pass quickly. He had had to work to keep
him occupied, and Pia wouldn't miss her.

So Ingrid went but kept her departure
a secret in Sweden. She dreaded the
newspaper comments. "Aha! Another
European actress, taking herself to Holly-
wood to be killed." Well, you all know how Hollywood
killed her, so we won't go into that story
again. Selznick kept his word to the
letter. At the end of three months she was
on a ship, homeward bound. But from
one pledge she released him. If she didn't
like Hollywood, he'd promised, he
wouldn't try to get her back. She liked
Hollywood very much indeed. She
hoped to be able to divide her time
between Swedish and American movies.

The war put an end to that dream. You
don't go cavorting back and forth through
mine-infested waters. She had to decide
between Sweden and America, and
America offered a movie star broader
scope. Early in 1940 she left her native
land for the second time, taking Pia.

Not till she'd seen her on board, not till
he was waving to her from the dock, did
Peter feel sure that she'd really go. He'd
had to propel her every step of the way.
"But I can't go, not knowing what I'll
see you again—"
“Writing Aptitude Tests” whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You’ll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

“Why Don’t you Write?”

Consult your doctor regularly. And ask him about the advantages of Hygeia Equipment. Improved Hygeia Bottle has easy-clean wide mouth. Wide base to prevent spilling, and scale applied in color for easy reading. Famous breast-shaped nipple has projected air vent to help reduce wind-sucking. Ask your druggist for Hygeia today!

Help win the war by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.

“The Shelving Does Its Bit!”

By makers of ROYLES Paper Dollies

Gas, labor, soap, fuel and war-needed fabrics.

New child.” They’d gone through it all once. Not a second time please. She couldn’t bear it a second time. For her there was no such thing as Maria or “Bell,” she reminded herself severely. She was finishing “Casanalba,” then she was going home to Peter and the baby. So that was settled. Till they called and asked her to make a test. Not an acting test. They knew all about her acting. They just wanted to see how she looked with her hair cropped. But she couldn’t cut her hair. There were still some scenes to be cut, to be made for “Casanalba.” Oh, that was all right. They could pin her hair up and get the effect.

She made the test on a Friday. They told her Sam Wood was coming down from Sonora to see it on Sunday. All day Sunday she sat beside the phone. She couldn’t read or eat or think, she could only sit. Peter called from Rochester. No, she hadn’t heard. Yes, she’d let him know the minute she did. Yes, no matter how late. At midnight she dragged her heavy heart to bed. The phone hadn’t rung.

ringing the “Bell”

Next day she was making stills out at Warners’. They might have served for one of those belts—she was taking off. Ingrid—in-the-morning plus something added equalled Ingrid-in-the-afternoon. The something added was glimmer. What she’d taken was a phone call from David Selznick. “You’re Maria, Ingrid.”

First, she went slightly loco in her quiet way: Then she phoned her husband—who rejoicing for her left no room for disappointment that she wasn’t coming home. And lest she should feel disap-

Perhaps because her own happiness was infectious, people and things con-

And the other girl had taken her blow like a man and departed, their spirits rose, and they all wanted to go down to Modesto to meet the new Maria. Since that couldn’t be, they kept sending lookouts to watch for her.

And of course when she did show up, the whole mob, lookouts included, were busy with the shooting of a difficult bridge sequence, and Ingrid round in the grip for someone to say hello to. Suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed a long figure. “Hello,” Gary Cooper grinned. He took her to Sam Wood, and while both men corted her to her cabin where by now a welcoming committee had gathered. At the door they’d posted a rubber soldier—

Well, she wasn’t a script girl, she was Maria, Robert Jordan’s girl, and happy as the day was long. She took an active share in all the com-munity doings, or swam before breakfast, fixed fish salad for dinner—for some other delicacy that you couldn’t get at the restaurant—and invaded the movie studio to share in the dancing in the evening or watched the rushes or some film sent up by Paramount to amuse them, joined parties going to Reno over to Selznick. When they weren’t amusing her, she was all over the place with her 16-mm. camera—a hobby she’d collected on her own. As for work, it was one long holiday—whether she was wading to the waist in icy streams or hanging for hours to a tree. “I don’t need a job.” Did it. Never was a day too hard, no fatigue too great, no hour too late or early to be called. Indeed, there was only one thing wrong with “Bell.” In time, it ended.

She always dreads the end of a picture. She’s always importing David Selz-

On the morning of the day she was to leave, Ingrid—her alter ego—

Then she’d been skipping the loose ends after “Casanalba.” Warners’ breezed through them in a day and packed her off to Paramount to get her hair cut. Before she could catch her breath, she was on a train, then in a car, then on a horse, riding high, high into the mountains—right over those things she’d never been about any picture, including her first.

Her arrival was funny. Because at Sonora they’d all been waiting for her. They’d been honestly sorry about Zorina, who’d tried so hard. But the fact remained that she had not been right for the part, and Ingrid was. So when the other girl had taken her blow like a man and departed, their spirits rose, and they all wanted to go down to Modesto to meet the new Maria. Since that couldn’t be, they kept sending lookouts to watch for her.

And of course when she did show up, the whole mob, lookouts included, were busy with the shooting of a difficult bridge sequence, and Ingrid round in the grip for someone to say hello to. Suddenly, out of nowhere, loomed a long figure. “Hello,” Gary Cooper grinned. He took her to Sam Wood, and while both men corted her to her cabin where by now a welcoming committee had gathered. At the door they’d posted a rubber soldier—

For two months in Rochester, Hollywood, London, and Buenos Aires, she did the rounds with counter-argument. Though by now Ingrid herself was won over, she refused to say yes without David’s blessing. And when she talked in French—"Do you think you can do it, Ingrid?"—she answered, "I think I can."—Then go ahead."
From that point he was on her side, even when the papers hooted "Hollywood casting! A Swedish dove in the nest of a wild French mixin!" Ingrid's press book is choked with such clippings. And some of the guys and gals responsible for them are already chomping on the next words. For out on the Warner lot they found a stormy, black-haired, scarlet-mouthed unknown, whom they failed even to recognize as Miss Bergman. "I don't believe it," one of them said. "Well, who do you think she is?" "How handsome about it. "With my profoundest apologies, she's Cléo Duvale." 

reunion in Frisco . . .

She won't be going to Rochester any more. Pia's with her now. Dr. Lindstrom has his degree and is attached to a San Francisco hospital. As distances go, San Francisco is as great an improvement as Rochester was to Stockholm. He can come down for week-ends, and she can go up to him, work permitting. Pia looks like her mother and has the self-reliance of both parents. Once they were trying to get her to dance. First her mother, then her father, showed her how. "No, no!" She eyed them coldly. "When I'm as big as you," Pia observed, "I'll dance like you, and left the scene with dignity.

There was also the time when her nurse wanted to keep her outdoors. "I'm going in for my teddy bear," said Pia.

"But your teddy bear's here." "I'm going in for my boat." "Your boat's here, too." "I'm going in for my doll," said Pia, annoyed.

"But, Pia, here's your doll." For a moment, she was baffled. Then she lifted her chin—a resolute chin—and spoke in measured tones. "I am going," Miss Lindstrom announced, "into the house. And went.

She has one hour with her mother before bedtime, and they breakfast together before Pia leaves for school. She loves school, she says, because she loves her spirit of independence. Yet there's a little clutch at the heart—which all mothers recognize—when her four-year-old picks up lunch at the crèche for good-by and goes blithely off to live her own life.

Though it took her a while to get used to some of our ways, Ingrid felt at home in a day. She was the first, Sweden being ceremonious, more impersonal. In Sweden she was Miss Bergman. In Hollywood she was Ingrid right off the bat.

If this startled her a little, she also recognized it as an expression of the friendliness she loves in us. She herself has become more Swedish—that is formal. She loves hamburgers and chewing gum and dressing as she please and going without a hat and sunglasses and off-shoulder underwear. She wears a good sun-stopper, and has the sun-toasted effect, which in Sweden was something that topped off the swankiest party dinner. She loves the vitality of New York and the hominess of Rochester and the sunshine of Hollywood. In short, she loves America.

When you heard this, "For Whom The Bell Tolls" will be released or on the point of release. They're saying about her performance—not that it will be honored —that the Oscar will be honored by it. Let's leave prediction to the prophets. There was once an eager-hearted child who saw a dream and cried, "This is what I want, father." It's enough for the woman that she made the child's dream come true. And for us it's quite sufficient that she turned out to be Ingrid Bergman and that we've got her.

Amazing "BEAUTY-LIFT" for TIRED FADED FACES

Works Wonders For Face and Throat Helps Skin Appear Smoother Firmer, More BABY-FRESH!

Have you ever wished someone could give you a new face? Well—that's pretty impossible unless you resort to plastic surgery. But there is a very simple method whereby you can help make your skin appear remarkably satin-smooth, radiant, firmer and more baby-fresh—a method which should help you maintain exquisitely lovely face and throat beauty throughout the years—

AND HERE IT IS!

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper’s Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes (see dia-

gram). Then gently press an extra amount of Hopper’s Cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes. Wipe off.

The reason Hopper’s Cream is so active and so expertly lubricates the skin is that it’s homogenized. Just see how caressing-ly soft, smooth and glowing your skin appears, even after the first applications. Faithful use helps bring truly dazzling beauty. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace

HOPPER’S

HOMOGENIZED

FACIAL CREAM

HIS HEART BELONGS TO HEDY

(Continued from page 35)

presented his offering more eagerly. Hedy Lamarr took the pansies from her young adopted son and patted his head. "These flowers are those that you brought to me this morning?" she wanted to know.

This required some thought. He turned his chubby cheek against his shoulder and pondered. "I sink it is a dandelion," he announced.

Hedy averted her head to keep him from seeing her amused smile. "Time to pour the coffee," she said.

morning ritual . . .

This, too, is an every-morning routine, as is the flower-gathering and presentation. Jamesy, with the care of an antique dealer fondling a priceless Meis- sen vase, picks up the two-cup percolator, steadies the top with one small index finger and pours his mother's coffee.

After adding cream, he takes a cube of sugar, solemnly dunks same, and puts it into his mouth.

There came a time, perhaps a year ago, when Jamesy had emerged from the baby state, but had not yet taken on the logic of a man of four. He had actually cried crystalline tears when Hedy had to leave for the studio. After several days of this, Hedy realized that she had to Take Steps.

She had talked with Jamesy. "You like your tricycle, don't you?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said a sob.

"And you like your red farmer wag- on?"

The downbeat head nodded, swinging a tear to the floor.

"And you like to go to nursery school to learn things and to play with other children?"

Again Jamesy agreed.

"To buy those things for you, I must go to the studio and work," explained his mother. "I should like very much to remain at home with you all day, but if you are to have the things we want, we must work for them. Remember that always."

From that day to this, Jamesy has looked upon his mother's daily departure—excepting upon Sunday—with philo- phy. He is even planning upon the time when it is his turn to go out each morning and conduct himself in a man ner that will buy coaster wagons and tricycles (for his own little boy).

At present, Jamesy wants to be a photographer when he grows up. He reached this conclusion after a day-long visit to the set where Hedy is working in a tip top picture titled "The Heavenly Body."

Jamesy was as quiet as dreams forming and as big-eyed as a hungry monkey. He watched carpenters, electricians, make-up men and directors. Obviously they had exciting jobs that a careerist would do well to consider. But the cameraman? There was a king who sat on a moving throne and rode while peering importantly through a spy-glass. There was a man who curtly ordered, "Move here; move there"; "Those lights will have to be adjusted." Ah,
now there was a job.

The next day, Jameys provided the house. Instead of finding an item of equipment without which his imagination could accomplish very little, he knew in general what he needed: a button-shaped gadget to press. Finally, from the kitchen, he emerged triumphant with the glass top of a percolator.

When Heiders came home, he stopped and stared at her importantly in the hallway. “Take a picture,” he explained. “Smile, please.”

And he sighted through the top, then squeezed the bubble-peak of the cover. He has taken millions of such pictures since: of Hedys in slacks, in gingham pinfore, in sleek suits. He is the best and operates the finest of all invisible portrait galleries.

In addition to being a photographer, Jameys is a great author of spontaneous dramas. He came running in one day with a graphic story of a big boy, bigger than a tree, who came into the front yard and pushed Our Hero, knocking him down in a puddle, thereby soiling Our Hero’s trousers. He turned around to offer Exhibit A.

At another time he arrived breathless with a story of how Pat, the dog, actually saw a bear across the road. Pat—With tremendous courage—ran after that bear and caught the same.

The bear stood on his hind legs and boxed, but Pat ran around behind the bear and bit him in the shaggy department. It was a great fight, but Pat won in the end.

Hedy, the recipient of these sagas, simply lifted her eyebrows and looked at her son. She continued to stare him out of countenance, until he began to grin. “Aw, I was only teasing you,” he said.

“I used to tease, too,” Hedy confessed to him. “When I was a little girl, I used to have a secret hiding place—in the kneehole space in my father’s big oak desk. I used to borrow one of my mother’s motor scarves, those big chiffon veils that ladies used to tie over their hats when they went out in automobiles, and I’d drape that around myself and then I’d make up games. That’s what you’ve been doing.”

“Just teasing,” Jameys said again, indicating that he was keeping his dream world well separated from the realm of his life.

Incidentally, Pat, the dog mentioned above, has a history. He is probably one of the world’s most intriguing mongrels: composed of some fine English setter blood and the rest ad lib. One November ninth—which is Hedy’s birthday—he simply appeared at the back door in a downpour, lifted one eye-brow, and told Hedy I’d made a fine blue plate breakfast which vanished in two quick swipes of a drooling tongue. “Good-by,” said Hedy suggestively.

nuetisst mongrel . . .

Pat’s head lolled to one side, and he sank to his belly in abject admiration. Had he been equipped with human speech he would undoubtedly have said, “Keep me, baby, I’m yours.”

He had only the validity of his classification. He had, however, an idea: to remain with Hedy, and there he has been ever since.

Saturdays are busy days for Pat and Jameys, because Hedy is frequently at home. In the morning, the three of them mow the lawn. Pat rushes up and grabs the dusty slacks and makes rabbits to chase. Sometimes he spends several moments, sniffing down a gopher hole and thinking up various tactics.

Hedy pushes the mower, and Jameys follows after, picking up odd little handfuls of grass that Pat has left in the basket. He is as meticulous in his neatness in his yard work, as he is about his rows.

When he undresses himself, he hangs up everything with care. His shoes are set neatly by twos like good small stories. His ID also seem to endure disorder of any sort.

So he follows the lawn mower and scoops up the incidental grass to prevent his task completed, the trio goes out to one of the most astounding of Victory gardens. Hedy planted it herself with equal parts of horticultural ignorance and the yard was a series of terraces; Hedy had read somewhere that terraces were fine places for gardens, so she dug neat furrows in which she planted seedlings out and began to plan summer salads that would make an epicure drool.

Along came one of those mild Californias storms that sluiced down hills and stripped the gold from the teeth of anyone unlucky enough to laugh at the high water.

When the skies cleared, Hedy’s Victory garden needed the same treatment because it was cluttered and you may double that in spades. When the vegetables were dug, it was found that the result was like no other vegetable garden. Onions were stacked like French bread sticks in the refrigerator, tomatoes were horizontally out of the lettuce patch. Carrots and peas were mingled with spinach in a natural vegetable plate.

Hedy looked over. Yes, she assured her son, it was a weed.

Jameys continued to survey it. Finally he scooped up a small mound of earth and replaced the stalk. “Prettty for a weed,” he said.

On Sunday, Hedy and Jameys usually take a brief A-card ride, just for the air and the relaxation. At such times a family concert takes place. Jameys undertakes to teach Hedy all the songs she has learned at nursery school. (She is especially brilliant in her appreciation of juvenile music.) It makes him writh when she misses a word or a note, and the song becomes an instant and incalculable reproach is made. Once Jameys is certain his mother is entirely hep—that she isn’t going to flat a note or muff a word—it he Jameys and Pat, bodily, and he goes off in search of what will eventually be either the tenor or the baritone accompaniment. He’s astonishingly good at improvisation, a just charcter, and Hedy hopes something good will come of it.

In the evening, after one of these outings, Hedy reads to Pat. At present they are deep in a thing called, rationing or not. “The Good Little Pig.” This book and many others on Jameys’s shelves have all been read until he is thoroughly familiar, not only with the story itself, but with the exact spot on each page wherein a certain incident occurs.

One night after a difficult day at the studio, Hedy decided to give the bedtime story a quick brush-off. She read along rapidly through the illustrations and got through the cartoons. Jameys stopped her at once. Pointing to the missed paragraphs he said sternly, “You forgot to read that.”
good little pig takes a beating...

Several pages farther on, after glancing down at heavy lids, Hedy decided she could leave another few lines on the cutting room floor. Jamey came out with an intenslyarcusting grunt. “And you skipped right there,” he scoffed.

Ordinarily, Jamey doesn’t waste so much as a word on his mother. They have developed a system of conversation which is terse, but to the point. Usually there’s little clue. She will say, when they are seated quietly in a room, “What,” and he will go get her a drink. Or, as they are riding along, he will say, “Jamey glances around quickly, knowing that he wants her to see a bush or a tree or an entire garden that he finds particularly lovely.

The punishment scene is John Loder, who in turn loves Hedy’s small son. At first John was in favor of arriving with pockets stuffed with gifts for Jamey, but Hedy discouraged it. In the first place, she felt that Jamey had enough merchandise to keep polished. He has been taught to take excellent care of his belongings. He has a section in the garage where he has a workroom “like a man’s” and in it—along with his carpentering tools—he keeps his farm wagon, his small car and tricycle. These, he polishes every day. By the way, he is captivated by the sight of it, and in his farm wagon, his name is Farmer Joe. If Hedy calls him, he resists answer until she says, “Farmer Joe come here a moment please.”

The next morning Jamey extended his chubby hands over the mild steam serenitating up from a cup of coffee. “So,” he explained, “Good for me,” Hedy told him two rules about dealing with her son. She never allows herself to remain near him when she is tired. From her viewpoint she remembers occasions when she was punished. Punishment should be because she really deserved punishment—but because some older was tired or worried. Hedy feels that the punishment should be not to like hair-boys, and the condition was complicated by a touch of indigestion. Hedy’s second rule is that she always tries to spend an hour of aloneness each day for Jamey, as well as for herself. She believes that every human being needs an uninterrupted hour each day to think, to plan and to escape the friction of other personalities.

At present, Jamey is managing several small businesses. One morning he awakened one morning and proclaimed with some pride, “Mosquito bites all over me!”

The mosquito bites proved to be a healthy reminder for his chicken recognition. Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Edwin J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives.

That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid heath. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. One of his collars was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange thing happened. They are waiting for you in Tibet.” He wants to tell the whole world what he learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-two years in the East. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World’s leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And right now, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable, free, that much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power of Knowledge, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000 word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physical, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. F329, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.
"Good," said Jordan.
He watched the old man scramble through the boulder-strewn mountainside and disappear among the boulders. He was very tired, yes; still he was satisfied. This country was perfect for a guerrilla.
A little beyond, the hill fell away abruptly to a gorse-grown valley. The bridge hung suspended like a cobweb between the stems of two flowers; it looked frail in the women's hands, but the microlotars in a half arc from one side of the bridge to the other. With luck, perhaps, it might be simple; there was dynamite enough in the rucksack to blow a bridge twice the size. But he remembered Golz, in Madrid, saying carefully: "To blow the bridge is nothing."
"So?" he had said.
"To blow the bridge at the precise moment, that is everything."
"And when?"
"After the attack has started," Golz had said heavily.
afraid to die...

So that was it, and he had cursed to himself softly after hearing it. It was not enough to blow the bridge; no—do it after they Cross something is up, and they'll be waiting in every copse of trees. Still there was nothing to say; you took the order and nodded; if it was impossible, you merely shrugged and did it.

Now, at the gorse, looking at the bridge, he saw that it might be done. He crawled back and balanced the rucksack and slung it once more over his shoulders. He squatted on his heels, waiting for the old man to return. He saw them coming before they saw him, and he rose and waited for them silently. The old man, Anselmo, motioned to the man behind him.

"He is called Pablo," Anselmo said.

"Salud," he said Robert Jordan.

The other nodded.

"A generous welcome," said Anselmo mockingly.

"What is in the packs?" asked Pablo.

"Dynamite."

"What is your business here?"

"There is a bridge to blow up," Jordan said.

"What bridge?"

Jordan said flatly: "A bridge." I will have no part of it," Pablo said angrily. "And then they will come, and they will hunt us in the hills, and we will be killed."

"Killed, killed," said Anselmo mockingly. "Are you afraid to die?"

"I am afraid of nothing," said Pablo. Still he was afraid, thought Robert Jordan swiftly, and that was bad. The man's nerve was gone; you could always tell it, always.

There were five others in the little guerrilla band that hid in the cave under the shelter of the rim rock. Five others who carried their pride in the Republic and their pride in their work; had they not blown up a train only a little while before and shot the Fascist swine that managed to escape the wreckage?"No other?" said Robert Jordan.

"Two women," said Anselmo.

"Women?"


"And the other?"

"A girl," said Anselmo.

There was no use of her, for she came now out of the mouth of the cave, carrying a plate of food. Jord-

"How are you called?" he said to her.

"Maria."

"I am called Roberto," he said.

She looked at him; he realized suddenly that they were not alone, and when he looked up, the others were grinning and the man Pablo was staring angrily. Pablo turned and wheeled away, walking swiftly. That almost did him, Jordan thought; there were two rules in Spain—give the men tobacco and leave the women alone.

Whose woman are you?" he said gruffly.

"Pablo's?"

"No," he said, and laughed again.

"Of the others, then?"

"Of no one," she said; she looked at him mockingly. "Not even you."

"Good," he said. "I have no time for women."

The Gypsy, Rafael, laughed in the darkness: "Not even 15 minutes, my friend!"

Not even 15 minutes, he thought. He watched her until she disappeared inside. His mouth felt thick and his throat was tight; he remembered he almost rose to follow her. But the image of Golz rose in his mind, Golz bent wearily over the maps in Madrid.

ugly and beautiful...

"We will need others for the bridge," he said. "Are there any other bands in the hills?"

"There is El Sordo," said Anselmo. "Will he help?"

"He has horses?"

"Yes."

"Good," Jordan said. "I'll want to see him."

It was the woman Pilarr who led him to El Sordo. She was blunt and hard, a peasant woman, and he liked her. There was a war in Spain, and she was a woman who knew her world. She was ugly but with an ugliness that had a quality that made her pleasant. Before they started she looked at him keenly, unsniling.

"Would it disturb you," she said, "if the girl, Maria, came also?"

"No," he replied gravely.

"You care for her," she said.

"Yes," Jordan said.

"I, too," she said. "Remember that."

THE CAST

Robert Jordan............ Gary Cooper
Maria................. Ingrid Bergman
Pilar.................. Katia Fazanov
Sophia.................. Akin Tamiroff
Rafael.................. Mikhail Rasumny
Fernando................. Fortunio Bonanova
Armando................. Arturo de Coca
Primitivo.............. Victor Varconi
Andres.................. Eric Feldary
Anselmo................. Vladimir Sokoloff
El Sordo................ Joseph Calleia
Joaquin................ Lilo Yarson
Lt. Col. Miranda .... Pedro De Cordoba
Andre Massant........ George Coulours
Lieut. Berreondo....... Duncan Renaldo

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" (STORY)

(Continued from page 39)
"You have given her a place to live," he said softly.
"She has seen too much for a girl," she said bitterly. "The Fascist swine." She cursed softly and steadily.
"It is a war," he said.
muck man...
She changed the subject abruptly:
"You have seen the bridge?"
"Yes."
"It can be done?"
"It can be done."
"Good. We have been stagnant here too long."
"And Pablo?" he said softly.
"Pablo will listen to me. I command." He continued boldly: "I cannot trust Pablo."
She looked at him sharply. "We none of us can. But he was a good man. Remember that. He killed many Fascists at the beginning."
"And now?"
"I am not sure," she said shortly. She returned to the mouth of the cave.
"Maria!"
She came out. And it was still the same. The same tightness in his throat and the thickness in his mouth and the sudden, startling realization that she was beautiful; he wondered how it could have happened so quickly.
"This is the way to El Sordo," said Pilar drily. "Are you coming?"

The three of them started up the mountain trail through the pines with the Spanish sky arching hugely over them and the earth, boulder-strewn and rugged, stretching before them.
El Sordo was much man; that was the Spanish phrase for it and it was true. Short, heavy, gray-haired with a certain gravity and dignity; he was almost deaf and odd at that made no difference. He was for the bridge; he was for anything that would hamper, kill or destroy the Fascists. But he was a man who knew that battles are not won by emotion.
"You saw the planes today?" he said.
"Yes." There were never so many planes in this area. "I have seen troops coming up."
"We have seen them, too," Jordan said. They know an attack will come," El Sordo said.
"Perhaps," said Jordan. That was always the worst of it, because it was true; because they did know, and Pablo's attack would end like all the rest. But perhaps not. Perhaps this time it would be different.
El Sordo said: "We could blow the bridge tonight."
"No," Jordan said. "The time of the blowing is important."
"All important," Jordan said. "Then it will be done," El Sordo said. Swiftly, then, they made arrangements as to time and place, the meeting of the two hands, the assigning of specific tasks. El Sordo listened keenly, nodded from time to time. Jordan had planned it well. If there was any chance of success, this was the way it must be done. It was on the return from El Sordo that the woman Pilar stopped once more. Under the pine trees that looked toward a meadow that rolled evenly to the junction peaks glittering still with snow, she turned to the two of them.
"Listen to me," she said harshly. "There is not much time. In a war a day must serve for a year, a week for a century. I have seen it in your eyes; remember that there is not much time."
What have you seen in our eyes?" Jordan said.
"Don't talk like a fool," Pilar said. "You are not one. Did you think I

Which comes first—
Your second helping?
or our second front?

YOU WANT TO SEE THIS WAR WON—and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember... .

A second front takes food... food to feed our allies in addition to our own men.

Which do you want—more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get—and the coffee and sugar you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America

AUGUST, 1943
asked Maria to come because I could not walk to El Salvador on my own feet?" said Maria.

"She needs kindness," Pilar went on swiftly. "She needs kindness and softness and love. She has too much hatred already in her time. Above all, kindness, you understand?"

"Yes," Jordan said, "I leave you now," Pilar said. "Stay here a while."

There is no need," Jordan said. "I tell you there is," Pilar said.

Very softly, Maria's voice said: "Let her go, Roberto. Let her go."

They watched her while she strode on ahead, her thick boot like a heavy boot on the landscape. And when she was gone, he turned to Maria; and she was waiting. And it was all gone now except the single, scaring cry. Now how beautiful she is, how beautiful she is . . .

That night it began to snow; softly at first and then more fury. Standing at the mouth of the cave, looking out, Jordan watched the sky anxiously. The snow was bad; snow meant tracks, and tracks meant that they would be followed wherever they moved. Pablo came up behind him, his voice a little thick with wine. "Are you looking for the snow?" he said. "The snow will not stop."

"It will stop," Jordan said.

"Not today, not tomorrow. Not before the attack. There will be no blowing of the bridge now."

"There will," Jordan said. Pablo's voice was mocking: "You will order the snow to stop? Madrid will order the snow to stop, perhaps?"

baiting the hook . . .

The man was baiting him. Jordan turned away from the cave mouth and returned to the steaming pot and the group huddled around it. One of the men, Augustin, turned to Jordan.

"Don't listen to Pablo. He is drunk."

Jordan squatted on the rocky floor of the cave silently. Augustin, the hot tempered, knowing Pablo's game, said softly to Jordan: "Tell us. How did you come to Spain?"

"I came first many years ago," Jordan said. "In America I teach Spanish at a University."

"A professor?" said Augustin.

"A professor!" said Pablo scornfully. "Look at him. He has no beard."

"Pay no attention to him," said Augustin again. "He is drunk."

Jordan said carefully: "I don't believe he is drunk."

If Pablo was going to make trouble, this was the time to force his hand, now and no more waiting. Have it out with Pablo. The man was dangerous. At least he was sure of the others. If I have to kill him, he thought coldly and clearly, then now is the time, before he can make trouble.

He turned to Pablo, facing him full.

"I don't believe you are drunk," he said. "Oh, I'm drunk still."

"Not drunk," Jordan said. "Afraid, shivering with fear like an old woman—" Pablo grinned at him. "You think you will provoke me now. You think that is the way to get rid of me?"

"Coward—"

"I drink to your health," said Pablo raising his hand. "I have recently swept the glass from his hand. "Fool," he said harshly to Pablo.

"Another patriot," said Pablo. Augustin burst and cracked against Pablo's face. Sitting at the opposite side, Jordan reached to his lap and slipped the revolver from its holster, slipping off the safety catch. Pablo swayed. "I do not provoke," he said.

This time Augustin's clenched fist caught him on the mouth; the blood ran down in a small trickle from the corner of his lips. Jordan didn't move. Pablo laughed softly into the silence. "So," he said. "So. All of you, then. Speak to your Roberto of the bridge and to the Regal? No, they don't. Ask him when the snow will stop, and where will you be when you come hunting you in the hills here?"

"Get out," Augustin shouted.

death at dawn . . .

Jordan slept outside the cave in a sleeping bag and, at dawn the next morning, he woke up, aware, as always he felt it in danger, of a tightening of his stomach muscles. Then he heard the sound, the clop of hooves, unmistakably the sound of a horse. He was up warily with the automatic in his hand at the same moment that the noise of the horses and the pine trees and into the clearing. They saw each other at the same moment, the Fascist soldier on patrol and Robert Jordan. Jordan's finger was at the trigger and the gun roared in the dawn quiet; the soldier slumped off the horse. They came tumbling out of the cave, all of them, their faces white. Jordan said shortly: "Get that horse out of here. There must be cavalry out."

Tensely then, they distributed their forces. At the mouth of the place a machine gun; rifles covering the rear. They waited for the cavalry troop to come up. Jordan stopped and said that it was only an isolated patrol, for if it was, there might still be time for the bridge. If they lived through it. They heard the click of the lobby before they saw them. Jordan's finger tightened on the machine gun trigger; he whispered, down, down, down. Then sharply, slap of a carbine was the sound of rifle fire across the valley. The cavalry troop was so close they could hear the shouted orders. The lieutenant in charge gave the order to halt, then the order of wheel.

the planes come . . .

Anselmo said softly: "El Sordo is the one today.

Jordan said: "Can he hold out?"

"How many have he?" said Anselmo.

"How many have they?"

"He will fight?"

"To the death," said Anselmo. "We need him," Jordan said softly. "We can't go to him now. Perhaps combined—"

Overhead a plane whined in the air, sweeping over the valley and then sped northward.

Jordan pointed. "Against the planes?" he said. "All of us would die. And there is still work to do."

And so it was the last night, the night before the blowing of the bridge. And in the cave that night they were all a little edgy. It was clear that if they had dug on the mountainside and pray and hope and wish for a little luck. But after the planes that had defeated them, again, there was no hope left and no luck and the bombs tore the top of the hillside to shreds and they had all died there.

"All dead," he said. "All of them..."
Robert Jordan cursed to himself. "The wind is coming. Anselmo said it was coming. And suddenly Jordan felt the hopelessness creep up in him, and he had to fight it off as if it were something physical. Little by little the bridge was becoming. And suddenly Jordan felt the hopelessness creep up in him, and he had to fight it off as if it were something physical. Little by little the bridge was coming.

Anselmo, "they will be waiting and they will shoot our men down like a slyte here things are going to be different.

Jordan said tensely: "You're sure you saw the movement?"

"With my own eyes," said Anselmo.

"You are one of the young ones, a lad named Andres. "Listen carefully," he said. "I want you to go through the lines. Go to General Goitz. Tell him that you are七大 even if Andres got there on time. For an attack has a terrible momentum, and once it is planned and conceived and set in motion, it cannot be stopped.

He stood up wearily: "I am going out," he said. "I will see you in the morning."

Maria was waiting for him at the sleeping bag in the meadow:

"You think it will go badly?" she said.

"Do not lie to me," she said. "This is our last night." Maria pointed. "Gunpa," she said softly. "Rabbit..."

He took the crooked head in his arms and he bent to her.

"You know," she said softly, "I love you," he said gravely.

"Truly?"

"With all my heart."

She leaned back against the crook of his arm and they looked up together at the stars.

"What will it be like later?" she said.

"Later?"

"After the war."

"We will go to America," he said.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"You will be my wife," he said softly.

"What will it be like in America?"

"Ah," he said, "it will be wonderful."

"And me?"

"You are the one long."

"If you want it so."

"And I will be beautiful?"

"You always are."

"Tell me," she said, "Tell me you are waiting for you."

"Hush," he said and bent over her so that the shadow of his face fell over her eyes, and there was nothing in the world to see but the curve of her lips and nothing in the world to hear but the sound of his voice saying over and over again: "My sweet, my lovely..."

In the dark, before the first false dawn, they awoke. Pilar was already moving about the camp, and there was a low steedy hum of voices from the patch where the horses were pastured. There were only light traces of snow on the ground, and the shooting was weak. He heard Pablo's voice. "Are you awake?"

He stood up.

Pablo waited uneasily. "Listen to me," he said. "Listen to me."

"You were away?"

Pilar said, "He ran off in the night like a dog with his tail between his legs."

"If you know where he is, please tell me."

"I have come back. I am with you in this.

He thought wearily: I don't care anymore. I don't care what they do or what they don't do. Let him come. Let him stay away; it is all the same.

They packed the camp swiftly, for they were low on rations. It was hard to slip away from the bridge and go elsewhere. After the blowing of the horses, they would no longer be able to stay in the hills.

A half mile away from the bridge, they tethered the horses. It was dark.

"Wait here with the horses," he said. "I will go, too," she said.

"Wait here," he said harshly. "You will only be in the way below."

She reached for him wordlessly, and for one moment they stood together; then gently he moved away, calling her name.

He heard her call to him once and then he walked swiftly to the group of men huddled together in the gathering flicker of the dawn.

"Ready," he said.

And silently they dispersed, each to the prearranged point. Two for the sentry box at one end of the bridge. Three for the group in the sawmill that flanked the span—he and Anselmo carrying the dynamite. Lying flat in the grass watching the dawn stain the sky, he wondered again if the attack would be called off.

He could almost see the bombs fall and then distinctly he heard the clustered sound of their thudding.

Beyond the old bridge, Jordan heard the signal. He heard the spot of a rifle, and one of the bridge guards toppled over slowly like a man kneeling to pray. Then he was watching, and as he could feel Anselmo panting beside him. They broke cover and headed out for the middle of the bridge. Indistinctly around him he heard the chatter of shots, the span of rifles, the bitter chatter of a Lewis gun. At the far end of the bridge another of the sentries had his rifle up and Anselmo, stopping, fired and the sentry fell.

At the middle of the bridge, over the V of the span, Jordan stopped. He swung himself swiftly below the crotch of the supports.

"Anselmo," he called.

work done...

The old man began passing the dynamite down to him. Working coolly, he studied the support and its supports.

He laid the pack carefully and wired it. Then he swung across the girders to the opposite side of the bridge and again the old man passed him the charges.

"Take the wire off the first charge," Jordan said to Anselmo. "If the tanks come, pull the charges."

"And you?" said Anselmo.

"Pull the charge!"

He had the second charge packed against the supports and, unstringing the wire, he pulled himself onto the bridge and found Anselmo still waiting. At the opposite end of the bridge an armored car stopped in the road, spitting fire from the turret.

"Anselmo!" Jordan called.

The old man waited stubbornly. Jordan cursed and gathered the two wires swiftly in his own hands. He pulled sharply and dove for a ditch that ran along the north bank, beneath the span of the arch. The roaring was like the thunder of a hundred storms in his ears. He lay there until the last echo died and then, as the bridge lay in the gorge, gaping, torn, destroyed. He started up the river bank and found Anselmo still there. The old man lay on the ground, his eyes seemed almost alive until you saw the gider across his back.

They were gathering swiftly now, the others of the band. And Jordan said harshly: "Anselmo is dead. Who else?"
"There is no time to count the dead," Pilar said swiftly.

Across the gorge a tank was drawn up at the edge of the river bank and methodically it was pumping shells across the gully. They ran for the horses. And now they could see them, and Jordan began to run, suddenly afraid, not for himself, but for the girl who should have been there. But she called to him before he saw her and ran and waited, as usual, for her and said: "Maria...Maria..."

They were on the horses now and Pablo had taken the lead for he knew the way and they crossed back toward the edge of the gully where the tank was still pumping shells across the gorge. Between the shells, Pablo said.

They timed the reports, and then they started across one by one, racing for the cover of the forest that lay on the other side of the multiple road. "We will go together," she said. "Alone," he said. "You first." Together, Roberto, said she.

He didn't answer. Abruptly he reached down and whipped the rump of her horse. It started across the clearing at a gallop, and then when it had almost reached the other side, he spurred his horse out, and he knew almost immediately that the shell would be coming his way and not toward Maria. He heard the shrill and the whine of it and then the earth seemed to reach up like a groping hand ahead of him, and the horse went over on one leg, sliding out on the ground with the huge sodden weight of a frightened animal.

This was it... He felt nothing at first. But when he tried to move, he found his left leg drugged and thought: That did it. The horse does very well to be stepped on. He was close enough to the forest so that they came out for him and they dragged him in under the clearing. Maria waited, was bent over him sobbing, and he tried to grin.

"It's only a leg, Rabbit," he said.

The woman Pilar bent beside him and Pablo. He could hear Maria sobbing. "Listen to me," he said to Pablo. "I cannot ride. You must leave me here and take the girl with you. She will want to stay. You must take her. And you must leave me. I would only be a drag on you and it would end with all of us dead."

"I am sorry, Roberto," Pablo said.

"Yes," Jordan said. "Now let me talk to her for a moment."

She bent over him and looked into his eyes; and he had no need to tell her. She said: "I will stay."

"No," he said. "You will go. Wherever you go, I will go, too, do you understand?"

"I will stay," she said.

"Listen to me," he said. "We are one. And we cannot part. Never. I am part of you, Rabbit. You must take that part with you."

"No," she said softly. "You will go. Take your baby now. You and the child. We are one. Pilar bent over him. "You need anything?"

"No," he said. "The gun?"

"It is by your side."

"Take her."

And he didn't watch while they mounted, and he didn't see Pablo and Pilar ride close against her so she couldn't slip out of the saddle and run back. He listened until he could hear their hoofbeats no more and then wearily he turned his eyes to the road again and he brought the gun up painfully so that it traversed the body of the more enduring second.

Maybe that was all right. Maybe that was all the luck you deserved in this world. A chance to fight for whatever it was you thought right, and a chance to find some peace and even love, yes, even love. So let them come now, so let the last words come now, and it didn't matter very much, one, or another, or at least so you told yourself.

He heard the troop clattering over the gully, where they had forced into the river and he watched very carefully for the first of them to come into the run of the road. He waited very patiently and very carefully; his finger began to squeeze the trigger as the first of them started to come through.

some lazy sun-worsshipping, protect your skin. There are emollients and oils 'special' to the skin and keep skin soft and smooth while they encourage a delightful, delicious tan. The invisible film they leave on your skin acts as a sun-screen, allowing beneficial ultra-violet rays to penetrate without burning.

sun rationing

Since rationing is a thing of today, apply it to your sunning. When you tone your skin to a nut-brown, do it gradually. Don't expect to acquire a tan in one or two outings.

Sunburn doesn't become apparent until three or four hours after exposure. Don't trust the way your skin feels! Let your skin-type decide how much sun you can stand at one session. For instance, if you're a brunette who browned easily and fairly sun-resistant skin, you'll probably be able to hold your own with Ole Sol. In that case, your first outing may last up to an hour or two. Should you be in the blonde-light-delicate class, limit your sun bath to six or eight minutes at the beginning. Wear a large-brimmed hat or a banana atop your locks to avoid straw-like tresses. Counteract the drying effects of the sun by brilliantine or pomade.

Tote your beach umbrella or beach coat for extra protection. Should an abundance of freckles pop out, don't fret. Your complexion is probably so delicate and that extra layer of sun is likely to show. Don't, oh don't, try to remove these beauty spots by amateur methods. Take heed of the authoritative freckle creams which lighten and make them less noticeable.

sunburned?

If perchance, you've neglected to use a sunburn protection, and the sun's fiery rays have burned your pretty skin to a crisp, smooth on soothing, medicated cream or lotion made to relieve aching sunburn. Another thought: A generous dressing of talc or body powder has a soothing effect on hot, sensitive skin. Or you might sprinkle some of baby's antiseptic powder onto your sunburn for welcome relief.
Leg make-up is also important this summer. You can slip on a pair of cosmetic stocking hose as a wink. This natural-looking "hose" is easy to apply and convenient to wear. They come in liquid, cream, and stick form. The delightful shade range from blonde to dark beige tones.

**The Truth about Linda's Marriage**

(Continued from page 43)

Love. She was in love with Jaime Jorba then—the Spanish boy whom she'd known in Texas and who'd gone to Mexico City to live with his uncle. Soon after, Linda was called to Hollywood for the lead in "Hollywood Women."

If it hadn't been for Pev, she might never have played the part. That's what she thought at the time, and that's what she still thinks. A lovely little green-horn, she walked out on the set shaking in her shoes, and every face was the face of a stranger. Till suddenly she looked up, and noticed the camera stoo! a pair of quizzical brown eyes smiled at her.

Ratoff was directing, with Pev on the camera. "How old are you, baby?" Ratoff roared.

All along she'd been terrified, lest her years count against her, so she tried to dodge. "Oh—old enough."

"Seventeen? Background? What?"

She looked wildly around, but there was no help. "I'm 15," she quavered.

The crew whooped. Pev all but fell off his stool. It was Ratoff, though, on whom Linda's eyes were fixed, and her heart sank. She could tell she'd lost face.

If it hadn't been for Pev—Fifteen, poor kid, he was thinking, and scarce more, and—promptly made her cause his own. No bell! No hooch! No ever more carefully photographed. He turned fussy as a hen over tapelines and angles and "nice more punch," he'd whisper, pretending that light near her head needed fixing. Or, 'That was swell, honey. You've got it cinched. Little by little, under the warmth of his interest, she grew more confident. And when they told her the part was hers, she ran shining-eyed to Pev.

"Oh, Mr. Marley, it's you I have to thank!"


"A lot of hard luck," she came to depend on Pev, and he never failed her. On finishing a scene, her eyes would seek his, even before the director's, for approval. His help, his guidance, his encouragement were like a strong hand under her arm on a rocky road. Presently she found herself going to him for more than professional aid and comfort. It was funny about Pev. On the surface, he wasn't the kind of guy you'd take your troubles to, devil sat in each brown eye, flashing mockery. But for trusting young Linda, the defenses fell, the eyes grew quiet and kind.

**Quick Relief for Summer Teething**

Experience! Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's health. Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

**Many Never Suspect Cause of Backaches**

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tied kidney.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excesses and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidneys permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, palpitations, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidney stool.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 13 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Donan's Pills.

**Plastic Poems Wanted**

To Be Set to Music

Promoters need new songs! Submit one or more of your own for consideration. Any or all may be selected. Send copies: PHONOGRAPH RECORDS MADE / FIVE STAR MUSICMASTERS, 1440 Boston Ave., Huron, Ohio.

**Gray Hair Turning Deep Black**

Says Mrs. J. B., Chicago

"After using Grayvita only a short time, I noticed my gray hair was turning deep black. As a real plus, I'm not sure how it is used as it was to be. What a difference this makes in my appearance!"

Mrs. J., Chicago

"My hair experience may or may not be different than yours. Why not try GRAYVITA? Money back if not satisfactory."

This anti-gray hair vitamin discovery when tested by a leading magazine was tested and had positive evidence of some return of hair color.

A GRAYVITA tablet is a fine supply of Calcium Panthenole PLUS 450 U. S. P. units of "pep" vitamin B1. Get GRAYVITA now! 30 day supply $1.25, 100 day supply $4.00. Just send your order on a postal card to us and we will see that you are supplied. St. Clair Co., Dept. M10, 160 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
really took Linda by utter surprise. Pev even got up on Friday evening. Got a three-day pass. "What you doing with it?" "Drive some place maybe." "Saved my coupons up." After dinner he suggested they go see Ann Miller, Linda's closest friend. There was an offer to go with you. Brown drove the car before they reached the house. Her heart skipped a beat. All she could think was, "He's going overseas."

hush stuff . . .

Words of sentiment don't come easy to any girl. They're forced out with you. Brown's串联, they suspected, it was over the door. The girls wore slacks, sun glasses, and scarves round their heads. Suitcases had been piled into the car. Brown went to an out-of-the-way shop for the flowers—white orchids for Linda, purple for Ann. The night before Linda had phoned Len to tell him they were going. When Len joined them, they didn't just sit down in the new room, the wedding was on Sunday. She told Pev about the suit finally, and he told her about the ring, lying snug in his pocket for two weeks.

They called for Ann Miller at the studio—Linda and Pev and Corporal Bill Heath, ex-test director at 20th-Fox and Pev's best Hollywood buddy, suspecting, they resorted to dodges. The girls wore slacks, sun glasses, and scarves round their heads. Suitcases had been piled into the car. Brown went to an out-of-the-way shop for the flowers—white orchids for Linda, purple for Ann. The night before Linda had phoned Len to tell him they were going. When Len joined them, they didn't just sit down in the new room, the wedding was on Sunday. She told Pev about the suit finally, and he told her about the ring, lying snug in his pocket for two weeks.

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Much of the sound was dubbed in . . .
the crunch-crunch of feet on snow, even
the sound of the family in the sleeping bag was recorded later. In
the scene of the bombing of Barcelona, the sounds are absolutely
authentic.

When the time came, Sam Wood
to start cutting the film to release size,
al the other problems of production
faded far into the background. Wood
had thousands of feet of beautiful, excit-
ing Technicolor film and was reluctant to
discard any of it. For a while the exec-
tives toyed with the idea of releasing
the film in instalments, serial-style.

Then they decided to road-show it, with
an intermission period, à la “Gone With
the Wind.”

There is no truth to the rumor
that the love scenes in the picture were so hot,
they had to be photographed on non-
inflammable, celluloid—although those
who have already seen the picture say
it would have been quite a good stunt.

PUT MAGIC IN YOUR MAKE-UP
(Continued from page 59)

Keep feet from sticking to shoes
Thousands of girls have found a delight-
ful way to keep feet dry, comfortable. They
sprinkle soothing, refreshing Blue-Jay
Foot Powder on their feet, in their shoes.
It keeps shoes dry; contains special in-
gridient that guards against feet sticking.
Deodorizes, too. Try it! At all
drug and toilet goods counters,

your lipstick. Then, and this is mighti-

estly, lightly dust your lips with
powder. The powder helps make it “permanent.” Remove
the excess powder and apply a second
layer of lipstick. Now blot the excess
with a folded cleansing tissue. The
result? Two pretty, rose-blooming lips;
come heat-wave or hot coffee!

Your lipstick (and your matching
rouge, of course) from favorite
shades changing to bloom under the sum-
mer sun. Sun-
gypsies whose skins have been toasted
to a rich, tawny color, would find a
dramatic new shade. They’ll find that lip-
stick, rouge and nail polish of a deep,
glowing tone that tends toward orange-
red, is most becoming of your favorite
color in red-red or blue-red. You who have
fair skins will find that cheek and lip
tones in either clear red or blue-red look

You may be a golden red-head with
a pale ivory or faintly pink, delicate
complexion . . . and aren’t you lucky
to belong to that Fiji Rita crowd
for a change, don’t you think? Like these
Hollywood charmers, you’ll find most
flattering a soft orange-red or subdued
clear red lipstick and rouge.

Eeny, meeny, miney, moe . . .
which will it be, cake rouge or the
cream or stick type? Children, here’s
the answer straight from the Hollywood
make-up boxes! Movie stars like cream
or stick rouge because it stays on longer.
But it is harder to use. That’s why
for-touch-up jobs away from their dressing
table, most film-belies like to carry a tiny
compact of cake rouge.

Here’s the way to use both types. Cream-
form rouge goes on after powder base
and before powdering. Dry rouge
is used over the powder. Cream-form rouges
(which include matte powder) are meant
to be dotted over your cheeks, then blended
smoothly into the skin. Dry rouge
should be flacked on gently, covered
with a film of powder. All rouge should
be placed high on the cheek bones (the
better to make your eyes sparkle). If
your face is too round, rouge down
quite far, almost to the jawbone.

Apply your powder in a shade that
will flatter your summer complexion
and be generous when you’re flacking
powder on your face. Conservation
of most everything is being hammered
at us now. But Hollywood reminds us that
“conservation of face powder is, in dele-

tful reality, a waste. How come? Well,
scant face-powdering means that more
powder will have to be applied at hourly
intervals during the day. Which in any-
one’s language is much more wasteful
of time and of powder than would be
a generous powderying in the morning.

Julie Bishop, whose face-powder
for fame is a number for Warners’ called “Thank
Your Lucky Stars,” explains for you the
proper, Hollywood-endorsed method
of face-powdering. She says: “Dip the puff
deeply into the powder box. Scoop up
a generous supply. Gently press this
powder onto the neck and facial area—don’t
bother to waste the powder by flapping
and patting the puff against your nose.
More powder disappears into the air this
way than you’d get with a brush.

Continues Julie, “After you have your
face generously powdered, briskly
whisk away the excess with a special powder brush, with an extra-
soft baby brush or with a pad of cotton.”

When you follow this Hollywood-insured
method, you’ll be charmed (and charming)
with the porce-
lain translucence it gives your skin!”

Screen glamour-girls realize that a
good foundation and an extra
though eyelashes look longer, fuller . . . and so
much more flattering. For a natural

Eye-shadow is a beauty must for
a summer “face.” The delicately colored
cream helps make eyelids smooth and
summer. For those who prefer more expressive browns,
an eyebrow pencil is the answer. Learn
how to use it in short, natural-length strokes.

More than ever in summer, your skin
needs the protection of light cleansing
and foundation creams to protect its
satin texture. Cleanse it with a froth
of soap or cream, light cream
and cleansing tissues, or with cotton satu-
rated in a fragrant cleansing lotion.

happy ending

. . . .
to your summer beauty story, if
you begin now to profit by these
beauty hints from out Hollywood way. Discover
the thrill of looking your best and
you’ll find it in the pretty-making
possibilities of your lipstick, your mascara,
your skin freshener, your rouge,
your nail polish! The reward; a lovelier you!

QUIZ ANSWERS
(Continued from page 63)

1. Walt Disney
2. Bill Bendix
3. Shirley Temple
4. Dennis Morgan
5. Alan Ladd
6. Betty Hutton
7. Robert Taylor
8. Frank Sinatra
9. Loretta Young
10. Humphrey Bogart
11. Sabu
12. Anne Shirley
13. Veronica Lake
14. Mae West
15. Tim Holt
16. Pete Westmore
17. Lena Horne
18. Jack Oakie
19. Ingrid Bergman
20. Charles Boyer

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MODERN SCREEN
Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT
"DRINKING COMPANIONS"
for Readers of
MODERN SCREEN

Patriotic... Unique... SO Different! You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces... Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are two illustrations on each glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old, but not for "prudes"! So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY $3, $4, OR 15 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES
Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON

INSPECT... USE... SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

MASON and Co., Dept. B-17
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

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to America's Smartest Women

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• In the glamour spotlight after a hard day on duty... in OFF DUTY the most exciting nail shade Cutex ever brewed. Exotic, sophisticated, potent! Nothing giddy about the price, however... it's only 10¢. Yet thousands of America's really smart women know there is no finer polish at any price. See OFF DUTY today! And ON DUTY, its companion piece, too. Buy Cutex—and Save for Victory...

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The STORY LADDIE WANTED KILLED!
Create flattering new beauty
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"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER"

★ It creates a lovely new complexion
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Yes, just a few seconds to make up... and you'll be thrilled with the touch of glamour Pan-Cake Make-Up gives to your natural beauty. Created originally for Technicolor pictures by Max Factor Hollywood, Pan-Cake Make-Up is now the favored fashion with millions of girls and women.

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ORIGINATED BY MAX FACTOR*HOLLYWOOD
Isn't your man in a million worth every cent you can save?

Your man in a million is giving up everything to help win this war! He's said goodbye till it's over—to his home and his job—his family and his friends—to you, the girl of his heart.

And are you keeping faith? Are you doing your part? Is any effort, any sacrifice, too great for your man who's doing so much?

You know the answer! So begin today to economize and skimp and save. And put every penny you can lay aside into United States War Bonds!

War Bonds are, in a very real sense, bonds between you and the one you love and miss so much.

For, every bond you buy helps to speed war production—helps to keep our ships sailing and our tanks rolling—helps to hurl more bombs and shells and bullets upon the foe.

Every bond you buy is a milestone on the road to Tokyo—another dent in the shield of German resistance.

You only lend the money, you know. You invest it with Uncle Sam for your sailor and yourself, and your future happiness and security together. And a more prudent, safe and steady-going investment has never been offered in all history!

Take your rightful place in the war effort—start buying War Bonds to the limit of your income today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

1 They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
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4 The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But if you need the money, you may turn them in and get your cash back any time after 60 days.
5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: the United States of America.

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.
Whether or not you care about that lack town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.

The main stem, the white way, the hard-boiled artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "Du Barry Was a Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the nth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Swing Shift Maisie" and at the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skeleton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

"Girl Crazy" is about to trend the boards—or rather grace the screens—of all the best theatres. We think you'll go for this one also.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.

As for us—we've always been on the M-G-M bandwagon.

STORIES

TYRONE POWER
Ty kissed his mom good-bye at the station one day, said he'd come back on actor. The first half of this life story traces one guy's scrap for success.

TWO HEARTS FOR LANA
She's walking on eiderdown these days, with a tall, quiet guy on one arm and a small, gurgly bundle in the other.

HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE
There are no tears in this story because there were no tears in Bette's life while Fanny lived.

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY
Wriggle into your denims and scoot on over. Peg Ryan and Don O'Connor are doing a smiteh of celebrating.

FIGHTING FRENCHMAN!
Before you'd really gotten to know him, you heard that he was gone. What's he like, this smiling, tousle-headed Jean Pierre who left to join De Gaulle?

PIN-UP BABY
Betty Grable's laying plans... for the spraucing, white-shuttered house, a chunky, blue-eyed baby, but that'd be heaven—and it can wait!

"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"
Deanna shoulders a dust-mop and dusts the props right out from under boss Franchot.

REUNION IN MALIBU
Sun? Sleep? Night-spotting? Not on this Corporal's holiday. But Laddie wouldn't have traded a second for all the glitter in Giro's.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
This something's got red hair and a giggle and a voice like good, rich wine. Answers to the name of Judy...

Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Madame Curie".
Robert Taylor in M-G-M's "Song of Russia"
Barbara Stanwyck in Univ's "Flesh and Fantasy"
Janet Blair in Col's "My Client Curly".

Editorial Page...
Winter Skin Care...
Eyes Right...
Movie Reviews...
Super Coupon...
Co-Ed...
Goods News...
Modern Hostess...

COLOR PORTRAITS

FEATURES

BEAUTY

DEPARTMENTS

WIN A FUR COAT!

COVER: Alan Ladd, Corporal in Army Air Corps
ALBERT P. DELACORTE, Executive Editor
HENRY P. MALMGREEN, Editor
SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor
BILL WEINBERGER, Art Editor


My nails have looked so beautiful and smart since I started doing them with Dura-Gloss, that I keep it a secret. My friends don't believe that such a beautiful finish is possible for only 10¢. So I just take the compliments and keep mum. It's silly to spend 50¢ or $1 when you can get this superb polish that looks like you just stepped out of an expensive salon, for only 10¢. I entrust my nails completely to Dura-Gloss preparations, they're all so good to use. That's my secret!

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion Polish Remover Dura-Coat
Question of fate governing lives is discussed in 3 episodes. I concerns ugly seamstress Betty Field who dons mask, captivates Bob Cummings. But what will happen when she unmasks?

MOVIE REVIEWS

Flesh and Fantasy

Suppose you walk out your front door. Can you turn either right or left of your own free will? Or is your course as set as that of the stars in the sky? It’s an old, old question, and nobody knows the answer. But astrologists, numerologists and fortune tellers live in luxury on the money paid them by those who believe their future is already determined.

A girl crosses a gypsy’s palm with silver, and is told she'll meet a tall dark stranger and take a long trip. So she pursues the next dark-haired man she encounters till he breaks down and takes her to Niagara Falls on a wedding trip. Perhaps the future, already determined, employs us to create our own destiny. Perhaps when we knock on wood or cross our fingers, it’s an instinctive effort to modify that destiny.

In the prologue to “Flesh and Fantasy,” we find Robert Benchley at his club, considering this matter of superstition. “He is, to be exact, talking about dreams. Mr. B. has always been a man who could take his dreams or leave” (Continued on page 8)
Her scrappy family is a riot—particularly Pop Victor Moore's handy household inventions including the disappearing bologna and the spiral staircase eggs—

And the kid sister who gets herself up as a grown-up to go on the make for Dick—

And every night Dick phones in a blow-by-blow report of the family feuds—and a kiss-by-kiss report of his romance with Mary—and Franchot puts it on the air!

Tone falls in love with his unseen radio heroine and puts on the dog—the wolf—to chisel in on his pal's romance, while Dick still has to make like he's out of a job!

Dick even stages aphony air raid alarm to keep the folks from hearing themselves on the air—

But when Pop joins the plot to broadcast Mary's big three-way love scene—comes the pay-off, comes fireworks, comes a hep-py comedy you'll roar at.

"TRUE TO LIFE"  Starring
Mary MARTIN • Franchot TONE • Dick POWELL • Victor MOORE

with Mabel Paige • William Demarest • Directed by George Marshall

Hear these tunes by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer • "The Old Music Master" • "Mister Pollyanna" • "There She Was"

Screen Play by Don Hartman and Harry Tugend

COPYRIGHT PARAMOUNT PICTURES INC. 1945
Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity ... a romantic rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism ... immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved ... brought to pulse-quickening life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

MOVIE REVIEWS
(Continued from page 6)

them alone, but the other night he had one that gave him the chills. He wanted to know what his friends at the club think about this matter of the supernatural.

"Well," a friend says handing him a book, "take this story for instance."

This story is the first episode of "Flesh and Fantasy." It takes place in a setting of guy carnival—the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. Its principal character is Henriette (Betty Field), a young seamstress who makes costumes for others to wear to the Mardi Gras. She makes none for herself, since she is so ugly that it would be no use. Henriette is bitter over her ugliness, discouraged and muddy in love with a handsome art student Michael (Robert Cummings) who hardly knows she exists. One night during the Mardi Gras she is contemplating suicide when a bearded gentleman comes up to her. "How do you know what the next moment holds for you?" he demands sternly. Perhaps happiness is waiting for you just around the corner?" He takes her to his shop and gives her a mask of beauty which will hide her own face. Michael sees her, sights and falls in love. But does beauty come from within or without? Perhaps it lies in the eye of the beholder, and after tonight Henriette may not need a mask. Perhaps she and Michael will be married and live happily ever after. Perhaps. Knock on wood.

That, Mr. Benchley thinks, is all very interesting. He's right, too—wait till you see it! But it doesn't settle his question. So another friend chimies in with the story that makes episode two.

The scene is a London drawing room where a group of dinner guests are having their palms read. The palmist, Podgers (Thomas Mitchell) makes several accurate statements. Is it luck or something more sinister? One guest, Marshall Tyler (Edward G. Robinson) is obviously unbelieving. Podgers tells him that the girl he loves will promise to marry him, and Tyler laughs sardonically. Rowena (Anna Lee) has refused him too often. But now she sends word that she has suddenly decided to marry him. Impressed against his will, Tyler goes back to the palmist for more information. Podgers tells him, apparently with the greatest relucance, that he is destined to commit a murder. This prediction alters the entire course of Marshall Tyler's life, as the rest of the episode demonstrates. Was all this foreordained? Was he only a link between a past of which he knew nothing and a future yet to come?

"That gives the shivers," Benchley announces. "But about dreams. Do you think they ever come true?"

"Here's a case where a dream came at least partly true," somebody says and tells the story of episode three.

The action in this starts in an English circus. The Great Gaspar (Gracie Fields) Boyer is in the midst of his startling aerial act. Suddenly he totters on the wire, seems on the verge of falling. He hurries off without completing his stunt. Later he explains to his bewildered manager that last night he had a dream of a beautiful girl with lyre-shaped earrings watching his act. And he dreamed that she stared at her, fell. Tonight he looked down and seemed to see her again.

Gaspar's trip to America, hoping the sea voyage will help his shattered nerves. But on the boat Gaspar meets the girl of his dream, Joan Stanley (Barbara Stanwyck). By some curious quirk of fate, their lives are inextricably twined together. Their love story, tender and sweet as it is, holds an unshakable element of the macabre.

"Flesh and Fantasy" is a queer picture. You've never seen one like it. It has a fascination which will stay with you for a long time, and you'll find yourself wondering like Robert Benchley, if your whole future is indicated by some dream or terrifying event which occurs today. The performances in this picture are all superb, but Charles Boyer and Edward G. Robinson are especially thrilling—Unin.

THE CAST

Henriette.............Betty Field
Michael..............Robert Cummings
Bearded Gentleman...Edgar Barrier
Justine..............Marjorie Lord
Marshall Tyler......Edward G. Robinson
Podgers..............Thomas W. Mitchell
Rowena..............Anna Lee
Lady Pamela Hardwick...

The Dean of Norwalk...

C. Aubrey Smith
The Great Gaspar...Charles Boyer
Joan Stanley.......Barbara Stanwyck
Lamarr..............Charles Winninger
Angela...............June Lang

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 78 and 97 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 102 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to solve all the quizzes on the first set of clues, 20 questions ... 5 points each... adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? So ahead, you ladies, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 76 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at pg. 102 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Smooth sleuth
2. Penny's from heaven
3. Tantalizing trio: Crosby, L.-
mour—
4. Maggie's mamma of three
5. Longby lovely
6. Butterball
7. Daughter of "The Great Profile"
8. Great Groaner
9. From deep in the heart of
10. Phily story film
11. Cooperish drawl
12. Sahib of Swoon
13. Black patent leather hair
14. Bully's princess
15. Jeanette's pet
16. "B" days ended with "Ball of Fire"
17. Rome of Kate Cornwell's Juliet
18. Cute with O'Connor
19. Pierre's by preference
20. Very much a Lady

(Next set of clues on page 78)
A Woman's Lips set the Frozen North Aflame!

A WOMAN'S CRY—and the Northwest Mounted is out 'to get their man'!
Thru a million miles of snow-bound north, adventure piles on adventure in one of the most gallant of all screen stories.

Julie Bishop, Helmut Dantine, John Ridgeley, Gene Lockhart

Directed by RAOUl WALSH • Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Screen Play by Frank Gruber & Alvah Bessie • From a Story by Leslie T. White • Music by Adolph Deutsch

P. S.

Julien Duvivier is what is known in the trade as a "quiet director." He gathers his players together before doing a scene and carefully discusses the effect he wants to achieve. "Only young men about their orders for every one to hear. It gives them nerve and self-confidence," he says, adding, "I know that to be so, for I did it myself when I first started." Duvivier and Charles Boyer knew each other in France but had never worked together before this. Boyer shares producer credit, helped to get financial backing by Universal executives who were a little skeptical about the success of such an unusual film. Over a year was spent in preparing and making the picture. Perfectionist Boyer wouldn't be content with anything less than the best in every department, and patiently waited until he could have the people he wanted. Robert Cummings was on active duty with the Civilian Air Patrol as a squadron leader, and as soon as he finished his part in the film, he left to become an instructor in an Army flying school at Oxnard, California. Barbara Stanwyck has never before acted in a film with Boyer... The tense dramatic musical score was composed especially for the picture by Alexander Tansman, brilliant Polish composer-conductor. He was helped in his escape from the Nazi occupation by some of his friends here in America, among them Toscanini and Koussevitsky.

TROPICANA

Trust Mae West to get a really super dooper extravaganza for her come-back, and quite a come-back it is, too. "Tropicana" is escapism at its most escapist. It has beauty, color, rhythm and comedy. Especially, it has William Gaxton and Victor Moore, that combination that never misses. Victor's air of bewildered agitation is funny in almost any situation. When he is confronted with Mae West in a seductive negligée and her best come-up-and-see-me-sometime manner, it's hysterical.

Mae plays Fay Lawrence, musical comedy star. Fay and Tony Ferris (William Gaxton), her producer, have had a business hook-up since the days of vaudeville. Of course they've frequently come unhooked for temporary periods, and this is one of them. The reason for the present estrangement is that Tony, with the most laudable motives imaginable, has nevertheless managed to get Fay tossed into jail overnight. As a result, Fay declares she is through with Tony and his plays forever. She signs up with a rival producer to appear in a musical called "Tropicana."

Tony tries his fanciest tricks to get her to reconsider. He even stages a deathbed scene of epic proportions, but Fay is cynical—she's known him too long to be taken in. "Tropicana" goes into rehearsal, and Tony goes into the doldrums. That's when Victor comes along. Victor represents the Bainbridge Foundation of Anti-Vice. At least he represents it when his sister Hannah is away. When she's around, he's just a glorified janitor. But Hannah is away now for three months, and Victor is in charge of everything, including the treasury. That contains four hundred thousand dollars and twenty-nine cents. A lot of money, Tony thinks. Enough to put on a show. Enough to buy "Tropicana" right out from under Fay's nose.

It isn't quite as easy as it sounds, since Fay is looking for trouble. There's a little matter of some cockroach powder, and Hannah's unexpected return, and—well, you see for yourself. Xavier Cugat, Hazel Scott and Leonid Suès provide the kind of music you like, ending

ERROL FLYNN

IN WARNER BROS.

NORTHERN PURSUIT

JULIE BISHOP—HELMUT DANTINE—JOHN RIDGELEY—GENE LOCKHART
P. S.

Mae slinks through this one in a ward-robe of eye-knockout proportions. Fabrics and accessories were so extreme, none were on the essential list, drawn up by WPB. One gown required 5,000 ermine details (definitely non-essential, except to ermines, of course). Another creation, a negligee, is made of flesh-colored lace, molded to the body and bordered at the bottom and around the train with black fox. All non-priority material. . . . When Director Gregory Ratoff gets ready to shoot a scene, he announces his intentions with "Okay, boys, I'm in the mood!" . . . Dance Director David Lichine says the new dance craze in "Tropicana" has a good chance of sweeping the country. It's a combo of rumba and boogie-woogie.

GOVERNMENT GIRL

When Sonny Tufts appeared as "Kansas" in "So Proudly We Hail," the sigh from the feminine audience reached hurricane proportions. RKO grabbed him for the role opposite Olivia de Havilland in "Government Girl," and here he is—a star! The picture is about Washington, and you know what Washington is these days. Bank night in a lunatic asylum is the way most people describe it.

Sonny arrives on this hectic scene as Ed Browne. Ed has been appointed by the WCB to speed up bomber production. He is a great production man, but he knows nothing whatever about the red tape which enmeshes all Washington procedure. He thinks, quaintly, that when you need something to make bombers, you take it and get an authorization afterward. So the head of the WCB gives him a secretary who knows all the answers, to keep him out of trouble.

The secretary, "Smoky" Allard, is naturally enough, Olivia de Havilland. But what the head of the WCB doesn't know is that she and Ed Browne have met before. It was a little matter of a suite which had been reserved for Smoky's best friend, May (Anne Shirley) and her bridegroom, Sergeant Joe Blake (James Dunn). When the newlyweds arrived at the hotel, Mr. Browne was occupying their suite. Government orders, the desk clerk explained to the indignant Smoky, who was in charge of the arrangements. Smoky hadn't believed a word of it, and it was quite a shock to her the next day to find that Ed Browne was her new boss.

Her assignment to keep him out of trouble turns out to be tougher than she had expected. Ed is going to get things done, no matter how much red tape has to be cut in the process. Unfortunately, there are always people waiting to pounce on a guy like that and take advantage of his honest mistakes. One of these people is Dana McGuire (Jess Barker) who loves Smoky but loves his own promising career more. He's determined to make Browne a stepping stone for his own vault to power, but there are a couple of people in the way. One is Smoky, and one is Branch Owen (Paul Stewart), a newspaperman. Some swift action results, climaxing in a scene reminiscent of Jimmy Stewart's great one in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

The picture, basically a comedy, has its serious aspects, too. It may even convince you that Washington isn't such a bad place after all.—RKO.
same name, which was serialized a few months ago in a national magazine. Leading role of "Smookey" fits Miss de Havilland so well that RKO exeeds felt Miss St. John must have had Livie in mind when she wrote it. Sonny Tufts is a member of the famous Tufts family of Massachusetts. Set out to be an operatic singer after his graduation from Yale. Received an offer of a singing part in a Broadway show and took it. From there he went to the night clubs. Decided Hollywood was for him, walked into the Paramount casting office and walked out with a contract to play a lead in "So Proudly We Hail." Jess Barker, who plays Livie's sweetheart, is another newcomer to the screen. Has spent most of his acting career on Broadway. Fans of Jimmy Dunn will be happy to see him make such a wonderful comeback. Jimmy hasn't done a picture for several years, but dropped out of the acting scene entirely until New York's "Panama Hattie" brought him back. A new role for Anne Shirley, too, that of comedienne. She has been cast as leading lady so often, the public will be surprised to see her as the wise-cracking Washington telephone operator.

RUSSIAN GIRL

We all admire the Russians as fighters, but we admire them the way we would a race from Mars. We don't seem to realize that they are people just like us, with the same hopes and fears. Take a group of Russian girls, for instance—the group in this picture.

They've volunteered to serve as nurses at a tiny field hospital near Stalingrad. Their leader is the beautiful Natasha (Anna Sten) who is engaged to Sergei, an officer in the infantry. Then there's Tamara, who is pretty and young and flirtatious, and who hated to leave behind all her soldiers and sailors in Stalingrad. There's little Chijik (Katherine Frey) who isn't sixteen yet but is quite ready to give her life, if necessary, for Russia.

The field hospital is ill equipped and dangerously close to the front line. The nurses work with death lurking at their shoulders. They do a brave, efficient job. A plane crashes nearby, and the only survivor is brought to the hospital. He is a handsome American engineer named John Hill (Kent Smith), and during the busy, hectic days that follow, he and Natasha fall in love.

The Nazis are advancing, and in spite of the magnificent courage of the Red Army, the hospital must be evacuated. There isn't room in the ambulance for all the patients, so Natasha stays behind with John and two other wounded men. A bomb explodes so close that Natasha is covered with smoke and dust. John, who hasn't been able to move his legs since the plane crash, is shocked into action. He walks to help her, and they eventually get back to a hospital behind the lines.

But now love and war are mingled in Natasha's troubled mind. Does she really love John or is it just a brief passion, born of battle-stirred emotions? What about Sergei, her fiancé? She must decide now whether to stay here with John or go back to the front. Well—what would you do? She's just a girl like you, and love and courage are the same everywhere.

The snowy battle scenes with the ski troops are thrilling, and watch Mimi Forsythe as Tamara.—U.A.

P. S.

This is one war picture that needed no location trips. Battle scenes are the real thing—filmed by the Russian equivalent.

"I'm sick of playing solitaire—
I want to wear one!"

Jo: All the girls are getting engaged, Auntie! You should see Betty's diamond! And I don't even have dates! I'll just be an old maid if things don't change!

Auntie: Nonsense, honey! A girl with your beauty could have lots of beaus and dates! But luck is what you make it. Want a little good luck tip from me?

Jo: What a dummy I was—not to know a bath only cares for past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. I'll always play safe with Mum!

Girls who wish for romance can trust Mum! It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use—prevents underarm odor all day or evening.
It's safe—Safe for your nicest clothes; safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving.
It's sure—Through busy days or dancing evenings, you can trust Mum to guard daintiness! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around!

For Sanitary Npkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this purpose, too!
FREE OFFER!

Like stories? Well, here's your chance to get a FREE SCREEN ROMANCES, chuck full of fascinating movie fictionizations. Just fill out the questionnaire and whip it off to us quick-like. If your entry is among the first 500 to come in, we'll mail you a copy of SCREEN ROMANCES absolutely free. So make sure you mail this coupon before the 20th of November.

QUESTIONNAIRE

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

Tyrone Power, Part I

Something for the Boys!

Two Hearts for Lana

Heartbreak for Bette

Reunion in Malibu!

Fighting Frenchmen!

"His Butler's Sister"

Good News

Pin-Up Baby (Grable and James)

Modern Screen Goes to a Birthday Party (O'Connor and Ryan)

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

My name is

My address

City  State

I am ___ years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN

149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
The Gang's All Here!
in Technicolor!

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY - Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON
Screen Play by Walter Bullock - Based on a Story by Nancy Winther, George Rock, Jr. and Sam Braden

Eugene PALLETTE Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON Tony DE MARCO

Watch for this great hit from

Richard Tregaskis' "GUADALCANAL DIARY"
ORSON WELLES JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE"
Franz Werfel's "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE" introducing JENNIFER JONES
BETTY GRABLE JOE E. BROWN MARTHA RAYE in "PIN-UP GIRL" in Technicolor
WENDELL WILLKIE's epochal "ONE WORLD"
The sweeping powerful "WILSON"

WHAT A GAL IS Alice FAYE
LAUGH YOUR FILL WITH Phil BAKER
SOUND THE ALARM MEN FOR Carmen MIRANDA
LET YOUR CHEERS RING FOR THE KING OF SWING Benny GOODMAN and his Orchestra

WENDY WILKIE in "ONE WORLD"

13
P.S.

Norman Krasna, the author, describes this as "an escapist comedy, with overtones of timely realism." This is Krasna's bow as a director, incidentally, after writing some of the clever Merrie Melodies such as "Bachelor Mother" and "The Devil and Miss Jones." 

Although he's held a pilot's license for 16 years, this is Bob Cummings' first role as an aviator, "I'm just not the type," he quipped. Miss de Havilland and Cummings met for the first time on the set. 

Bob spent his off-scene time in his dressing room, studying aeronautical and navigation problems for classes conducted for the Civil Air Patrol squadron of which he is commander. 

Mrs. Gorman, with her blond hair back to its natural shade of soft brown, portrays Jack Carson's wife, so it wasn't necessary for her to take off the wedding ring which was placed on her finger a few years ago by hubby, Captain Ronald Reagan. Carson began work on "Princess O'Rourke" the afternoon he finished his role in "Gentleman Jim."

OLD ACQUAINTANCE

Do you have a "best friend?" Of course, but is she really the person you like best, or is it just that you've grown up with her and share so many memories and secrets? You can be on intimate terms with someone over a long period of years—all your life, perhaps—without any real friendship at all. But she calls you by your old nickname and remembers the time you smoked your first cigarette behind the barn.

That's the way it is with Millie Drake and Kit Marlowe in "Old Acquaintance." Millie is selfish and jealous and sometimes even cruel. But she's the only person who still calls the famous Kitty Marlowe "Katie," and Kit gives her not an odd, half-mocking way, and always will. 

Warner Brothers have done us a favor in giving us Bette Davis to play Kit, and Miriam Hopkins as Millie. They are both fine actresses, and especially effective in these parts. You can feel the antagonism between the two characters the minute you see them appear on the screen, and yet you feel, too, that curious bond which holds them together. At one point in the picture, Millie remarks, "Kit, I was the pretty one, but you had all the boy friends. I was the rich one, but you had all the fun." The answer to that, Kit thinks, is simple. Millie only wanted what Kit had—nothing else had any value to her. When Kit becomes a writer, acclaimed by the critics if not the public, Millie neglects her husband, daughter and family to become a writer, too. But her success has a bitter flavor—she pleases the public, but the critics who praise Millie ignore Millie's work entirely. Millie sells small value on her husband (John Loder) until she finds Kit is in love with him. 

Then he is lost, but for Millie, the whole daughter means very little to her, yet she constantly resents the girl's affection for Kit. She breaks up Kit's affair with Rudd (Glynis Johns). 

It's a fascinating situation, and it increases in dramatic intensity over the twenty years covered by the picture. The ending is a surprise, but if you've got the psychiatric turn of mind, you may feel it's inevitable. In any case, you won't want to miss seeing Bette Davis as Kit. It's a triumph, even for her.—War.

P.S.

The script for "Old Acquaintance" was adopted from the stage play of the same name written by John Van Druten. Mr. Van Druten collaborated with Lenore Coffee on its adaptation. Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis are together again for the first time since their success as enemies in "The Old Maid." Newcomer Dolores Moran, as Miriam's daughter, had helped Miriam as coach. This was John Loder's last picture before his marriage to Hedy Lamarr. John's make-up man spent almost an hour every morning to turn him into a man of the 40's. While the picture was in production he celebrated his birthday. He was 43. Philip Reed went into the Navy as soon as the picture was completed...

Gig Young, who wore the uniform of a Navy Lieutenant j.g. for this picture, enlisted in the Coast Guard when it was finished. J.B. had a telephone installed in her dressing room so that she could conduct the business of the Hollywood Canteen (of which she is president) from the studio.

ADVENTURES OF TARTU

There's a tense, look-behind-you quality to every grade A spy picture. This one, made in England, has it, plus a new setting and a really spectacular climax. It possesses the added advantage of having Robert Donat in the role of chief spingertiger. Robert has to go all the way to Czechoslovakia to find his leading lady, lovely Valerie Hobson, but it's worth the trip.

He starts in England as Terry Stevenson, a captain of the Bomb Demolition Squad. These lads are also known as the Death and Glory Squad. They're so shy about making your assignment would be for the better. However, it proves to be strictly out of the trying pan into the fire, when Terry is sent by the Admiralty to Czechoslovakia. His mission is to blow up the poison gas works at Pilsen. 

Now and again adventures come along that just any stray young man wanders into their factory with a bomb in his coat pocket. So Terry turns into Jon Tartu, a Rumanian ex-Iron Guardist. This new identity is fine for winning friends and influencing people among the Nazis, but it's a drawback for the Czech patriots. Terry promptly adds to his own troubles by falling in love with Marushka (Valerie Hobson), a beautiful Czech girl. She wants nothing to do with an Iron Guardist named Tartu, but when she begins to suspect that Terry isn't what he seems, things are different.

However, a sinister suspicion arises that Terry is responsible for the death of a Czech girl named Paula (Glynis Johns). Paula was accused of sabotage and was shot by a Nazi firing squad. Nazis don't bother with democratic nonsense like trials by jury. When Marushka hears that it was Paula, she feels spurtingly that she has fallen in love with a traitor. She takes a step that almost proves fatal to them both. There couldn't be a more emotional and spectacular climax than the huge gas factory, with its terrifying equipment. If this doesn't leave your spine thoroughly chilled, you are probably running a temperature and should consult a doctor immediately, without waiting to find out whether boy gets girl. You can always read the newspaper and then she probably sat through the picture twice—M-G-M.
THE HEAT IS ON

A HEAT WAVE OF WONDERFUL GIRLS!
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TERRIFIC!

MAE WEST * VICTOR MOORE * WILLIAM GAXTON

TURN ON THE FUN!

Mae West, Victor Moore, William Gaxton

XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra

Hazel Scott TICKLING THE IVORIES AS ONLY SHE CAN

With Lester Allen, Alan Dinehart, Lloyd Bridges
Screen Play by Fitzoy Davis, George T. Seiler, Fred Schiller
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

A GREGORY RATOFF PRODUCTION - A COLUMBIA PICTURE
"Follow Me"

If you lead him by the heart... if you lead in the activities and drives of today... if your crowd happily follows your lead... choose Varva's "Follow Me," the parfum that leads—and lasts! Extract, $1 to $15

Face Powder, six guest puffs, $1
Talc, 55¢; Sachet, $1 & $1.75
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1
(plus tax)

Follow Me by VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

"FLESH AND FANTASY" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

See page 18 to win an I. J. Fox Fur Coat

ACROSS
1. Competent
4. Plays Lady Pamela (initials)
6. That woman's
10. Fish eggs
11. Tidbits of gossip
13. Baby's first words
14. Fables, such as "Flesh and Fantasy" is composed of
16. Injun weapon
18. Compass point
19. Entire, as Henriette masked
21. Movie mag (initials)
22. Nickname for Slapie Maxie Rosenbloom
24. "Lights out" for soldiers
27. Training Station (abbr.)
28. Plays Michael (initials)
30. Perform
33. Toward
35. Train on stilts
37. Head of an abbey
40. Father
41. The dog house
42. Railroad (abbr.)
44. Get up
46. Weird, atmosphere of "Flesh and Fantasy"
48. Kindled
49. Days gone by
52. Office of Price Administration (abbr.)
53. Soldier's meal
54. Preposition
55. Stalk

DOWN
1. Michael held Henriette in his...
3. Allow
4. Edward G. Robinson's cast name (initials)
5. You and I
7. Plays Marshall Tyler (initials)
8. Parts of a house
9. Scatters seed
11. Small island
12. Market
15. Soft footstools
17. Easy to read, as Robert Benchley found his book to be
20. Barbara Stanwyck wore earrings in this shape
23. Mr. Kruger's first name
25. Game played on horseback
26. Plays Joan Stanley (initials)
27. Bunch of Scotsmen
31. Plays Angela (initials)
35. Girl's name
36. Retain
38. Red vegetable
39. A lot of bunk (slang)
40. Thomas Mitchell reads that
43. You buy paper by the —
45. That thing's
47. Decay
50. By
51. Therefore

Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 10: "Flesh and Fantasy"
Please Print or Type

Full name ..................................................
Street ............................................. City ......................................... State .................

My definition for BOYER is ..........................................................

Mail this puzzle and coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Quiz for Women Absentees who can't keep going on "problem days"

Do's and don'ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Free with compliments of Kotex.

Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There's a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . at this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your "Do" list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water's not only relaxing . . . it's a daily "must." At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day's work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps "unknot" tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. "High" today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain.) And on "problem days," especially, that loppy, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

FREE! Send for it today—
Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives the complete list of do's and don'ts for a war worker's "problem days." How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3454, Dept. MM-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.
“FLESH AND FANTASY”

Win a Fur Coat!

1st PRIZE ................. I. J. FOX FUR COAT
2nd PRIZE ................. $200 IN WAR BONDS*
3rd—1,352nd PRIZE: .... $1.00 EACH IN WAR STAMPS

*All Bonds and Stamps donated by Universal Studios

Here’s How: Remember the Betty Hutton puzzle? ON PAGE 16, we’ve got another one—only this is based on the fabulous new picture “Flesh and Fantasy”. Pardon us for raving, but it’s the most unusual picture on the books. Full of fascinating stuff on dreams, superstitions and all manner of queries into the supernatural. Brings up all those haunting questions you’ve asked yourself a million times about fortune-tellers, dream interpretations, destiny. But wonderful!

Knowing the story and cast before you work the puzzle help like mad, so better whip over to our review on page 6 and get your facts straight.

Then, after you’ve solved the puzzle, we want you to think up a crossword definition. In square 2, going down we’ve written the word Boyer. You write the definition for Charles B. You might go romantic and say “Languid-eyed lover” or “Romeo; French style”, or simply, “The Great Gaspar” in “Flesh and Fantasy”. Anything you think really describes him will do—but make sure that anyone reading your definition will know it refers to Charles Boyer.

RULES:

- 1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 16.
- 2. Write your own definition for Boyer.
- 3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (If Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband’s). If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
- 4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
- 5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
- 6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than January 10, 1944.
- 7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
- 8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one big prize in the entire 1943 series. If you haven’t already won one of the big prizes, you are still eligible for this contest.
- 9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- 10. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.

This is the last contest in 1943! MODERN SCREEN is truly proud of the thousands of readers who have won prizes in its 1943 series. With the closing of this contest, MODERN SCREEN will have given away 12,687 prizes to winners all over the United States and Canada—7 I. J. Fox fur coats, 1,678 merchandise prizes and $18,265 in War Bonds and Stamps. No wonder we’re proud. Can you think of any other magazine in the world that runs monthly contests with such terrific prizes? But wait a minute, we want another pot of soup back. We’re going to give away $24,000 in Bonds next year, more fur coats—and, gosh! We’re dizzy already. All this just worth— oh! for you to win!

Thanks to the movie studios and I. J. Fox, MODERN SCREEN starts the January contest with a clean slate—a brand new 1944 series with everyone, including last year’s winners, eligible to enter and win (except Dell employees, of course)! So you see, our plans are really big.

P.S. Wish we could print some of our winners’ letters and the whol list of readers who have won a prize, but you’ve heard of the paper shortage. Well, it’s no dream. But we have printed the names of the big winners. Here are four more to add to the list. Mrs. Margaret Parker of Sheffield, Ala., and Miss Agnes Raynor of Long Island—winners in the “Sweet Rice O’Grady” contest, and Miss Sara Jane Riis of Detroit and Miss Edith Hansen of Cheltenham, Pa., who walked off with the first and second prize in the “For Whom the Bell Tolls” contest. Our congratulations! And if they can do it, well, we’re pretty sure that everyone of you can win a wonderful prize too. Here’s your chance!

TURN TO PAGE 16 FOR THE “FLESH AND FANTASY” CROSSWORD PUZZLE
FLESH AND FANTASY
THE MOTION PICTURE ABOVE ALL!

So different—it defies comparison. So enthralling—it has no equal. So powerful—only these great Stars could live its matchless roles!

"FLESH AND FANTASY"
Without precedent. Beyond compare. A drama of love...of hate...of terror...of volcanic emotion...

Unfolding with all the terrifying reality of your own life...the story of Four Fates...Eight Lives...any one of which could be Yours!

“FLESH AND FANTASY”
Starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD — ROBERT CUMMINGS

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
THOMAS MITCHELL - C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE - DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER and BARBARA STANWYCK

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER - Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER

Screen Play by Ernest Pintoff - Samuel Hoffenstein - Ellis St. Joseph
Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde - Lewis Kellog - Ellis St. Joseph

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

CHARLES BOYER ★ BARBARA STANWYCK
★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON
★ THOMAS MITCHELL
★ ROBERT CUMMINGS
★ BETTY FIELD ★ CHARLES WINNINGER
FREE CHARTS • SUPER COUPON

CHECK THE BOXES OPPOSITE THE CHARTS YOU'D LIKE
This month's new charts are starred below.

GROUP I
For any TWO charts in this group send us one LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may, of course, have as many charts as you like. Please enclose a separate envelope for every two.

*How to Throw a Party. .................................................. □
Christmas is party time. How to make a splash for New Years or for a midwinter bride, plus nifty ideas for entertaining the whole year round.

Whom Should I Marry? .................................................. □
A famous psychologist analyzes you and your guy, sort of duo you'll be.

Beauty No. 3 .............................................................. □
A basket full of tricks; split second beauty routine that just can't miss.

*Winter Fashions .......................................................... □
Bright as holly, this chart! Bursting with ideas on what to buy for the Christmas whirl, for New Year's Eve, for canteen and office; budgety, too.

How to Join or Start a Fan Club ...................................... □
Activities of 42 fan clubs outlined. How to organize or join one.

*Love of a Glove ............................................................ □
Start knittin', kitten! Xmas is just around the bend, and hand-knitted cable-stitched gloves are the lush-est gifts. Stitch-by-stitch instructions.

*Things You Should Know about Cooking .......................... □
A primer for kitchen-shy brides and a regular encyclopedia on how to budget, cope with rationing, stuff the family with luscious, vitaminsy foods.

How to Lose or Gain Weight ........................................... □
Exercise and diet for whittling or building weight. Food for beauty!

Mind Your Manners ...................................................... □
Charm, poise, etiquette from canteen tram. Beg to wedding on leave.

Don't Throw It Away .................................................... □
How to save and salvage clothes, shoes, furniture and assorted treasures.

GROUP II
For any one of the charts below, enclose the amount indicated in stamps or coins. Please, directions for self-addressed envelopes.

How to Tell if You're in Love (5c) ................................. □
Famed psychiatrist gives you proven tests to tell whether it's really love. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

Your Individually Compiled Horoscope (10c) ..................... □
Personal analysis! No self-addressed envelope required. Fill this out.

Your name .................................................. Street .....
City .................................................. State ........
Birthday: Year (Month) (Date) (Time)

Super Star Information Chart (10c) ................................. □
32 pages on stars. Last pics, marriages, real names, reams of other data. Send self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope.

GROUP III
For either of the two charts below, send us a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope. You may have both, if you like, provided you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for EACH. Big ones, please.

How to Crochet .......................................................... □
Guest towels, bright little beanies, luscious gitty things for Christmas.

Make and Mend (with accent on beginners) ....................... □
Fixing, altering, dreaming up new clothes, doubling the life of old things.

GROUP IV
Your request for each of these offers must be addressed to a different dept. DO NOT INCLUDE REQUESTS FOR ANY OTHER CHARTS IN YOUR ENVELOPE.

Handwriting Analysis (10c) ............................................... □
Send a sample of your handwriting or your beau's written in ink (about 25 words). And enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with 10c for each analysis. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, C/O MODERN SCREEN. CANADIANS SEND NO STAMP, JUST 15c.

*Gift Kit (10c) ............................................................. □
Run stopper, baby-pure soap, cream for skin blemishes in one package. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO BEAUTY DEPT., MODERN SCREEN. No self-addressed envelope required.

Information Desk ........................................................ □
Our old Information Desk, revived and enlarged, gives us machinery for answering all questions re Hwood and the stars. Only please, gals, don't ask for dope that's already been given on the Super Star Information Chart. ADDRESS ENVELOPE TO MISS BEVERLY LINET, INFORMATION DESK, C/O MODERN SCREEN.

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE:
Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
A wartime Washington whirl of fun... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!

It's from that romantic Ladies Home Journal serial by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland in **GOVERNMENT GIRL**

with Sonny Tufts

ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES DUNN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • UMA O'CONNOR • SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS
THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...ingenious on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. Exquisite but not Expensive.

April Showers Talc

HERAMY PERFUMER

22 Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

MOBILE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 14)

THE NORTH STAR

Here is a picture that you must see! It's as much a part of today as ration books and surgical bandages—just as indicative of sacrifice and courage as the one we will carry on. It's a story of our ally, Russia, and of the fight the Russian people have made from the day the German invaders set foot on their soil. Specifically, it's a story of one Russian village.

There are old people in the village. Like Dr. Kurin (Walter Huston), a famous pathologist, who has come back there to write a book. Like Rodion (Dean Jagger), the elected chairman of the Soviet Collective Farm, and his wife, Maria (Ann Harding). Like old Karya (Walter Brennan) who drives his pigs so reluctantly to the slaughterhouse.

There are young people. Like Kolya (Dana Andrews) who is, by his own admission, the best bombardier in the Soviet Air Force. And Damian (Harley Granger), his young brother. And Sophia (Anne Baxter), Kolya's sweetheart, and Clavdia (Jane Withers), who is only a fat silly child till the time comes for heroism. These young people are starting out on a walking trip to Kiev. It will take them several days, and they are in a state of acute excitement over it. Far too excited to pay much attention to the radio reports of German troop movements.

So they are quite unprepared, that first day of their walking trip, for the bombarding planes that come over. They stand, unbelieving, to gaze into the sky, and so do others who are passing along the road in carts and wagons. The planes go over swiftly, and when they are gone, there are fewer wagons and fewer people and hardly any road left at all.

The planes fly over the village, too, and even as the bombs burst in the streets, a voice is heard on the radio. "Villagers, take arms. Greetings, comrades—the war has come."

Young and old alike have a part in this war. The people left in the village are as important as the soldiers who fight on the front. And thus the picture is as impressive than any amount of sound and fury. Walter Huston is at his best as Dr. Kurin, and there's a deliberately chilling portrayal of a German doctor by the Von Stroheim. Let me repeat—here is a picture you must see.—R.K.O.

P.S.

"The North Star" was more than a movie. It took five months and cost close to three million dollars to produce. The story was built from the ground up, and it was designed to tell the story of the thousands of Russian farmers who were forced to leave their homes and work in the factories. The film was released in 1943, during World War II, and it was intended as a way to raise morale and inspire the American public. The film was directed by John Huston and starred Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, and Anna Sten. It was a critical and commercial success, and it is considered a classic of the war genre.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA

Remember "Union Pacific"? Remember "Boom Town"? Here's another picture that is a part of our history. It is a story of the West, with its color and noise and wide-open frontier towns, public has given it a spectacular production, and it is definitely good.

John Wayne plays the cowboy. Now that Gable, Stewart, Ladd, etc., are off to the wars, the producers are clamoring for John. The critics gave the green light for his performance. The Lady Takes A Chance, a woman who is more than a heroine. Martha Scott has the kind of role that really does her justice—she's a superb actress, and a thrilling one. She's the object of love, and she's always in the right place at the right time. Behind her is the third side of the triangle is my favorite—Villain-of-the-Month. It's a true character, playing a type of the old West.

Cathy Allen (Martha Scott), a school teacher, is tossed out of her home for writing a too-sensational book. The women think anyone as much as Cathy has no right to be a school teacher. So Cathy climbs aboard the train which comes along, and land! Jim Gardner (Albert Dekker) in a car. Gardner is an oil man of comic experience, and a lady's man of Cathy is listening to a conversation when Dan Somers (John Wayne) shows up to break the spell. Dan is a cowboy, but he has a way of making Gardner's life difficult. They all get off the train at Sepulveda. This is Gardner's town of new oil and shady politicians, and millions made and lost at gambling tables. Cathy is completely thrilled with it all. She raves to Bessie Baxter (Marjorie Rambeau) that it is the wonder old girl with a twinkle in her eye and champion trotting horses and a full of diamonds the size of marbles. B. (Continued on page 26)
"The U.S.O. show really must go on. And if there's one thing a singer needs, it's confidence! So I'm mighty grateful for Modess' grand invisible fit. Why, you scarcely know you're wearing it!"

"Modess' softspun filler actually molds itself to your own body lines. And where some napkins have hard tab ends, Modess has soft gauze. No tell-tale outlines, even under the smoothest gown."

"The triple, full-length shield at the back of every Modess napkin gives full-way protection, not just part-way, as some napkins do."

"I inherited the overalls — along with the job! My brothers went off to war, so that left me to help run the farm. Hard work — and I love it! But thank goodness, I found out about Modess' greater safety — I really need more protection these days! And you just don't fret, once you've switched to Modess!"

"I've got three little terrors — and no help! So I've got to do laundry, cooking, scrubbing, saving! But I take it and smile — even on tough days — since I discovered that Modess' greater softness really means extra comfort!"

"Modess is made with a special softspun filler — entirely different from layer-type napkins. Yet it costs no more! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test — you will, too!"

"The down-in-the-mouth girl with frazzled nerves is out in wartime.

The lass with the brave stride, the capable hands, and the wide, cheerful grin takes the honors now!

She may be a young thing with freckles, or the smart mother-of-three. But you can bet she knows every secret of staying active and attractive — every day of the month!

You see, chances are she's a user of Modess Sanitary Napkins. For the alert, hard-working gals have a way of finding out about Modess' extra softness and safety. Read what three of them say:

"Smile while you Hurry! Switch to Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12."
Gosh, we're excited about the war! Europe's tottering. And we can't help feeling that Der Fuhrer's wagon is on the verge of being fixed. Oh jeepers, to be dropping eggs on Berlin or driving a tank up a Pyrene. That flashy stuff, unfortunately, isn't for us—but kiddies, we can make the bombs and bomb-sights and tanks. Obviously, there's nothing new about that. You've been hearing about the woman behind the man behind the gun practically all your life. So what? So this.

Now, at last, you can be that woman. No matter if you're a school gal, a brand new mom with a hairless, toothless responsibility, or a grandma—Uncle Sam has dreamed up a way to let you do a little pitching. The story is this. Thousands of high school kids and housewives have been bunging on war plant gates begging for a quickie shift. They had 24 hours worth of patriotism, but just a few hours worth of time. The big shots put their heads together and came up with something called the "Victory Shift," which is really a yummy business. It's a split shift, four hours long, and it works this way. A housewife checks in at noon; at four she's relieved by a high-schooler who works till eight. This gives the housewife time to tend to her knitting, cooking and what have you, and it gives the student most of the evening for lessons. Lovely?

Perhaps you can share a shift with someone in your family. With your mom, maybe, or your married sister. If you can't round up a cousin or something to share it with you, let the plant find you somebody. The important thing is to go quick like a P-38 and get a job. Today's not a bit too soon. Tomorrow—it would scare us to say this if we didn't have as much faith in you—may be too late.

Where to apply? At your nearest United States Employment Service office. This agency has 1500 offices in the country and about 3500 part-time offices, so scan the phone book for one within bussing distance, and scoot! Lacking a U.S.E.S., go to your Y.W. C. A. or vocational school for advice. The interviewer will either send you directly to the war plant or suggest pre-employment training (usually free). Once you get to the plant, be prepared to produce character references like mad and get set for physical exams, fingerprinting and the third degree. Bring your birth certificate, also your social security number, if any. Try to have a rough idea of what sort of job you can do. If, for instance, you never could change a typewriter ribbon, you wouldn't be too hot on "final assembly." If, on the other hand, you shine in art, speak up. You might—with training—make a swish draftswoman.

Mary Anderson, Director of Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, lists (Continued on page 26)
Her eyes, her lips—beyond compare!
But lovelier still, her shining hair!

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

And remember... Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.
So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That’s why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble
tries to tell Cathy some of the facts of life, but she is determined to find things out for herself.

An oil feud develops between Gardner and Dan, who heads a group of "wildcatters." What with the feud, and Cathy's love affairs, and a racing finish that will knock your eye out, you're in for an exciting evening. And, oh yes—there are Indians, lots of em.—Rep.

P. S.

This is one of the biggest pictures to come off the Republic lot. Was in production three months. . . . Cast and crew spent one month of that time shooting scenes on location in Brute Canyon, Utah. . . . Cameramen and technicians spent three weeks in Oklahoma City shooting background and production shots. . . . The story was an adaptation of a magazine serial by Tomson Burris titled "The War of The Wild Cats". . . . Martha Scott has always cherished a desire to write and has put the book jackets, which the studio had made up for her role in this picture, among her favorite souvenirs. Martha spent her spare time on the set brushing up on her Shakespeare. Martha has done any of her Shakespearean roles since her plays with the Chicago World's Fair, where she played seven shows a day, Geo. Gee, Creek, Missouri, Martha could readily adapt herself to this middle-Western role of a young school teacher-author. Hubby Cardinal Allop, was a frequent visitor to the set. Allop is being groomed by Republic for a producer's job. . . . Director Al Rogell celebrated a birthday on the set and was given a huge cake by the cast. . . . Marjorie Rambeau was especially sympathetic with the role that Martha was playing. Marjorie's mother was one of the first ladies doctors of the early 1900's and attempted to set up practice in Alaska. Wasn't successful because the gals and women's professions and spent most of her life trying to fight this resentment. . . . Biggest production number in the picture is the can-can number danced by Dale Evans. . . . Wayne whose 6'5" usually towers over everyone in his pictures, finds an equal in his co-star, Albert Dekker, (6'4"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

these war jobs as ones women can do better than men, so keep them in mind as possibilities: welding, painting, rivetting, working drills, slogging, etc. These in addition to the traditionally female pursuits of typing, stenography and other office work. Probably for lots of you, factory work will just be a "tilt-Victory" career, but if you're taking the long view of things, here's what you'll want to know about promotion and post-war employment. You leap ahead at your own speed. Work jobs are so thoroughly supervised that the quality and quantity of your work is constantly available to those who are on you, chums, so the way to get to be a mucky-muck is to be a very efficient little beaver.

the woman behind the woman at war . . .

To hear us talk, so far, you'd think that all war work was done in factories. Nothing could be farther. There are dozens of jobs that are classified as war-useful that you might consider. Waitress- ing, farming, baby-minding, banking, typing. If you've ever secretly hankered to jerk sodas or drive a taxi, the time is now, Ice cream slinging and transportation are still considered essential industries. Remember always, though, to do work that needs to be done right where you live—whether it's minding working-moms' kids or helping the farmer with his chores. Sure, sometimes when the work seems very hard and the pay very slim, you'll envy the gals in the cities. Think, then, that if it weren't for hundreds of girls like you, doing your quiet, unglaumorous part, the war-workers would have nothing to eat or wear, and there'd be no tanks or bullets.

Most of you won't need to be urged to hop into harness. We know you. You can't wait. But maybe you know a goop or two who still doesn't realize how ter-}

rifically important those gory-nailed hand of theirs are. Give 'em this. Two out o every three able-bodied people between the ages of 14 and 65 must either be in the service or in industry (whole or part-time) before the end of 1943.

Spread the gospel, kids. Those gus over yonder are tired of war. The preliminary bouts are over. This isn't—and they need every woman-hour of work we can give to help 'em deliver the Co-Ed Bulletin Board.—We've heard rumors that juvenile delinquency sky rockets when kids begin earning lots of money. Whether you think your new salary is too high or too low, snip the rumors by buying bonds.

Exquisite news for nurses-to-be! Th Bolton bill has been passed, setting up a United States Cadet Nurse Corps. This means that you can now get your nurse training entirely on the Government-tuition, maintenance and all—and get salary while you're in training, too. Fo the first nine months you'll get $150 month; this will then be upped to $20 and in the Senior Care you'll be paid at least $30 monthly. If you're interested your nearest hospital can give you detail.

Extra special for "can't make up my mind" gals—two luminous new charts on love and those problems that keep springing up. First, "How to Tell If You're in Love." Gives you through quizzes that go straight to the soul. Helps you really see yourself and come to a decision.

Second, our "Whom Should I Marry" booklet. Tells you just what type of man is best for you. Gives you all the angles on your personality and his Turn to page 20 and discover our Super Coupon through which you can acquire 'em.
DOLORES MORAN in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, chooses Bates "Cotillion" bedspread and draperies. Also available in Dark Blue, Dusty Rose, Green, Wine and Tan. Featured at leading stores everywhere.

DOLORES MORAN, in "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS", a Warner Bros. picture, has an infallible instinct for room decoration. She knows how Bates spreads with matching draperies can do a complete job of redecoration, and do it quickly and inexpensively. Bates spreads are ideal for people who face the temporary residence problem. Wrinkleproof, lint-free, and they're easy to launder. The spread seals in the warmth, protects the blanket and provides the warmth of a lightweight quilt. Don't blame the stores if they are temporarily out of Bates bedspreads and draperies. Bates fabrics in the war effort must come first. We know that's the way you want it to be.
Lon McCallister
By Ann Ward

Kind of dreamy about a crooked smile, a pair of blue eyes and one crazy dimple—all belonging to a kid called Lon McCallister? Uh huh, so are we. That Californian in "Stage Door Canteen" was pretty wonderful. Put a new kind of jump in our throats—the kind that makes you want to swallow hard. It's something that sophisticates like Aumont and Boyer just wouldn't know about... Even though Lon was practically brought up on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, he's strictly the sort of kid who sat behind you in algebra and wasn't above firing an occasional spitball in your direction either. Large slice of devil behind that easy smile. Ask him real subtle like how it feels to make a picture (and steal the whole show right out from under 48 of Hollywood's top names at that), and he'll pull his favorite line. "Didn't you know I've made 40 pictures (accent on the 40)?" You fall through the floor as quietly as possible, then Lon grins that grin. "Sure I've been an extra for years, but in all 40 pictures I never got my face in front of the camera long enough for anyone to see it." Maybe a couple of directors are kicking themselves around the block right now... Lon blames his Gramp for introducing him to klieg lights and grease paint. Gramp is St. Peter at RKO. Tends the gate, and incidentally picks up all the gossip, which he promptly spills to Lon. Gramp picks up the evening paper, settles himself on the porch, then Lon noses in. "They need a super de luxe headhunter tomorrow, or maybe a swell pair of shoulders for a mob scene?" "Nope," says Gramp. But one night Gramp came home with, "They need a young kid—say about 19—with a dimple in one cheek and a plain Yankee way of talking. Go on around 'n ask 'em for a screen test. And by the way," says Gramp without so much as raising his head from the paper, "I hear Katharine Cornell is in the picture." Gosh! Katharine Cornell, Lon's one and only, all year round crush!... You can bet folding money any time that Lon didn't sleep that night. He still can't forget the way he got the sheet all wound up, listened to the clock tick and stared at the shadows cars turning up the street made on the wall. Katharine Cornell, America's A No. 1 actress, a young kid to play a scene from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with her. Two hundred and fifty kids lined up to try out. All with just the right kind of faces and just the right kind of voices. Nope, there wasn't any sense in thinking about it. It was one of those things that couldn't happen. Something out of Cinderella... But it did happen. Lon turned out to be a trouper Cinderella. But he doesn't have any witching hour to worry about. No fairy godmother can take away the memories of those wild months making Stage Door Canteen. He mad trip East, New York and the Broadway crowds, and best of all the lump in his throat when Cornell called him "Romeo." Lon thinks he's going to need these memories to fall back on. Come December, he's in line for a khaki outfit that's really G.I., not just something from the wardrobe department.

P.S. Don't get bleary-eyed about that December business just yet. Lon's busy with a new pic, "Rome in Indiana." If there's any time left, he's hankering to get back in his sophomore harness at Chap.曼 College. He was deep in English Lit and philosophy (wants to be a writer) and his fraternity before "Stage Door Canteen" came his way. Besides, he's afraid Pat and Mac, his Toy Boston and Great Dane, are beginning to think he's walked out on 'em.
TO OUR READERS...

HERE is how a rumor starts: In the accompanying illustration, you see young Al Delacorte shortly after he has been picked up by a pretty blonde. Young Al Delacorte has just told this blonde a family confidence. Something about his old man (me). What the innocent little dope fails to realize is that the blonde is none other than MODERN SCREEN'S agent, Fredda Dudley . . . the slick chick who writes our Good News. No doubt the tiny man meant no harm. But just look what's happened! It leaked out into MODERN SCREEN (page 95).

Not that I blame the kid. Fredda could get an oyster to talk about his operation. She is a lusty, gusty lady from the Wild West with a yen for gossip. If an earthquake wrecked Hollywood tomorrow, Fredda could roll up her sleeves and have every skeleton back in its proper closet by noon of the same day.

Really, girls, the lady is uncanny. She's East on vacation. My wife and I asked her to lunch on Friday and couldn't bear to let her go till Monday! Secrets? I'm so darned confidential, Henry Malmgren has to keep me away from people . . . for a long time.

Fredda's folks were among the early settlers of Colorado. Her granddad rode Pony Express in Indian country and carried a tomahawk-size scalp wound to his grave. Grandma, who came from Maine in a covered wagon, had a pet Comanche. He'd come around and grunt kind of, until she gave him a hot biscuit.

That era of the West has departed. In Hollywood, the wolves have taken over where the Indians left off. But if you listen to Fredda (and I hope you always will), there's still plenty of life left in the old town. Take a look at page 59 and see for yourself.

Al Delacorte
EXECUTIVE EDITOR
There was something about Ty, with his cocky grin,

his dark, serious eyes, that would set him apart . . . place
him in the lead. You could tell that even in the beginning.

One evening, seven years ago, a slim, white-faced youth of twenty-two stood silently on a Hollywood hillside terrace and gazed into the deepening dusk.

Below him spread a sight seen nowhere else in the world.

As the short Pacific twilight plunged into purple night, the earth burst into a twinkling brilliance reaching as far as his dark eyes could see. Lights—white, yellow, scarlet, blue and emerald—strung themselves like sparkling jewels across the valley's throat. The stars in the velvet night seemed reflected below, as in a giant pool.

Far to his right as he watched, mesmerized by the beauty, a tower suddenly glowed white from a thousand lamps. Around it a score of lavender-white rays shot up, pencilling the cloudless sky with sweeping, criss-cross paths to the stars.

The young man shifted, lit a cigarette and dragged deep. The glow highlighted features familiar to few enough people at that moment. Thick black eyebrows, dark hair faintly waving back from a prominent forehead, deep eyes, a clean jawline, a narrow, pale, sensitive face. He was smiling. His teeth flashed. He blew out the smoke.

"This is it," he said to himself, but aloud. "At last—it's for me—Hollywood."

The door behind him jerked open suddenly. (Continued on following page)
Second stage appearance, in Chicago. Ty, 18, was cast as doddering old man in "Merchant of Venice." Dawn on his luck, he wound up, couple of years later, at World's Fair in Chicago.

First spear-carrying called for Mexican rig in play staged by Mom and Dad at San Gabriel Mission in Cal. Patia Power, Ty's mom and former actress, had lead in Mission plays 5 years.
“What in the world are you doing out there, Tyrone?” called a voice. “Hurry up and get dressed. You know how far it is to the Carthay Circle. You’ll be late for your own premiere!”

Tyrone Power grinned. “What difference does it make?” he kidded to himself. Aloud, he said, “I’ll be right in, Mother.”

Tyrone Power was late to the Hollywood premiere of “Lloyds of London.” It didn’t make any difference. When he strode up the surging, spotlighted, poinsettia-lined lane, his anxious mother on his arm, a half-curious few murmured “Who’s that?” But photographers let their cameras dangle listlessly.

Two hours later he had to fight his way, happily, to his car. Flash bulbs blazed at him from every angle. The lobby buzzed and critics cackled. Everyone who was anyone in Hollywood knew that a young, virile, magnetizing, important star was born.

And an era in the life of Tyrone Power, Jr., had begun.

That era ended and another began one day last summer when Tyrone Power stood ramrod straight, taller, stronger, more mature, but every bit as thrilled and enthusiastic, before a major of the United States Marines and swore to defend his country with his life.

At that tingling moment Ty Power put Hollywood behind him. He deliberately wiped his mind clean of the triumphs and heartbreaks, the glamour and thrills, and the loneliness of fame and what for far more than seven years had been the natural meat and drink of his soul—acting.

The searchlights that once heralded Hollywood openings now probe the Pacific skies for Jap bombers. Acting is out, and fighting is in for the duration. Ty Power knew it the minute he heard the shocking news of Pearl Harbor. He was finished with Hollywood and fame from that minute on. He had a new job to do. He wound up his picture program impatiently. He made “Crash Dive,”” his last, fretful as a race horse in the starting gate. He joined up in the middle of it. When he left, he didn’t even stop to (Continued on following page)
TYRONE POWER Continued

clean out his crowded dressing room at the studio. He knew when he joined the Marines what he was up against. "I'll get worked over, all right," he cracked to a pal when he left. "I'm expecting the worst—but are those guys going to get fooled!" He said the same thing when, a callow kid, he first headed for Hollywood. He had a driving ambition, impatience, a burning necessity to rise then. He still has—it's part of him. He had a fight on his hands then, too—and he won it—against youth, frail health, accidents, hostile directors, the "show-me" attitude of Hollywood—and the smothering burden of a famous father's name.

And when he swore himself into the fight for freedom, a phrase rang in his ears as the major droned the oath. It was something he'd heard—as a young man. He had emblazoned it as the device on his secret banner, the words his mother used to say when he'd talk about his dreams:

"I don't care what you do, Tyrone. But whatever you do you've got to be good. You've got to be the best!"

Private Tyrone Power was honor man of his entire platoon at the San Diego Marine boot camp. He came out second (Continued on page 71)
Power met Sanja at stuffy social function, drove her home.

Few nights later stood under her window tossing gravel on barn. First date resulted in whirl that lasted several months.

1938. Ty, sharp in striped shirt, flower in buttonhole, at Ciro’s with Arleen Whelan. This was the year “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” knocked previous box office records for a loop, established Power as dark Lothario.

Understudying in summer stock, he knocked down $30 a week, was still living on peanuts when Katharine Cornell took him for Broadway play. In 1942, his salary at 20th was $169,009 a year.

Ty’s first screen test in N. Y. flopped miserably. (Above with Janet Gaynor in “Ladies in Love,” his 2nd slice at work.)
Two Hearts for Lana

Early last Spring—in March perhaps—a blonde girl with a fabulous face and a pair of the tiniest feet in Hollywood, entered her favorite market. The Chinese girl at the fruit and vegetable stand had grown to know her very well. "The same today, Mrs. Crane?" she asked, smiling indulgently.

Mrs. Crane giggled. "Yes—if they're nice," she agreed. "Delicious!" described the salesgirl, carefully selecting a box of luscious strawberries and wrapping them.

When Lana returned to the car, where her mother was waiting for her, she said, "Nothing else looked good, so I just bought strawberries."

"But we have a box at home in the refrigerator," reminded Mrs. Turner.

"Those," explained Lana with a mischievous sideways glance, "are for dessert tonight. These"—indicating her proud purchase—"are for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Poor Steve," Mrs. Turner laughed ruefully. "He'll have strawberry rash yet from joining you in this assault upon your favorite fruit."

You see, during those months of Lana's strawberry craving, she wasn't content to eat the berries alone; she wanted company. She wanted Steve to have his share, and she wanted her mother to enjoy generous portions. It seemed to her that she had never tasted any morsel grown upon tree or extracted from soil so entirely admirable as the strawberry. Unfortunately, it had always been Steve's non-favorite fruit, but he was a demon for co-operation: He ate strawberries two or three times a day for several months. "When that guy gets here"—the baby-to-be was always a boy to Steve during those days—"I'll surely tell him what I've been through in his behalf," he kidded Lana.

When he came home on week-end pass one Saturday night, Lana met him with the news that she had been shopping. She had, in fact, bought a new maternity dress. Very pretty—a red and white print. "How about modeling it for me, honey?" he suggested.

When she re-entered the room, bright as a Valentine, Steve did one of the world's fastest double-takes. The background of the dress was white; the designs against the background were red. But (Continued on page 77)
"Most of us don't even know what Farny looked like. But, as your friends, we on MODERN SCREEN and our readers share your sorrow."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Three days before tragedy struck, Bette sat in her dressing room at Warners' and gave MODERN SCREEN the story of her happy holiday. She was gay, she looked lovely, and she ate a healthy luncheon between make-up tests. She was looking forward to a winter of activity at the studio, at the Hollywood Canteen and at home with Farny. Our interviewer left her, laughing over some parting nonsense, in the hands of her hairdresser—and went home to work on the story. As she finished the last line and jerked the page out of her typewriter, the phone rang. It was the studio calling—to say that Farny had just died.

We are printing the story as it was written because we think you'd like to remember Bette and Farny on their last holiday together—the fiesta he arranged for her birthday in Mexico—the horse and broken-down carts they found for the farm which was to be the home of their latter years—the years Farny was destined not to live.

Bette was at home that Monday, August 23rd, putting her house in order. She's a fussy housekeeper and, after her long absence, there were a hundred things to (Continued on page 96)

By Ida Zeitlin

After services at Glendale, Calif., Farny was taken to Rutland, Vt., for family services and burial at Sugar Hill, N. H. Above, Bette and her mother.

A few days before Farny died, he and Bette spent P.M. at Trocadero. In June, newspapers hinted he was Army-bound, but he continued in his job as aeronautical consultant on plane equipment, much of which was highly confidential.
En route from N. H. to Calif., she and Farny stopped off at N. Y.'s Stage Door Canteen, where she entertained, met soldier from her home town, Newton, Mass. When magazine polled H'wood on what actress had done most war work, Bette was hands down. Last year was re-elected H'wood Canteen presxy.

Farny, 36, and Bette, 34, would have celebrated 3rd anniversary New Year's Eve. In Sept., she went to work on "Mr. Skeffington."
Jump into your dungarees and gingham and climb the buckboard bound for Jim Jeffries' barn. They're having a "joint" birthday hoedown for Peggy Ryan and Don O'Conno.

Winners of hobby-horse race, Jane and Judy, were paid off with War Stamps ($40 worth given out during evening). Judy came with girl friend, Ed Congo.

Neatest trick of evening: Girls would be lured to side door "to have your picture taken," then Don would operate wind machine! Look at Janie!
MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mid-evening loud speaker boomed "Happy Birthday," fol-
lowed by a jitterbug contest, won by sailor and his gal.
Music was swung by Art Whitting's 8-piece orchestra.

Withers and Judy's movie sidewick Mickey Rooney
was invited; refused 'cause his girl's birthday was
that night, and he'd promised to take her out.

What tickled Don most of all was English car from his mom.
Judy came as Peggy's guest. When they were 7 and 5 respec-
tively, they gave benefits, Judy singing, Peggy dancing.

Glorio Jean and her sister came, gave Peggy a bubble bath
set. Pretties! gift was white satin nightie for her trous-
seau from Chas. Lamont, director of her pictures at Univ.
When Don and gang found coonskin coat and whip in wardrobe department, he immediately pounced on it and wore it the rest of the party. Was limp as Raggedy Andy and Ann at evening's end.

Next to Peggy is 17-year-old Gwenn Carter, Don's fiancée, who presented him with inscribed identification bracelets for his birthday. Judy came with Marsha Mae Jones (far right).

Since Don's subject to call in draft, after his 18th birthday, Univ. has been fast and furious making pictures with him, so they'll have a supply on hand if he goes. Latest is "Top Man" with Peggy.
By George Benjamin

Fighting

Maria reversed procedure, gave Jean whopping diamond engagement ring. Aumont's latest pic, "Cross of Lorraine."
One May morning in 1940 a battered French tank detachment watched the sun rise through the black trees of the Ardennes forest. It looked like the last sunrise they would see as free, live Frenchmen.

All night they had retreated before the terrible might of Adolf Hitler’s Nazi hordes, turning to shoot and be shot at, kill and be killed. Their ranks had dwindled; the survivors were faint from wounds. Their ammunition was low; their officers were dead. They pointed their old-fashioned cannon and machine guns to where the Boche would come with his new murder machines and waited.

They heard shellfire and the crump of bombs to the right, to the left and behind in their line of retreat. The corporal called them together. “It is the end,” he said. “We are cut off and surrounded. There is no way of escape. We die or surrender.”

At that moment a motorcycle roared up the forest path, and a blond young French sergeant jumped off. They all knew him—for two reasons. First, because he was one of the most popular actors in France, was Jean Pierre Aumont. Second, he was liaison man between their outfit and headquarters. He sized up the situation, took command and gave orders. He had come by an obscure trail and that was to be the way to escape. He mapped it out to the corporal and told them to leave at once.

“And how about you, mon sergeant?”

“I have the motorcycle. Leave me a gun. I will stay and cover the retreat.”

So the young actor, turned officer, stayed and when the Boche patrols came, he held them off with his machine gun until the barrel was white hot and the cartridge belt bare. Then he dashed on his cycle and roared away as bullets and tank shells spat (Continued on page 80)
Harry has a new name for Betty. Little Mother, he calls her. “Nn-nn, shouldn’t smoke so much now, Little Mother—” and takes away the cigarette she’s just lighted.

“Okay, little father—”

He shakes his head. “The effect’s not the same.”

Since the world began, no girl can have been more blissfully happy than little Miss Pin-up is today. It brims from her eyes and spills out of her voice. She knows the whole thing’s true, yet she can’t believe it. To us it seems natural enough: cinemadorable finds love, marriage and a baby on the way. To Betty it’s a miracle that leaves her slightly breathless with joy and thanksgiving.

You’ve got to go back a little to understand. When she married Jackie Coogan, Betty was a child—in love with love and soon disillusioned. Then she met George Raft. She could never have contemplated marriage to George—as she did for three years—if her feeling for him hadn’t run deep and true. Not till she fell in love with (Continued on page 107)
etty’s saving safety pins these days for a tow-headed carbon copy “with a disposition sweet as Harry.”

Led lad for War Stomp corsages on 20th lot. At bond rally, sold her nylons to highest bidder for $40,000 in Bonds!

By Nancy Winslow Squire
By Zachary Gold and Kay Hardy

"His Butler's Sister"

Maids don't usually wind up singing love songs to the boss! But this time it's Deanna who's wielding the dust mop and Francheot who answers to "boss."

STORY: The very beautiful young girl swept into the very beautiful room in the large, handsome building on Park Avenue and pirouetted once in the middle of the floor and said to the man who had opened the door: "Martin! Martin! I never expected anything like this!" "You didn't?" the man said.

There was a tiny soot smudge on the girl's nose as if she had just brushed by a locomotive, and her hair was very pretty, lustrous, but just hinting, barely hinting of hayseed and straw. Just now she was motioning to a porter to bring her bags into the room.

"Martin, it's beautiful," she said. "It's breathtaking." "Is it?" the man said.

She stopped suddenly, turning. (Continued on page 89)

PRODUCTION: When D. Durbin first joined Universal, the studio's biographical description of her read: "Deanna is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds." Today, six years later, the vital statistics take up a paragraph of print, include such current measurements as: Height—5 feet, 5 inches; Weight—114 pounds; bust and hips—34½ and 35 inches, respectively; waist—24 inches, and leg length—35 inches.

The number of Durbin nicknames has increased, too. Deanna will answer to "Durby" or "Durbish" or "Deena" or "Lena." If she hears "Charlie!" she knows it's her pal Joe Pasternak. Her own family calls her nothing but "Edna."

In the silver-polishing scene, you'll get a close-up of Deanna's own sterling ware. (Continued on page 88)
2. Ann bursts in on brother Martin (Pat O'Brien) in swank apt., tells him she's come to carve a stage career. Martin says "Impossible!" Admits he's only butler.

3. When Martin spills fact he's working for great Charles Girard (Francot Tone), Ann screams, "I'll clean, scrub, anything. Just let me stay!" Martin wearily gives in.

5. At Charles' party, Liz (Evelyn Ankers), who's batty over him, asks him to forget music, go with her to Maine. Troubled by work, he's half tempted to chuck it and go.

6. Ann, trying hard to look dead pan as she serves hors d'oeuvres, manages some plain and fancy mugging. Later rough-handles Kalb, fabulous producer, out of the hiccups.


10. Heavy-hearted, Ann goes to butler's birthday party, is followed by Gerard. They do the clubs in the 50's; talk; find suddenly, breathlessly they're in love.
Reunion in Malibu!

"When I left she was a brunette. When I get back she's a blonde. It just shows," said Corporal Alan Ladd, "what can happen when a guy leaves his girl around Hollywood!"

The lady in question was his five months' old daughter, Alana.

Alan was working hard for a smile when I arrived, bending hopefully over a pink baby basket where Alana was getting herself a glamour tan on the sunny front patio of the Malibu Beach cottage that Alan and Sue rented for his Army furlough. He looked pretty snappy, I thought, in his summer sand-tans. But Alana wasn't having any part of the Army.

"Aw, they're all fickle," grinned Alan. "I'm away for months, and I spend all my time thinking how glad my baby will be to see me when I get home. Then I run in the house and pick her up— and what does she do? She bawls!"

Alan didn't look as unhappy as he let on, though. On the contrary, I don't think I ever saw Laddie more in the pink in every department, physically or mentally. His face was brown as walnut, and his gold-brown hair bleached in taffy streaks. He admitted that if I'd popped in on him unexpectedly I'd probably have caught him out of uniform, in shorts with only his dog-tags to show he was an Army man. But even a G.I. vacationer has to put on clothes when a guest shows up, and I had a bonafide bid to come down to the Ladds' and compare notes. I hadn't seen Alan, Sue and family for too many months, and there was some checking up to be done. A lot of things had happened.

The blue Pacific swishing against the Malibu sands made me sleepy. "You must be having a swell rest," I yawned. "This is the life—nothing to do but swim and snooze in the sun. Every day a holiday."

"Oh, yeah?" Alan replied. "Well, let me te..." (Continued on page 5.)
So let me tell you.

Maybe I ought to explain first that his fifteen day furlough from the Army Air Corps base is the first full-time holiday Alan Ladd has had in his whole life. Ever since he can remember Alan has been plugging away at something pretty important to himself or to somebody else. As a kid and a young man to learn a few necessary things and to earn a living; later on, to force a break in Hollywood; and then to make good when it came. After his big hit in “This Gun for Hire,” he made a chain of movies right up until he checked in at Fort MacArthur. He hasn’t exactly been sitting around playing gin-rummy in the Army since, either.

In fact, when Alan got the glad news—his furlough orders—up in Washington, he got so excited he actually hopped a cab downtown to the hotel (he’d been riding the bus) where Sue was staying. They both had a date for a dinner party that night, and when they got there they couldn’t help telling everybody they had a holiday coming up.

“That’s swell!” said their host, an Army man. “How soon can you leave?”

“Why, right now, I guess—say!” yelped Alan like he’d been stung by a bee, “why don’t we, Sue?”

Sue said why not? So the whole dinner party, seven Air Corps men and their wives, piled into cars.

They whizzed down to the hotel, and, along with ten other of Alan’s Army buddies—twenty-four people in all—they got Sue and Alan packed inside a few minutes. Then they ushered the Ladds down to the station to make the night train. There was only an upper berth—but an upper berth is a royal couch these days when it’s headed for home. Alan got the thrill of his life, headed for his first Hollywood vacation.

Of course, Malibu Beach isn’t exactly Hollywood, but it’s even better in summertime. Rows of grand beach houses stretch along a sand spit out into the Pacific, and all you have to do for a swim is to step off your front porch and fall into a wave. Besides, it’s only twenty-five minutes from Hollywood proper—a gas ration item—although after a day saying hello to the gang at Paramount, Hollywood studios weren’t what interested Corporal Ladd. He wanted to fill up on his new family—and he wanted a big load of rest and a lot of being lazy.

So when he and Sue drove down to Malibu to call on Brian Donlevy and his wife, they ended up by renting a house up the line that same day and borrowing Brian’s two-ton truck to move down in.

“Yep,” laughed Alan, “that’s how I started my rest cure—playing moving man for the Ladd family. Bassinettes, baby beds, wash (Continued on page 55)
When he spruced up for company, every item was impeccable, from shoeshine to tip. Helped make trailer for motion picture theater participation in 3rd War Loan Drive.

Night of his 30th birthday party, Sue planned to serve roast beef at 7. But stove went ka-flooey, and drooling guests had to wait till 10:30 before sitting down to eat.

Several chums brought what they considered an original gift—birthday cake! Congratulated themselves when it tided them over till the meal proper was ready!
Every day Alan and Sue read the newspapers thoroughly, then spread out big map on floor and traced military and naval campaigns. Although he misses his family, Alan says he's glad to be in the Army, he'd feel like a slacker walking around in civvies.

baskets, laundry bins, bottles, nipples, sterilizers, baby food, pots and pans, all kinds of doo-dads—know anything about kids?

I said no more than you could put in your eye.

“You've got an education coming some day,” said Corporal Ladd, with a resigned sigh.

It seems that the very first night he and Sue and Alana rolled down to the beach from their Hollywood house and had got their clothes stashed and the baby to sleep, Alan finally got to bed, dog tired but happy. “No five-thirty rise-and-shine for little Alan,” he muttered to the pillow. “I'm going to sleep around a couple of clocks. Maybe I won't wake up for a week.” Then he fell off, and the next second, it seemed, a flock of young Irish banshees were yelling, “Hey, Alan!” and the window to his bedroom was open and full of Crosbys and Devines and various kids they'd collected. It was exactly 5:30 a.m.!

“For gosh sakes!” they chorused. “Hurry and get up, so we can go swimming.”

Alan shook his head and blinked. “Beat it, kids,” he said. “I'm sleepy. I—”

“Look, Alan,” commanded Tad Devine, just like a second lieutenant, “since you're the lifeguard, you oughta get to work!”

“Lifeguard?”

(Continued on page 101)
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“Lifeguard?”

(Continued on page 101)
Something for the Boys!

There were a gang of soldiers around the merry-go-round at the Venice Fun House, all watching this gal. She was cute and red-haired, and sometimes she'd look down from her white horse and grin at them. Finally, she slid off, collected her windblown crony from another ersatz Whirlaway and walked off. The soldiers leered after her the way they do, not missing a thing—the swing of the slim shoulders, the darling figure italicized by a green jumper, the wonderful legs. "Now, there," breathed one of the guys, "is something for the boys."

The gal, it so happened, was Garland, and that guy didn't know how right he was. There've been overseas broadcasts, recordings, canteens, camp tours, the gamut. Her mom worries about her. "Honey, take it easy. You've got circles like a panda."

"How can you take it easy, darling? It's such a tiny bit to be doing anyway, and, oh gosh, but they're sweet guys."

She's been in and out of more Army camps and Naval bases than your best beau, and that, you'll admit, is getting around. She's sung in California, Texas, Illinois, North Carolina, New Jersey, New York. Calls the ones she's visited cozily by their last names, "Shanks, Dix, Ord." The ones still coming up get the works. "Fort Schuyler, Fort Hancock." No question at all in the minds of the guys about what to call her. She's Judy from the word (Continued on page 105)
On desert location of "Girl Crazy," she and Mickey Rooney were sunburned in temperatures up to 120°, held production up for 4 days while they mended. Arrived in Washington smartly and patriotically sporting a war stamp corsage on her suit.

Despite strenuous junket she gained 8 badly needed lbs. on Army food. When costume jeweler sent her samples, she sent them to soldiers in Africa to barter with natives!

Every spare second of Judy's life for the last two years has been tied up with a red, white and blue ribbon and handed to the lads in uniform!
Good News

Alice Faye rumored lullabying! Hayworth-Welles merge! Carole Landis welcomes Army husband home from England.

Hearts and Darts.

They were seen first at a night club. No one took it seriously as a romance. After all, he was one of the most glib and garrulous of men; she was one of the quietest of girls. A friend, at whose house they were guests one night, observed, “Orson can toss off the most brilliant epigram, and we all nod and smile and think, ‘Isn’t he in top form tonight?’ But when Rita suddenly speaks in that soft, schoolgirl voice, we all pay instant attention. We say, ‘You sweet thing, how clever!’”

Victor Mature, on North Atlantic duty with the Coast Guard, read the gossip columns stating that Orson and Rita had been seen here and there, and squandered his disapproval and pay on an irate long distance telephone conversation (which, according to some authorities, was interrupted occasionally by a censor).

The Hollywood consensus at this point was that Victor should keep calm. Rita was a sweet and steadfast girl; Orson, as exciting a man as ever lived, was still not likely in the least to get serious. He had engineered himself through a hundred light romances.

Then he began work on his magic show for soldiers. In addition to a series of brilliant exhibits, Orson felt that the show (Continued on page 62)
needed glamour. Something to exhilarate the eye along with those things which intrigue the intellect; something, in short, like Rita Hayworth with her auburn hair cascading upon a milk white dress. Something like placing Rita in a trunk and sawing her in half.

The troop, consisting of Joe Cotten, in addition to Orson and Rita, spent weeks in rehearsal. All sorts of things happened. Rita got locked in the trunk one night and was a suffocating prisoner for ten minutes.

When the show opened, it became the talk of the town. One night, in the midst of the first group of illusions, a woman arose from the audience and started to leave. Orson stepped to the front of the platform to call in solemn tones, “Don’t leave now, Madame! - In the second half of the program we have Frank Sinatra—naked!”

The next night, at the close of the program, four unhappy bobby beauties presented themselves at the box office and requested a refund of their ticket price. “We understood that Frank Sinatra was to appear. The show’s no good without him.”

Rita had to go to work in Columbia’s “Cover Girl,” and the combination of late hours at the show and early hours at the studio was too much for her. She had to withdraw from the trunk department and was supplanted by Marlene Dietrich. “That,” said the gossipers along Gower Street, “settles the alleged romance between Orson and Rita.”

Another interesting event was pressaged: the return of Victor Mature to Hollywood. He had been selected by the War Department to cross the country on a bond tour. Victor had preferred to remain on active duty, but orders are orders. Edith Gwynn, one of the town’s really prescient columnists, noted the fact that Rita and Vic could easily patch up their differences, once he was in town.

A few days later, Rita sparkled into the office of her boss at Columbia and asked for a few hours leave from the set—she was going to be married. She was to marry Orson Welles, wearing a brown dress, a brown hat and a rosette glow.

Vic’s comment, when he received the news: “The way to a girl’s heart is sawing her in half.”

Helmut Dantine is now officially a free man. Gwe Anderson secured her Reno divorcer, then telephone Helmut to tell him that their Valentine was burned an the ashes blown away. By the time you read this, it is entirely possible that Gwen will have remarried, but there is no No. 1 lady in Helmut’s rather extensive list of delicious telephone numbers.

For one of the production numbers in “Shine O Harvest Moon” in which Ann Sheridan plays the part of Nora Bayes, she stands on a platform 30 feet above the sound stage, wearing a gigantic hat and a dress calculated to reveal to best advantage the classic hourglass figure of the period.

The lights necessary for Technicolor photography at Sahara hot; Ann is made dizzy and sick by height. So was necessary to fasten her by a series of ropes to the platform.

When the set broke for lunch, Dennis Morgan asked Ann to eat with him and a friend. “Thanks, no,” said Ann. “I’d fight like a catamount with anyone who ever pointed a finger at me today.” (Continued on page 6.)
SHE'S LOVELY!
SHE USES POND'S!

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr., unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times.

**HER RING**—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee’s mother and grandmother.

This year, the carefree days of Baltimore’s Cotillions seem very far away to Rosemarie and her friends. “All my crowd are war workers now,” she says. “With our men in the services we feel we must do something, too.”

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. “I’ve never worked harder, but I love it,” she says.

“And am I grateful for my Pond’s Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It’s wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with such a clean, soft feeling.”

She “beauty creams” her face like this:

SHE SMOOTHs on Pond’s snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. SHE “RINES” with a second Pond’s creaming to help get her face extra clean and extra soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off.

Do this yourself—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups.

LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER...

Rosemarie clears baggage being loaded on a plane. She will soon take over a man’s job at one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE—In many areas women are needed to fill men’s places—in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads—then get advice from your U. S. Employment Service about jobs you can fill.

IT’S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont III and Britain’s Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy your jar of Pond’s Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond’s than any other face cream at any price.
No finer fit at any price

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢
BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
$2.50 to $6.50

GOOD NEWS CONTINUED

"That's okay," said the insouciant Mr. Morgan. "My guest is your former husband, Eddie Norris."

Along the Gay Way:

After a prolonged hiatus in the party department, Hollywood finally aroused itself and amassed enough ration points to plan a few social affairs. To celebrate Captain Ronald Reagan's leave, Jane Wyman gave a party at which Ronnie shared honors with Frank Sinatra, whom Jane had known when both were P. A. -ing at the Capitol.

He sang a dozen songs, standing quietly beside the piano in a room massed with groups of some of the most famous men and women in the world. A more sophisticated audience couldn't be found, but when he finished "I've Got a Woman Crazy for Me," the last soft, low note was greeted by a profound sigh—practically the trademark of a Sinatra song.

The guest list included Dinah Shore (who also sang) and George Montgomery (who recently received a handsome ring from Dinah). Van Heflin and his pretty red-haired wife, Frances Neal, talked about their lovely three-month-old daughter. Norma Shearer scored a series of admiring gasps when she arrived, wearing a long-skirted black suit whose jacket was a mass of sequins. Ann Sheridan bowled over 65 people when she made her entrance wearing a full length silver fox coat and carrying a silver fox muff. Van Johnson (current No. 1 Hollywood escort) brought Ann Sothern and Mary Livingston.

A few evenings later, Walter and Fieldsie Lang entertained in honor of Cesar Romero, on furlough from his Coast Guard duties. This affair was an old-fashioned box supper; each girl brought a picnic lunch in a gussied-up package which was numbered at the door. The men pulled numbers from a hat, claimed the box lunch and its creator for tete-a-tete dinner. Don't think for a moment that guile didn't enter into this drawing. Andy Devine, for instance, found himself in possession of a child's shoe box, draped with a sash of crepe paper and filled with two midget sandwiches—and a lonely olive.

Prizes for the prettiest and most gawky luncheon guest were awarded to Mrs. Ray Milland (loot: a plastic breakfast tray set) and to June Havoc (loot: a velvet bed jacket).

After the lunches were raffled, the guests (practically the same group as had attended the Reagan-Wyman party) played the hunting game and the horse race game.

Recipe for the hunting game: Select a number of odd objects, small in size, such as a hairpin, a red button, a key, a pin, etc. Exhibit them on a tray to the assembled company, then hide them against similar color or shape backgrounds—sort of a camouflage arrangement.

The contestants are given pencils and paper and, when they spy one of the objects—which must be in plain view—simply note the item and place of hiding. The whole investigation is limited by time, and the winner is he who has located the most item when time is called.

The horse race game is played by tagging six persons with numbers from one to six. They are lined up like horses at a barrier, then a dealer tosses a die. If 2 comes up Number 2 takes the longest possible step toward the opposite side of the room. Mean while, everyone has selected one of the horses and bet on him. (It's a good idea to bet on the man with the longest legs—but even he may be crossed up by the impish god who rules the roll of the dice.) Anyhow, the winner in this case is the character who has bet on the horse that crosses the finish line first.

Sunday schools, please copy. And what ever became of that legend about "wild Hollywood parties?"

Brass Buttons:

A Hollywood visitor, in uniform, was talking to a friend over a drugstore counter—coca and sandwich. "This is a great town, he was saying. "Before the war I though all actors were strictly the delicate type but down in Arizona where I have bee training, I met an actor who is as rugged guy as you could find anywhere. He's bee transferred to Camp Kern, Utah, and under stand that he's going to get his commission. If that goes through, he's to attached to the Ferry Division of the Air Transport Command. You might know the man—his name is John Payne."

Probably the happiest girl in Hollywood at present is Carole Landis. Her husband Captain Tom Wallace, has been transferred to the Southern California area on pe manent orders after having spent near three years with the R.A.F. and the Arm Air Forces.

Unhappiest girl in town was Ann Sothern who had carefully planned her itinerary—New York by way of the Texas camp which husband Bob Sterling was statione Three days before she was to leave, B telephoned her long distance to say that I was being transferred. He would let her know where and when, but the only informa tion he could give her at that time was "Don't come to this camp because I won be here when you arrive."

"Whose mother was that pretty gray-haired woman dining with Corporal Al Ladd and Sue Carol at Romanoff's?"—from a Hollywood column.

The pretty gray-haired woman was Mr.
Paul Henreid was asked to appear at an Army camp to do a skit. "But," he protested, "I can't sing, I don't dance, and all my best jokes I have learned from Bob Hope's program ... what could I possibly do?" He thought for a moment. "Maybe . . ."

A tall man, the upper part of his body, his face and head concealed by an outspread newspaper held in each hand, walked out on the platform. With rare sleight of hand he retained the paper in place as a shield, while he reached in his pocket, extracted his cigarettes, selected one from the package, selected a second from the package, then he clicked his lighter, then he dropped the newspaper and stood there, the character from "Now, Voyager," with two lighted cigarettes in his mouth. The applause was really something. He walked off stage without ever having uttered a word.

Junior Jive:

Little Miss Margaret O'Brien, working at Metro in "Canterville Ghost" with Bob Young and Charles Laughton, comes onto the set each morning wearing her prim, amused smile and says properly, "Good morning, gentlemen."

At last, one day, a wag asked, "Did you sleep well last night?"

"Oh yes, thank you. I had the loveliest dream," admitted Margaret.

"About Rags Ragland?" asked the wag, nodding toward the comedian with the face like a warped Navajo rug.

Miss O'Brien's eyes twinkled, but her well-behaved manner denied her inner smile. "Oh no," she demurred, "I practically NEVER have nightmares."

In RKO's picture "Tender Comrade," Ginger Rogers and Bob Ryan are married. Some of the sequences show the pair as children together, so Freddie Mercer, aged 12, was secured to do the juvenile scenes. Freddie worships Ginger with a wide-eyed, unabashed fervor. He hangs around the set and visually gobbles her as she reads her lines.

A chap from the publicity department, seeing Freddie on his way to luncheon, asked, "How goes it, chum?"

Freddie drew himself up to the last possible fraction of his height and wagged his head in a decisive little nod. "Doing okay. In this picture I'm married to Ginger Rogers," he opined.

A group of children playing Commandos. (Continued on page 93)
Be pretty this winter! You can, you know, if only you follow these simple rules given here for snow-time beauty.

They're from Hollywood . . . we know you'll like 'em!

• Brr! The mercury is frozen in the thermometer, and the skin you love to touch is slightly frost bitten. But good old American ingenuity thumbs its nose at Jack Frost! Let winter's chapping winds howl . . . with the proper cosmetics and a word of advice from Hollywood, your wintertime complexion can be velvety sleek as Deanna Durbin's rosy cheeks.

If that's a skeptical "how" forming on your lips, just wait a second. It can be done! Your old Beauty Ed. has seen the wonder come to pass. A bit of cooperation on your part, of course, and (a) creams for lubrication and softening, special creams if yours is a problem puss, (b) sudsy soap-'n'-water to keep your epidermis clean and aglow, (c) complexion base and assorted make-up to gild your lily-like face. Across the way our artist has whipped up three sketches on the subject for you to bear these pointers more clearly in mind.

CREAM OF THE JEST

No joking matter is a harsh, dry, chapped complexion. But to bring a smile to your face, the beauty folk have created creams . . . soft, soothing, scented and delectable. Used once or twice a day, in combination with thorough soap latherings, they'll do wonders for the unhappy lass who wails that her face is shiny as a new lieutenant's bars.

A creamy lotion is grand for quick clean-up jobs. Doused on cotton, it skims off soil and faded make-up in less time than it takes to describe. No other

Glamour-girl Deanna uses creams to protect her skin beauty. Miss Durbin's newest: "His Butler's Sister!"
equipment, not even water is needed. Good news for you office and factory workers.

The other soil-chasers are the two kinds of cleansing cream—liquefying and the cold cream type. Liquefying cream melts on the skin, and the dirt slides off with a flick of a tissue. Tis best for average or oily-skinned gals. And, children, it's intended solely for cleansing, not to double as an emollient or powder base. Cold cream keeps its solid consistency and picks up the dust and make-up somewhat as snow absorbs dirt specks. Most creams of this order contain lanolin and other softening agents, making them a special treat for the lass with dry, flaky skin. Such creams that contain an extra dash of these ingredients are often called "all-purpose" creams. If so be you wish it, a thin layer may be used as a powder base, or a heavier coat, applied after the face is cleaned, serves as a night cream.

Besides the all-purpose creams lined up so prettily on cosmetic counters, here are emollient or night creams designed for but one purpose...to make your skin smooth as Crosby's crooning, soft as a lullaby. They’re especially welcome for complexions that are rough and red, or tender and supersensitive.

While the casual, life-is-a-breeze gal may be happy with one jar of cream for all purposes, the fastidious customer usually prefers separate cleansing and emollient creams—on the theory that it's easier to do one thing at a time than two.

Now, this being an imperfect world, a word about blemished skins. Medicated creams fill the bill here. Very few (Cont'd on p. 92)

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Remember the roses last summer's sun put into your cheeks? Now—bring back that flattering glow with Pond's new Dreamflower "Brunette." Soft beige tones blend with your skin perfectly...warm rosy undertints give it that welcome radiance...

And the misty-soft Dreamflower texture is heavenly! Soft as the touch of a cold breeze...it gives your skin a smooth-as-velvet look that's priceless to a girl! Get a luxurious big box of Pond's Dreamflower "Brunette" today!

H.R.H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança, now Mrs. Ashley Chanler, says: "I'm so pleased with the smooth clear look that Pond's new Dreamflower 'Brunette' powder gives my skin. The rose undertone is unusually flattering to my deep coloring."

Pond's *LIPS*

Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer! Five warm exciting shades. Dainty Dreamflower cases—99c, 10c.

Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Six sweet shades to choose from—flatters all!

BRUNETTE
NATURAL
RACHEL
ROSE CREAM
DUSK ROSE
DARK RACHEL
99c, 25c and 10c.
EYES RIGHT!

Lucille Ball's big blue eyes sparkle prettily in Technicolor . . . and you can hear the boys sigh happily when Betty Grable flashes those lustrous blue orbs. Even without benefit of Technicolor, Hedy Lamarr’s dazzling-dark eyes play havoc with an audience. There’s no doubt that (better duck—here comes a pun) the eyes have it!

Mascara Magic Now to get personal about it: How are your own pretty peepers? The only care you give ‘em is to remove an occasional cinder? For shame! With a smidgin of mascara, a flick of eyebrow pencil and a soupçon of eye shadow you can dazzle with the best of them. An extra three minutes of a morning will see you bright-eyed and lovely through the day.

Mascara, my lambs, is a wonderful concoction that comes in cake or cream form. Gibson girls used burnt matchsticks and dubious mixtures for their feeble eye glamour. But today mascara glamorizes your eyes as quick as a wink. It’s safe as a War Bond, too. Even if some lands, by poor aim, in the eye instead of on the lash, there’s no need to fret. American manufacturers know that eyesight is precious above diamonds. For this very reason, they use only the finest, purest ingredients in all eye-staring products. And plus this clean bill of health, mascara is one of the most exciting cosmetics known to your Beauty Ed. (Continued on page 110)
Quit Worrying

ABOUT

VITAMINS and MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take extra vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. You can profitably try, according to experts—unless you’re really sick and should be under a doctor’s care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health...

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

WARNING! Authorities say you can’t completely trust the good meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!
Sh-h-h-h-
Genius at Work

If you don’t interrupt me for a cupla minutes, I’ll tell you what I been thinkin’ about.

My empty Karo bottle started it. I got a bit sulky. The doctor scolded my mother. She complained to the grocer. He blamed the Karo people. Lordy...what a run-around!

Finally, we found out the truth. It’s this: Even when there’s plenty of corn and glass bottles, the Karo folks still just can’t make enough Karo to go 'round...not with the Army and Navy and millions of hard workers at home all calling for more and more Karo. Sure, they might raise production by lowering quality...but they told me they will never do that...that they gotta keep every drop of Karo pure and wholesome, rich in dextrose.

That’s when I got my idea about asking the grocers please to hold out a special supply of Karo for customers who have little folks at home like me. We gotta have Karo to help us grow big and strong...and it’s marvelous the way grocers are cooperating.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS
(To Mothers, Too):
Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.

Karo Is Rich In Dextrose
... Food-Energy Sugar

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO
TYRONE POWER
(Continued from page 34)

in his class. At Quantico, Virginia, in a

group of 600 officer candidates, Lieutenant

Ty Power was next to smallest in his class. In review

a colonel paused before his trim, determined

figure and inspected him from boot to

breeches. "Tyrone," he said, "is the

Horse Marine!"

What fortune the Gods of War have in

store for Lieutenant Tyrone Power, Sr., is

in some measure the fate of the fabled

Ty Power of the Calypso River. In 1914, the awaiting

5,000,000 other Yanks. He may

find glory on the blazing beach of a

tropical isle or come to blighty storming

Hill's Fateful Fields.

Perhaps all this was written in the stars

when he was born, one fresh spring day

at half-past five in the afternoon. That

impresion of 1914, and the dogs of war were

snarling. Three months later the world was

to divide and grapple at its own throat, as

it is doing today. The Kaiser's World

War I was brewing. In far off Cincinnati,

Mid-American, German settled, smug,

provincial, Patia Power had gone to have

her way. In was in London a couple of

years before that she, the bride of the

great Shakespearean actor, Tyrone Power,

II, had heard her husband say he wanted

a son to carry on the name. And she had

resolved that should be.

It was only two months before that

Patia Power had played before the foot-

lights with her husband. That would be

part of the heritage she could give her

son, that acting right up to the last, if-

well—if Tyrone Power continued to mean

what it had meant since the 1700's. That

was the only way his mother could hope

to match the glorious heritage of his

father's line.

Patia Power's real name was Helen

Emma Reaume. She had rechristened her-

self after Aspatia, a great teacher of

antiquity, was born in Indiana and

raised in Kentucky, but her dark,

handsome features and talent for the arts

stemmed from her Alsatian grandfather.

family

The first Tyrone Power took his name

from the land of his birth, County Tyrone,

Ireland. That was in the early 18th

century. He was a gay, reckless, witty Irish-

man, a jai alai fiend, the Ty was an Irish

comedian of his day. He had blue eyes

and light hair and a straight nose, and he

had the Ty's frailty. Like his great

grandson he was restless, and he travelled

all over the world. Particularly he liked

America. He even wrote a book about it,

"Imágenes of America," in the early

1800's. It was while sailing back from

New York to London that his ship went

down in the Atlantic, and he lost his life.

Tyrone Power's son, Harold, grew up to

become a concert pianist and lecturer.

His son, Tyrone, II, was Tyr's father, a

navy instructor, who became a naturalized

United States citizen. It had taken a

long time to become one of the greatest Shakespearean

classics of his day.

Tyrone Power's age, brilliance concentrated in the tiny package that came to

life that May fifth on Fulton Street in

Cincinnati, Ohio, and was promptly christ-

ened "Ty." He lived like his father—the same high forehead and

prominent brows. And he was, as he re-

mained throughout babyhood, all eyes.

The fact that much else, the Tyrone III was

small and sickly. Patia Power, in her secret

heart, wondered if she'd ever raise him.

The doctors in Cincinnati and New York

had about given him up. He couldn't

eat. Malnutrition had wasted tiny Ty

away to nothing. Specialists tagged

and poky and groaned. Nothing they

prescribed could make him keep his

food. Tyrone, Sr., then in silent New

York-made movies, snapped at an offer

from the Selig studios in California. "May-

be the sunshine will cure him," he argued.

Nothing worked. The last doctor told

them: "This baby is slowly starving." That

morning the nursemaid they had hired

came to Patia Power. She found her sitting

silently in tears beside Baby Tyrone. She

knew why. "Mrs. Power," she said, "the

doctors have failed—will you let me try?"

Tyrone Power owes his life, perhaps,
certainly his tail, straight body to his baby

nurse. Her name was Tracy. Pet Tracy,

the Powers called her. She was a huge

woman, unruled, capable and mysteri-

ously wise. She took Baby Ty in her com-

plete charge, put away his medicines and

junked his formula.

Later, when he could lisp out a few

words, Tyrone sensed his debt to the stolid

Pet, who always called him her "Little

Man." He had a favorite little dream-game

he liked to play. In it he was a great man,

a huge success and Pet was a little old

lady living in a country cottage, poor and

hungry. The big scene showed the great

Tyrone coming up the lane of the country

hut and rapping at the door.

"Does Pet Tracy live here?" he'd say.

"Yes," the little old lady would whisper.

"Well, I'm your 'Little Man!" Where-

upon Pet would swoon with delight, and

Tyrone would make her last days wonder-

ful. It was always the same.

without pity...

Tyrone's first vague kiddie memories of

California spring from busy war days on

Coronado Beach when San Diego was,
as it is today again, a bustling war base,

full of dashing sailors and marines in

training. Ty never went back to stay until

he donned a uniform last year. But all

through childhood, he called it "the big

boat town," and sailors and marines always

spelled high adventure.

What became closest to a real home,

however, was the tall town of Alhambra,

near Pasadena. There he attended his

first classes at Granada School. There

he met his first girl, had his first fight

and played his first starring role.

Ty's first encounter with the female sex

was deadly. With his tiny sister, Ann, and

neighborhood mopeds, he was busy one

afternoon at the favorite spot of that place

and time—an orange fight.

A little freckled-faced tomboy of the

enemy squad heaved a rock instead of a

pie orange. It struck Tyrone on the

side of the head, and he dropped, crying.

The kids all ran home, and Tyrone, bloody

and aching, trudged back to his own

yard leading sister Ann in tow. "Don't you
tell," he warned her. "Don't you dare.

He told his mother he'd fallen on a rock.

He never told on the girl—that was be-

neath his dignity. But he always told on

himself—that was only honest.

glumy sunday . . .

For instance, one Sunday, he was racing

a kid around the block on his skates. Ty

was a good skater and runner and, though

small, was spunky. But this Sunday his

was disobeying orders. The Powers have

always had deep respect for religion, and

if his mother had told him she'd told him

a hundred times that there was to be

get these new benefits

for busy hands

Give your busy hands new benefits—

the kind that will help them to become

adorably smooth and tempting to

romance. It's so easy with the new

Campana Cream Balm.

Lusciously creamy and smooth, this

new creation of the famous Campana

Laboratories contains lanolin—to help

prevent skin dryness. Scientists have

found that lanolin is the substance that

most nearly duplicates the functions of

the natural oils of the skin.

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Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow

and white cartons. Sold by drug, department and dime

stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

Campana Laboratories also produce the Original

Campana Balm in the green and white package.
absolutely no rough stuff on the Sabbath. But Ty, jostling for the inside track, tripped, took a header on the sidewalk, raised his clothes and practically ripped off one eyebrow. He was a sorry sight when he limped in the front door.

"You'd better punish me, Mother," he said as dignifiedly as he could. "I've been roughhousing on Sunday."

Mrs. Power looked at his battered face. "You've had a good enough thrashing," she said.

He was always frank like that in his scrapes. Once a neighborhood boy, a little older than Ty, came screaming into the Powers' doorstep after "I'm gonna tell your Mother," he yelled.

"Mrs. Power, Tyrone hit me in the stum-
mick!"

"Did you?"

"Yes," said Ty. "I hit him hard."

Before the kid, Mrs. Power punished Ty. It was only after that was over that she got out of the house what she had done what he did. The kid had called him an unprintable name.

The Powers had moved to Alhambra because Mrs. Power was a teacher, and because in the nearby historic Spanish mission of San Gabriel, John Steven Mc-
Grorty's famous Mission Play was gaining national attention. He was responsible for the important role of Senora Josefa Yorba. Between picture parts, Tyre, Sr. played Fran Juniper, Sena. As a kid, Tyrone played the Ancient Tyrone until he knew the play by heart. The first part he ever played was Pablo, a Mexican boy in the Mission Play, with his mother and his father. Wrote a Los An-
geles critic:

"Master Tyrone Power, Jr., made a miniature of his famous father."

Tyrone was seven.

Pablo was his very first brush with a real stage and a paid audience and it was to be his last for some years. About then the career of Tyrone Power II went on one way and the career of Patia went in another direction. They separated by a mutual, amicable agreement. The actor went on to his public. Patia took the children back to Grandmother Reaume in Cincinnati. She had taught voice and dramatic expression to the actor since she was 15 years old. The Schuster-
Martin School of the Drama offered her the voice chair with a steady thing. She gave up the professional stage pictures and packed Tyrone away from the town he would not see again until he grew up and answered the call of his blood. Her job was to raise and educate her children.

Ty Power calls Cincinnati his home town. He came to live there when he was seven and left when he was 17. Ten years is a good sized chunk out of any boy's life. In Cincinnati their friends called Patia Power Tyrone and his sister, Ann, "The Three Musketeers." They were that close. Tyrone, Senior, still friendly, was a distant part of the family, dropping in now and then for stage engagements, but never staying long.

Tyrone and Ann really had three homes in Cincinnati, their own, their grand-
mother's and their school. Patia Power produced plays in the Little Theater there along with her teaching. Half the time they were in school and the other half there, not formally enrolled but hanging around or involved in the Children's Thea-
ter's little playlets. Thus in his youth did he completely miss the dramatic aura of life. Even at home, in the evenings after dinner, his mother would say:

"Now, we're going to have a game, three. Let's sit down, fold our hands and relax. We're going to learn how to talk correctly. We've a lot to learn.

on the disstaff side....

Until the sixth grade Tyrone went to the same convent as his sister, St. Ursula's, run by the Sisters of Mercy. Most of the students of course were home-
one in Cincinnati said that Tyrone Power, Jr. was the prettiest one there.

One spring Sunday, when he was home, said nothing to his mother, walked upstairs and closed his door. For hours Ty remained there, mysteriously locked in his room. Finally the door came down, mother or he had flunked every subject but one—religion—at the convent and failed to pass into the seventh grade.

It was incredible! Ty's boy was a fine student. Mrs. Power did some sleuthing. She inquired around and found out that the nun who taught Tyrone was a dom-
ineering sort of woman, who wrote word was law, who took no back-talk.

Then Patia Power remembered. Tyrone, even as a kid, couldn't talk to anyone. When he played with other kids, he had to lead. If it was "Knights of the Round Table," Ty had to be King Arthur, else he wouldn't have any importance. That's how he made a rebellion against domination. How could he let a woman run him? He had gone on strike.

Patia Power took her dilemma to a friend, who gave her the ideas for written boys' books and knew them inside out. He smiled wisely, "I think," he said, "it's time you sent Tyrone away from the women and put him with men."

Next semester Tyrone found himself, to his delight, in St. Xavier's Parochial School —a dull school for the Sixth Grade over?" he asked the father.

"I'll say you won't," snorted the priest.

"Go to the seventh and work up a sweat!" said Tyrone. To which Patia Power, Jr. he was valedictorian of his class.

a man's world....

St. Xavier's was no snob's school. Tyrone lived in Fenwick Hall, a boys home crowded with Murphys and Kellys and Hovakas and Poletis. He came home only on week-ends. In a couple of years he went on to Miami, the University of Miami, prep school, completely away from home, at Dayton, Ohio. Nobody was easy with him then. He was far from the little boy he came from back in homeroom one.

But at Melrose, a private finishing high school at Porecell, the all-boy high school in suburban Walnut Park, Tyrone knew how to look after himself in his own particular way.

He was no athlete. He was still a beau-
tiful string bean. That called Tyrone. H was crazy about football and baseball. He was standing with the line-up every year, burning with a fierce determinatio to make up for his light weight wit desperate courage. But he was—always to the same. The husky kids brushed him aside, like paper, and the coach dropped him from the squad after a couple of days. If hustled, he was a good enough running baseball, and crooked to this day.

About the only sport Ty could hand well was swimming. He was graceful at fast and far and could dominate the piscine pools of Cincinnati he was a familiar sig
every summer except the ones he'd spend at his aunt's in Michigan, splashing in t lakely and swimming to the craggy cliffs of a narrow brown in the sun. At anything he could do well Tyrone was impatient with other. Who could hit a baseball to him. Once he was standing on the hi board at a pool, trying to get Ann to dis off. It looked a million miles down the to the bottom. He patted her on the shoulder. Suddenly she stopped herself and fell off the board and falling. She hit the water the heat she could and came up smiling. She forgot to be mad.

"See how easy it is?" he said.
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JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

...none of the bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Ty and his friend Ann were born only 16 months apart. Until he graduated and left home, they were as close as peas in a pod. For years she was his tag-along shadow, into everything Ty was. They had a black cat they dressed up in fancy clothes and wheeled around in a carriage. They stole their mother’s perfume, added water and peddled it to the neighbors together. Ty brought home a fascinating, wronged pack of cigarettes. When he was 12 and Ann, a year younger, helped him sample the forbidden delights. They got sick together and desperately sucked oranges to get the smiles off their breaths.

One time in the early winter, they climbed up on the crenelated roof of the Schuster-Martin School, made ice-snowballs and hurled them at cars below. When one smashed through a taxicab window and they caught it, they were hailed downstairs before their angry mother.

“Well,” said Tyrone, “we did it, that’s all. I’ll pay for the damage.”

He was getting 30c allowance a week then. He saved up for ten weeks. But he paid off. He was always that way, honest and frank about his mischief and not afraid to take the rap. He was always tough and honorable, too, above money matters. Later, broke in New York and Hollywood, he’d send back the checks to his mother even when he was stuffing paper in his shoes for solace. As a kid, Ty was super-canny about change.

But if Ty seemed tight that way it was not for love of lucre alone. He always had something he was saving for—either a bountiful Christmas for Ann and his mother or something. Mrs. Power had a treasured table in her Hollywood home today. It’s in the front room, and she wouldn’t sell it for worlds. It cost $9. Ty saved for 20 weeks to buy it for her.

He was a day student at Purcell when Tyrone landed the job jerking sodas and delivering packages at the drug store (it’s called Power’s Drug Store today, by the way). He worked afternoons and evenings, and he made around $3 a week. In the summer he worked all day. As he did everything, Tyrone did his job well. Especially he liked the speedy trips on the motorcycle. In classes Patia Power would hear a roar in the street. Her pupils would titter: “There goes Tyrone, Madame Power.”

“I’d say out of the frying pan…”

Ty bought his first automobile when he worked at the drug store. It cost $20. Ty paid $10 and his Cousin Billy chipped in $10. It was a stripped down, flimsy bullet shaped flivver with no floor board and practically no motor. It was painted orange, yellow and green. It had a cut-out that suited to Heaven. It lasted only a few weeks; then it fell apart.

This Cousin Billy was Tyrone’s evil genius. He was two years older than Ty, full of ideas and full of beans. When Ty and Billy got together it was usually just too bad.

One night at the Schuster-Martin School Party, a power producer began in the middle, the audience grew restless, squirmed in their seats and began creeping out of the place. In no time at all the house was empty. The power producer stepped on a horrified screaming. Someone had broken stench-bombs.

No one knew who did it. And maybe they’d never have found out—but Cousin Billy gloated so about the success of his project with Tyrone that he let the truth out. It got back to Patia, and that was too bad for Ty. He nourished a gnawing desire for revenge on the perfidious Cousin Billy.

He let the thing cool off, though, then later one night he and his cousin secretly if Cousin Billy could come and stay all
night. She said that was perfectly okay.

"Can he sleep with me?"

"Why, yes."

That night Ty waited until Billy was deep in dreamland. Then he broke a flock of stench bombs under the bed, slipped out of the room and locked the door. Cousin Billy had a horrible night.

Adolescence ended Tyrone's boyhood escapades. And adolescence came to him almost as maturity to most boys. He was still thin, growing tall and almost too handsome. For a long time his best girl, literally, was Ann. She was the only one to wear his school ring. He took Ann to the first dances, buying her corsages out of his drug store pay. She was always home from the convent on week-ends. Soon other boys began calling up, "Now look," Ty would frown, very much, the man of the house. "I don't want you going out with any boys I don't know. Do you hear?" Then Ann had to tell him off.

fleshy and fluffy

His first date was with Ann's convent chum, a platinum blonde, pretty and vivacious. They went to the Netherland Plaza dancing, and Ty wore his favorite blue double-breasted jacket and white pants. He borrowed his mother's car. He didn't kiss the girl good-night; he was much too self-conscious and dignified then. But there was always a girl from then on, and always they were Ty's style—pretty, full of fun, very feminine. But the minute they started falling—and that was easy—that was the end. Already Ty had his mind on other things.

He seldom paired off—and when he did, Cupid just wasn't kind. There was a girl he met on his own, and maybe she came as close as anyone to getting him hot and bothered.

One summer night he came home and asked to borrow his mother's car. It wasn't unusual. Mrs. Power nodded, "Where are you going?"

"Oh," he said casually, "Just going to take a girl friend home. Nothing special."

"How nice!" said Mrs. Power. "Mind if I ride with you? It's awfully hot tonight. I'll sit in the back seat and get a breeze."

Tyrene was silent. They drove together, picked up the girl and wheeled slowly through the shady Cincinnati streets. A moon was up to make it worse. Nobody said anything. In the back seat Mrs. Power realized she was about as popular as the measles. There was nowhere to go except straight to the girl's house. Ty stopped on the opposite side of the street, and the girl ran on in alone.

"She's a sweet girl, Tyrone," said Mrs. Power weakly. "Lovely."

"No answer. When they got back home Ty climbed out, his face set."

"Okay, Mother," he said, "You win."

Pata Power never made that mistake again. If there was one thing her son insisted on, it was running his own affairs. That's just the way he was made.

Tyrene was working at the Orpheum theater then. He was an usher and he was gorgeous in his fancy braid.

One night, with Grandmother Reamie, she came downtown to the show. Ty was standing stiffly by the door in his party cape. She presented her tickets to Ty.

"Well—" she started. But, his face impassive and professional, his son interrupted her.

This way, ladies," he said formally, as if he'd never laid eyes on them before. He marched them, stunned, down the aisle and waved them to their seats. "I hope these seats are satisfactory, Madame," he intoned majestically. Then he left.

Ty had no movie crushes or idols; he wasn't fan-struck. But he was interested. He'd rate them on charts—Number 1, Number 2, Number 3 performance of

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JERGENS LOTION for soft, adorable Hands
This Little Wallflower Bloomed Last Night

1 Imagine! Just yesterday she was a lonely wallflower! No man ever picked her, for she looked old...though she wasn't really...but it looks that count! And 'twas all her face powder's fault...for its color was dead and lifeless...which made her skin look faded...and added years to her age!

2 But then—oh, lucky day—she tried the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder...shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth in full bloom! How thrilled she was! And how thrilled you'll be...because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out the allure...all the natural, young coloring in your complexion...no matter what your age!

3 So, what happened? You guessed it! Now she's loved, as a fair flower should be...thanks to that smooth, kissable, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And she's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended...never streaky! It's color-smooth, too...goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours on end!

4 And you'll find there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you...color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! Let Cashmere Bouquet bring out all the natural youth and beauty in your complexion! Don't delay...you'll find it in 10¢ or larger sizes at cosmetic counters everywhere!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This is a story of two corporals from AAFTC-Yale who were standing on the green in New Haven watching the cadet retreat ceremony. Recognizing one of them as Tony Martin, my friend tapped him on the shoulder, pointed to the other corporal standing a few feet away, and said, "Pardon me, soldier, but isn't that fellow a movie actor?" Corporal Martin made a grimace and grinned, "That guy? No, lady; he's no actor. He's a bum." My friend promptly tucked her autograph book back in her pocket and walked away—too late, that said "bum" was Corp. Broderick Crawford.

Jeanne M. Nichols
Hamden, Conn.

TWO HEARTS FOR LANA
(Continued from page 37)

upon careful examination he discovered that the designs consisted of small bunches of silvery-trumpet shaped because they had keep leading you'll though, because. Color-harmonized and story "bum."

five-but SAW he period Great wilderment side home. Harness roly-poly, happened happiness scheme thing our new of So a and deal of childhood and blithely. was re-done. He happened to us postponing the job until after the little guy gets here? he said tentatively. "There's just a chance, honey—just a slight chance—that you aren't going to be nearly so fond of strawberries in another year." Now that you mention it," grinned Lana, "I'll have to admit that there may be something in what you say."

P.S. The dressing room won't be re-decorated for some time now. When it is, Lana is practically positive that the color scheme won't be red and white.

Steve, himself—like a good many prospective fathers—was going through a period of emotional adventure. In thinking about the childhood of the coming youngster (perfection was what he had in mind), he carefully scanned, in retrospect, his own childhood in order to plan similarities of happiness and to supply those things which he had lacked.

This mental list ever before him. Steve happened to be in downtown Los Angeles one afternoon, when he met a man with a roly-poly, silken-coated lion cub for sale. As a youngster, Steve had spent a good deal of spare time inspecting the winter quarters of the Hagenbach-Wallace Circus and had developed an exotic desire to own a lion cub. At last he had the opportunity to borrow, complete with small harness and a lead chain, and took it home.

"You don't mind if I keep it, do you, honey?" he asked Lana, who managed valiantly to move her head from side to side while she stared in apprehensive bewilderment at the newest addition to the Crane fauna which consisted pre-eminently of two toy Pomeranians, a Peke and a Great Dane. Incidentally, the Great Dane had never before been known to be afraid of anything up to and including a five-
THE functional suffering of menstruation varies, from month to month, and with different persons.

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*totally safe

QUICK CLUES (Continued from page 8)

Set 2
1. Metro veteran
2. Cookie's mom
3. Up from vaudeville
4. Pedestaled
5. Born: Penticton, B. C.
6. Screwball
7. Stardom's still ahead
8. Strictly Dixie's
9. Dark-eyed dilly
10. Teamed with Tracy
11. 6' 4'
12. You'll Never Know
13. Perennial bachelor
14. Dim wit
15. Blonde and bland
16. Arrived in "Oxbox Incident"
17. Younger set's heart-throb
18. Hep kitten
19. Dominican dynamite
20. Of Hollywood's Four Hundred

(Next set of clues on page 97)
During the first few days Lana was too busy resting and regaining her strength to become restless. The doctor and the nurses said the baby was getting along so Lana would take another nap. However, toward the end of the week she began to fret. When Steve arrived to visit one night, she had been crying. "You aren't telling me the truth," she sobbed. "There's something wrong with her, I just know it."

Steve did his best to reassure her without much success, so he went in search of the doctor. The two of them used their forensic zeal on the young mother who simply cried with more determination than ever and accused with trembling lips, "I'll bet she has a strawberry mark... and you're trying to keep it a secret from me."

In spite of themselves the doctor chuckled and Steve grinned. Relenting, the doctor said, "You're probably doing yourself more harm by lying here dreaming up nightmares than would be done by a wheelchair trip from here over to the Children's Hospital. It's only three blocks away. If you'll stop crying, be a good girl and rest tomorrow morning, you may go to visit your daughter in the afternoon."

Lana awakened early, filled with that insole-velveteen feeling that foretells a thrilling day. From six in the morning until two in the afternoon, when she was placed in a wheelchair, trundled down the antiseptic hallways and placed in the elevator, Lana looked at her watch 42,569 times.

It was the longest eight-hour period she could remember since childhood, when it required two weeks for the 24th of December to pass. Also, the three blocks, traversed by means of flower-bordered back walks between the two hospitals, was the longest trip Lana had ever taken. Her wheelchair moved at a speed best described as the millennium creep.

But nothing can be delayed forever. Miss Crane was finally established in a small room just off the nursery and fitted with a gauze mask. "A fine way for my daughter to see her mother for the first time," she mumbled with difficulty through the medical snow storm.

The baby was awake, studying the world with solemn dark blue eyes. The nurse placed her in Lana's arms to be cuddled with that tenderness too poignant to be described. "Her hands," said Lana. "Her chubby little hands!"

And, unexpectedly, she was crying again. She was seized with the impulse to clutch the warm little bundle in a fierce embrace, but of course it was one of those things that exists only in the mind and is never conveyed to the muscles.

"She smiled at me," Lana confided ecstatically to the beaming nurse.

"Baby at that age don't yet know how to smile," corrected the nurse gently. "She's just learning how to control her facial muscles in the same way that she learns, by batting her hands, to control her arms."

"All the same, she smiled at me," said Lana, with finality. Afterwards she told Steve, "I guess I can guess when my own baby smiles at me."

Steve's commanding officer had been extremely kind: he had allowed Steve a 30-day Class A pass, which meant that Steve could leave the Fort every afternoon around five o'clock and drive to Los Angeles. He had to report early the next morning, of course, but his free hours allowed him to visit both Lana and the baby—in their separate hospital—every night.

He seldom arrived empty-handed. On one occasion he brought Lana a package that had arrived from the East. It contained a beautiful white wool crib cover and a musical rattle from Steve's mother.

At another time he marched in with a diminutive shoe box under one arm,
"Bootees," he explained. "Blue ones."

"But little girls are supposed to wear pink ones."

"They didn't have any pink ones. Besides, I've always liked blue as a color."

He arrived another evening to spread out a jeweler's receipt on Lanna's bed. He had ordered a baby ring, a bracelet (to which links can be added indefinitely as the young lady grows) and a St. Christopher medal on a fine chain, all in a matching set. Not only do the three yellow gold pieces match one another, they match the twin sets that Lanna and Steve wear.

Not only is Steve one of these about-burst-with-pride fathers; he is a superlative cooperative husband. As soon as Lanna was able to go home from the hospital—under doctor's orders to take a series of exercises each day—Mr. Crane established the exercise that Steve thought they were supposed to do this for five minutes," he instructed. Together, the Cranes counted, "One, two. One, two.

back in form . . .

When Lanna went to the hospital the day before the baby arrived, she weighed nearly 145 pounds. Today, she looks like a high school freshman. The first day she returned to Metro to visit, she was the envy of every girl on the lot. "Lanna," sighed one of her coworkers, "always does everything so beautifully. She has a baby, then comes back with a figure that looks as if she had just spent two months skiing at Sun Valley. What a girl!"

"At least part of the credit should go to Steve," Lanna says. "He encourages me to keep up the exercise . . ." She grinned suddenly. "Some of them are a lot harder for him to do than they are for me."

Not only does Miss Cheryl have a pair of highly cooperative and photogenic parents, they're sensible as well. "I imagine you'll want her to get an early start as an actress," a friend suggested. "She looks as if she's going to be a beautiful little girl, curly hair, blue eyes and wonderful skin."

Lanna shook her mane of long blonde hair vigorously. "We want her to have a perfectly normal childhood. We want her to grow up as a real, normal child from a normal family."

She paused, then added: "Alicia, Indiana, or Wallace, Idaho. Then when she's grown, we think that will be time enough for her to decide what she wants to do. No matter what she does, we want her to be tops, and that means that we'd a lot rather have her be the best popcorn-popper on earth than to be a poor actress."

Steve has now been honorably discharged from the Army. He was inducted officially as a 1L1 because of a condition. Now, however, with training growing more and more strenuous—lavish with 23-mile hikes, and ask any steaming jeep driver how hot it is, in the middle of the day, the heat and humidity would be more useful in a civilian war effort capacity than he would be in the service.

Is it any wonder that Lanna confided to her mother, while bathing the baby one morning, "I keep wondering if I couldn't pinch myself just to see if I'm dreaming. I've never known anything like this in the world. I have what seems to me to be the dearest baby in the world. I've had a wonderful career, and I think I'll be an even better mother."

"I'll just be a mother all day. I'll change diapers, fix formulas and keep her amused. Get me—how'm I doing in my new role?"

"Very well," smiled Mrs. Turner. "It's a becoming part."

It certainly is.


drew around him. He escaped without a scratch.

For that cool episode of heroism—only one of a million more like it as Frenchmen fought and died for their homes in the great May blitz—Jean Pierre Aumont today wears the thin, scarlet ribbon of the Croix de Guerre in his lapel.

Jean Pierre Aumont doesn't look like a hero—neither a French hero, nor the real McCoy—did anybody call him French is both. He doesn't look his 31 years; he doesn't even look French. You could take him any day in the week for a young American college halfback. He's tall, slender, gaiety bright with golden-tan skin and tumbling yellow hair that's always messed up in waves. He laughs every other minute at something he does and everyone he meets. He's friendly and eager as a puppy dog, and he looks as completely without cares. Yet, in a million years look at his merry hazel eyes and guess they have stared into the jaws of death and that behind them now slumbers a fierce passion to kill Nazis and free his beloved France.

A few days ago Jean Pierre left Holland and the Guernsey Islands in the Fighting French. Right now he's in officer's training with the DeGaulle's legions, then he goes to London or North Africa.

The day he left Hollywood ended a two-year furlough—as amazing and fantastic as any soldier ever had in any war. Because Jean Pierre considered himself the last in Hollywood only a soldier's furlough. The day he fled Vichy France, he swore a grim oath to come back with a gun.

Those two years in between saw Jean Pierre Aumont, a penniless refugee, slip out of the Nazi noose, escape to a land where he could speak his own language, act on the stage with Katharine Cornell, leap to movie stardom in one picture, marry Hollywood's most ravishing still-pretty-mother of his friends and family and friends from the Nazi yoke.

The war looked all over for Jean Pierre after he led his tank outfit from the Nazi trip. Hitler's horses had sweated them now the cut-up French army to corner the British at Dunkirk. The only thing for Sergeant Jean Pierre and his buddies to do was head south in the general retreat. Not to Paris—a claw of the Wehrmacht was reaching for Paris, and the city that is the soul of France was giving up without a battle. Jean Pierre joined the panicked mob that stampeded south like fear-crazed cattle along highways, poplar-lined lanes and across the sunny spring fields of Mid-France.
motorcycle and his desperate anger. Those are the days that burn still in Jean Pierre Aumont's memory.

gone home . . .

He wanted to go into Paris and for a while he thought he might slip in. Jean Pierre is a Parisian. He was born there. He went to school at the Academy of Dramatic Arts, and in Paris he became a stage idol and movie hero. The throbbing of the boulevards is in his pulse. His mother and father were still there. He had his own apartment with his treasures—fine old furniture, his stacks of books, his clothes, his collection of French paintings. It was near a gate to Paris, and he knew if he could just get inside the limits, he could find it and rescue the most prized possessions. And he could see his family.

At a crossroads he saw the sign: "Paris—60 kilomètres." and Jean headed his motorcycle up the road. The traffic was all one way—out. Nobody was going in. Jean Pierre stepped on it, and as he roared by people looked at him as if he were crazy. They yelled, "Le Boche, le Boche!"

He stopped to borrow a pint of gas from a citizen with a big car. While he siphoned it into his tank, a Parisian he knew called his name. When he learned that Jean Pierre was headed for Paris he said flatly, "It is impossible. The Germans are there."

"I know, but I have reasons." And

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Jean told them.

"No," said his friend. "Those are no longer reasons." He said the Germans had swarmed in the very gate where Jean's apartment was. Of course, they had looted it the first thing.

"But my family." His friend looked dismayed. "Where is my family?"

"Your father has left the city for the south," he said. "Your brother, as you know, is somewhere with the army. Your mother is dead."

Jean was stunned. "The Huns!"

The friend nodded. "Yes— not bombs or bullets. But just the same it was the Germans who killed her. She saw them come into the city. That was when her heart stopped."

That was why Jean Pierre joined the mob that went south. There was nowhere else for him to go. There was nothing for him now in Paris.

For days he crawled south on his motorcycle. When it coughed, out of gas, he pushed it. At last he abandoned it and walked. The roads were a crawling nightmare, a long, winding slaughter house. Stukas swept over, bombing and strafing the gigantic traffic jam. Killing children, old folks, crazily blasting stricken

"Me—I never have absentee hands!"

My hands are always on the job. Smooth and comfortable because I protect 'em against ground-in grime with HINDS. A honey of a lotion for busy hands!"

Uncle Sam needs more women working. Apply: U. S. Employment Service.

PHOTO AT RIGHT shows results of test.
Hand at left did not use Hinds lotion before dipping into dirt oil. Grime and grease still cling to it, even after soap water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to reduce risk of grime and irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis—"Absence Hands"—if neglected.

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HINDS for HANDS

without HINDS)

at home and in factory!
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring...they last and last.

Strong Grip
Won't Slip Out

You'd think an experience like that would hand a man—especially a sensitive actor like Jean Pierre Aumont—a de-pressing feature as quinine. That's what amazes you when you meet the guy today. He's full of fun and pep and spunk.

He was a young man, too, in a lopped off France where everything was cow-eyed and where rabbits were running the countryside. Where Quislings were everywhere, and the Nazis and the sacred words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" were officially banned. At first, Jean Pierre thought he could use his powers to help rescue France. As soon as he had located his father and brother and a few friends from Paris, he set about seeing what he could do to help. But it was to be too late—something that was forbidden—but he still could act.

He gathered together a troupe of refugee Parisian actors and toured Unoccupied France and the African Empire giving show. The shows were all traditional plays dear to the French race, glorifying their history, running faster and pride surge up in defeated hearts. Jean Pierre played every French legend from the "Chanson de Roland" to the "Cid" and to Algiers, Tunis, Casablanca, Rabat, Bize. How much good he did he doesn't know. But when he got back to France he saw that the country was under more and more to the Herrenvolk.

Sooner or later Germany would have all of France, either actually or by traitor rule. There would be nothing for a patriot but the firing squad. Jean Pierre resolved to run away so he could fight another day.

It wasn't as easy as it sounded. Jean applied for a passport to the United States. Refused. What was the reason? Jean, old friend and mentor, Jouvert, who had been the Orson Welles of France when Jean Pierre was studying for the Comedie Francaise. Jouvert was helping some actors to play in South America. He asked Jean Pierre along.

But, when he applied for his passport, there was a suspicious delay. Jouvert's troupe had to leave without him. Jean Pierre still doesn't know what it was all about—whether his patriotic plays made Vichy suspicious—or whether it was just a mess of red tape. Finally one day they called him. "You're passport is now ready. But the company is already in South America." Jean Pierre thought fast.

"Oh," he said, "I have a stage offer en..."
route in New York. It is very important." He lied, of course. He didn't know one producer in New York. But they handed him a passport for South America with a transit visa to the United States and he didn't ask questions. He took the train through Spain to Lisbon. He had two suits and three shirts and a little over $500, which he'd borrowed from friends.

Jean Pierre took a Portuguese boat out of Lisbon the next day for New York. He rode in the steerage, sleeping on the floor, packed in with hundreds of other refugees. The passage was $500, and later when he sent for his father and brother it had jumped to $1000. Jean Pierre had only a few hundred dollars more than that. But nothing could dampen his spirits.

It didn't bother him a bit when he landed in New York with hardly a dollar in his pocket. He was entranced by the wonderful city. The first day he walked all over it, until his legs almost fell off, bareheaded, in an old mussed suit, muttering "Marvelous!" as he crooked his neck up at the tall buildings.

He found a tiny hotel room for $10 a week. He didn't have the ten but he knew he would have. This America was too marvelous. It had something for him. He went to bed that night smiling because he felt free and shot with luck. Sure enough, the next morning, walking down Fifth Avenue, he ran into a successful playwright he had known in Paris, in whose plays and movies he had even acted. "What are you doing here, Jean Pierre?" cried Henri Bernstein, as if he was seeing a vision. "I have been cabling all over France and London for you!"

Jean Pierre just grinned. He knew he was lucky. He felt fine.

"Katharine Cornell is producing a play of mine," he explained. "There is a part for a Frenchman. You are the one to do it. Heaven must have sent you."

They hustled over to Guthrie McClintick's office (he's Katharine Cornell's producer husband) and met Cornell. She was struck at once with the handsome, enthusiastic Frenchman. Jean Pierre was signed up that afternoon for "Rose Burke," Cornell's new play. It was about the French underground. Jean Pierre thought in that small way he could make a start to fight back for his country.

As if to keep up the lucky run, that same evening, Jean Pierre called another Parisian friend, whom Bernstein had told him was in New York. The friend, the famous poet and novelist, Antoine de Saint Exupery, (who wrote "Wind, Sand and Stars" and "Flight to Arras") was delighted to hear from Jean Pierre. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

"I am leaving for London tomorrow," said Saint Exupery. "You must move into my apartment." The apartment was a penthouse facing Central Park. It rented for $400 a month.

From then on, everything that happened to Jean Pierre Aumont was wonderful. He went up to Canada and played in the French country that knew him from his Parisian movies. He found old friends in and around New York. He found Anna Bella, with her husband, Tyrone Power, up in Connecticut doing the summer stock circuit.

Then his transit visa ran out. He had to leave the United States, and so of all places—to Honduras! That's where his passport read, Honduras.

Anyone else might have been crushed by this bit of international red tape. But Jean Pierre's easy good nature accepted it as an opportunity. He sailed to Honduras, and spent his allotted time touring every country he could get to—Nicaragua, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba. Then he came into the United States on a visa.
The eighth in our series on **The Foods of Our Allies**

## Holland

### Holland

*It was back in 1939 that Philip Dorn, well known Dutch actor, left Holland for Hollywood. Thus he escaped those tragic five days in May, 1940, when the Germans overran his native land and ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed its neutrality—that highly prized and jealously guarded neutrality which had brought a hundred years of peace and prosperity to a freedom loving people.*

But, although thousands of miles from his homeland, in his film roles Mr. Dorn has never traveled far from the continent of his birth—having depicted Europeans consistently and, as we all know, with distinction, ever since his arrival in America. (You remember him as the Yugoslavian General in "Chetniks" and more recently as a Frenchman in 20th Century-Fox's "Paris After Dark." You'll see him next in Warners' "Passage to Marseilles").

In his habits and personal preferences Philip Dorn is still almost as much a Hollander at heart as he was back in the days when he was a proud member of the "Queen's Guard." Certainly this is the case where his food tastes are concerned. For although his wife, Marianne, has learned how to prepare many American dishes, no week is considered complete, gastronomically, unless several Dutch specialties appear on the Dorn dinner table. Some of these food favorites of theirs are closely connected with the traditions of their native land. For example there's *Hutspot*—about which Philip had this interesting tale to tell.

It seems that Hollanders all over the world serve *Hutspot* on the 3rd of every October, to commemorate the lifting of the Siege of Leiden—known as *Leiden Ontzet*. According to the story—which is as well known to every little Dutch boy and girl as the Battle of Bunker Hill is to our children—in 1573, during the Eighty Years War, Philip II of Spain sent the Duke of Alva to clean up "those people of butter and cheese" as he scornfully termed the Dutch. The Duke's armies camped around Leiden for a full year—trying to starve out that city. Within its gates people were dying in the streets; but although reduced to eating dogs, cats and even shoes, the -doughty Dutchmen stubbornly refused to yield!

Then, on October 3rd, a starving 11-year-old boy, in search of food, crept out of town and into the enemy camp. It was he who discovered that the discouraged Spaniards had folded their tents and stolen away. In their deserted camp the youth found a concoction of onions, carrots and potatoes. Behold, *Hutspot*—which Dutchmen have been eating ever since.

You, too, will like this idea of combining several vegetables in a single dish, where the identity of each is merged into a tasty whole. You may even wish to serve it with new herring, as the Dutch do. But speaking for myself I prefer Mrs. Dorn's idea of surrounding this vegetable melange with Bal Gehakt—Meat Balls to you—which turn out to be as tasty as one could wish and as thrifty as all get out!

Another Dutch favorite that I learned about from the Dorns goes by the intriguing name of *Snert*. This is a fine, filling soup. In fact "hearty" would best describe this and almost all Dutch dishes, for they go in for copious quantities of heavy foods.

Also, according to Philip, we should all become acquainted with *Poffertjes*. But since the Dorns own one of the only three Poffertjes pans in the United States, we'll have to wait until after the war to make them. Meanwhile we can enjoy the other joint-wise recipes given us by the Dorns. As we do, we can hope with Philip and Hollanders everywhere that their brave little country will, as he

---

**Here you see Philip Dorn in the process of preparing Poffertjes—which are not for the lilies of us, because we can't secure the special iron in which they're cooked.**

**But we can all enjoy hearty, simple Dutch specialties, like Bal Gehakt and Hutspot—which are great favorites with Philip and for which Mrs. Dorn gave us recipes.**
expressed it, "soon regain its status as one of the most prosperous nations in the world—to resume its march of progress in the proud company of FREE men?"

**HUTSPOT**
*(Vegetable Medley)*

2 pounds carrots  
1 pound onions  
2 pounds potatoes  
2 tablespoons butter or other fat  
Salt, pepper  
Scrape and slice carrots, peel and slice onions. Cook, separately, in small amount of boiling water until tender. Drain, reserving carrot water. Peel and dice potatoes, cook until tender, drain thoroughly. Mash all together, or force through coarse sieve. Blend with butters, season to taste. Moisten with a little of the carrot liquid, if desired. Place over low heat, or in top of double boiler for 10 minutes, to blend flavors. Serves 4-6.

Another good vegetable combination for Hutspot is potatoes and cabbage—with or without onions, as desired. In preparing this the potatoes only are mashed—the cabbage (and the onions, when used) being cooked and chopped, then blended with the potatoes lightly, so that they retain their identity. A sprinkling of nutmeg at the very last adds flavor and distinction.

**BAL GEHAKT**
*(Meat Balls)*

2 slices stale bread  
½ cup hot water  
1 pound ground beef  
2 Holland rusk  
1 tablespoon minced parsley  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
¼ teaspoon nutmeg  
1 small onion, minced  
1 egg, slightly beaten  
1 cup tomato juice  
Soak the bread in the hot water. Add the meat, the rusk which have been crumbled into crumbs, the parsley, salt, pepper and nutmeg. Mix together thoroughly. (Mrs. Dorn advises performing this operation with your hands.) Mix in the onion and egg with a fork. Form into 8 large flat cakes, with slightly floured hands. Fry on both sides in hot fat until browned. Add the tomato juice, cover tightly, simmer 15 minutes. Serve on hot platter surrounding Hutspot. Serves 4.

**SNERT**
*(Dried Green Pea Soup)*

Wash and pick over 1½ cups dried green peas. Cover with cold water, soak overnight. In the morning drain, place in kettle with 2¼ quarts water. Bring to a boil, add 2 pig's feet.* Cover and simmer 3 hours, or until meat can be easily detached from the bone. Return soup to kettle, together with meat cut from bone. Add 4 slices leeks**, 1 stalk celery, chopped, 1 diced carrot, 1 diced potato and 1 tablespoon minced parsely. Season to taste. Simmer 1 hour longer. For company purposes strain before serving, advises Mrs. Dorn. But, for regular family use, leave in all the vegetables—which certainly makes this a filling dish as well as an economical one. This soup is so noticeably better the second day that most Dutch housewives prepare it a day ahead.

* A ham bone or marrow bone may be substituted for the pig's feet. But since pig's feet are popular (?) they deserve special consideration.

** Or onions, but leeks are preferable.

“Well—what are we waiting for?”

**Washing Machine**—"Why don't they bring me some wash? I'm good and tired of sitting here doing nothing. And by the way, Shorty, where have you been?"

**Fels-Naptha**—"Take it easy, Old-Timer. Don't forget that I'm a very popular lad just now. Your Missus waited three days for me this week."

**Washing Machine**—"She must be losing her mind. What have you got that other soaps haven't got?"

**Fels-Naptha**—"Brother, I've got NAPTHA! And do the smart gals go for that. If it wasn't for me, you'd be in the Home for Worn-Out Washers right now."

**Washing Machine**—"Is that so! Why you little . . . ."

**Fels-Naptha**—"Jiggers! Here she comes. And look at that wash. Lift your lid, Pal, this is a job for Fels-Naptha—and I do mean NAPTHA!"

---

**FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"
crashing Hollywood with an ideal part made him jump with joy. Years ago when Charles Boyer had come to Hollywood, he had written J. P. "Come over here at once or you will make the mistake of yesteryear's life." Jean was so busy abroad then that he couldn't tear away. But in spite of his very real itch to crash Hollywood now, he simply had to do some exploring on the way. That's why Jean Pierre is made; he has to see something new every minute. Even though he had already toured America by plane, he wasn't satisfied. When Philip Merivale, who was also in "Rose Burke," offered his car, Jean Pierre happily set out to drive to California. He didn't want to see that the license plates were out of date.

In a small town in Tennessee a local cop did, though. He pinched Jean Pierre. He discovered the car wasn't his. He noticed the accent. He tossed Jean Pierre in jail. A spy, anyway, maybe a saboteur. They asked Pierre questions. One was, "Would you salute the flag of the United States?" Jean's English failed him for the first time in the confusion. He didn't quite get it.

"Oh, no," he protested. "Certainly not." That was bad.

It took three days and long distance telephone calls to Merivale and Katharine Cornell to spring Jean Pierre.

He got a lot of hazing on his first picture, "Assignment in Brittany," and when he made "Cross of Lorraine" he really got the works—because it was during that
that he married Maria Montez. That's when they plastered his dressing room with orchids, jazzed up the wedding march and went on from there to some bawdy bits of business that you can't print here. Jean Pierre was a good sport through it all. In fact, he was delighted.

One afternoon in his room at the Beverly Hills Hotel he heard the radio announce the landing of the Yanks in North Africa. At first, Jean paid no attention. He thought it was some military seer predicting what could happen in the future. But when he turned the box on again at six o'clock, there wasn't any mistake about it. They had landed, and French North Africa was going over to Freedom!

Jean, who was reading on the couch, leaped up and ran downstairs to the desk. When he gets excited he runs around like a child with its head off. (He had the darndest time getting married!) Anyway, this time he ran around the hotel—to the swimming pool, the bar, the cigar stand. Finally he hit the right place—the Western Union booth. He sent off a telegram to the Free French Headquarters in Washington. He asked to enlist. Did they send him to New York first, to beam propaganda broadcasts to France for the OWI? He beamed another kind of propaganda elsewhere.

Because it was there that Jean Pierre went to a stag luncheon at "Twenty-One" and wanted a match for his cigarette. Why? Why did he want someone handy for one, he'll never know. But he didn't; instead he slipped down to the first floor and who was sitting at a table but Maria Montez, the Hollywood charmer from San Domingo. She said, "How do you do, Monsieur Aumont?"

"Tres bien, Merci—et vous, Madame Montez?"

She said she was fine and then Jean asked her to dinner and then went to the Luncheon Club. Jean Pierre remembers the date—it was February 13. Before he left New York they were engaged. How's that for fast work?

Maria and Jean Pierre had met briefly before. It was at a party at Lady Mendel's in London. Jean had just made a French picture called "Lac aux Dames." In it he was a swimming teacher who had a sort full of babes just crazy about him. He walked through the picture practically naked, like Tarzan. Someone at Lady Mendel's party said they thought the picture was awful and Jean Pierre an exhibitionist. But Maria said, "I don't know. I kind of—like him."

The day they met again was the 13th. Yep—the old running jinx. So they got married in Hollywood on a 13th a couple of months afterwards.

The Aumonts not only make a very easy couple to look upon, but they're ideally suited. Maria, volatile and full of life like Jean, had travelled a lot in Europe; knows the same people he does and has the Continental approach to life. She has been one of the most popular of the recent Hollywood charmers, of course, and was engaged to a British flyer who was killed before she met Jean Pierre. Jean Pierre was concentrating on Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr before he met Maria. She'll have her work as Universal's jungle siren to keep her warm while Jean's away in the army.

When Jean Pierre left Hollywood the other day to rejoin, there was a farewell party in his honor. He was so much in adoration of Hollywood party girls, they weren't going to miss missing him off and wishing him luck.

"Frankly, Jean," said somebody, "I don't see why you feel you must leave after all; you've certainly done your part."

Jean's face sobered. "I am a Frenchman," he said, "and my country must be free!"

---

**Farewell to Happiness!**

You may be startled by this frankly-written story—But wise wives will see the answer to many an unhappy marriage!

**LOOKING back, Mary tried to remember just when it was that Jim had begun to change. That might tell her what was wrong.**

It wasn't as if they really quarreled. If they did ... she might find a clue. But how could you quarrel with a husband who was so "skaved aloof" and silent—and drifted farther and farther away, taking your happiness with him.

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The day the company was scheduled to shoot it, Deanna arrived burdened down with knives, forks, spoons, announced that as long as she would have to expend all that energy during rehearsals and takes, she might as well get into some of her household chores done at the same time.

During production, leading man Franchot Tone was expected to become a father at any moment. Halfway through the picture, his wife Jean called him at 2:00 one afternoon, hinted that the flapping of the stork's wings was getting louder, and maybe he'd better come take her to the hospital. The shooting schedule was rearranged so they could make scenes without Tone, and the next afternoon he was back handing out blue-band cigars to his fellow cast members, both men AND women. Confided Tone: "I thought I could be very sophisticated about this whole thing, but I'm not at all!" The beaming papa also announced the baby's new name, Pascal.

Pat O'Brien's midget car was the envy of everyone on the lot. One day he would smugly announce some new, saving feature he had just discovered, as he drove it right onto the sound stage. Finally, the other A-card holders, with their gas-eating king-size cars, decided a practical joke was in order, to counteract the O'Brien boastfulness. The very next day, he finished his scenes early, strolled to his little auto, hopped in, started it and turned back to wave farewell to the unlucky people who still had hours of work to do. Shifting into first, he stepped on the gas. But instead of surging forward in a graceful arc toward the street, he discovered he wasn't moving an inch! The boys had propped up his back wheels on wooden blocks, and before he could move the baby buggy, he had to get out and lug and tug at the props.

Tippy, Deanna's famous poodle, died one night though Deanna took him to a veterinarian the moment she discovered he was looking a little winded. "I mean, you can't keep her pal ever since she made "Three Smart Girls." She didn't have enough gas to go all the way home again, so she spent the rest of the night in the hospital, and went right to work from there.

On her few days off, Deanna went shopping for wedding presents for Sally Wake, her pretty brunette secretary. When she was younger, Deanna used to dress like a sophisticate of 21 so she could shop unrecognized. Now that the public is used to seeing her in things by Adrian, she reverses the procedure and dons bobby socks, dirndls and matching bandannas for her store-searching tours.

"HEY! YOU WITH THE BOW IN YOUR HAIR!"

We've got a story to tell you. A story too big, too vital to squinch down into a couple of inches of space. It's about the Junior Red Cross and the colossal job it's doing for women, for kids in bomb-torn places abroad, for our own civilian population. It's a story about a bunch of bright-eyed kids at high school serving as messengers, Nurses' Aides, staff assistants, in canteens. You're terribly important in this war, you with the saddle shoes and bows in your hair. So important that you just m ustn't waste a day getting down to your local Red Cross chapter and signing up with the Juniors.
"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER" STORY
(Continued from page 49)
and her face went very grave before she
sighed again. "You don’t know me, Martin," she said, as if discovering some
mazing fact.
"No," the man said.
"You haven’t changed a bit. Not really.
But I forgot I’ve grown up. You prob-
ibly remember me in pigtales and freckles
and a shiny nose. Martin, I’m Ann!"
"Annie?" the man said incredulously.
"Little Annie?"
"I suppose I should have told you I
was coming. But I wanted to surprise you—"
"You did," Martin said.
"After all, I always knew I was coming
to New York, and when I came I got a
ter and the money, well, I just up and
I’m coming on the stage, Martin—"
"Are you?" he said.
"And, of course, if I came to New York,
wouldn’t dream of staying anywhere
but with you. But I never expected any-
ing like this. Martin, this is like a
place. It’s wonderful. Oh, I knew you
were rich, Martin, when you sent me
the money, but I never thought—"
"You can’t stay here," Martin said.
She swung around as if he had hit her:
Can’t? Why?"
"Look, kid," he said. "There isn’t any
room."
"But this place is huge." She looked
round bewildered. "It’s enormous."
Martin said suddenly, sharply. "It isn’t
there. That’s why."
"Not yours?"
"If just work here," Martin said swiftly.
"Look, kid. I’m the butler. That’s all.
just the butler."
"The butler," Ann said and collapsed
to a chair.
"And you’re the butler’s sister. And
I don’t know how the boss is going to
for that.
rical scrubwoman . . .
She was still under the spell of the
autiful room. The large gracious
rench windows looked out on a terrace
vered over the sparkling Man-
net skyline. "Two pianos," Ann said in
dazed voice. "Two pianos."
"Yeah! That’s the boss’s business. Charles
erard. Ever hear of him?"
"Ever hear of him?" Ann said. "Every-
day knows Charles Gerard. Everybody
n his music. He’s wonderful."
"Maybe," Martin said. "But he’s com-
home tomorrow, and I don’t know how
for sisters."
"Martin!" the girl said.
"Now a minute, kid," Martin said.
"I couldn’t ask for anything better," Ann
id, Charles Gerard. If I could just
for him—"
"That’s out," Martin said. "He hates
mes singing for him. I comb them out of
hair every morning."
"Or even just be around. Couldn’t I
ork here, Martin? Anything. Clean-
Scrubbing. A maid—"
"We do need a maid."
"Then it’s all settled," she said happily.
"It doesn’t have to know I’m your sister."
"But no chirping," Martin said. "You
ver heard of singing. And don’t talk
much either."
"Oh, Martin," Ann said ecstatically. "I’ll
a wonderful maid. Wait. You’ll see."
"Yeah," Martin said gloomily.
ing fever ..."
Charles Gerard, as it turned out, was

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neither bald headed, grumpy nor addicted to cigars. As a matter of fact he was surprisingly young. And handsome. 

"You're the right man," he said. 

"Yes," Ann said demurely. 

"What was your name again? Ann? Isn't that what Severina told me?"

"Severina?" Ann said of "Oh, the cook." Charles looked at her a little puzzled. 

Martin said fiercely that the more he thought of the idea, the less he liked it. Severina would have to go home. Severina, the cook, said serenely and portentously that as long as Ann was in New York, she had to have a job anyway. Ann said very little. She spent a good deal of her time smiling whenever Charles Ger-

ard hove into view. 

The tall handsome building on Park Avenue suddenly and mysteriously began to 

hum with new life. This was not due to Charles Gerard's music at all; it was due, it seemed, to Mr. Gerard's new maid. Popoff, the butler for a gentleman on the 17th floor, suddenly began to whistle 

at his work after seeing Ann on the service elevator. Popoff, Jenkins, the butler on the sixth; ditto for Emmet, a dashingly uniformed chauffeur; ditto for Reeves; ditto for Moore. 

Charles Gerard was about to step into the passenger elevator one fine afternoon when the service elevator halted at the floor, and Ann emerged, tall, somewhat immediately by her repute of butlers gathered from the several floors, each carrying a package of Ann's 

marketing. 

"Shopping?" said Charles pleasantly. 

Ann blushed; she gestured vaguely at the small army behind her: "They're just helping," she said. 

"Hm," said Charles Gerard. 

And for some obscure reason he stepped into the passenger elevator whistling. It might have gone along that way, eternal Spring, if it hadn't come along. Martin puttered nervously 

in the kitchen getting the hors d'oeuvres ready for Ann to take into the living room; Martin had a feeling of doom about that night. He wasn't far wrong. 

First: Liz Campbell came. 

Liz was really Elizabeth, tall, shining and beautiful. Liz was the Society Seventh. She was the letters capitalized, and Liz was in love with Charles Gerard. Liz couldn't 

understand his preoccupation with music and shows and Martin. On the parapet of the 

terrace that night she coaxed: "Give it up, darling," she said. "You've made enough money." 

"Yes," Charles said. "I suppose I have."

"And, darling, if you care to turn a bit, just a little to the right, you'll find I'm waiting." 

He looked at her: "You're beautiful." 

"Am I? Really?"

"More than beautiful." 

"I'm going up to Maine," she said swiftly. "Come up with me, Charles. You need a change. It would do you good." 

"I don't know. There's the show—"

"Let it go. You said yourself the music wasn't going right." 

"That's true."

He was leaning toward her when something rattled at the door of the terrace, and Ann's voice said sweetly: "Would you care for anything to eat?"

Liz said no. 

That night, too, second of Martin's nightmares, Kalb had hiccupas. 

Kalb was a little man with a large bank-book, and Kalb was the man who put on all of Gerald's shows. 

Kalb said: "Do something, somebody." 

Ann did something. She took Kalb's hand and firmly pressed the fingers against 

his nose. Then she grabbed the lobes of his ears and pulled them forward, half lifting Kalb out of the chair he was sitting 

in. Then all at once she released him, and he dropped back like a sack. 

"There!" Ann said triumphantly. "It's gone," he said. "It's gone.

His hand was still to his nose. But through the spread of his fingers, he was 

regaring Ann. He was regarding Ann with a shuddered look, like a man who has long been in the jungles. 

Kalb said: "What a maid!"

Martin was white and shaking. 

moonlight sonata . . .

The third thing that happened that night happened after the others. The large apartment was almost dark. Only the light of the moon seeped through the half opened blinds. At one of the pianos in the living room was a young girl, sitting, letting his fingers stray over the keyboard, striking bits of melody, letting them run. He looked up once and found Ann echoeshaking behind her. 

She said softly: "That was a lovely tune."

"Did you like it?" he said. "I always have, too." 

"You write beautiful music," she said.

"Wrote, you mean," he said slowly, "I'm thinking of giving it up."

"The piano's not much good, anything standing there in the shaft of moonlight, and then she 

turned away: "Good night," she said. 

Charles stayed at the piano, watching her. 

"Let's get a little piano," he said. "We might have some large parties."

She said softly: "You're a good one."

"What do you mean?" Ann asked quickly. 

"You're a good one."

"My headache is over. You're home. Where you belong, too."

"I don't want to go home," she said. "It's all over, I told you," Martin said. "The boss is leaving for Maine today; he told me. We don't need a maid anymore."

"He's really going?" she said. "Sure," Martin said. "That Campbell gals can give lessons on a magnet."

Ann bent her head. 

"I'm sorry, kid," Martin said solictiously. "I'm sorry, kid," Martin said solictiously. "Just figure it as a vacation and that's all! You'll get back home and you'll see . . ."

"Maybe." Ann said. 

She rose, and running blindly, she fled from the room. She found herself in 

the hallway, and a voice said: "I beg your pardon."

He had fired the piano and sat down on the little chair, her hands resting on the 

keys. Then she looked up at the close door that led from Frances Ger-

ard's room she began to sing. And then, suddenly, she thought of Kalb. 

expose . . .

Charles Gerard said to Miss Gurkin, who was Kalb's secretary and general factotum, "I've got to get away from you."

Miss Gurkin said: "He's busy just now."

"So am I," Charles said pleasantly as he 

pushed the door open and walked inside. 

Kalb was talking to a girl whose face was to Charles as he entered. The 

bass was pretty; it hinted that the front was even prettier. Kalb was saying: "I ain't said you're not beautiful, understand? Ain't said you're not beautiful, understand? Ain't said you ain't got a voice, see? A I'm saying is you need a guy like me; I bring them in and you get it." 

"Kalb," Charles said. "Can I see you?"

The girl turned around. It was An-

Charles said something that sounded like: "I beg your pardon."

Kalb said: "Charley. You did me favor when you fired this girl. She's got a future. She ain't no maid anymore."

Sit down, Charlie. Be right with you.
"No, Kalb," Charles said. "I just came to tell you the show's off."

"Off!" Kalb said in the strangled voice of a man who has perhaps just heard of the death of someone near and loved. "You heard it," Charles said. "I'm finished. Washed up. The music won't come."

"I got it all set," Kalb said. "You can't run out on me now!"

"I'm sorry, Kalb," Charles said. The little room over the empty street in the theatrical district was suddenly quiet. No one said anything. Kalb was white. Charles tensed. Then Ann spoke.

"It won't work. It won't," she said fiercely.

"I beg your pardon," Charles said. "You think you can give it up. You think you can be happy away from your work. You won't. You can't. You'll see. But then it'll be too late. If you go away now, you'll never come back."

Charles stared at her incredulously. Ann bit her lip: "I'm sorry," she said. But I—I wasn't speaking as your maid then. I was just speaking as someone who knows and loves your music—"

She looked at them, from Charles to Kalb and then back to Charles again, a little wildly. And then suddenly, without another word, she fled from the room.

Charles Gerard came back to his Park Avenue apartment very thoughtfully. In the foyer of the smart apartment he found his packed bag leaning against the wall. He picked it up and hefted it. He started for the door. And then he stopped and was singing for Martin. He hardly noticed that Martin was in evening clothes. He said, almost inaudibly: "Is Ann still here? I'd like to speak to her a moment."

But when Ann came in, he did notice immediately, that she was in an evening dress. She stood waiting for him.

"You look very well, Miss Carter."

"Thank you. It's Popoff's party."

"Popoff?" he said.

"The butler on the 17th floor. It's his birthday party. At the Troika."

"The Troika," he said incredulously.

"Yes," Ann said. "Martin told me you wanted to see me."

"I didn't want you to think—" he began lamely. "This afternoon, I mean. I wasn't angry. I mean I think it was decent of you to take an interest in me. . . ."

"Yes," she said.

"I just wanted you to know that before I left. In case I don't see you again."

"You're going?" Ann said.

"Yes."

"Good-by, Mr. Gerard," Ann said blankly; and she turned and walked back to the kitchen where Popoff, Emmett, Reeves and Moreno were waiting for her.

Charles Gerard stood for some while looking at the empty space where Ann had stood. Then he sighed heavily, picked up his bag and went out.

The Troika was Russian. You could tell that because they served caviar. And they were eating caviar, wagon loads of it, at Popoff's birthday table. The room was very gay, very loud. A cossack twirled on the door and disappeared. The band, with every note, just broke into "Happy Birthday" to Popoff, which was sung in progressively louder voices at Popoff's table as the night wore on. Then in the middle of a song, the band suddenly broke off the thread of melody they were playing and began something different. An old song, By a man named Charles Gerard.

A voice said in Ann's ear: "May I have this dance, please? After all, it is my song they're playing."

cross fire . . .

And it wasn't until they were on the dance floor, twirling slowly to the magic music, that Ann fully realized that she was in Charles Gerard's arms.

"You didn't go," she said softly.

"No."

"Why?"

"I missed the train," he said. "And then, too, I found I couldn't run out on Kalb and the show and . . ."

"I could dance forever," Ann said.

"Could you?" Charles Gerard said. And then, somehow, they weren't at the Troika any more. They were in a small place called the Club Intime. And then they went to another place. And late, very late, that night, they were walking up a dark Park Avenue, together, silent.

They were silent until they reached the apartment, and then in the foyer with the doors that led one way to the servants' quarters and the other to the large beautiful living room, they still stood silent—

And very softly, very tenderly, Charles kissed her.

She stood in her room later, ecstatic. She was in love, she thought suddenly; yes, that was it, she was in love. She thought she always had been, from the first moment she had seen him. Smiling, she turned a pirouette in the room. Someone knocked on the door. Martin's voice said: "Can I come in?"

She saw the anger on his face as soon as he was in the room. He said sharply: "You little fool. What did you think you were doing? Where were you?"

"We were just walking, Martin," she said. "Just walking," he said harshly. "Do you think I'm going to let that cheap song pluggers take you for a ride?"

"Martin!"

"You're getting out of here in the morning," he said. "See? You're going home."

"Martin, I love him."

"Sure. I've heard that before, too. What's

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**91**
Martin did it subtly. He didn’t talk to Ann in the morning. He talked to Gerald. Bringing in the breakfast tray, he remarked almost casually that it was a pleasant day, and did the boss have a hangover? The boss said he didn’t. She was a cute kid, that Ann, wasn’t she. Martin said; just like all of them, though. “All of them?” Charles said.

“Sure. Stagestruck. Bringing to me that she’s got you on a sitting target. You’re going to star her. She really believes it.”

“Oh,” Charles said. “Is that it?”

“All of them, of course,” Martin said. “You know how it is between servants. Everyone in the house knows it.”

“Oh,” Charles said again. Then he seemed to shrug. Martin watched him carefully. “I’ll be leaving today,” he said in a tired voice. “I missed the train last night…”

“Yes, sir.” Martin said.

So it was a party night again. This time it was the Butler’s Ball. Ann didn’t want to go. She was going home. She was hurt, puzzled. Charles, had left, after all, telling her in a few careful words how pleasant the evening had been.

Love! she thought angrily.

So she didn’t want to go to the butlers’ ball. She didn’t feel in a party mood. All she wanted to do now was run away, run back home, to the safe small town that didn’t know Charles Gerard and didn’t care about him. But Popoff, Reeves, Emmett and Moreno, and even Martin made her go. They wouldn’t take no.

She went, then. The large room was all glitter and movement. In their white ties and tails the butlers were indistinguishable from the society nabobs they served.

But Popoff was on the stage. His voice boomed out: “And now, we will hear a song from my favorite, from everybody’s favorite, Miss Ann Carter.”

It didn’t matter really. They wanted her to sing. All right, then, she’d sing for them. They thought singing was just a matter of voice. But when it was good, when it was great, it came from the heart.

She felt their eyes on her as she walked to the stage. She stood looking out over them as she orchestra whispered into the introduction. And she began to sing.

Then a strange thing happened.

It was a butlers’ ball, remember. Mas- ter and mistress. But there was a figure in the rear, near the door, moving now toward the stage. The spread of the shoul- ders, the way he held his head. On the stage. Ann almost stopped singing.

“Charles,” she whispered. “Charles… It was. She could never mistake him. Even if his eyes were blind, her heart would tell her. And slowly, steadily, he was coming toward her and his eyes were alight with welcome.

Whatever had happened, he hadn’t gone after all. And there could only be one rea- son for that. Only one reason. Her voice rose, soared. He came up the stage and she held out her hands to him. His eyes were smiling as he took her hands. And then she was singing for him alone.

It was a love song.

WINTER SKIN CARE

(Continued from page 67)

dams on this globe, from Cleopatra to Hedy Lamarr, are lucky enough never to have a skin blemish. But, take heart, modern creams help to dry skin irritations and prevent their spreading. A special creamy cream is yours if you would of us know. White course the sad and allow remains of last summer’s tan. It doesn’t work overnight (what do you expect… miracles?) but constant application over a period of days will fade an unwanted tan.

soft soap Soft, indeed, is the way of soap. Nothing can take its place in keeping most girls’ complexion sleek and aglow.

But if you’re the sensitive type made unhappy by cheap fragrances, a superfatted or cold-cream soap will do nicely, thank you.

Need we say that this is no time to waste anything? No, we needn’t. Use warm, not scalding hot water, for your daily lavings. For the duration stop floating floating—soap. It will last a year. See that your soap is dry so that it doesn’t melt your cake to a useless, soap jelly.

winter make-up In this icy season, protec- tion should be your watch word. And protection, dear audience, is what your make-up base offers you. Never ven- ture out unless you’ve applied a powder base. It can be in cake, cream, stick or liq:id form… but use it if you must. As to color, remember that you’re not the

sun-kissed maiden you were in August. Change your make-up to match your December skin tones.

Powder, as long as it blends with your base, may be a shade or two deeper. Wintertime pallor can be vanquished by matching your foundation with your faces. Lipstick, so soothing to chapped lips, can bring out the hussy in you with gay, flip winter-bright colors. Make-up wouldn’t be complete without, you’ve guessed it, mascara. To take care of that little item there is an article, “Eyes Right!” on page 68.

winter wonderland Don’t let winter weath- er catch you napping…, resolve to be a dizzler, a frost eagle!

Gift-Kit For You!

Y our Beauty Dept. is all agog about a grand gift-kit. Contents in- clude an ointment that quickly discour- ages blushing, one to pure sores. There is also, my pets, a Hollywood Stacking- Run Mender. For this scrumptious gift, send your non-refundable deposit (clearly printed) with 10c in stamps or coins for handling expense to:

MODERN SCREEN

Beauty Dept., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York
The Van Heflin daughter, Vanna Guy, has nearly outgrown her bassinet. This frilly bit of furniture was a gift from John Heflin, Van's agent, and it was a production. Lined with pink satin and flounced with white chiffon, it was punctuated here and there by roses of ruched satin. Finding that her daughter is getting too leggy for comfort in a crib, was wondering whether she should store the bassinet (there isn't room to keep it indefinitely in the small apartment when a baby bed is added) or whether she should lend it to a series of infanticipating friends.

The only trouble is that, if I lend it a number of times, it's going to be worn out when we have our second," she told Van.

"Our next is going to be a boy," said Van. "I'd like to store the bassinet around until the frog-frogs have been taken off. When it is perfectly plain, it will be just right for a boy. No son of mine is going to get a sissy start in life."

Corporal Jack Temple, stationed in Culver City, became the father of a 7 pound, 9 ounce boy, thus conferring the title of aunt upon his 15-year-old sister, Shirley.

Shirley's comment, "I don't say this just because he's the first baby in our family, but he's the cutest thing I have ever seen. Well until I teach him to sing, "On The Good Ship Lollypop."

Dollar Scholar:

Did you ever hear of a complicated club called the Short Snooters? In days past, the membership was made up entirely of those who had flown an ocean, but—like most organizations having to do with happy cabbages—it soon branched out to embrace all members of the Air Corps, their wives, sweethearts, friends or anyone who has ever identified a B-17.

The one rule of the fraternity that remains inviolable is this: (1) The membership card is a dollar bill which has been counter-signed by certain other members of the club; (2) if one is inducted into the secret circle; (3) this dollar bill must be presented instantly when a member of the club is accosted by a second member.

In case the luckless member has forgotten his membership card or has spent or lost it, he must pay $1.00. This law cost (they say) Mr. Wendell Willkie a fat sum when he landed at La Guardia after his round-the-world flight.

The other night it also cost Captain Ronald Reagan about 20 bucks. He went into the Officer's Club, ordered a coke, then discovered that he had left his wallet in his other uniform. A mercenary brother officer, deducing correctly Ronnie's shortage of Short Snooter identification, asked him how about it. One dollar.

The enriched one let out a yell to other officers. And so Ronnie paid and paid.
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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

So Red the Face Department:
The slim, auburn-haired girl parked her car and walked briskly toward the box office. As her steps neared the theater, she faltered, slowed, stopped, then turned and retraced her steps to the parking lot where she sat in her car for several minutes before giving up and driving away.

It was the sixth time she had repeated the same performance. Dinah Shore still hasn’t amassed enough courage to watch her own marvellous performance in “Thank Your Lucky Stars.”

Frankly Frantic Fan:
She was wearing booby sox, saddle oxfords, a pleated skirt and a sweater. With elbows resting upon knees, she was seated on the curbing opposite the RKO main entrance with several other celebrity enthusiasts. As Ginger Rogers, Bob Ryan, Tom Conway and Elsa Lancaster reported for work, the other kids asked for autographs. This one simply scowled, then thrust out the derivative tip of a pink tongue.

Elsa Lancaster was consumed with curi-
osity. “What’s wrong with you?” she quizzed. “Don’t you like anyone?”
Fiercely came the answer, “I’m strictly a Sinatra fan, I can’t stand for there being anyone else important in Hollywood.”

Bette Goes to Bat:
Bette Davis returned from her heart-breaking trip East, eager to lose herself in work. The script of “Mr. Skeffington” was ready, the sets were ready, Miss Davis was ready. But the planned-for director, Vincent Sherman, was still busy shooting the last scenes of “In Our Time.” Too bad, the studio said, the picture would have to go ahead without Mr. Sherman.

Bette, loyal to the core, went to the front office and asked to be taken off salary, rather than to have another director assigned to the picture. It meant three or four weeks delay, and it marked additional strain in both mental and emotional for Bette, but she wanted Mr. Sherman to direct her picture. She won her point.

Such Lovely Neighbors:
Jennifer Jones and Bob Walker, with their two adorable sons, live on a Bel Air hilltop, from which they can scan a pleasant por-
tion of Southern California. Just around a gracious sweep of the highway is a castle of a house set amid majestic trees and great seas of green lawn.

On Sunday afternoons, Jennifer and Bob, sun bathing in their own back yard, occasionally watch the cars roll into the courtyard of the estate below. They surely have a lot of lovely people,” commented Jennifer, somewhat wistfully. “Where do you suppose they get all the ration points they must need?”
Bob was more concerned with the motors on the hood. “Look at that classy job! And that one with white sidewall tires. It would be a pleasure to invite a flock of guest who would arrive in such a color.”

“Maybe,” giggled Jennifer, “they’re picture people.” Bob ruled that out. “They’re mostly the substantial banking type. The women are older and more dignified. Distinguished. Ah me, it’s all like something out of a Bronte novel. Entertain- ment on the grand scale.”

One night the Walkers were awakened by the screaming of sirens and the obvious arri- val of police in force. The house down the highway was abruptly emptied of its guests and certain fixtures.

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**GOLD NEWS (Continued)**

The lordly manner so closely observed by the snobbish neighbors had been a high-
stepping gambling joint.

**Oil For Errol**

Did you know that Errol Flynn, wearing a
sequel to Van Dyke beard for his part in
"Uncertain Glory," is now collecting old mas-
ses? He already owns a planet and a Van
Dyke in the modern department, he has
collected a portrait by John Dekker of that
mammoth actor, Mr. Errol Flynn. Hangs
over his mantel.

**Newcomers You Should Know:**

"Phantom of the Opera" has proved to be
one of the greatest national box office sur-
prises—it takes has reached light-traveling
popularity. Two factors are probably re-
 sponsible: The appearance of Nelson Eddy,
and the girl of the Universal lot and direct her
stardom. "Don't give me credit," grinned
Susanna. "Look up a man named Bernard
Brown and tell him he really knows what
it is talking about."

Mr. Brown, the recipient of this gratitude,
was to be a sound man when Susanna was
selling off G's above High C at Paramount,
or build up there centered entirely on the
fact that her voice traveled the angel trial.

One day Mr. Brown, impelled by what he
saw of sound tracks, stopped Susanna on
the Paramount lot and said, "You have a
beautiful voice, but you aren't making the best
of it. You aren't developing your low
notes, but you could sing in a different way.
Why don't you do something about those nice rich
low notes?"

Susanna worked on them. She was signed
by Universal and told to try out for the part
"Phantom of the Opera." Mr. Brown
was to record the test.

"What are you going to sing?" he asked
anxiously. "Nothing high-falutin' and strato-
pheric, I hope."

"This, you will like to record," promised
Susanna. "It is filled with the low tones
you once told me you liked."

She sang, "My Old Kentucky Home."

She pleased Mr. Brown very much. The
most pleased Universal very much. The
piece is pleasing everyone very much. It's
wonderful work.

**set in Jest:**

Since Al Delacorte insists on printing the
wful Truth about me—plus a picture—why
wouldn't I tell you this? I have it straight
from Little Man (see page 28) that for oil
there are billions, they can draft fathers.
Fathers,
ys Little Man, would be just right for
johni work. He stabs me every time
changes a diaper." And for commando
"My goodness, Daddy would scare
him to death. If I cry at night, he
was running into my room with his bat
on his frowny old head and socks
on his pajamas. I think he sleeps in his
cast!" But look, Little Man. Some of
of my pals sleep with their socks on. And
my daddy is one sweet guy to work for. He
prices me. He worries about me. Best
all, he trusts me. Like a baby. Editors
m have to know what's going to happen.
Is your daddy's crystal ball? I only hope
at I'll always be able to justify his
conclusions. Not to mention the confidence
of all folks who read MODERN SCREEN.
HEARTBREAK FOR BETTE
(Continued from page 39)

be taken care of. Her friend, Margaret Donovan, phoned her.
"There's a big new market just opened. Don't you want to go?"
"Yes, let's," agreed Bette. "But let's go early, I've got much to do."
Back from marketing, she worked uninteruptedly till shortly after four, when the phone rang again. She picked it up as we've all picked it up a thousand times to answer some inconsequential call. Disney Studios calling. Must be Farny, she thought. He'd been engaged there in a technical capacity on a government picture.

It wasn't Farny. It was someone telling her Farny had collapsed on Hollywood Boulevard. They'd taken him to a receiving hospital.

She was at the door, then back at the phone, calling their own doctor, telling him to hurry, hurry, she'd meet him at the hospital. He knew what receiving hospitals were like.

"You go straight to the Hollywood Hospital," he said. "I'll have him moved there at once. I want to do what's best for him, let me find you there."

She was waiting, but Farny didn't know it. From the time of his fall, he'd said nothing coherent. Now he'd lapsed into coma. No one knew what had happened, except that it had happened suddenly and without traceable cause.

At two o'clock, he began with his attorney, apparently well and in good spirits. At three he'd been in a fur shop, looking at leopard skins. He wanted to get Bette a leopard coat for Christmas. At three-thirty-five he entered a building on Hollywood Boulevard and phoned the Disney Studios from a public booth, making an appointment to meet a business associate at five.

As he left the building to pick up his car at a parking lot, the thing happened. A scream of pain, chilling those who heard it. The owner of a cigar shop ran out to where Farny lay on the sidewalk, body quivering, eyes glaring, nose and mouth streaming blood. Yet he was trying to get up.

The doctors found a skull fracture, but that didn't account for the scream before he struck the ground. All Monday evening, all day Tuesday, as she watched in torment beside his bed, the question beat against Bette's brain. "Farny, what happened to you? What could have happened, Farny?" It might be months, said the doctor, before he could tell them anything. Or it might be never. Even after he recovered, he might not remember.

Because those first two days they still hoped he'd recover. Bette refused to admit any other possibility. On Wednesday she was up before dawn—which was too early to go to the hospital. She could get Farny's room ready, though. They'd be bringing him home soon. He'd get better faster at home.

So she stripped his bed and aired and dusted the room and was on her way to the closet for fresh linen, when the phone rang. She'd better come right away. He'd taken a turn for the worse.

He died late that afternoon, without regaining consciousness.

But what had happened to Farny was cleared up. The autopsy revealed a brain hemorrhage, with the blood in such condition as to indicate an earlier injury.

"Do you remember anything?" they asked Bette.

For Girls with Curls

"Vicky Victory"

Your HAIR AID

Warden

SAYS:

DON'T ever, ever squeeze too much hair into a bobbie pin. The pin won't hold satisfactorily — it's bent out of shape — and won't work efficiently in the future. Try making more curls... with less hair. Your precious Bobbie pins will last longer.

$5 will be paid by "Vicky Victory" for every Hair Pin and Bobbie Pin Conservation Hint that she publishes. This hint from Dorothy Gay Eagle, Levee, Ark.

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and suddenly she remembered a June day at Butternut, when the phone had rung, and Farny'd gone down to answer it. His stocking feet. She'd been startled by the sound of a fall, and had run from the bedroom to find Farny lying, a little up and shaken, at the foot of the stairs. He'd slipped on the landing and down to the bottom, striking the back of head and scraping his back.

"Are you hurt, Farny?"

"No, just a little sore."

Apart from a slight stiffness for a day or two, no ill effects were apparent. Bette or her doctor did he not complain of pain. She'd rather of it again till now, when they told her.

The doctors concluded that that first fall had caused a slight fracture, that a bad clot had formed, had taken a while to fructify and had finally come to a head in the consolidation and collapse on Hvywood Boulevard.

"Our white and drawn, taut nerves un-regid control, Bette gave her evidence. The girl at the inquest. Then she and his younger brother boarded the train and took Farny back to the New England he loved. He died but at Butternut.

Eventually Bette will return to "Mr. Skelfington," to the Canteen and to life about Farny. She's braver than most I will hold her head high. We have no wish to affront her courage with words, nor do's ease heartbreak. But for all of us on MODERN SCREEN, for our readers, we'd like to say this: We've been your friends for years. Most of us know you only on the screen and through print. But to us, you were and is that best in Hollywood. Most of us don't even know what you looked like. But he was your husband, and that was enough. As your friends, we share your sorrow in his death. Our words may be feeble, Bette, but our feeling isn't.

Bette's nothing if not thoroughgoing. When she works, it's with the energy of ten. When she takes a holiday, it lasts five months. She's just back to start "Mr. Skelfington," and she views herself with a shade of alarm. For the first time within memory she didn't want to come back. She wanted to go on and on and on, doing nothing.

"What's the matter with me? D'you think I've turned into a changeling?"

"You're not rested yet," said her mother.

"Pooh, five months and not rested!"

"Dynamo Davis is running down," chanted her sister.

"Mexico did it," said Farny. "One snuff of greasepaint'll bring you round!"

Tibby said nothing. Tibby was elaborately ignoring her mistress. Bette tried every blandishment in the calendar, to no avail. Tib knew very well that Bette had gone to New Hampshire—that paradise for Scoties—and left her behind. She was good and sore.

"You know, I only came back because of Tib," said Bette, casting a hopeful eye at her dog. "She's the one thing I truly and desperately missed."

"We're not insulted," chortled the family.

Nor was Tib propitiated. This was too soon to give in. The woman had sinned, let her suffer a little longer. Tib wouldn't so much as wriggle.

They'd had it all out beforehand. Bette had wanted to take the dog along, and probably would have if she'd gone directly to New Hampshire, instead of detouring round Mexico. You'd hate the heat and travel," she'd explained. "And remember, these are war times. It wouldn't be fair to ask the porter to feed you. Besides, Farny'll be here a good part of the time. You like Farny, Tib—?"

Tib liked Farny all right, but Farny wasn't her goddess and queen and the hub of her universe. What did Bette have to go to Mexico for anyway—?

Bette hardly knew herself. In a way, she rather dreaded it. She's no wanderer at heart, and it would have seemed too simple to go straight to the home she loves at Butternut. She was very tired. She'd had a vacation coming after "Now
To this day Mrs. M.—couldn’t tell you if there really was another woman. But she kept that her husband was a "slept-off" from her—finding exception to stay in town night after night. Instead of making a scene she decided to make herself more attractive—so she had her gray hair treated naturally...with Clairol, the original...no one knows she uses Clairol,...even her husband has forgotten she once had gray hair.

CLAIROL KEEPS THIS WOMAN’S SECRET—and her secret to her friends, plain application is permanently colors every trace of gray hair. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results. There are 23 laboratory-tested shades to choose from. And each shade completely avoids that "tattletale," brown, ratty look of old-fashioned dyes. Refuse substitutes that can’t give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops serve with Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more, so be sure you get Clairol. FREE..."11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair. This fascinating booklet tells you how to care for your hair radiant beauty...scientifically. Just write to CLAIROL, INC., Dept. MM-3, Box 1455, Stamford, Conn.

Give Your Feet an Ice-Mint Treat
Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step
Don’t groan about tired, burning feet. Don many small callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint powder. The sensation will dispel nothing tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint melts on them. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. You’ll have Ice-Mint for your druggist today!

The Grave Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
rather startled to find herself being petted with flowers by some nice little girls. "A Mexican could have carried it off with grace. It made me feel silly." Then they drove to old Taxco, where some friends joined them for a wonderful picnic down by a river bed. And finally, dinner on the hotel terrace and the thing that delighted Bette’s heart—a birthday cake decorated with living flowers. She would have missed Tibby’s anyway, but she missed her more because there were so many dogs in Acapulco—all friendly and smiling like their masters, all wagging their tails, all brown and with nostalgia for her own. What she really wanted was to show Tibby off to the others. Where her dog’s concerned, she’s a snob, says Bette.

In the end she didn’t want to leave at all and had to scare herself away. "You’re getting so you can’t even think any more," said Miss Bette Davis to Mez B-tee Dah-veez. "And it may be permanent." Reluctant but firm, she packed her bags and departed. And it was spring when she reached New Hampshire—where the spring comes late—and she wondered how she could ever have stayed away so long.

Her pulses always quicken when she turns off the highway to the mile-and-a-half dirt road that leads to her home. First, you come to the big white farm gate—then you see a flash of red through the trees—that’s the caretaker’s house—then on up the road cut through a solid acreage of woods to the gray, weathered boards of the barn and the white clapboard farmhouse on top of the hill. It never fails to set her spine tingling—it never will, though she lives to be a century.

She’s spent summer and fall and winter at Butternut—this was her first spring.

If you know the magic of spring in New England, you’ll understand her excitement. Every morning she’d run out to see what new miracle had been wrought—and run back in such ecstasy to proclaim that the peach tree had budded, you’ve had thought no peach tree had ever budged before.

fuss-budget.

Inside the house, her first job is furniture-moving. She’s the kind who wants things where she wants them and remembers exactly where she had them last. During her absence objects get moved about. Bette starts swooping and pouncing, driving everyone nuts. "This doesn’t belong here, let’s move it over. That chair looks awful in front of the fireplace, what in heaven’s name is the copper jug doing on the bookcase?" And so it goes till everything’s back in the place appointed, and she sinks contentedly into a chair.

"That’s fine. Now it’s all fixed and ready to be moved again, for when I come back next year.”

She managed to get a woman to do the cooking, and she did the housework herself. She thinks dusting and bed-making’s fun, if you’re not about to picture at the same time.

Breakfast was about nine—orange juice, eggs, coffee and toast, the eggs being a concession to the country way. In California she’d choose on eggs for breakfast.

When the house was in order, she’d take a walk through the woods and lament the fact that it was too early for berrying. The people around take her for granted. She’s a neighbor like any other, and they expect nothing from her. Meantime, they’d change the traditional greeting, which Bette loves.

"How’d you winter?" they’d ask her.

"We wintered nicely, thanks. And you?” Then a few neighborly woes.

She made it her business to help in the vegetable garden. Gardening isn’t the love of her life, and she has no great knack for making things grow. So she lets the other guy grow the flowers. Vegetables are different. They make you feel useful. "And even I can weed," she decided, flopping to her knees among the peas and corn and potatoes.

magic in music.

Afternoons she’d go calling or riding down one of the beautiful trails. Evenings were quiet. An occasional dinner party, to which people walked far if they drove, it was a horse-and-buggy. Mostly she’d read or listen to records, having embarked on a course of self-education in modern music. She knows pretty well what the popular stuff’s all about—you couldn’t have been married to Ham Nelson for eight years and not know. But men like Stravinsky and Shostakovich were a closed book, which she was bound to open. By the time she left, they’d begun to mean something to her.

She found the whole face of the countryside changed by gas ratlining. Even on Memorial Day and the 4th of July the highways were empty. Auto camps, restaurants, gas stations were closed down. You saw signs everywhere—"Closed into War Work—Closed for the Duration. Nobody grubbed. "Here it is," they said, "let’s see what we can do about it." Horses and cars were at a premium. When Farny joined her, they scoured the environs till they found a horse of sorts and, in a barn outside Littleton, a couple of vehicles which they eyed askance.

"This is no time to be fussy," said Farny. "Let’s paint ‘em and fix ‘em up." Bette relished nobly. "They look like
DOING A BIG JOB

BE WELL TO WORK AND WIN

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

Richard Brothers

GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily lift that terrible amount of gray to natural-looking blonde—from faintest blonde to darkest black, brassy red and a small brand does it—so easy you save. Used for 30 years by thousands of women, tens, too!—Brownins is guaranteed. No sun, no heat, no dye in any form. It is simply vegetable, cannot affect wearing of hair. Lasting—neither washes out, dazzles, or blue or color it. One application equals dozens of colors. Shaky return as new gray to the darkest. Write for free trial and sample box. No. 60 and 1825 15 times as much as that of toilet combs on a money-back guarantee. Get BROW NATIVE today.

descendants of the wonderful one-horse shay, and I'm sure they'll last as long.'

The Flight Command was putting up an observation post in Franconia and asked Bette to break ground for it. They were awfully sweet—found her the nicest, softest spot of earth, so she didn't even have to grunt—and on top of that, gave her a pair of wings. Only seven or eight people watched the performance and, for Bette, the high spot came when she overheard one of them drawl, 'Time was, Bette Davis could've drawn quite a crowd, diggin' up a hunk of soil. No more, though—'

'War casualty,' observed her neighbor.

So the lovely days followed one another and came to an end, and it was time to go back to work. And when she got back, Tibby wouldn't say hello and Maggie Donovan was gone.

Maggie was Bette's hairdresser and her close friend. Without her, the studio, while not exactly a desert, was a less pleasant place than when graced by the presence of Maggie. 'During Bette's absence, she and Perc went abroad we,'

When Bette opened the door of her dressing room in the make-up department, she found it transformed from a nondescript cubicle to a gay little nest of ruffles and chiffons. She was charmed, and saw in this gesture the fine hand of Mr. Perc Westmore.

'I get chinzt instead of Maggie. Is that it? Look, Perc,' she wheeled, 'don't you think it would be lovely if she worked just a little part of each year?'

'I think it would be ghastly,' said Perc.

The only thing that worried her about her new picture was the legendary beauty of Fanny Skelfring. Bette has no illusions about her looks. She neither belittles nor overestimates her face.

Remembering the perfection of beauty she created in 'Jezebel,' nobody worried but Bette. And even she hit eventually on what she declared to be the perfect solution. In her dressing room one day, she picked up a feather fan, designed by Orrv-Kelly to go with a 1914 dress.

'I've got it! Every time they say, "Panny's the most beautiful girl in New York," I'll go arch, like this.' She drew the fan over her face, drooped her neck like a dying swan and studied the effect through the feathers. "You know," she chuckled, "I'll bet Orry did it on purpose. That fan just covers my face.

No one can tell herself with franker glee than Bette. The hero of her current favorite is a sailor who patronized the Canteen on her first night back. With her new career, she was over the place—handling out autographs, dancing, serving coffee and sandwiches at the Snack Bar. She'd been vaguely conscious now and then of a bulgy figure in her wake, but was far too busy to pay it heed. Suddenly it loomed at her across the Snack Bar—quite a large sailor in a very snug sailor suit.

"Hi, Rosie," he grinned as she gave him his coffee. "I been trainin' you."

"Oh, it was you. Why Rosie?"

"I call all the girls Rosie, even when they're Bette Davis. Say, Rosie, I think you stink on the screen. But you're certainly wonderful around this joint!"

Bette's laugh is not titter at best. This time you could have heard it clear over at Hollywood Boulevard.

She feels as if she's never been away, and wonders why she didn't want to come back. She's finding her stride again—getting ready for a picture, attending club and movie meetings, working for the Canteen. One evening, a week or so after her arrival, she was sitting reading when a small black figure jumped up beside her and laid a bewhiskered head against her shoulder. "I forgive you," said Tibby. Then Bette knew that she was home.
"Sure—our mothers say you used to be one—we can't go in swimming without a lifeguard!"

That ended the sleep idea. Alan pulled himself out of the hay and staggered down to the beach. All morning he had to play ball, wrestle with the kids, separate them when they fought and keep his eye peeled for rip-tides. Then when he came home at noon, Sue met him with a long face.

"The hot water heater is on the blink," she sighed. "Can you fix it?" Alan said something about a plumber but Sue just gave him a dirty look. A plumber in Malibu for these times! But new babies have to have hot water. So Alan spent the early afternoon on his back getting rust in his eyes and skinning his knuckles with a wrench. Then he sawed up a stack of driftwood for the fireplace. After that—well—there was the car to wash, the garage to clean out and a run up to the store for groceries. All the time he gave a longing look at that soft, sandy beach in the waning sun. Late in the afternoon he thought he'd rate it. But just when he'd stretched out, Brian Donlevy came stomping up.

"Come on down to the house," he said. "got something to show you." Alan had visions of a tall cool one framed by some more tall cool ones. It was a lovely picture. He didn't particularly notice that Brian was in paint-splotted dungarees and that his hands were dirty. The Donlevys have just bought a place on Malibu strand. Like all new householders, they're busy giving it a remodel job and putter-

ing this here and that there. Alan should have known. Even while he was looking around for that frosted glass, Brian said, "Say, give me a hand here, will you?"

"Where?" asked Alan.

"Oh, out in the truck."

Out in the truck was a big new 500-pound sofa that needed taking upstairs. It wouldn't go in through the door, so Alan had to saw off the legs (he used to be a studio handy guy) and then put them back on. He lugged it with Brian up two flights of stairs and when he got back to the beach he was about bushed. "Show you my garden," offered Brian. Alan saw the garden, and he also pulled weeds and worked on the business end of a rake and hoe. "Show you how to keep your front beach clean," said Brian. Alan worked out next on a sand sifter, which is worse on the back than shoveling coal.

Well, when they had practically remodeled the Donlevy estate he finally got a beer. That gave him strength enough (to hear Ladd tell it) to stagger home in time to help with the dinner dishes. Then Andy Devine had them over for movies at his house. "What's wrong with this machine, Alan?" he croaked pretty soon. Alan ran the projector. When he pulled into bed that night he told Sue:

"Gee, it will be nice and restful when I get back to the Army!"

Of course, when Alan tells you all this he has a twinkle in his eye. The guy is a great kidder and loves to embellish a story. The truth is, he's had the time of his life at the Beach where all Hollywood stars live in careless family style and are always at home to anyone who drops in. Nobody is surprised when the Bing Crosbys down the way start hog-calling to round up their four kids from all up and down the strip. Anyone can drop in anywhere at any entrance of the big houses, and they're always welcome. Sue had to leave her telephone numbers uptown at her business office. She never knew whether she and Alan would be at the Crosbys, the Donlevys, or the George Marshall—or at home.

To Alan this kind of slipshod informal beach vacation was just what the doctor ordered. First of all, he has always been crazy about water and sunshine. He was a lifeguard once, and in his Hollywood hunger days he used to dream about a chance to swim at Malibu. He swims like a fish—always has—and if there's one thing that gets him down it's cold weather. He's a sun baby, and right now he looks like a Greek statue in bronze. Then, too, Alan is really a friendly fellow, loves a lot of people, hates formality. He'd rather stroll down to the Crosbys and play catch with Bing or chin with Dixie about the kids or laze through a game of gin-rummy with Brian Donlevy than go to all the parties Hollywood can throw.

So there hasn't been any of that kind of real excitement for Alan and Sue and family at Malibu. They planned it that way, to have two weeks of nothing but family life. For one thing, Alan wanted to get good and acquainted with little Alana Susan. He was home for her ar-
"For LOVELY HANDS"

SAYS

AGNES MOOREHEAD

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AVOID THE EMBARRASSMENT of superfluous hair on face and ears. I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unwanted hair, and if you follow my advice, no one need know of your superfluous hair problem. It's all done so simply, surely, and painlessly that you'd be amazed.

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"You Are to Me Everything" and "Intermezzo," then back again to "Zing." Smack in the middle of the zillionth chorus, an officer dashed up on the stage and sort of shoved Judy away from the mike. "The Japs have just bombed Pearl Harbor," he told them, and everyone just gasped at him, saying nothing. Even when they finally grasped what he'd said, no one spoke, but it was in their young faces. Something new and fierce and terrible. Groups of them got up and left, and Judy thought hysterically, "They're going right to the front, this minute. Oh jeepers, they're mad."

That night she flew back to Los Angeles and landed in the blacked-out airport. Mom was there to meet her, and her sister Jimmy. They sat up late that night, talking and talking. "It seems so queer," Judy said. "When I left Hollywood on Saturday we all felt so smug and safe. Then bang. American casualty lists and blackouts and horrible radio bulletins." And for the first time in years she wanted to put her head in the crook of Mom's neck and cry her eyes out.

It began in earnest then for Judy—the endless canteen work, bandage rolling, singing for thousands of soldiers and sailors and marines. Buying more bonds and selling them and singing some more. Singing till her throat felt like something a Dodgers fan had scraped after that World Series.

She's got the mean kind of a throat that murders her every once in a while, but she's very thrilled, but it used to be ten million times worse before she was desensitized. The de-tensing, incidentally, is her pet story. "Did I ever tell you about my tonsils, Betty?" She and her buddy, Betty Asher, are downing sodas in the commissary, "You did," says Betty, resignedly. Justly's getting That Look again.

"It seems," she begins, "that I'm allergic or something to ether. It takes mobs of it to black me out. They'd just think I was drinking. And I'd open one eye and the doctor would scream, 'Pour it on.' Have I told you this?"

"Yes. Hon. Fifty-one times."

"Oh." She broods into her soda. "I wonder if I told Marge. Hey, Marge—"

"Hi, queen," there was a lanky lad at the piano, and he was playing "Zing Went the Strings."

"Hi," she grinned, and walked up to the mike. "Zing" was only the beginning. There was "It's a Wonderful World" and..."
A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences, of visions in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. In his "previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a long time ago, and you were a baby boy living with your parents."

The young Englishman was amazed at the knowledge he had of another lifetime—of things he had never even heard before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him there. Could it be a case of re-incarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him many mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to an unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The

seeing triple...

The story, anyway, is this. After much, much ether she faded and stayed out for 17 hours. When she came to, a nurse was blowing oxygen in her face via a little hissing tube. History. Judy tells it, in exactly the same key the other had. Judy, thinking it was still ether and seeing at least triple in her blackness, pounced on the poor lone nurse and gave her one more whiff of that stuff. Just one more, and I'll murder the whole three of you.

Minus her tonsils, her range is terrific and she brags obnoxiously about how loud she can sing. This helps when, occasionally, drastic things happen like mikes going dead.

The most drastic occurrence to date, however, was when Judy stepped out on the stage which is much too long. Judy probably made these fellows come. Like K. P. or something. Then someone yelled, "Presenting Lily Mars!" across the street and Judy thought, "Can't beat that kind of competition, Judy." An hour later hundreds of boys trooped in yelling, "Hi, Lily," and begging for the entire Lily Mars fare.

Poison ivy is hardly the word, you see. Further evidence of that is the loot she collects at camp and naval tries and baby shows. She has a scarf made of parachute cloth, a gift from some paratroopers, sergeants' stripes, lieutenants' bars, majors' leaves and wings and you name it, she's got it. Not to mention dozens of practically love letters from boys all over the world. She broadcasts by shortwave to Alaska, Australia, New Guinea and even ships at sea on a program called "Mail Call." The boys write in requesting songs and giving them the name of some pop star—name—Butch or Shorty or Dogface. Then Judy sings for them. She keeps it up hour after hour because she can't stand to think of some others who are listening and never hearing his name called. The letters that pour in after the broadcasts are really something.

gobs of love...

One sailor wrote that her songs were all that made life bearable for him and that he's broken the ship's sole coffee pot and coffee cups all in perpetually pre-breakfast humors. When he got into port, what was that little thing she used to do. Ask for any new coffee pot, "with love from Judy.

The letters that tear her apart come from kids who've spent weeks in foxholes and trenches, when they set out on their venture. They write to tell her how much her "Command Performance" records mean to them. These are tremendous records, notably four of that voice that are dropped by parachute, together with a victrola, to all the lonely outposts of the war. The girls on the letter below—oh, thank you, Judy, for thinking of us. One boy wrote, "Your voice, a woman's voice, gave us more inspiration and guts than a dozen pep talks from the love geant."

Still another, from the depths of his loneliness wrote: "Your voice is so wonderfully soft, yet strong, and there's laughter behind it. I have your picture and your face is that way, too. I think you are a girl a man could love and fight for. Will you write and tell me what you think of me?"

She wrote, but there's much she didn't tell. Small things that you pick up from her hair-dresser and the technicians who work with her face. Such as she keeps all her clothes at Magnin's, from some sailors to whom she danced at the Hollywood Canteen. Soldier, she's like this. His love letters were nothing more to her than the line of jive she can spiel off at will, the quick little-girl smile and that intangible impersonality, she'd be the same way to the man next more. After you'd gotten to know her, soldier, you'd discover her sweetness, her sympathy, her unselfishness and how you learned to love her intensity, her sudden shyness, her silliness, her whole funny little sensitive, hard-boiled self.

One sailor who writes her when she wrinkles her nose over shrimp salad or cocktails or anything she's not mad for. You'd chortle at the chatter about her hideous hair that's made up of a real "Howl," and about her miniature poodle Choo-Choo, who, in spite of a pedigree two miles long, has a completely barrel-shaped personality and Shore mutts, garbage and lowbrow people.

You'd love the naturalness of her as she talks about which clothes are right for her and which make her look somewhat "un-Greek-sad." The small nose wrinkles, "Pink and red, for instance, aren't for Garland. Not with my red hair and freckles."

"No heavy navy navy navy navy navy navy navy navy navy navy."" Wild prints and green for dresses." Hats she cannot take, you discover, unless they're on the back of her head and completely out of her sight. Even those eventually wind up in her little Mrs. Miniver-Rose-nailed hand. She's crazy about shoes, but you never need worry about finding pairs a year is plus. Her two little tickets will buy a good pair of walking shoes and gay black numbers for afternoon elegance and all.

You'd like the scrubbed young face with just the right color lipstick on the nice, honest mouth. The wonderful smile, the stocking form hase. Not a girl you'd think you'd agree, a girl a man could love. She spends hours reading and answering her overseas mail, tears pouring down her cheeks. She's moving letters said, "I close my eyes and pretend it's my singing." And "Thank you, Babbie, have always been in love with you." "They're thanking me." Stuff like that kills her, but being Judy, she goes out and even things up a little by buying the biggest and right night. By begging the studio to let her do more and more
camp shows, or dream of dreams, go overseas! She wants to go teribly and not just to Ireland or England. But right out to where they really need a good hot chorus of 'Dixie,' Italy or New Guinea or some place.

over there . . .

Here's what we mean. She was riding in a jeep over a bumpy road not so long ago, with her unburned Southern soldier next to her—"Want to know what I want more than anything in the world?"

The GI guy had heard that one before, "Yeah, honey, you wanna drive this thing," Her brown eyes went wide. "Jeepers, could it?"

"Reckon you could."

They swapped seats, and Judy drove blissfully for a second. Then, not looking at him, she said, "But isn't it really what I really want most."

"No!" he was a little hurt.

"I want to be on a recon truck with it singing. Over there where the Yanks march into Berlin."

Harry James, did she realize that what she had George had been second best—affection, admiration, gratitude, loyalty. Not love as she knows it now.

When things were going wrong between George and her he told her to think of a conversation somewhere, she'd say to her mother: "I have no right to expect to be lucky in love. Look how lucky I am in my work. People just don't have everything."

Now she has everything. A marriage so perfect that it's like a story book. As long as she's with Harry and Harry's with her, that's all they want. They don't go to night clubs. They never say, "Let's call someone and have them over." When Betty's working, Harry gets up at 5:30 to breakfast with her. When she has a day off, she gets up at 7:30 to breakfast with him. They meet every day for lunch somewhere between 20th and Fox and Metro. There are times when the whole thing strikes Betty amishap, and she can't take it. She never waits them up before. She never even knew there was anything like it. It's like being born over again in a new world, and the world is named Harry.

added bonus . . .

And as if that weren't enough! Most girls want babies. Betty wants them more than most. Waiting for George, she didn't often break down, but when she did, that was her cry. I want to marry and have children. She waited the longest. She ran out to worship at the rosy toes of Alice Faye, Jr. The news that Lena expected a child turned her green with envy. You could push you right into the pool," she assured her friend, "you make me so mad."

You? To want a baby so badly and have it happen so soon. There just are no words. Only if it was heaven before, now it's heaven and then some.

They're letting nothing cloud their heaven. Betty knows that after the baby comes Harry may be called into service. How will he bear the separation? She can hardly wait now from morning till noon to see him.

She answers soberly, "When something happens that you can't do anything about, you bear it. So many husbands and wives
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A strange man in Los Angeles, known as “The Voice of Two Worlds,” tells of astonishing ex- periences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit this land. Here he lived and in the temples of the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. “In your pre- vious lifetime,” a very old lama told him, “you lived and in this temple. You are an old man, boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been ex- 

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he believed he had lived and died. It appeared strange and to the young visitor, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes!

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him many their mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have enabled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness.

The young man himself later became a noted explorer and geog- raper, a successful shipbuilder and a traveler, and his knowledge and experience is now being utilized by the Far East, used through the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mind," the lama said. "When awak- ened, it can make a man capable of sur- prising feats, from the prolonging of life to such work as many other worthy endeavors."

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No obligation.
That's the way some people get about babies, I guess. And whether you're a movie star or not it doesn't make any difference. But Alan is a proud and generous paw. And that incident only made him more anxious to get home to his own nursery. Alana was the main attraction, in fact, all throughout Alan's furlough stay. Luckily he had Sue with him for two months' visit up north. Sue had originally planned to bring Alana along with her and stay until Alan was ordered farther north. But his Army orders were changed, and it looked like he wouldn't be around that part of the country forever. Besides, Sue had wired Laddie to find a house, Alan wired back, "Are you kidding?" Hotel rooms were all there were around an army air base town like that. So Sue went up on alone, leaving little Alana with Rinje, their Dutch nurse.

She didn't have a qualm or a worry about that, because Rinje is so nuts about Alana that they had a battle with her even to get Alana away to the beach.

So Sue packed up with a clear conscience to join Alan, knowing that Alana would be in loving hands. When she arrived Alan met her at the station. "How's Alana?" he wanted to know. "Is she sitting up? Can she talk?"

And Sue stayed two months. The Ladds lived in a hotel in a nearby town, and Alan rode a bus to the air base daily. For a long time, no one on the bus knew who he was, not even some one recognized Al and told the bus driver. After that, it got to be a certain attraction on the local transit line.

k'wood hot shot...

One day Alan was riding home when he heard a girl and boy talking behind him. "They say," said the boy, "that Alan Ladd rides this bus. Gosh, with all his dough you'd think a Hollywood hot shot like that would break down and rent himself an automobile. What a chesapeake!"

Alan didn't mind being called a chesapeake, but it struck him as pretty ironic about renting a car. He had just tried all over town, for Sue's picnic.

Sue has always been a gal of action around Hollywood. But now with no baby and house to take care of and no talent agency to run, she had time on her hands. Sometimes, she'd go out to the base with Alan, but usually she found herself facing the four walls of a hotel room all day unless she did something about it. So she got busy. Sue worked folding bandages at the Red Cross some days. Others she visited a big infirmary where wounded heroes from the Pacific are brought.

But about that car—Sue and Alan always kept their hotel room an open house proposition for the soldiers at the base. Sometimes as many as a dozen or more of Alan's Air Corps buddies would be jamming the place almost any time of day.

Sometimes a soldier they'd never seen before would wander in unannounced. Once Alan was dressing to go out for dinner and a pilot came in and sat down. Alan said "Hello," he said "Hello," Alan said. "Sit down!" he said. "Thanks!" "Drink?" "Thanks," "Flyer?" "Yes." "B-17?" "Right." "Where from?" "Michigan." "Here long?" "Two months." It went on like this. Alan had to ask all the questions. The pilot just answered in short words. Finally, he got up. "Well," he said, "I just wanted to say I'd met you. Thanks."

But most of the G.I.'s were more sociable. So Sue planned to toss a picnic party for a dozen or so of Alan's best Army friends. She didn't know what she was getting into. Sue is a swell cook, all right. I know, because I've eaten a lot of Ladd meals that Sue always supervises and usually cooks.

No snappy uniform... no "E" pins, but I keep my war-working family fed, day after day after day! That means long hours of kitchen-detail... and how I coddle up to anything that makes life easier... That wonderful Royledge Shelving, for instance. Just a detail, but see what a lot of trouble it saves!

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In fact, in Washington when Alan got sick of restaurant food, she sneaked a roaster into their hotel room and rigged up some kind of cooking apparatus and actually baked a ham. Don’t ask me how.

But preparing meals for 15 or 20 hungry soldiers is even more of a job. Sue had to borrow the house of a lucky friend she’d made and take over the kitchen for all the deviled eggs, potato salad and fried chicken. When she had it all packed, it was a respectable load, what with the wood stove and cases of soft drinks and iced watermelons and what have you. At that point Alan Butcher had to rent a big automobile. That’s what he planned.

Not a garage had any kind of a vehicle for rent. The Laddies called all their friends. No cars. It looked like the picnic would have to be held in the great outdoors of their hotel room until Alan had a bright idea. He ran down to the grocery store and made a deal. But what clinched it was the promise to carry the noon delivery load on the way to the picnic. So Sue and Alan entangled in a grocery truck, stoppin’ to ring back doors all along the way!

“Washington was very bad for my ego,” Alan grins. That was true, too. Half the time nobody gave him a tumble. When Sue and Sue enlisted invited men’s dances, they couldn’t compete for attention with the accomplished jitterbug teams. They waited their turn in restaurants, crowded themselves on buses and stood in line at the laundry. Even at the hotel, they had to watch their p’s and q’s for the demand for sleeping space was great. Being a movie star didn’t help one bit.

Aftr a few months of that personal deglamorizing, Alan was called on to plug war bonds at a Hollywood party. He hadn’t much of a personal appearance for so long or thought of himself as a celebrity that when the time came for him to mount the stand he was shell-shocked like a platoon of soldier. And after he’d heard his say he got so scared realizing all those people were crowding around him that he jumped from the stand, ran away, getting tangled up in electric wires.

That’s one of the reasons Alan stuck so close to the Malibu beach colony while he was in Hollywood on vacation. He doesn’t consider himself a Hollywood star right now, although everyone still insists on treating him like one.

But when I met him before I left Malibu and told him good-bye and hasta la vista was that if his first vacation was his last one that would be okay with him. “My big dream didn’t come true or improve on anything anyway. There was only one thing missing, he said, when Alan clicked in Hollywood he got into the night habit of drinking coffee in the kitchen and laying his scripts on the sink. “Now every time I drink a cup of coffee at night I kind of miss the feel of a shooting script in my hand,” said Alan. When he reads in the papers about other actors going into the pictures that were scheduled for him, too, he feels just a little pang of nature envy.

“Maybe it’s the Hollywood climate,” he began, “but it would sure be a great kick just to be planning a picture again.”

I told him I wouldn’t worry too much about that. Alan hasn’t made any pictures for almost a year and I think I’d just been to Paramount and since he’s been in the Army his mail has doubled and his pictures have set box-office records.

“Then,” grinning, “I guess I’d better cut this vacation stuff short, get back to duty and hustle that day along—hey?”

I admitted it was a sound idea and that’s where Corporal Alan Ladd is today—back on duty, hustling Victory-Day along the best he can but with memories of a leave in Hollywood that are pretty swell.

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If it's a girl

Robert after Harry's manner, Anthony, cause Betty wants to call him Tony. If it's a girl..." How about Elizabeth, Elizabeth? That's Betty's real name. Harry loves it and often calls her by it.

"Okay for a middle name, but she really ought to have just one all her own. Honey, what was my name in 'Springtime in the Rockies'? They look back with fondness on that picture, in which they both played.

"Victoria—"

"That's it. Victoria Elizabeth James—viedy, ultrah, what—and we'll call her Vicky."

That's the present plan. They could change it a dozen times before April. It's much too soon to be planning things anyway, though you never think, so from the way her friends have been so urgently knitted and the way her mother—who sews beautifully—is making eight million slips and things. Betty's on a real plan thus far has come to naught. She figured on borrowing Alice Faye's baby buggy, until they learned that Alice was going to need it herself. In April, too. They'll be entering the hospital practically hand in hand.

When she and Harry do go out, it's to spend a quiet evening with Alice and Phil, or the Keenan Wynn's. Mostly they stay at home, listen to records, play bridge with the family or gin rummy with each other. According to Betty, they're pretty evenly matched, yet somehow she always wins, and he always pays off.

She's feeling fine. The only difference is that she tires more easily now and can hardly keep her eyes open after 8:30. Oh, yes and her appetite. It's grown from healthy to colossal. She doesn't have to be urged to eat two. Given her choice of desserts, she'll pick the biggest. Breakfast tends to be ordered and toast. Now it's bacon and eggs and melon and toast and coffee-cake, and she goes away hungry. The doctor prescribed vitamins—to build her up.

"How far can I get built up?" she wants to know.

law-maker . . .

For professional reasons, her hair's been kept lighter than natural in her last few pictures. One day Harry caught her curling her nose up at it.

"Why, what's wrong with it, honey?"

"I'm going to be a mother. I can't go round in platinum blonde hair."

It's still possible to have Harry like it that way—the blonder, the better. There's nothing half-hearted about Harry's likes and dislikes, or about the way Betty strives to please. Her hair may curl damply to her neck on a hot day, but she wears it down because Harry dislikes it up. She did suggest having it cut shorter, but he thought it wouldn't fit, so she wears it long. He can't stand poufdoms or the rats they wind them round. When he finds one of Betty's poufdoms.

He's abolish slacks for girls, though he'll grant they look better on his girl than some others. Still, he prefers her in suits. He says he's been a blous. She's always worn pumps. Now she wears ankle-slap.

They're the kind Harry likes. It would suit him fine if her whole wardrobe was blue. He hates black. She loves it. Most of her evening things used to be black.
Your apply the stuff with a brush that a accompanies it. And, a word from the Forethought Dept. These brushes are precious now, what with Hirohito and Hitler causing all kinds of shortages. Care for your mascara brush. Clean it after every use. When you throw away an empty mascara carton, save the brush. Moving on to the Color Dept. If your hair is dark brown or black, use black mascara. If your curly tresses are light brown, blonde or red, use brown. When applying your magic mascara, first wet your brush lightly with warm water. Use a small amount of mascara (adding to it, if necessary) and cover each lash evenly. Presto, that moony look has vanished. As the mascara is drying, whisk a clean brush over your handiwork to remove excess mascara and to separate each individual lash. Hold the brush pressed against your lashes for a minute, to lend them a curl. Curled lashes, my bright-eyed beauties, open" the eyes and enlarge the appearance of the orbits. Here, out of the goodness of our heart, we present a glamour extra straight from Hollywood nights when you want your lashes to look especially long, thick and dark. It's a cosmetic trick that will entice your on-leave beau no end! Apply your way, no tells. (Surprise) just before it's dry, dust face powder over it. When the powder has set, go over the lashes again with a second coat of mascara.

Raised Eyebrow Dept.

We need natural eyebrows. Nature, smart one, designed them to deflect light. The perfect eyebrow, so an artist tells us, starts at a point just above and even with the inner corner of the eye. Its line follows the natural curve of the eye. Socket. To keep all smooth, reach for your tweezers at needed intervals. Letting random hairs grow for weeks and weeks, then plucking a large crop on time makes a chare out of an easy situation. Always caution yourself, when working with the tweezer, to follow the natura brow arch and bear in mind that you're not mowing a lawn. Pencil-thin brow went out with silent pictures. But, still struggling hairs need to be weeded out.

Pencil Notes

With every fresh make-up job, work your eyebrow pencil with finesse. A eyebrow pencil, we've sharpened, makes those clean small strokes that improve sandy coloring, unsatisfactory shape, in sufficient length. Another thought: Darken your eyebrows by blending both brown and black pencil in short, light strokes. This is a wonderful trick for the wench with brows are skimpy and pale, for it produces a soft, natural effect. Or you can use a thin wash of mascara, build up feebly, scanty brows by picking it with the brush the smallest, finest hair.

You and Your Shadow

Aha... how fascinating indeed are dewy-eyed sheenels! And for this reason, my pets, you'll find yourself as part of your regular make-up. It come in such fascinating shades. Smooth it on along the lid, then shade it up ward and outward with your finger.

Handle With Care

Eyes are so precious that, of course, you need no prompting from us to handle them with care. The very best gift for them eight hours of sleep each and every night. A very fine thing indeed for your eyes is a special lotion that's pure as a picture passed by the Hays office. The lotion (which is accompanied by its own dropper) promotes a clean, clear condition the eyes. Use it night and morning.
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